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**THE GARLAND.**



With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care.

**FROM THE N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.**  
Seeing the flag halfmast, on account of  
the death of Capt. Smith of the Penn-  
sylvania.

Aye, let the banner fly  
Until it sweeps the deck,  
For the proudest ship upon the sea  
Is now a shattered wreck.  
Low 'neath the ocean's wave  
That bore it on the morn,  
With its gilded prow and starry flag  
That noble ship hath gone.

Aye, let the banner fly  
Till it sweeps the vessel's side,  
'Tis a tribute meet at the present hour,  
For a noble heart hath died.  
Though lightning flashed around  
And storms were in the skies,  
He would not leave his ship, and died  
As a gallant sailor dies.

Hushed be the passing bell!  
Unfitting its tone,  
Let solemn gaze on their flag halfmast,  
And mourn their chief alone.  
Their sorrow is sincere,  
Though silent be their grief,  
And tears will wet their rugged cheeks  
For this departed chief.

A landman's death is mourned  
With grief that sooth will end—  
But where a gallant sailor dies  
He's wept by many a friend:  
Then let the banner fly  
Till it sweeps the vessel's side—  
'Tis a tribute meet at the present hour  
For a noble heart hath died.

J. L. CHESTER.

**Oh, No! They shall not see me Weep.**

T. H. LISTER, THE AFFROR OF GRANBY, ETC.

Oh, no! they shall not see me weep,  
They shall not hear my moan,  
My sorrow shall be buried deep,  
And I will grieve alone,  
My face shall wear its wonted gleam,  
Although my heart is sore,  
As verdant by decks the tree,  
While withered at its core.  
I will not quit this festive scene,  
Nor about the eyes of men,  
To muse o'er all that I have been,  
And ne'er can be again.

A heavier penance shall be mine,  
To join the festive crowd,  
Nor let them see that I'm pining,  
Nor breathe and sigh aloud:  
Oh, no! I will not seem to feel  
What none can ever know  
And reckless laughter shall conceal  
The fire that burns below.  
In halls of jocund revelry  
The mask of joy I'll wear,  
And pleasure's self shall envy me  
The mirth of my despair!

**My Mother's Grave.**

I remember vividly the circumstances of her departure. Consumption had already done its powerful work. Unlike many who are smitten with this disease, she preferred to die in the bosom of her family. Why should the stag pierce the heart in its own thickets; seek refuge in the deeper glades, to bleed to death? It is a wrong idea, this of searching in a land of strangers for health which is "clean gone" forever. How many are thus yearly cut down in the midst of their wanderings! In some desolate chamber, they lie in the agonies of death. No soft hand presses their brow, no familiar voice whispers in the ear; no cherished friend performs their funeral obsequies. Death is indeed bitter, under such circumstances, being without its usual alleviations. It is a sweet consolation to die at home:

On some fond breast this parting soul relies,  
Some pillow drops the closing eyes require;  
Even from the throb the voice of nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

There is something dreadful, yet beautiful, in contemplating it, coming stealing on so softly and so silently. It comes, too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and elicits its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the snowy brow, the brilliant eye, who could believe

that these were death's precursors, the signet of the conqueror! It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under suffering, keeping alive, at the same time, in her breast the illusion of hope. Even in her moments of keenest suffering, she looks forward to days of returning brightness; and while the worm is forever preying at the core, and her slender form becomes each day more feeble and attenuated, she halts before her gilded prospect; and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the final struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant; waxing brighter and brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor fleshless skeleton; to behold the eye beaming with undiminished lustre toward the objects of its affection, until the soul at last bursting the carnal vault which has too long confined it, takes its triumphant bound. Then is the body still and silent: The frather is unroofed by the breath, and the glass retains its polish for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

It was a tempestuous night. The rain poured down in torrents. The lightning gleamed luridly. At midnight, I entered the apartment. A solitary taper gleamed dimly on the hearth. The forms of those in the room appeared like gloomy shadows, flitting to and fro. A stifled sob, and the ticking of a watch on the table, were the only sounds; and they struck like a barbed arrow to my heart. I observed her hand beckoning. Her head was raised with pillows. A smile shot from her glowing eyes. She essayed to speak. I bent down my head with eagerness, to catch the last whispers of her voice. There was a pause. She made signal to those about her to repress their emotions, as they valued her last legacy. The sobs ceased the groans were scarcely audible, and the tear stood still upon the cheek of the mourner. "Ah! that is kind," she began in a voice as soft as music. Nature must have her course. The elements of grief were too full. They burst the barrier which prudence would have vainly erected, and poured forth in a torrent, sweeping all before them. A cry, long, loud, and piercing, filled the apartment. She cast back a look of sorrowful reproach.

She arose in the couch. A paroxysm of coughing seized her. She writhed for a moment in convulsive agonies, and then fell back upon the pillow. A gleam of lightning, bright, dazzling, appalling, shot through the casement. She was DEAD!

"Let us pray!" exclaimed the reverend pastor; and with one accord the assembly knelt, white, at the noon of night, he offered up a fervent prayer. It was short, but clothed in the poetic language of the scriptures. It spoke of the silver cord being loosed, and the golden bowl being broken. It was finished. We arose from our knees, cast one look at the emaciated form of the departed, and left the apartment.

**"Mighty Murderer."**

The greatest that ever lived, perhaps, was Napoleon Bonaparte. Once, when the subject was more familiar to me than it is at present, I calculated that he had occasioned the destruction of not less than five millions of the human race! If any should think this extravagant, I will remind him that Walter Scott, in his history of Napoleon, says that Spain alone cost him a million of soldiers! It is but reasonable to suppose that the whole loss of the Spanish, Portuguese and English, in the Peninsula was equal to that of the French. Here then is two millions. And a moderate calculation would make the destruction of his other wars twice that amount. Let it be remembered that these were all men—or at least males, for many of them were mere boys— & mostly in the prime of meridian life. What an incalculable mass of misery did this bring on the world! How many parents did it deprive of their children, whom they had fondly hoped would be the stay and solace of their old age! Yet Napoleon was not a mere incarnate demon; as some have represented him; who delighted in human misery, but a mixed character, and seemed sometimes almost as much to resemble Trajan as at other times he did Tiberius. But ambition was his ruling passion, and like other "mighty murderers" he loved the game of war, and found, I have no doubt, like Attila, his highest enjoyment on the day of battle. "The earthquake voice of victory" was to him "the breath of life." His vanity too was flattered by the stupid admiration of the world, that has always been ready to "wander after" such mighty murderers, and to bestow on them far more applause than upon those who have extended the bounds of human knowledge, and been the benefactors of mankind.—*Protestant and Herald.*

**Washington and Bonaparte Compared.**

Two such men never before appeared, perhaps, on this our globe—and, as it regards one of them, it is to be hoped, will never again appear.

They both possessed talents of the highest order, but strikingly contrasted. Washington's fort was judgment; Bonaparte's energy. The mind of the former, though admirably balanced, was slow; that of the latter, rapid. Washington required time to form and mature his plans, when, when formed, seldom failed; Bonaparte saw his subject at a single glance, and took his measures accordingly; which sometimes proved to be grossly erroneous—as in his debasement of the king of Spain, his invasion of Russia, and his cruel treatment of the Pope. Washington's talents were better adapted for the statesman; Bonaparte's for a warrior; or at least, for a conqueror; or from the quickness

of his conceptions, and the energy of his correspondent actions, his movements often appeared like the lightning's stroke, and confounded and overwhelmed his enemies.

If the talents of these extraordinary men differed widely, their moral characters, and the motives that governed their actions differed still more widely. Washington's great object always was to do what was right; Bonaparte's to do what would promote his own interest. "Every word and action of his (said his brother Lucian) are dictated by his political system, and that system rests entirely on egotism." In plain English, his every word and action centred in self. Washington's ruling passion appeared to have been the love of his country; Bonaparte's undoubtedly was ambition, or the love of power and fame. Washington was like the sun, whose benign beams, enlighten, and cheer, and fructify; Bonaparte, like the comet, that "from its horrid hair, shakes pestilence and war." The one might be held up as an example to imitate; the other, as a beacon to deter.—*Protestant and Herald.*

**A Scene in Court.**

The following laughable description of a trial before a Judicial tribunal somewhere, is from the Augusta Mirror. It shows that our Judiciary, with all its follies and farces, has a powerful rival:

Love laughs at lover's vows and shame;  
And men had better do the same.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the circuit court of this State. He tells me that while in the county of — he strayed into the Court House, and was present at the arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife. Day was a pale little man, and the wife who was present, was a perfect Behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was "guilty or not guilty." He answered "there's a mighty chance of lawyers lies in the papers, but some part is true. I did strike the old lady, but she fit me powerfully first. She can swear equal to a little of any thing, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me, is tolerable correct, seeing as how she moved me. I have told you all I know 'bout the circumstance, Mister. I gin Squire Jones there, a five dollar bill, and I allow he'll talk it out for me."

Squire Jones thereupon rose and said he had it in mind to raise it this case, which he thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were one; and he should like to know how a man could be punished for whipping himself; he should be glad to hear what the Solicitor General could say to that. The Solicitor General answered that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a trifle too far; men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife it would not be suicide. Here Squire Jones interposed; and defied the Solicitor General to produce an authority to that effect. The Solicitor General looked over Green's and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice for some minutes, and then observed, that he could not find an authority just then but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere, and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of the contest on this point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of Day in the premises. The judge being likewise forgetful of this fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that man and wife were one, and were two. If the wife ran in debt, or abused a neighbor, or knocked down or dragged out a fellow citizen, then man and wife were one. If the husband did any of these things then man and wife were two. He remarked that in either event, the man was legally bound to suffer, and there fore come it as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He said, he would not decide the question whether if a man kill his wife, it was murder or suicide. He was not prepared to express an opinion upon that point. It was a very delicate one; and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one in the room here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.)

He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous looking cracker, wearing a broad brim white hat with crapes (I never saw a man south of latitude 33, that did not wear a white hat with crapes) and proceeded to admonish him, that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk, with their verdicts, and that it happened in this case he would discharge the prisoner; and put his punishment upon him, (the bailiff) The bailiff giving a significant glance at the judge, replied, that other people besides the jury came into court drunk—that some people thought other people drunk, when some people were drunk themselves. The jury then retired and so did my friend.

The next day he returned and found matters *in statu quo*, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing together the merits of a cold fowl, a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses despite of the frowns and becks of the officers. The judge, clerk and sheriff, had been up all night, and looked wolfish, and the bailiff was seated on his white— at the door of the jury room; and his countenance expressed that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild cats. The most awful curses, oaths and sounds proceeded from the jury room—some were roaring like lions—some crying like children—mewing like cats—neighing like horses, &c.

At last a consultation was held at the door of the jury room between the foreman and the bailiff, whereupon; the latter putting his white hat on one side on his head, came into the court room and addressed the judge thus: "Mr. Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this here man, and if you keep him, (i. e. Tom Jakes) without grog any more,

he'll lick you on sight." The judge appended to the bar, if this was not a contempt of court, and "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was decided that as it was a threat addressed to the judge as a private individual, and was to whip him "on sight" and not on the bench, it was not, (under the free, enlightened and democratic principles of Georgia legislation,) a contempt of court. This being settled, the judge directed the bailiff to say to "Tom Jakes; the foreman, that the jury should agree if they stayed there thro' eternity.— The bailiff retired, and so did my friend; but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, that the jurors and bailiff are still there.

**Yankee Spirit.**

An American brig, belonging to Portsmouth, N. H. was once in Demiarara, discharging her cargo, when she was boarded by a boat from a gun brig lying at anchor at no great distance. The crew were mustered, and their protections examined—and on New Hampshire boy, of a noble and fearless spirit, and though young in years, of a vigorous frame, was ordered into the boat. He pertinently refused to obey the order. The officer, in a great rage, collared the youthful seaman, but was instantly laid sprawling by a well directed blow of his fist. The boat's crew rushed to the assistance of their officer, and the spirited American was finally overpowered, pinioned, thrown into the boat, and conveyed on board the British brig. The Lieutenant complained to his commanding officer of the insult he had received from the stalwart Yankee, and his battered face corroborated his statement. The commander at once decided that such insolence demanded exemplary punishment—and that the young Yankee required, on his first entrance into the service, a lesson which might be of use to him hereafter.

Accordingly the offender was lashed to a gun, by the inhuman satellites of tyranny, and his back was bared to the lash. Before a blow was struck, he repeated his declaration that he was an American citizen, and the sworn foe of tyrants. He demanded his release—and assured the Captain in the most solemn and impressive manner, that if he persisted in punishing him like the vilest malefactor, for vindicating his rights as an American citizen, the act would never be forgiven—but that his revenge would be certain and terrible. The Captain laughed at what he regarded an impotent menace—and gave signal to the boatwain's mate. The white skin of the young American was soon cruelly mangled, and the blows fell thick and heavily on the quivering flesh. He bore the infliction of this barbarous punishment without a murmur or a groan; and when the signal was given for the executioner to cease although the skin was hanging in strips on his back which was thickly covered with clotted blood, he showed no disposition to falter or to faint. His face was somewhat paler than it was wont to be—but his lips were compressed, as if he was summoning determination to his aid, and his dark eyes shot forth a brilliant gleam, showing that his spirit was unsubdued, and that he was in not on revenge, even if his life should be the forfeit.

His bonds were loosened, and he arose from his humiliating posture. He glared fiercely around. The Captain was standing within a few paces of him, with a demotic grin upon his features, as if he enjoyed to the bottom of his soul the disgrace and tortures inflicted on the poor Yankee. The hapless sufferer saw that smile of exultation—and that moment decided the fate of his oppressor. With the activity, the ferocity, and almost the strength of a tiger, the mutilated American sprang upon the tyrant, and grasped him where he stood, surrounded by his officers, who, for the moment seemed paralyzed with astonishment—and before they could recover their senses and hasten to the assistance of their commander, the flagged American had borne him to the gangway, and then clutching him by the throat with one hand, and firmly embracing him with the other, despite his struggles, he leaped with him into the turbid waters of the Demiarara! They parted to receive the tyrant and his victim—then closed over them, and neither were ever afterwards seen. Both had passed to their last account.—

Unappointed, unweled,  
With all their imperfections on their heads." But a brighter day has dawned upon the British navy. The odious system of impressment is abolished—never again, I hope to be adopted.—*Boston Cultivator.*

**The Whale.**

The capture of a whale is thus described in Beale's Natural History of the Spout Whale:

"The scenes which sometimes occur during the chase and capture of the whale defy description. Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a south seaman, cruising in the North Pacific Ocean, at its Japanese confine—suddenly the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head exclaiming, 'there's spouts!' The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires 'whereaway?' but perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe—his large 'hump' projecting three feet out of the water, when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the forefront of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of 'there again!' keeping time with the duration of the spout. Big while they have been looking, a few seconds

have expired—they rush into the boats which are directly lowered to receive them—and in two minutes from the time of the first observing the whale, three or four boats are down and darting through the water with their utmost speed towards their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar, with the common whaling chant of

"Away my boys, away my boys, 'tis time for us to go."

"But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing, they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon.—His 'spoutings' are nearly out, he is about to descend; or he hears the boats approaching.—The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim 'ah, he is going down!' yet he's out again, but slowly, the water is again seen agitated around him, the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his 'small' rising in preparation for his descent; 'he will be lost!' they exclaim, for the boats are not near enough to strike him, and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength, to claim the honor of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow boat has the advantage of being nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern.—One more spout is seen slowly curling forth—it is his last, this rising, his 'small' is bent, his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly along side of the gigantic creature. 'Beak your oars,' exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner, in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply into the side of the huge animal. It is 'socket up,' that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket, which admits the handle or 'pole' of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seaman on board reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who with his vast tail strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his head rises high into the air; then his flukes are seen lashing every where, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the iron has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sounds of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea, can be heard for miles!"

**To a Friend.**

And can the flight of envious time  
Remove the image of a friend;  
Can changing place, or varying clime  
The dear delightful contrast end.  
Can the loved form, the pictured face,  
Engraven on the feeling breast,  
The eye, that memory loves to trace,  
Still beaming with its wonted zest,  
Be loosed from friendship's sacred ties  
Days, months, and years, may vainly roll,  
They but demand the passing sigh;  
But dare not disunite the soul.

**ANECDOTE OF REV. LEMUEL HAYNES.—**  
Mr. Haynes, happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughters and some young friends were assembled, thought from what he overheard, that they were making too free with the characters of their neighbors; and after their visitors were departed, he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered, "But, father, what shall we talk about? We must talk about something." "If you can do nothing else," said he; "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will be at least innocent diversion." A short time afterwards, an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening, discussions upon some points of Christian doctrine were earnest, and their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing the Christian temper, when his eldest daughter overhearing them, procured a pumpkin, and entering the room gave it to her father and said, "There, father, roll it about, roll it about." Mr. Haynes was obliged to explain, and good humor was instantly restored.—*Memoirs.*

**A GOOD REMEDY.**—"Salt," says the Chicago American, "is not only a remedy for drunkenness, but a sure preventive."

**STILL BETTER.**—"Take," says Monsieur Mirabeau, "one gill of good water as ever leaked out of the sky; and one spoonful of loaf sugar; one sprinkling of nutmeg; one bit of mint, and one gill beat French brandy." Then clap in a red hot poker, and then—throw it any where but down your throat!

**A CHALLENGE.**—A little lop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman, here is my card; consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool—here is my card—when you call on me: you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street."

"Is that clean butter?" said Mike to a countryman who had a wagon full of butter. "Guess it ought to be," replied the countryman; "it took the old woman and three of the boys all night to pick the hairs out only."

### TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

**Seed Time and Harvest.**  
Extract from Sargent's Temperance Tales.

Our domestic misery continued to increase, from week to week. There were intervals, in which, my father was more like himself, more like the good, kind parent and husband, whose outgoings, in the morning had been a source of affectionate regret, and whose incomings, at night, had been a subject of joy to the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins. I have seen the faint smile of satisfaction brighten upon my poor mother's pale features, upon such occasions; and I have marked the sigh, half suppressed, which told the secret of an agonized spirit, and which seemed to say, How precious, how brief is this little interval of joy!

It was indeed like the parting sunbeam, the last, lingering light of a summer day, which plays upon the cold grave, where the treasure and the heart are destined to slumber together.

In such an example of domestic wretchedness as ours, the operation of cause and effect was perfectly intelligible. Ruin excited into action all that was contentious, in the nature of my parent. A keen perception of his own bluenorthiness, notwithstanding the stupefying tendency of the liquor he had drunken, increased the irritability of his temper. A word, look, or gesture, from any member of the household, which indicated the slightest knowledge of his unhappy condition, when he returned at night, under the influence of strong drink, was surely interpreted into an intentional affront. He would anticipate reproof; and, as it were, repay it beforehand, by the harshness of his manners.

The habit of drinking, which is invariably the prolific mother of sin and sloth, wretchedness and rage, is sure to be maintained and kept alive, by the beggarly progeny, to which it has given birth. Whenever my unhappy father was dunned for the interest on his mortgage, or any other debt, which, at last, he had no means to pay, he was in the habit, almost mechanically, as soon as the creditor had departed, of turning to the jug of rum, for relief and oblivion.

The gloom and ill nature, which had hitherto been occasionally interspersed with exhibitions of kinder feelings to us all, appeared to have become unvarying and fixed. There was less and less, from week to week, of an April sky. All was chill and drear, like November. One evening, my mother and sister had been busily engaged, as usual, in such housewifery, as might best contribute to keep our poor wreck of a domicile together, as long as possible. I had learned to write a fair hand, and was engaged in copying some papers, for our squire, who paid me, by the sheet. It had gotten to be nearly ten o'clock. My mother put on her spectacles, and opening the Bible, began to read. Rachel and I sat by the fire, listening to the words of truth and soberness.—My poor mother had fallen upon a portion of Scripture, which, from its applicability to her own situation and that of her children, had affected her feelings, and the tears were in her eyes, when the loud tramp upon the door step announced the return of my father. His whole appearance was unusually ominous of evil. My mother stirred the fire, and I placed him a chair, which he kicked over and threw himself down on the bed, and called for supper. Mother told him, in a gentle manner, that there was nothing in the house but some bread. He told her that she lied, and swore terribly. She sat silently by the fire;—I looked up in her face;—She wept, but said nothing. "Don't cry so, dear mother," said Rachel. "Wife," said my father, sitting upon the edge of the bed, "when will you leave off crying?" "Whenever you leave off drinking, husband," replied my mother in the kindest manner. My father sprang up in a hurricane of wrath, and with a dreadful oath, hurled a chair at my mother's head. I sprang forward, and received its full force upon my shoulder. Rachel and my mother fled to a neighbor's house, and my father struck me several blows with his feet and fists; and, as I made my escape, I left him dashing the furniture to pieces, with the fury of a madman. I rushed forth to seek shelter amid the driving storm—from the tempest of a drunken father's wrath. I went, as speedily as possible, to the squire's house, and begged him to take compassion on my poor mother and sister. Having received his promise, that he would go instantly over to our cottage, I took the resolution, which I have already stated.

After I had passed a comfortable night in the farmer's barn, I pushed forward to the city. I had a trifle of change in my pocket; I bought a biscuit of a travelling baker, and I had no relish for any other than the beverage of God's appointment, which was near at hand. When I reached the city, I directed my course to one of the wharves, and found no difficulty, as I was unusually stout for my years, in obtaining a passage, as a green hand, in a ship bound to China. Three days passed before the ship sailed. I wrote to my mother and sister, bidding them keep up their spirits, and put their trust, as I did, in the God of the widow and the fatherless; for such, and even worse, was our condition. I asked them to say to father, when he was sober, that, although I scarcely expected to see him again in this world, I freely forgave him his ill treatment to myself.

I worked hard and strove to please the captain. I soon found that ploughing the sea was a very different affair from ploughing the land. I had a good constitution, and a cheerful temper. I had been taught, at all times, by my dear mother, and by my