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

The Dying Husband.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

Dearest, I'm dying! bend thee down
One little moment by my bed,
And let the shadow of thy hair
Fall gently o'er my aching head.

Oh, raise me up, and let me feel
Once more the beatings of thy heart,
And press thy lips again to mine
Before in midnight death we part.

Nay, tremble not; but fold me close,
Pillow'd upon thy own dear breast;
I fain would let my struggling soul
Pass forth to its eternal rest.

She stoops, and on her bursting heart
His drooping head is resting now,
While white and trembling fingers part
The damp hair from his pallid brow.

And there, upon his cold white front,
With quivering lips the kiss was given;
And pressed as if 'twould draw him back,
Back from the very gates of Heaven.

There like a dying bird, his soul
Lay panting out its quivering life;
And still his almost lifeless arms
Clung fondly to his pale young wife.

One look he gave her, and it seemed
An angel had from Heaven above
Besided with wings of tenderness
The troubled fountain of his love.

A holy smile came o'er his face,
As 'twere a moonlight gleaming over snow;
One struggling breath—one faint embrace,
And lifeless he is lying now.

The setting sun with golden light
Was flooding all the room and bed,
Enfolding with his pinions bright
The fainting wife, the marble dead.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee still—though doomed to drink
Of fell despair most bitter rill—
Though sever'd be life's dearest link,
I love thee still.

I love thee still—and though I grieve
Myself to roam o'er dale and hill,
Thy image in my heart shall live—
I'll love thee still.

I love thee still—and though thy brow
Should wear the marks of death's last chill,
I'll not forget my sacred vow,
I'll love thee still.

I love thee still—and I will own,
When through my waning senses thrill
The last sad notes on trumpet blown,
I love thee still. LYSCHE.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Metropolitan.

The veiled Bride and murdered Groom.

A VENETIAN STORY—FOUNDED ON FACT.

In the commencement of the seventeenth century a young noble, of whom the chronicle gives us only the baptismal name of Leonardo, returned to his country from Paris, whither he had accompanied the Venetian ambassador. The chronicle adds that he was of a most ancient and powerful family. Gifted with a generous soul, adorned with polished manners, surrounded with powerful friends, eloquent, brave and humane, he soon became the object of love to the people, of envy to the aged aristocrats, and of imitation to the youthful nobles who honored him as their chief.

Venice had no honorable office, no brilliant dignity, to which Leonardo, not yet thirty years of age, might not aspire. He led a gay life, however, amid ambitious projects and cares of state, and had in accordance with the custom of the day, his casino, a temple consecrated to mystery and sensuality.

One day his most intimate friend entreated him to grant him the use of this for a few hours in order that he might conduct thither secretly a young lady, with whom he wished for some conversation, and of whom he drew with all the eloquence of love, a most enchanting picture.

Leonardo consented, striving in vain to learn the name and condition of the lady. Urged by curiosity, he resolved at last, to

conceal himself in one of the rooms through which the unknown fair one must pass, and in which, when she laid down her zendado, (mantle of thin silk,) he could see her, unseen, and retire without being observed. His plan was successful.

The lovers entered this room towards midnight—the youth murmured a few words in the ear of his mistress, took from her after a slight resistance the close wrapping zendado. More perfect beauty had never met the eyes of Leonardo. A mixed expression of candor, virtue and sweetness, was the great attraction of this almost divine face. Her hair was fair, her eyes a vivid blue.

Such was the force of the impression that Leonardo, to dissipate it, was obliged to keep in mind who was her companion, and for what purpose they were there, then this simple and pure expression was to him only an error of nature in a hypocritical mask, and he conceived towards this beautiful creature only repugnance and disgust. These feelings united with astonishment at her marvellous beauty, stamped her features indelibly on his memory.

Many months passed away, and Leonardo, in the vigor of his age, beautiful in his person, conspicuous for his endowments and honors, was desired as a son-in-law by the most illustrious of the aristocracy.

He yielded to the representations of an aged friend who proposed his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of a powerful senator. Leonardo obtained the consent of his father, and permission to present his homage to the beautiful Eliza—that is, he was allowed to pass beneath her balconies two or three times in the course of each day. She frequently showed herself there, but her form and features were always totally concealed by an invidious veil.

Leonardo was in despair at this extraordinary reserve, which it seemed to him could proceed only from dislike and contempt; but he was told that a vow to the Virgin forbade the maiden to uncover her face before any man but her father. It is very easy to imagine with what enchantment this mystery and delicacy enveloped Eliza in the eyes of her admirer. We know how powerful is the influence of imagination in love, and how it feeds itself on the indefinite and indeterminate.

At length the day of nuptials arrived the friends and relations of both families assembled, at setting sun, in the house of the aged senator; Leonardo, after the custom of his country, received the guests at the door of the palace. He was the last to enter the grand saloon, and his emotion was, for a time, suspended by the imposing spectacle before him. The nobles occupied seats raised above each other around the hall, in the manner of an amphitheatre; at the end of it, a priest, clad in pontifical robes was kneeling before a magnificent altar. Warlike trophies, arms, and weapons, of every variety, hung from the walls, blackened by age, and the splendor of the wax-lights was not sufficient to dissipate the gloom, which reigned in the vast circle.

When Leonardo appeared, the bridesmen threw open the doors of the interior apartments, in which the bride, surrounded by the matrons of Venice, awaited the moment of the ceremony. All eyes were directed toward them, and those of the bridegroom, with inexpressible impatience. After a moment of hesitation the bride advanced. The cry which burst from the lips of Leonardo, was lost amid the shouts of admiration and enthusiasm which were raised on all sides at her extraordinary beauty, but in the eyes of the miserable Leonardo, this pure and lonely maiden, who advanced, half veiled in white symbol of a spotless life, was no other than the mistress of his friend! He saw her again with that eternal mask of ingenious innocence which had already so much provoked his disgust, a thick cloud obscured his sight, terrible, though short, was this moment of weakness!

He soon regained power enough to cover, if he would, with public shame her who had dared to be willing to bring him infamy as a dowry, but the sight of her aged father, the thought of his desperation, pity for the fair creature who stood before him, the generosity of his soul all determined him to incur rather, the reproach of inconsistency and caprice in the eyes of his fellow citizens, and when the maiden, having received the paternal benediction advanced toward him he went backward two paces and commanding silence by a gesture, exclaimed,—

"She can never be my wife. Never shall I be her husband.

Eliza raised to him for a moment her bewildered gaze fell motionless at his feet and was carried to her own apartments. Excess of astonishment had held the assembly mute but the fainting of Eliza was the signal for noise and confusion. The seats were vacant in an instant all rushed into the middle of the hall demanding the explanation, the aged senator alone remained in his place. He made a violent movement when he heard the unexpected words of Leonardo and afterwards followed his daughter with his eyes as she was borne from the saloon. It might have been almost imagined that his tranquility was not disturbed, but for his fixed look and the trembling of his convulsed lips. All at once, putting aside the crowd, he advanced close to Leonardo, and, grasping his arm with force.

"Hast thou then, resolved," said he, "to disgrace me, and all belonging to me—to hurl contempt on all that the republic holds as most worthy. Speak! Is this madness to have an end?"

"Never," replied the other, with a firm voice.

At this word, cries of vengeance resounded through the hall. The friends and relations of Leonardo, were furiously assaulted by those of Eliza. Insult defiance, the clang of steel, the cries of women and priests, who sought safety in flight, drowned the few conciliatory voices which still spoke of peace, when the aged senator, bridling his own anger employed all the force of eloquence and authority to prevent the effusion of blood; when he had succeeded—

"God! said he, to Leonardo, I renounce vengeance; I commit it to Him who punishes the injuries offered to grey hairs. A few days after this, Leonardo perished by the hand of an assassin. He was pierced by twenty strokes of a dagger.

The Widow.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. Few dazed or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone, and yet not alone.

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had long since consumed, and none heeded her destination. She sat at evening by her small fire, half-furnished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared.

She prayed that morning "Give me this day my daily bread," but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and her prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open and shut again, and found deposited in her entry by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food, which had the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night, God only knows! but they were such as rise up to him—the Great deliverer and provider, from ten thousand hearts, every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learnt through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish that poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion; and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode, with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God! An angel, with noiseless wing came down, stirred the peaceful breast of the child, and with no pomp or circumstance of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.—The Watchtower.

The Nobility of Labor.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

So material do I deem this policy—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell on it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the Great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants.

The motion of the globe upon its axis might have gone forward without man's aid, houses might have risen like an exhalation, "With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple."

Gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread by hands unseen, and man clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than imperial purple, might have been sent to deport himself in those Elysian palaces. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying: "Fortune for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism!

Cut off with one blow from the world—and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that rude unshapely materials be provided in the ore bed and in the forest, for him to fashion to splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down.

What do I say? It is broken down—and it has been broken down—for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if any where, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil, it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must.

Many submit to it, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it by spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen covet'd field of improvement.

But so he is not impelled to do under the teaching of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and

unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this abhorption of toil were done away.

As hamed to toil an hour! Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor field—of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war—of thy soiled and weather stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, fire and steam, her own heraldric honor? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of flaunting robes, imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil I repeat—toil, either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only manhood, the only true nobility!

LOVE, TREACHERY, AND DESPAIR.

The following romantic story is related as a fact in a letter from Thessalonica, dated Nov. 10:—"Mustapha Pacha, reputed to be the ablest of all public officers of Turkey, has just delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he took are so singular not to be mentioned—Having learned that a young Albanian girl, bearing the name Theodosia Maria Samik, residing at Mielnik, a town on the frontier of Greece, had secret communications with the robbers, Mustapha had her watched and questioned, but could not obtain any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants named Ishmael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavor to gain her affections. This officer succeeded to such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed him that her real name was Eudoxia Theresa Gherundaxi, and that she was niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundaxi, whose troop amounted to between 1400 or 1500 men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ishmael to join them. He pretended to yield to her instances and then learned further from her that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October 25th, in the forest of Pheloidos.

All this Ishmael communicated to Mustapha, but in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot, preferring death to the field to capture and an ignominious execution. A few escaped for the moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are now waiting their sentence in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief, Gherundaxi, whose head was cloven from a stroke from a sabre, and the young lieutenant, Ishmael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the killed, and has paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery of her lover, has fallen into a state of complete abandonment, and is believed to have entirely lost her senses. Mustapha has taken her into his own palace, and ordered that every care her deplorable condition requires shall be lavished on her.—Presbyterian.

A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—The best joke that has occurred for a twelve month has been at our expense. It will be remembered, perhaps, that a few weeks since, we gave notice to country editors generally, that we require boot, as the difference of exchange between them and us was so great that we could not afford to do otherwise. Since that notification we have numerous remittances from our rustic brethren, but the oddest specimen of country currency that we have yet seen, reached us yesterday through the post office. It was contained in a large package, done up in straw paper. We burst open the envelope, and unrolled till we came to the second—then there was a third—then a fourth—but the hardness of the package convinced us that it was not all paper, till at length, after taking off about one dozen envelopes, out came a huge, old, worn out run down dirty, mashed up boot, containing a news paper from the office of one of our brethren in Mississippi, with notice—"Please exchange—and give us credit for the boot. Well, the currency of Mississippi, as every body knows, is a long way below par; but we had no idea that it had got down to such low footing. We have no complaint however to make—we asked for boot, and we have got boot; and our brother at Holly Springs shall have the Picayune in consideration of the boot.—N. O. Picayune.

CURIOS CROCKERY WARE.

A few evenings since about one hour after sunset, a very staid and moral gentleman, of exemplary piety, stopped at the window of the post office to obtain a letter. Whilst there a very pretty modest young lady, carrying a basket in her hands, stepped up and said to him in a sweet low tone of voice,

"Will you be so kind as to show me which is the window for the ladies' letters?"

"Certainly my dear," said he very amiably, "it's just around the corner."

The poor girl immediately began to fumble about her pockets trying to get out her purse. The gentleman very gallantly said,

"Permit me to hold your basket while you get out your purse."

"Oh, thank you sir," was the prompt reply, "but I'm sorry to give you so much trouble!"

"Not the least trouble in life," said he; "but what have you in your basket so heavy!"

"Only a little crockery ware, sir," said she. "I'll go round the corner and get my letter delivered, and relieve you in a minute."

She went round the corner, and was seen no more. The gentleman waited till he was tired, and then opening the basket, to his surprise he found a sweet little boy there about a month old. This was therefore, the only "delivery" that the young lady desired to effect at the post office, and this was post paid. The gentleman took it to the almshouse, where it received the cognomen of "Crockery come by chance—N. Y. Her.

The London correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writes: Tom Campbell, the author of The pleasures of Hope, has addressed the following lines against "The Star Spangled Banner." They appeared in the Morning Chronicle of the 6th of November:

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA,
ON THEIR STRIPED AND STARRED BANNER.

United States, your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame!
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!

The white man's liberty in types
Stands blazoned by your stars—
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negro's scars.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A young gentleman, a native of Boston, who was with me when I read this biting of Assion, immediately altered it as follows:

United States your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame!
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of our shame!

Man's righteous liberty in types
Stands blazoned by your stars—
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
We feel them in our scars.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A parish clerk, not far from Banbury, a few Sundays since, gave out as follows:—"The inhabitants of this parish are to take notice that a public vestry will be held on Wednesday, to consider what color the church shall be white-washed."

THE END OF "GREAT MEN."

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of miniature portraits, I perceived that the personages who occupied the most conspicuous places, were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the sensations arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of this "mistress of the world" and, stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of their slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hannibal, and died, at last, by poison administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.

Caesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garment in the blood of a million of his foes—after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth—was miserably assassinated by those considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and princes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving o'er the deep, which would not or could not bring him aid! Thus these four men, who from the peculiar situations of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those, whom the world calls great—these four who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread severally died—one by intoxication, or some supposed, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friend—and one in lonely exile! "How are the mighty fallen!"

SHAMEFUL "HOAX."—The Cincinnati Whig says: A most reprehensible hoax was recently palmed upon one of the editors of the New Orleans Sun. It seems that the senior editor of that paper was ill at his lodgings, and that late at night some mischievous wag, waited upon the junior editor, informing him that his senior associate had just committed suicide. The too credulous junior, not doubting the truth of his informant's statement, immediately wrote a full account of the dreadful suicide, accompanied with the usual regrets, &c. and spread it before the public in his morning paper.

The story proved to be wholly false, and was palmed upon the junior as a very witty hoax—but in our opinion, the perpetrator of the infamous falsehood ought to be put upon the tread mill for six months for his reprehensible folly.—Balt. Pat.

Disgusting.—The Boston Sentinel states that two females, one white, and the other black, were seen arm in arm parading the streets of that city, one day last week. They were both fashionably clad.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

Twenty-five Good Reasons for not using strong Drink.

1. It has no nourishment.
2. It produces a fever in mind and body.
3. It makes me feel bad.
4. I always suspect I have done wrong.
5. It creates an appetite which demands more.
6. It demands a more frequent and abundant gratification.
7. It costs a good deal—I cannot afford it.
8. I can spend my time and money in some better way.
9. I am afraid others will follow my example and be ruined.
10. Some of my nearest friends have killed themselves by drinking.
11. It never promotes but always injures health.
12. It does not fit men for business.
13. It does not improve the temper.
14. It is the cause of three-fourths of the civil crimes committed in our land.
15. Several of my neighbours are now intemperate.
16. All such liquors are poison.
17. They cause many diseases.
18. Those who drink don't live so long as others.
19. I don't like to kill myself.
20. All who drink at all are drunk in some degree.
21. God and reason do not require me to be drunk.
22. The best men do not drink—the worst do.
23. No drunkard hath eternal life.
24. It does no good to drink, but always evil.
25. 'Tis safe to leave off drinking before it is meddled with; but death is in every cup.

POPULAR POISON.—When pure ardent spirits are taken into the stomach they cause irritation, which is evinced by warmth and pain experienced in that organ; and next, inflammation of the delicate coats of this part, and sometimes gangrene. They act in the same manner as poison. Besides the local injury they produce, they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and if taken in large quantities, cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficult breathing, profound sleep, and often sudden death. The habitual use of ardent spirits causes a slow inflammation of the stomach and liver, which proceeds steadily, but is often undiscovered till too late for relief.

Temperance cause in France.

Mr. E. C. Delevan, who was in France a few months since, in a letter to John H. Cooke, Esq., President of the American Temperance Union, dated Paris, Nov. 13th, gives the following account of his interview with King Louis Philippe.

After leaving Britain and entering France, I expected to do nothing, as my ignorance of the French language would prevent my approaching most of the influential men.—However, having received from the French Consul General, in the United States of America, a letter of introduction to the Aide-Camp, near the person of the King, I enclosed it to his address, soon after my arrival in Paris. I received an immediate answer, saying that his Majesty would see me thro' our minister, Gen. Cass, who, with great kindness and promptitude, at once made the necessary arrangements; and last evening at half past eight, I was introduced by him at the Tuilleries, first to the Queen, and the sister of the king, who, with half a dozen ladies in waiting, were seated around a table, engaged in various occupations, the Queen in netting articles to sell for the benefit of the poor. Both the Queen and the Princess addressed me in English, the latter making some kind remarks relating to Temperance, which she said was a highly philanthropic effort. The King was not in the apartments when we arrived, but soon entered; and the conversation commenced, by his Majesty's offering to do all in his power to assist my efforts for temperance. I was not a little surprised to find that the King was perfectly well informed on the subject, aware of its importance to all branches of industry as also of its political and moral value; and more so to find that there was no disagreement in our views of the habitual use of wine. He stated expressly that the drunkenness of France was occasioned by wine; that in one district of his empire, there was much intemperance on gin, but he considered wine the great evil. I took the liberty of asking him, if I had understood him to say, that his opinion was that wine occasioned most of the evils of intoxication in France; and was answered in the same words, "The drunkenness of France is on wine."

I presume you recollect, that while in Virginia and Washington, some years since, I visited Messrs. Madison, Jackson and Adams, and obtained their signatures to an expression in favor of abstinence from ardent spirits. I named this to his Majesty; and having the medal in my pocket, I showed it to him; he retired to another room, where he soon sent for me, and read it aloud; and when he returned it to me, said it was not only true, but well expressed, (you probably know that it was drawn up by our excellent fellow laborer, Dr. Edwards.) After this our conversation continued, by my giving the history of our efforts while confined to ardent spirits, and the cause and necessity of our taking broader grounds, and trying to banish the use of all intoxicating drinks. I submitted on paper to his Majesty, by his permission, a declaration of our