# Star & Republican Banner.

### VPFEARLESS AND FREE. A

## ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is pub tished at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance: or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted TRUEF times for \$1, and 25 cents or each subsequent insertion-the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid! 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 addresses to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to



"W a sweetest flowers enrich'd. From various gardens cull'd with care."

Mutability of earthly Joys. Life is a fitful shadowed hour, A scene of light and shade, Hope's gentle sun-grief's gloomy bower-And in the grave we're laid. We look for peace, we look for rest,

For light in being's gloom; Alas! we only find us blest, Reposing in the tomb.

What are the gaudy joys of earth, What are the fleeting scenes of life, What are its beauties, hopes and mirth, Its anxious cares and strife?

All-all but chaff before the wind, Chastisement by our Father given, To fit the soul, and raise the mind, And lead the spirit on to heaven.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN. A brace of Epitaphs.

NO. I. ON AN OLD MAID. Here lies a poor forlorn old maid, Whose charms long ere her death decay'd-Whole years in solitude she sat, Forgot by all except her cat.

In youth-believe it-she was fair. In wit and grace and beauty rare, A grave old bachelor was slain ! Who sought her hand and heart in vain.

into which she had fallen, by the sound of approaching footsteps; and some soldiers intered the barn, bearing a wounded officer. It was with scarcely definable feelings that Helen discovered it was nor her husband, but an officer of the same regiment. For a few minutes any other feeling seemed lost in the anxious attentions necessary for the severe wound of the sufferer. Helen, had, fortunately, provided every thing necessary; with the kindest gentleness she dressed the sufferer's wounds, and then attempted to restore him to consciousness ; her efforts were successful. Aided by the people of the inn, she succeeded in making him swallow a

She was aroused from the state of stupor

restorative; and in a short time he was able to thank the gentle hand which had ministered unto him. Helen with eager earnestness exclaimed,

Walter! where is he?' Mr. Grant turned his head away. He could not bear the inflict : "Speak ! in mercy tell me that Leshe is safe !"-Helen paused a moment. and her manuer, no tear escaped her. "Did you see him fall ?" she said at length; tell me all, it will do me good; I feel as if tears would cool this scorching pain," she said, pressing her hand to her bosom.

Mr. Grant complied. He felt that tears would relieve her. "I was at his side," said he, "a moment before he fell. He had taken a small pocket Bible from his breasthad pressed it to his lips --- " Helen covered her face with her hands, "It was the Bi-Grant, give this to my wife," said he. I laughed at his forebodings. "You will return," I said, "to tell her of the events of after a shot struck him, and he fell !" Helen burst into an agony of tears, and for some minutes continued silent; at length her resolution seemed to be taken. She was lying, and begged him to describe the spot where her husband fell. She received after she had stolen from the small inn equal this reality. yard, and stood alone on the spot where she had last seen her husband.

Helen was in years a more child; and there had been a time when she would have awoke at 3 o'clock. Heard the breeze roarshuddered at a recital of the horrors through ing above, and the rain pattering on the deck. which she now passed with a trembling step, though with an undaunted heart-but what will not love in woman undertake? "God has as much power to protect me of lightning shone through the sky light. here," she thought, as the distant firing said to myself, a thunder-storm in all its subcaught her ear, and caused her for a moment limity, is passing by, and I must see it .-to pause, "as in a crowded room !" The Knowing that my room mate would relish thought of "what had she to live for?" ren. such a scene, I gave him a call, and we prodered her for a moment incapable of proceed. ceeded to the deck together. Here the ing; then silently imploring strength from ocean appeared under a new phase, not of God, she persevered. that of the highest kind. The first glance What a scene of horror presented itself to her! The spot, where a few hours be-fore she had gued on the brilliant ranks of flashes seemingly concentrated into one fore she had gazed on the brilliant ranks of the contending armies, was now occupied, made the far-off "darkness visible," and dis closed at once the heights and depths to by the dead or dying. Occasionally a wounded-horse dashed wildly among the which we rose and sunk, still holding the tenor of our way upon the tempest-tost sea. heaps of wounded. There were a party There was not so much thunder as I have employed in stripping the dead-at her ap heard before at such a time, but one powerproach they looked up, and for a moment a superstitious dread crossed their minds. while "deep called into deep," this seemed Her white dress made them suppose her a like the mightier "voice of the Lord, the ghost, and when convinced of their mistake. voice of the Lord upon many waters."--they let her pass unmolested, observing with Truly a thunder storm at night upon the sea. an oath that she was seeking perhaps for is a scene in which nature speaks to the soul her lover. Helen passed on. As she apof man with most impressive eloquence; proached the spot described by Grant, she speaks of man's littleness, and yet of man's examined earnestly the faces of the dead. greatness, in the scale of being, while his She was almost beginning to despair when, spirit is wrapt in the contemplation of such from beneath a heap of slain, an outstretchglory. ed arm caught her attention. On one of the fingers was a ring, one of her first gifts "The most uncultivated minds feel the to him. With trembling hand she put down emotion of the sublime, however inadequatethe small lantern she had brought, and removed the slain. It was, indeed her hus band who lay there; and a long fit of weep-"That sight is worth two and six-pence." ing relieved her; she raised him, and the head fell back upon her shoulders. Ap-WELLERISMS .--- 'How sharp your too proaching foosteps alarmed her; they were those of two men of her husband's regiment. nails is,' as the man said ven he cotched the One of them explained that they had followhornet. ed her at Mr. Grant's desire. Between 'Are you looking for any one in particuthem was the body of Captain Leslie borne lar?' as the rat said ven he saw the cat into the inn of Mont St, Jean. watching him. A surgeon was then dressing the wound 'No gouging,' as the chap said ven he felt of Mr. Grant, and his immediate attention the 'critters' in his head.

We have been favored with the copy of a letter, the first of a series, from an amiable and eloquent Baptist preacher, now travelling in Europe, from which we take the following graphic sketches of a suprise, and a thunder storm, during his voyage across the Atlantic. - Newark Daily Adv. After being out a week, it was my good fortune to behold, under the very best circumstances, a sunrise at sca. Waking early, and feeling restless, I resolved to go on deck,

and saw at once that all the elements of naure had conspired to present before us a it is the common lot of mortal eyes to greet.

Scenes at Sea.

lighted up, while the western sky threw back curve and part like an Indian's bow.

upon the east the hues and tints which then great wide sea," pictured forth all the grandeur of the sky, and far in its depths appeared the image of the sun himself, while a line be of a lack of wardrobe. of light seemed like a chain of gold to hold to its place that orb of glory. All who beble I gave him on our wedding day!" she to its place that orb of glory. All who be-gasped, "tell me, tell me all." "If I fall, held this scene, felt an unusual thrill of wonder and exultation. The hardy sailors paus ed to look.\* The very monsters of the deep seemed to rejoice with us; for a shark, acthis day." Before we could reply, we companied by his faithful little servant, the were summoned to action. A few minutes pilot fish, came playing around the ship, now basking on the surface of the waters, and now descending to its depths. Twice have I crossed this ocean before, but never saw such a gorgeous scene. I had even thought came to the couch upon which Mr. Grant that the splendor of a sun-rise could never vie with that of a sun-set at sea; but on this calm morning there was no mist, and now I the description in silence. A few minutes am undeceived; for no poet's picture could

> scene was presented to our view in striking contrast. On the morning of Nov. 22, I The harsh voice of the mate, and the monotonous song of the sailor, were mingled with the night wind. Two or three vivid flashes

Daniel Webster. I have described Mr. Webster in part, and would it not be well to attempt his likeness more in detail ? The powerful display he has made both in the Senate of the United States and at the bar of the Supreme Court, together with various incidents and accidents of his life, have placed him high among the ranks of American statesmen and orators.

Picture to yourself, then, my good reader, if the power to conjure up the bodies of the mighty living be upon you, a rather robust man entering the Chamber by the Western scene of glory, surpassing any thing which door. His hat is drawn over his brows, and there is an air of individuality about him The wind was hushed, not a zephyr stirred, that is almost repulsive. He stalks along the waves were laid, and the broad chrystal with a firm and heavy tread, and slightly sea was there reposing in calm majesty, re- returns the nod of those who greet his enflecting far and near the increasing splendors trance. His hair is black as the raven's

of the heavens. Motionless and still, it seem- wing. His eyes are black, and there is a ed to be waiting revorently the rising up of dark shade around them which gives them sight of the agony he knew his answer must the great "Ruler of the day." Ere long, a gloomy and fearful expression. You gaze in full orbed glory he "came forth from his into them when their glances are abstracted, tabernacle, like a bridegroom from his and you involuntarily shudder at their then continued, "I know it all, Walter is chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to strange and mysterious intelligence. The dead!" There was a trightful calmness in run a race." "The waters saw thee," O forehead is remarkable. You follow its thou sun! "the waters saw thee," and were bold curve almost with fear and trembling. glad. How did old ocean smile! With what The mouth is peculiar ; and in debate we celestial splendor was the whole hemisphere have often fancied that we could see it

> Mr. Wobster dresses well, almost richly, broke forth from the fountain of light and but he seems to take no note of his clothes, beauty. Like a pure bright mirror, "this though we have never inclined to the common belief that indifference to dress was a sure indication of genius, whatever it may

> > In ordinary debate Mr. Webster is calm and collected; every word is articulated with emphasis, and some of them are curiously pronounced; for instance, the word "individual." He rolls it out "individuol." We do not like his pronounciation, though we have no doubt it is according to the true New England standard. His great fault as a popular orator it strikes, us would be his inability to rouse himself hastily; he takes too long to melt-to pour his soul forth in the sounding strains of eloquence; but as a sound Parlimentary debater, his collectedness gives him immense advantage. It is his armor of proof-no weapen can pen-

etrate it, but every arrow (as he told General Hayne) "rebounds from his bosom Some time after this, another stirring harmless and impotent."

He seems to back his feelings to the very heart, that the mind alone and unclouded. may shine upon his subject; but when, after some moments have elapsed, and he has become excited by his theme, beware the light. ning and the thunderbolt. We should judge him to be a man of ardent and absorbing enthusiasm ; but he forces the fire to slum. ber away down in the crator, while all above is cold, snow-girt and serene.

In debate ha is remarkable for his readiness at repartee, and occasionally indulges

that watch of justice in his bosom, and sit before the wise men of America, before the REMPERANCE DEPARTMENT people of that country, and smile when Cæsal grasps at royalty ? Can he turn to. wards Benton, that bad and wicked politician, and smile when he smiles, and frown when he frowns. Can he hear Wright of New York, that calm and cool manœverer, utter sentiments of horror, without calling

him to order for outraging the place consecrated to moral justice and human liberty ? But every body says the Colonel is a good man, a right clever fellow, and possible it may be expending thunder to talk seriously of him-however it be, we are of opinion that we are strictly right in so speaking. We are not triffers with puppets-Col. John son is not the figure of Punch that every editorial showman may serve up to the amusement of a democratic audience. We are republicans-strong nervous (in feeling) and devoted Republicans. We think the honor of the country is entrusted to the keeping, in a great measure, of our public men, and wo to the liberty, if they are first false to private rectitude, and then traitors to the honor and principles of their country.

BOY KILLED BY A LEOPARD .--- A small boy, the son of Mrs. Winship, living on Walnut street, Cincinnati, was on the 16th ult., killed by a Leopard belonging to the menagarie which has remained in this city during the past winter. It seems that the lad ventured too near the cage in which the animal was confined, escaping the vigilance of the keepers, who were apprised of the accident by hearing his cries. The Leopard, finding the boy within his reach with a single stroke of the paw, severed the jugular vein causing his death in the space of ten minutes. The occurrence it is probable, originated wholly in the boy's own carelessness.— Republican.

EATING .- Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and not content with sating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows ten million of living shrimps at a draught; a nursling canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a catterpillar eats five hundred times its spirits, from grain and fruits, three-fourths own 'weight, before he lies down to rise a of which was from grain, was ten million buttorfly. The mite and the magget eat the very world in which they live; they nestle for several years. In 1810, it amounted to and build in their roast beef, and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a mag- els ot grain was used to manufacture spirits got has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatics. Nor does Captain Lyon United States. In Pennsylvania there were inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled 3330 distilleries of various kinds, in 1810. with the tooth ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, Distilled sqirits from molassess added to the though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks above, making in the whole thirty-one million a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his gallons and over, in one year. But from meal last so long as meat. But if eating is 1820 to 1825 it greatly diminished and in to produce diseases, which of all the nosol- 1835, it was only two millions and a half. ogy would be absent from the carcase of

From the Bulletin. Appeal to the Friends of Temperance.

Friends of man and foes to madness, Let your voices loudly sound, Speak ! let a nations sadness : See you not the foe around ?

Lift on high the Temperance banner, Freemen ! freemen ! to your post ; Hear the victims how they stammer ! Hasten-save them, or they're lost ?

Look ! e'ven now a drunken father ? Reels along yon noisy way ; From their homes the wretched mother

Loads her trembling babes away. Father, rouse thee ! see your treasure :

Yonder thoughtless, yielding one Seeks the goblet for his pleasure, Madly quaffs, and is undone.

Sisters ! snatch thy wretched brother From the spoiler's cruel grasp; Ero another year-yet another Victim to their arms they clasp !

Wife!-with heart almost to breakin, Hast thou not a word to say ?

Can'st thou thus be slumber taking, While thy husband is their prey 1

Husband ! watch around her pathway-Save the idol from the snare 1 Tear her from their fangs away, Husband ! husband, Oh beware ?

Oh ! let not thy children curse thee, As the authors of their woe ! Fathers, mothers, rouse thee-rouse thee,

Break the fatal chain and go !-Patriots, Christians, friends of freedom !

They cry is loud-can nought be done ? Nought to break this cruel thraldom 1 Falter not ! we are undone !

TEMPERANCE STATISTICKS .--- A striking illustration of the beneficial results which have been produced by the temporance effort may be found in the fact, stated by the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, of Connecticut, in his volume of statistics, published three years ago, that the quantity of distilled gallons annually in 1801; and previously, twenty millions, and about six million bush--the greater part consumed within the

THE BEGGAR .- "Get thee gone !" cried

we to a poor beggar, who was apparently

about sixty years of age. His countenance

As she grew old and lost her power, Her temper with her age grew sour; She scolded all her friends to death, Sho's silent now for want of breath.

30. 11. ON AN OLD BACHELOR. Here lies the veriest wretch forlorn, Wounded by love and killed by scorn-The man that courted this old maid. When in the charms of youth array'd.

He neither drank, nor chew'd, nor smok'd Unknown through this dull world he pok'd, Without a dog, or cat or wife, To cheer the loneliness of life.

Scorned by the sex, he was not blind To any charm of woman kind-His soul has fied-his sins forgiven-He's wooing angel's now in Heaven !

# THE BEPOSITORY.

### From the Naval and Military Magazine. An Incident of the Battle of Waterloo.

The regiment into which Captain Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory; and Helen, his young wife, was too sensible to pain him by unavailing regrets -even on their parting she had striven not to unman him; and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window of the inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action. Could an uninterested observer have gazed upon the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many ere sunset would have gone to their final account, and she shuddered at the thought that perhaps her calmness which was more affecting than Walter might be among the number. The the most violent agitation could have been. distant cannonading told that already the work of death had commenced. Several random shots had struck the inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the barn. lives !" With them did Helen sit during that long. ways marked her character. She could wildly round, then sank on the floor in a have smiled at the volubility of her com- state of insensibility. Hours passed before panions, who never ceased speaking, in a she recovered consciousness. When she him. mixture of bad French and Flemish. But did, she found that it was not a dream. it made her only more sad; she felt that Leslie still lived. The shot which had she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the struck him down was found imbedded in the agony of sus ense, the fear of hearing that Bible which he had but a moment before Walter was among the fallen ! Her beauty thrust into the breast of his coat. But had and girlish appearance, added to the knowl. it not been for the timely assistance of his edge that her husband was in the field of wife, he must have perished. He was saved battle, gave her an interest in the eyes of almost by a miracle from being crushed to

Leslie might return in safety. The day alive. almost immediate darkness which charac- true. Those who have visited -

action had ceased ; random firings succeed-

was given to Leslie. Helen stood with her You're a hard customer,' as the fellow husband's hand clasped in hers, with a said ven he run against the pos t.

'Let's clinch the bargain,' as the bear said ven he patted the man on his shoulder. Bruised as Leslie was, there was no wound 'None of your sauce,' as the boy said to to be found. The surgeon placed a glass the crab apple.

before his lips-then exclaimed with an in-'Any thing in my line?' as the hangman terest he had not often felt .- "He still said to the judge.

'I don'nt come without knocking,' as the day, sad and silent, yet with the same con-fidence in God's protection that had al. The effect of joy is often more acute than bullet said when it asked the fox if give it lodgings in his upper story.

the man said when the bumble bee stung Treasury, and he did all he could do, but Edward Spaulding, in going across an orca-'Be collected,' as the printer said to a

vas'nt paid, lying scattered own his desk.

terises a continental summer; and still Hel- must have seen the small Bible, which is previous to the fatal occurrence, in shooting called into the field, and, unlike the goose ing him at 'close hugs' with one arm, whilst,

in a vain of pleasantry, which reminds the placid beauty, but of awful sublimity, and imaginative spectator of Jovo playing with little eagles.

# Richard M. Johnson.

Reclining at his ease, lo ! RICHARD M. how he shuffles in his chair, how he longs him thus: for the quiet and compartively humble seat in the lower house, where, in easier and more ful crash broke forth and rolled afar, and unambitious days; Tecumseh-killer rejoiced to sit from the first dawn of the business hour until late at night. Then he took his head from the desk but seldom, for he had worlds of letters to write-letters to frank, and demands for loans to answer with checks enclosed—a right liberal hearted man is our Richards the First.

Col. Johnson is a man with no depth of mind, no profundity-or in other words, no beauty of thought-no bold conception of principles as applicable to facts. He is a

business man—a kind of busy speculator in lands, &c. at which he is said to be an adept ly they may express it. One of our crew but his genius never soars above the hillock who stopped to gaze on this sun-rise, cried, of a prairie, and is bouuded by lines run by a surveyor for a county. He is an amiable man, with a kind face, and a plain, blunt,

feet-light hair, exceedingly bushy, and with and we are inclined to suppose that he was say it was done in battle. He is brave but not wise-liberal, but not magnanimonsthrough his popular name, his grand proportion of the destiny of his country, with-

out speaking out his real, genuine, honest convictions. He would not degrade that let him strike first." holy place, if he loved the country more than he feared the scourge of party. Col. Johnson is well known here to be opposed

entered the cavern and shot a wolf that had to some of the leading measures of the Administration. The Colonel had too taken shelter there. But an affair which bullet said when it asked the fox if he could much western land sense not to see how took place in this town, about two miles from ruinous to his speculative dreams and airy the village, on Tuesday morning last, com-'What makes you come end foremost ?' as castler would be the Circular, and the Sub. pletely eclipses Gen. Putnum's exploit. Mr.

secretly, to break down the hobby of the ard of sugar maples, discovered an animal party, and turn aside the stream of ruin and a short distance from him, but from its postnuge batch of old newspaper bills, vat desolution. In this weakness, this horrible tion it was impossible to determine the and unpatriotic weakness, Col. Johnson is species. Picking up a small cudgel, he "Rents are enormous' as the loafer said to be pitied. With his name, high and proceeded towards the animal, and discovven he looked at his breeches .- N. H. Eagle. strong, he could have rallied the western ering it to be a black wolf, confined by the

Party States against the Administration, leg in a trap weighing 23 lbs he struck him DISTRESSING HOMICIDE .- On the 28th and marching to the Alleghanies tops, could over the head. His stick proved to be rotult., near Mansfield, Ohio, Martin Lover, have blown a blast that would have checked ten, and the force of the blow broke it in his her companions, and many were the hopes death; fortunately, however, the spot on late a resident of Pennsylvania was struck and awed the unserable runners that infest- hand, but did no essential execution by way they expressed in French, that Captain which he fell was hollow, and he is still on the head by his brother Henry, with a ed the perliens of the White Palace. of disabling the animal. Fearful of losing sled-roller; and after lingering for 12 hours, Meanly, fwe will not seek for harsher him, and seeing no other means by which passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the The incidents of this sketch are strickly died on the morning of the next day. The epithets.) Col. Johnson bowed his head, he could be secured. Mr. Spaulding, though brothers had been engaged for some hours spake not to the powers that he could have 73 years of age, sprung upon the wolf tak-

en sat in all the agony of suspense. The regarded by the family with feelings of the at a mark for wagers, and drinking whiskey. of Roman story, he did not even hiss the with a stick not much larger than an oxdeepest veneration. It is still kept under a After much altercation they proceeded to enemy who marched against the capitol. goad he beat the creature until it died! ed the constant and fearful din of war; yet case, and will for ever perpetuate the hero-still Captain Leslie returned not. It is still kept under a Atter much antercation they proceeded to enemy who marched against the capitol. goad he beat the creature until it died! and the innatural mother committed as a finale to the affray, the death Can Colonel Johnson have ever that thing and the innatural mother committed as a called a worldly conscience? Can be have 6 inches. -Buffalo Adv.

Captain Cochrane's Siberian friend, who eat forty pounds of meat, with twenty pounds of rice porridge, at a sitting.

A PLEA IN ABATEMENT .--- In one of the quarter session Courts in Tennessee, one JOHNSON, Vice President of the United Joe Philips was indicted for assault and bat-States ! Is he natural in that place ? See tery. The prosecuting attorney addressed

You are indicted for a misdemeanor, and stand charged in these words: "The jurors, upon their oaths, present that Joe Philips, late of the county of -----, on the 10th day of August, 18-, with force and army, in and upon the body of one John Scroggins, an assault did make, with guns, pistols, swords, dirks and clubs, with malice aforethought,"----

"Stop, Mr. Lawyer," said Joe, "there ---- deal worse than it was."

"Well how was it, Joe?" says the solicitor.

"Why, I and John met one day on the road, and says I to John, "this is a bad day Then says he to me, "Not so for snakin." long." Then says 1, "That's a lie, for ther's a few bitts which we placed in his hand; and rough manner. In person he is about six mary snake in this country half so long." as we did so, a tear started in his eve : Then, after a good many such compliments it fell on our extended palm. It was the tear eyes blue but heavy. He limps in his gait, passed between us, says John to me, says he of gratitude, warm and fresh from the hearth to me, says he, "I doesn't milk my neighhurt by a fall from a horse, though his friends bor's cows as some folks do." And then I hit him a lick with my fist on the side of his head, and then we had a real scuffle-a fair patriotic but for his party, else he would fight; then just so. And we had'nt no gun, never have sat on that high chair, wielding nor pistol, nor club, nor dirk neither, so you needn't be talking all that nonsense, over to the court when ther's no such thing: and John says he's willing to fight again, if I'll cided taste for moral improvement through-

was pale, emaciated, and careworn; his dress was forlorn and taterred; his hair was silvery white, and as he stood with his head uncovered, was blown about by the damp wind. What a figure for a painter, thought we ; his pallid, worn, but expressive features; his miserable garments; the breeze playing among his scanty locks. The beggar approached nearer ; "For the love of Heaven! spare me a trifle to save me from starving; as God is my witness 1 have not tasted food these two days ?" We looked at him. He was resting one his hand on his stick, over which he leaned : partly from age, and partly for rest; while the other was extended about half way was something of it, but you'r making it a from his body in which he held his hat ; in this position he regarded us with looks. (they were wistful and imploring) which seemed to read our purpose. We put our hand into our pocket; a gleam flitted on his countenance ; we naused ; looked at him again ; he still regarded us with the same very bad neither, for I killed one near a rod earnest look. We drew it out, and with it

we felt it ! Two hours afterwards we saw the venerable man in the neighborhood of a small cabaret, drunk as a lord. Humph New Orleans Picayune

PROGRESS OF MORAL REFORM IN TEXAS. -We were gratified at the aspect of the last Houston Intelligencer, evidencing a deout society in the Republic. The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, agent of the Assembly's WOLF STORY .- It is, we dare say, well Board of Missions appears to have been known to all our readers how Gen. Pulnam welcomed with much eagerness and satisfaction, and occupies considerable space in that paper, which also contains a long article upon the Texas Bible Society ; as well as extended notices of the Temperance movement now in progress with the most flattering prospect of ultimate success .- Straws shew the course of the current.

> A DRUKARD's LOSIC. - Late one evening drunken Davy, after spending his day's earnings at the grog shop, set out for home. Well,' says he, 'if I find my wife up, I'll lick her-what business has she to set up, burning fire and light-eh? And if I find her in bed. I'll lick her-what business has she got to go to bed before 1 get home -eh ?"-Temp. Intelligencer.

A woman in New York was recently taken from the streets in a state of beastly intoxication, holding in her arms an infant entirely naked and perishing with the cold. The infant was immediately provided for,

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