

# Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.--NO. 3.]

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY APRIL 16, 1889.

[WHOLE NO: 471.]

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

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published 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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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GARLAND



From the Baltimore Transcript.  
**To the American Flag.**  
BY JOSEPH C. STIMMONS.

Wave on proud flag! no reckless hand  
Shall tear thee from the mast;  
Upon thy folds a patriot band,  
Their looks of pleasure cast.

Beneath the shade how many men  
Have trod the field of death!  
And turned their eyes upon thee, when  
They gave their parting breath.

How oft upon Atlantic's wave  
Thou'st seen the gallant crew  
When blood their dauntless bosoms lav'd,  
And swift the lightning flew.

The sailor walks the deck—and now  
He climbs the lofty spars,  
And loves to raise his manly brow  
To see the "stripes and stars."

And led by thee in days of yore,  
Our fathers fought and bled;  
That by their valor they might o'er  
Us, freedom's blessing shed.

Tride of the brave! in every clime  
Thy presence shall be known,  
And ages in remotest time  
Shall all thy glories own.

When floating o'er the rampart's height,  
And fanned by midnight air;  
The stars look on thee with delight  
To see their image there.

On proud flag! in splendor wave,  
Thy fill shall be no more;  
Wave on! over the free and brave,  
In peace—or battle's roar.

When war upon our country frowns,  
And hovers o'er the sea,  
Again thou'lt lead Columbia's sons  
To death or victory.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the Ladies Companion.

## THE CHEAT.

### OR, THE OLD MAN OUTDONE.

"WELL, Julia, suppose I ask your father how low; his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present. Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most miserable feelings."

"We must not be too hasty Robert, our situation requires caution; by a little management we may possibly succeed gloomy as the prospect appears to be. Now don't say anything to pa about it—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way to accomplish our wishes is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon—too soon, Julia. Have we not been preaching the same doctrine for too soon all the while? Too soon indeed!"

"Well now, don't be angry; throw that frown from your countenance and look pleasant; we'll immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire come smile away your anger—the skies of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie had loved Julia Hallowell and she loved him about four years and a half—more or less; two years had passed since they had agreed, "come wife, come woo," they would drudge thro' life together. "Two long, long years!—no wonder Robert had lost his patience the wonder is why Julia had not lost hers. Two years would have been an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and yet delay the happy consummation."

Julia's father was a wealthy shipper of the port of Charleston, South Carolina. An old inhabitant may remember the name of Hallowell and Huddington. He was an upright and honorable man, but what an old school aristocrat, whose ipse dixit was law supreme wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in his counting room, and his salary which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance allowed for the service of young men similarly situated, and amply sufficient to warrant him in assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that important position in society which would justify him in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of a wealthy shipper.

was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as he was for his correct deportment; but (but is a wicked word) the curse of Gengankin was on him—he was poor.

Robert had been in the counting room of Mr. Hallowell since he was 14 years of age; he had grown up in his family and by the side of this lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show—that thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his beautiful bride; and his soul had on the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before God he should never call her wife. Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally attended his daughter to church, went and come with her when she visited her friends and so on; but he never dreamed that the wily cupid was wielding his darts successfully in the bosom of both; and the arrows of the little god were firmly fixed, and he dealt out the silken cord until they were far out upon the sea of love, too far to proceed or return without each other.

"Do tell me, Robert, what is the matter with you? I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance until I have grown melancholy myself. What's the matter boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell one day when he and Robert were in the counting-room alone; and if any individual has ever passed through a like fiery trial, he can have some idea of Robert's feelings, when the man whose daughter he loved, and was contriving the best plan to get her from him, addressed him in such kind and affectionate language. It went too deep however, into the secrets of Robert's bosom for him to return a quick reply. Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that something was working on his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished if possible to remove the cause; he urged a candid revelation of all that affected his feelings and promised his assistance to relieve him to whatever amount it required. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off for that time, and trembled at the thought when at their next meeting; he related the matter to Julia.

"I thought," said she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentleman as you appeared to be; now that is a stumper, Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why do you not? Ha?"

"Julia do you think he suspects us?"

"Not a whit more than he does the King of the French!"

"Well Julia, to tell the truth of the matter, I told you this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affections for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself without further advice; but when I came before him I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could scarcely talk about business, much less about love affairs."

The lovers often met and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In the mean time Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of his clerk's unhappiness, more for the good of the young man than he cared about the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered he repeated his former question, and insisted on an immediate reply. Robert stammered and stammered a good deal, and at last he came out with it—"I am attached to a young lady in this city, sir, and have reason to believe she is as much attached to me; but there is an obstacle in the way, and—"

"Ay, indeed! And does the obstacle amount to more than a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not wait it. I'll fill up a check now. Have all the parties consented?"

"Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—the—that is—the cause of my uneasiness is, I am afraid her father will not consent."

"Will not consent! why? Who is he?"

"Refer him to me, I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—I yes, sir."

"She says she does, anyhow, don't she?"

"Why, I yes—she—yes, sir, she said as much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"I believe, sir, he is tolerably well off."

"And he won't consent? By the powers of love he must be an old Turk—he won't he? Here, give me his name, I'll soon settle the matter; but stop, has he any thing against you?—is he acquainted with your character?—does he know me? Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth while here to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of a check for one thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian Church, and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in prospect. He was to run away with the girl—to use his (Mr. Hallowell's) carriage—and George his black waiter, was to drive it—and so forth.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given, and before dark the parties were before Parson Green's whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introduction letter. They were soon pronounced man and wife and jumped into the carriage, followed by a blessing from Parson Green, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check. George was directed to drive the carriage to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's who lived about five miles from the city, to whom the secret

was told, who thought the joke was too good not to be enjoyed, and sent out for some of his neighbors. Mid-night found the jovial assembly destroying the good things the aunt had provided, and laughing over the trick so successfully played upon the wealthiest shipper of the South.

Early in the morning, Robert and Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and aunt to the house of Mr. Hallowell—the young couple anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over—and the antiquated pair to act as moderators on the question. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hallowell whose first words were: "You young rogue, you, little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. 'Well, Robert,' he added, laughing heartily, 'you caught me that time, and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say, here is a deed of property worth eleven thousand dollars, and henceforth you are my partner in business.'"

## The Flogging.

The following article, from the "Military Sketch-book," is clever and affecting. The actual infliction of the flogging is evidently drawn by one who has watched the reality with no trifling degree of feeling. This sketch is worth many pamphlets on the subject.

"PARADE, sir!—parade sir!—There's a parade this morning sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my back-room bed, one morning, about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!"—I reflected a moment; 'yes,' said I, 'a punishment parade.'

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. 'Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!' muttered I, to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted and belted.—The parade call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground; the officers like myself, were turning out, the morning was cold as well as foggy, and there was a sullen melancholy expression upon every man's countenance indicative of the desirability they had for a punishment parade; the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious; the woman of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows, in their eyes a tear appearing to glisten on their cheeks, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive 200 lashes each. One of them, a corporal, had preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes arising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and making away with some of their necessaries.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched in a few minutes to the riding-houses, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummer, in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the colonel, the word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last man closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceeding of the court martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to 'strip.'

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the 'cat,' in order to free the 'tails' from entanglement with each other.

'Strip, sir,' repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

'Colonel,' replied he, in a determined tone, 'I volunteer.'

'You'll volunteer, will you, sir?'

'Yes, sooner than I'll be flogged.'

'I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately.'

The latter part of the sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners; and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoners.

'You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of further promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwilling, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect.' Then, turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done, and the prisoner then stripped, without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

"Men under sentence of court martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation; for it was believed that nothing but intoxication and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, though apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown and the loud voice in command but ill concealed his real feelings; the struggle between the head and the heart, was plainly to be seen; and if the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained a victory. But no alternative was left; the man had been a corporal and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors; had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but as the case stood, the colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so.—No Officer was more averse to flogging, in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which at all times was regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits, and courts martial were frequent; so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for, if the colonel could find no fair pretext, in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the captain of the company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle; thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose immediate command he was; and, in general, this proved far more than the punishment ever could have done.

The prisoner was now stripped, and ready to be tied when the colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, colonel."

The sentiment, uttered in a subdued but many manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from most of the old colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his neither lip—he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brow down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below; the cords were passed around them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps, forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again and again, until 'twenty-five, were called by the sergeant. Then came the second drummer, and performed his twenty-five. Then came the third, who was a stronger and more heavy striker than his condutors in office; this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part. I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows he never moved a muscle; but at the twenty-fifth he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second twenty five, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulderblade and centre of the back; and before the fiftieth blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords, which opened its way from the veins. The colonel directed a look at the drummer, which argued nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, "halt sir! you know as much about using the 'cat' as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the adjutant, he said, "send that fellow away to drill; tell the drum major to give him two hours additional practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the adjutant, and one of the others took up the 'cat.' The colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case, for the latter instantly went over

to the punished man, and having asked him a question or two, proceeded formerly to the colonel, and stated something in a low voice, upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man down. This was accordingly done; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the colonel addressed him thus: "Your punishment, sir, is at end, you may thank the surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) I have only to observe to you, that as you have always, previous to this fault been a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and then burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid; but the word of kindness, the breath of tender feelings from his respected colonel, dissolving the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent."

A NOBLE FRENCHMAN.—During the retreat of the patriots, after the battle of Windsor, on the 4th ult., a soldier had in some way got separated from his company, and being hotly pursued by the British troops, took refuge in the humble dwelling of a Frenchman, which happened to be at hand. It was early in the morning; the Frenchman had risen, but his wife had not. The soldier, hastily asked—

"Are you a patriot?"

"Oui Monsieur," said the Frenchman, "you Patriot too."

The whole souled Frenchman, in a twinkling, clapped a woman's night cap on the soldier's head and hurried him into bed with his wife who was in the same room. The clothes were scarcely adjusted, ere the British entered in pursuit; but seeing only two women in bed and the Frenchman up, they asked for the rebel they had seen enter a moment before. The Frenchman pointed to the bush, through the back door, and away they went pell mell, in chase of the rebel, who by the aid of his noble host and a canoe, was soon in safety on the American soil.—*Detroit Morning Post.*

WELSHMEN.—Eloquence is the language of nature, as the jackass said when he had done braying.

"And darkness was upon the face of the earth," said the drunkard, "the drunkard never val was snoring in the gutter."

"I believe your bill is filed," as the merchant said to the mosquito.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," as the cook said, when she used her night cap for a pudding bag.

"I don't stand in need of your services," as the nigger said to the curling tongs.

"Forget me not," as the trap said when it took off the fox's tail.

IRISH TIME.—A dandy seeing a newly imported Irishman passing the gates of the Prince's Dock, at Liverpool, cried out—"Arach, Pat, what's o'clock by your red stockings?" "Just striking tone," said Paddy, at the same moment floorin the Exquisite with his shillalah.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—A country editor says—"We understand that an individual of this town says he has made fifteen hundred dollars by attending to his own business, and five hundred dollars more by letting other people's business alone."

From the Boston Morning Post.

We requested one of our poetical correspondents the other day, to favor us with something SENTIMENTAL, and here it is: very good, WHAT THERE IS OF IT, and enough of it, SUCH AS THERE IS!

Suppose a tree's long reaching limbs  
Should 'gainst a window dash,  
In one of nature's breezy whims,  
And knock it all to smash;  
Amid the clatter and dismay,  
What think you would the fragments say?  
"Ye ministers of grace defend us!"—  
Nor that, friend Charles, they'd cry "treason—us!"

The bravest men in the world—those who do not scandalize their neighbors.

The rarest men in the world—rich prudes.

A SNUG PROFIT.—It is computed that Rothchild has an annual gain from the Spanish Quicksilver mines of 4,500,000 francs.

"Pennsylvania never cheated her creditors as the Governor said when he heard the loan was not taken."

FLIGHT OF FANCK.—Harriet Martineau speaks of a negro praying, "Come down, O Lord, on your white horse—a kicking and a prancing!"

## TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

### What will you have?

After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the tap-room of a low tavern, to secure the services of the mail guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employers. Amidst the smoke, the spitting and the clatter of a crowd of inn-haunters, I could not but find some subjects of reflection. The presiding genius of the bar was a

bloated, carbuncled, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed, and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two, three or more, approached his shrine, to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpences, I heard the short, peremptory formula of the Bacchanal minister—"what will you have?—brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the victims severally made their bids, for a smaller, a cocktail, a sling, or julp, as the case might be. The constant repetition of "the form in that case made and provided," set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question, "what will you have?" "I think I can answer that question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly finished boots, is a king for "grog." What will you have? Young man, you will soon have an empty pocket.

There is a trembling, ragged man, with livid spots under the eyes. He is a machine-maker, and has lodgings in the house. What will you have? Ah! the bar-keeper knows without an answer: he takes gin and water. Poor man! I also know what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have typhus fever.

There comes my neighbor, the bookbinder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah Shannon! I dread to say it—but you will have the palsy.

The glasses are washed out, not cleaned, in the slop-tub under the shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up, cigar in hand. Gentlemen, what will you have? I choose to supply the answer for myself; thus—The baker there will have an apoplexy or a sudden fall in his shop. The tailor in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a consumption. And I fear the three idlers in their train will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

But what will that man have who leaps over the table, seeming to pore over the last "Herald"? He is scarcely resolved what he shall drink, or whether he shall drink at all. I understand the language of his motions; he is a renegade from the temperance ranks. He has borrowed money this week. John, you will have lodgings in a jail.

Sorry, indeed, am I to see in this den, Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. You will have a pair of drunken sons.

There comes following, in the green frock coat and colored neckcloth, a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a heart-broken wife.

What! is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is; and he tosses off his Cogniac with an air. You will have an early death.

That old man that totters out of the door, his doublet come hither to drown his grief. His last son has died in prison, from the effects of a brawl at the theatre. The father has looked unutterable anguish every sober moment for two years. Wretched old man! You will have the halter of a suicide.

I must take the rest in mass, for it is Saturday night, and the throng increases. The bar-keeper has an assistant, in the person of a pale, sorrowful girl. Two voices now reiterated the challenge:—"What will you have? What will you have?"

Misguided friends, I am afraid you will all have a death-bed without hope.

My man has arrived, I must go; glad to escape to the purer air; and still the parrot-note resounds in my ears, "What will you have? You will have, to sum up all—you will have a terrible judgment and an eternity of such retribution as befits your life."

## Run's Doings.

In a central county in the state of New-York lived a lawyer, of uncommon shrewdness, good talents, and an honorable standing at the bar and in community. With a numerous and promising family, his prospects were bright, although he was a moderate drinker, and rather fond of conviviality. But the destroyer had come, and repeated indulgence at length proved his ruin. It is needless to mark the steps by which he arrived at the end of life's journey; suffice it to say, he fell into the drunkard's grave. His example had its legitimate effect. One son died, an inebriate, on the same spot where the sire breathed his last. A son-in-law soon followed the father and brother-in-law; another son, after engaging in business, became a sot; lost every thing valuable that he possessed, enlisted in the army, and is now, if alive, a degraded being. A third son is now seen reeling about the place of his nativity, or heavily drunk, as often as he can procure the means of intoxication. A fourth son, after learning a respectable trade, and becoming the head of a decent family, gave himself a victim to alcohol, abandoned his wife and children, and is now a wretch. The fifth and sixth sons are wanderers, if not vagabonds, having forsaken an aged, feeble, and heart-broken mother, and left her to subsist on the charity of her friends. Of three sisters in this family the eldest was in mercy "taken from the evil to come;" one, from the possession of an unsubdued and now ungovernable temper, is embittering the days of her husband and children; while one only is quietly enjoying domestic comfort, as the wife of an industrious mechanic.

Such is the havoc made in a single family circle, by the fell destroyer. The picture is not an exaggeration, and the original will be recognized by many. [Temp. Re.]