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[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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WHOLE NO. 826.

POETRY.

THE PRINTER.

BY AUGUSTUS J. D. BUGHNER.

Herald of mightiest thought! whose power unrolls
Before the world the shadows of men's souls!
Even like that Ocean-Architect, whose toil
From soundless depths upheaves the rock-bound
isle,

And, all unseen amid the piles that rise
Upon the waves—in voiceless labor dies—
Even thus, O builder of the rocks of thought!
Unnoted still art thou, amid what thou hast
wrought!

Proud is thy sphere, O toiler for the mind!
To spread the eternal life-feast of mankind!
'Tis at thy word, unswerving in its power,
The omnipotent ruzz o'er-ruled the changing
hour!

By thee, its iron accents wake the song
Of Truth—to bear its leaping heart along!
By thee it speaks for man, and wars with crimes,
Throws forth its warning voice, and sways the
varying times.

Mightiest of instruments—for weal or woe—
A nation's greatness, or its overthrow!
Not with the might of monarchs worked thou,
That sway to-day, to-morrow humbly bow!
Not with the might of oracles, that the words
Of man may model as his will accords!

Their work is finished, and their great results
Cease with the beating of their actors' pulse!
But thine is absolute—for good or ill.
Eternally, its power must save or kill!

Let but one thought, from out the womb of Time,
Leap to the PRESS—henceforth, nor sky, nor
climate.

Nor land nor sea, nor king nor serf, can stay
Its course, or crush it in its onward way!
It is, and shall be, till the heavens shall roll
Together in a vast and flaming scroll—
And on that scroll, in words of living fire,
Shall blaze that thought—till Time itself expire!

I WONDER WHY!

He pressed my hand, I can't tell why—
I'm sure I wonder why he did it;
And then I heard—O, such a sigh!
As quite alarmed me for a minute,
I wonder why he pressed my hand—
I wonder why he sighed so sadly—
I'm sure if I could understand
The cause, I would remove it gladly!

He told me he had lost his heart,
And whispered something about "hope!"
I wonder why it did depart—
Or why hearts ever do elope—
I'm sure if I his heart had seen,
I never would have left his side,
But stayed a happy, joyous thing,
And lov'd the place till I had died!

TELL ME WHY!

TELL ME WHY!
BY ONE WHO KNOWS.
I'll tell you why he pressed your hand,
I'll tell you why he sighed so sadly,
That you the cause may understand,
And, as you say, remove it gladly.
There is within the human breast,
That seldom sleeps, a tender passion;
Love is its name, and when expressed
(Though none 'tis somewhat out of fashion.)
But seldom fails to paint the cheek
Of Beauty with a crimson color;
For Love right eloquent will speak,
Do what you will the flame to smother,
That your bright smiles and sparkling eye,
Like Sol, have warmed this tender feeling,
Is plain from that impassioned sigh,
That blush that flies true love's concealing!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lost Child in the West.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Weekly Gazette gives the following account of a hunt for a lost child in one of the thinly peopled neighborhoods of the West.

About ten o'clock in the morning, was heard a loud shout at the gate—"Ho! Mr. W., ho!" "What's wanting?" "O'Larry's boy is lost—little Johnny!" This was enough to secure a father's aid; and on his side to shout the same at every door he passed. Little Johnny, said I, and my heart burst forth at the very sound. He was a fair and lovely child, Johnny, and had a gentle affectionate mother, with an ardent and sacrificing love which few mothers ever feel. His father was a bold hunter—his horses and hounds and rifle had more of his heart than all the world besides; but little Johnny nestled there; indeed he was a great pet with the neighbors, and won more caresses and more sympathy than all the rest of the children together.

Such appeals are always sovereign; but few, perhaps have ever met with a more quick or general response—every body turned out—the news flew like lightning; and men and boys for ten miles around came in to assist in the search, while women and children were running to and fro, and hailing every passer-by, to learn the progress of the work. Never before, I may dare say, was there such a neighborhood union as now pervaded this motley mass—the same gust of sympathy, the same fearful apprehension, and the same images of death and woe pervaded every home and heart. It seemed as if one vast cloud of gloom enveloped the region round, from which shone out in lurid glare, and to which every eye was turned, and every pulse beat true—the lost child!

Little Johnny was about four years old; he had been out in the field, with his father and the black man, who were harvest-

ing corn—had filled his little bag with roasted ears, and started for home about two o'clock, P. M. On returning at night they ascertained, that the child had never been seen. It was nearly dark, but the alarm was given, and some fifteen or twenty neighbors took their horns and commenced the search. The corn, where he was first seen, was the first object, of course; here they took single rows, and scoured the field in vain. They then scattered through the wood; the father frantic, often calling out in a voice of thunder, "Ho! John—ho! John—O, John!" Then, fearing the boy might be alarmed and afraid to answer, he would soften down into the gentle, wining tone of the fireside—"Johnny, Johnny my dear, father's come."

It was a cloudy evening; and though, perhaps, he had never "bowed the knee before Jehovah's awful throne," he prayed the Lord it might not rain that night. The air was damp and chilly, so that, if the child were alive, with his bare feet and light jacket, he must be suffering cruelly from cold. But the wolves! ah, this was the fear, this the terror which all felt, none dared to breathe. A wolf had been prowling around the premises—indeed they had a common path across the prairie—and the point where several besides myself had heard the cries of distress, was a famous haunt for them; even in the midst of their anxious search, a distant growl would now and then burst on the ear, picturing forth the den, the cubs, the

dogs were very eager in the field, especially wolf dogs. Winder, one of the best, would run no other trail. O'Larry knew this, and watched with most intense anxiety his every move. He scents—he scents—he runs—"Oh, God, he's got my boy!" He leaps from his horse, he sees the footprint of his own dear Johnny in the gutter hill by his side—he tracks him to the wood, and off from Winder's trail—now he breathes again.

The search was continued till midnight, when a part thought it best to relieve their horses, and wait for daylight to begin afresh. But the father, with three of his hunting friends, who had resolved not to eat or sleep till they had found the boy, still kept on—sometimes riding, and sometimes walking—calling and shouting, if for no other purpose than to keep the wolves at bay. At length they stationed themselves within hearing distance of each other, and sat down to protect the child, or rush to his rescue, in case they should hear him attacked, to watch until the morning.

At early dawn, about fifty new horsemen arrived, and the search commenced anew. The field was examined for the track, which was pursued with some doubt as he had been there three successive days. On tracing the path which led towards the wolf woods, the imprints of Johnny's little feet were again discovered, as he appeared to be running, and the mark of his bag dragged along by his side. Here the father's anguish gushed anew, as the fears of the preceding night were justified and corroborated. They now agreed to take a station of about fifteen rods abreast, go up one side of the branch and down the other, till the whole surface of the extensive area farther than he could possibly have travelled, had been explored. They had completed one side and were returning, when the signal was given—Johnny was found! The noise shouting, and repeated peals of the hunters' wailing horns, soon grouped the solemn cavalcade.

But O'Larry, though foremost in the hunt, fell back at the first note of the summing horn, nor did he speak a word, or scarcely breathe, till he snatched his own true Johnny from the arms of his delighted bearer, and pressed him with a frantic fondness to his now bursting heart. The dear boy was found about two miles from home, in a thicket of hazel, picking fibers with his bag of corn still on his arm. He looked bright and happy, and when asked where he was going, said he was going home, but it was so far. He said he hadn't seen any body, but he heard some one call him, and that he was afraid; that he ran till he was very tired, and then he laid his head down on his bag, and cried—that while he was crying he saw a big carriage go by with candles in it, (the thunder and lightning,) and then it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep. He seemed amazed to see so many around him, and all so glad to see him.

RESCUED FROM THE GRAVE.—The Newburyport Advertiser says that a Mr. Short lately slipped from a wagon, and it was supposed died soon afterwards, but while preparations were making for his interment, and the corpse placed in the coffin, the doctor, discovering that the glass in the coffin lid was somewhat covered with vapor, took his handkerchief for the purpose of removing it; but finding that it proceeded from the inside of the glass, he at once pronounced the man alive, and he was taken from his "narrow house," and is now as well as ever he was in his life!

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The Sullivan Whig says, that on Tuesday last a young fellow at Burlington, Pa., was hauling a gun in Mr. Abbott's bar-room, when it accidentally discharged, and the contents entered the arm and side of Miss Harriet Abbott, youngest daughter of the landlord, an amiable and accomplished young girl of 17, who lingered until Thursday morning, when death put an end to her sufferings.

THE PARSON'S DINNER.

From the United States Gazette.

The best way to prove any thing is to give practical proof of its excellence, and show by evidence taken from itself, that the warm expressions of favorable regard are duly and truly warranted. Now we had a mind very strongly to praise the Knickerbocker for this month, but we have so often done this, that we think it better now to give chapter and paragraph, to prove that we did not speak without just cause.

There have been published in it a series of papers entitled "My Uncle, the Parson," written with a quiet but sparkling humor, that strongly reminds the reader of Washington Irving. In the last leaf from the life of "My Uncle, the Parson," occurs a description of a Dinner which will make the reader's mouth water. The worthy Minister has left his home in an interior town of Massachusetts, to go to Boston, and as the days in which he "moved and had his being," were considerably previous to the introduction of Steamboats and Railroads, he was content to use his snug chaise as a means of conveyance—the boy Tom acting as driver.

On the road there was a hostlerie, at which the parson was expected, the good landlady of which in honor of her distinguished guest placed all the stores of her larder at his service. The advent of two farmers, travellers also, gave her some anxiety as to what she should provide for them to eat until the polite invitation of the Parson to dine with him eased her mind. The invitation was accepted, and being seated at the table, due attention was paid to the first course, consisting of a pair of boiled fowls, a piece of pork, and a soft-boiled cabbage, placed together in the deep concave of an earthen dish—around the broad margin of which were arranged in fanciful variety and color, beans, carrots, parsnips, turnips and potatoes—so thoroughly and precisely cooked, that the craving or critical appetite could find nothing to object to.

This done, the second course was to be attended to and the manner in which it was discussed, we leave the narrator to tell, quoting previously "My Uncle's" impressions concerning his dinner acquaintances.

"They were two of a class that forms the pride of New England; and the well be the boast of any country on earth. Men of order, and of true purpose, men of intelligence; and members of that stern and rugged, but strictly non-protruding soil—if health and strength of body; if tranquil and condensed, yet irrepressible energy of mind, which is with them the almost invariable concomitant of physical force and laborious exertion, can in any degree be considered as tendencies of climate or of nurture."

They had unceasing themselves out of the long blue striped homespun frock that, when upon the road, had covered each from neck to ankle, and having made free use of the pump at which their cattle also had been refreshed, came into the parlor with their brows and cheeks still wet with the vigorous ablutation they had undergone. They entered like proprietors; and would have had the same hearing if the Inn had been the palace of the Cæsars; and yet there was nothing in their manner either rude or obtrusive. Calm, hard featured, swarthy, athletic men, they reminded me as I rose to accost them," said my Uncle the Parson, "of Ajax the Less, and Ajax 'Telamon."

And now for the second course.— I have endeavored, gentle reader, by this not impertinent, indulgence of my thoughts, to give time to the good people of the sanded parlor, to accomplish without interruption all that they had to do with the first dish at the hospitable of Ipswich; and behold you now the advantage of your kind and patient listening! Here are fresh hot plates, fresh knives and forks, the same noiseless attendance of the lithe and beautiful Rebecca, and a faultless haunch of vether mutton, that lies, glowing and blushing at the sound of the praises that are bestowed upon it; swelling out its fair proportions to a circumference full one third greater than it was when the ardent beams of the hickory fire first glanced upon its almost colorless surface, and of whose warmth and constancy it now brings us a remembrance of such a lively pink and brown.

My Uncle, accustomed as he was to excellent specimens of what has been called Parson's meat, paused for a moment to regard it with the complacency it seemed to challenge, before the gravy welled out from its first incision. From the knuckle bone to the last joint of the quene, from the Pope's Eye to Queen Elizabeth's bone, each preferable and available slice to be cut transversely or venison wise, each tendon, was as apparent to his unpractised eye as if marked out before him upon a diagram. He availed himself of his knowledge for the benefit of his companions at once while the mutton was hot, as contentedly as if they had been his home guests, and listened to their repeated praise as if the fare had been furnished from a flock of his own. But at his own second slice he sent Jim to the pocket of the chaise for a bottle of Worcester's Sauce; and finding it hardly warm enough for so raw a day, produced a small sized phial with gilt edges and glass stopper that comes to us generally from Smyrna with Attar of roses, but which was now

filled with Cayenne pepper that he used as a reinforcement.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy of the dish, seemed to them to be a mere superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Telamona was irresistibly excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him; and perceiving that the effect was grateful and appetizing, "Pray, sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of your red salt?" "With pleasure," replied the Parson; "but I must apprise you that it is pepper and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, that I received from a friend in the tropics, and I send he, handing it to him, "a very few grains go a great way."

A half derisive glance at the size of my Uncle and then at his own portly figure seemed to intimate that he thought the caution very little worthy of notice by a man of his cubicular inches. He rapped the bottle on the side as he had seen the parson, to loosen the grains of this fiery stimulant, applied it in the same way but without the same caution to his gravy, and used it freely with his meat.

The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance, but he resisted manfully the first intimations of this internal assailant; hemmed stoutly and repeatedly, as if he were determined to maintain his ground; his face then became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened, he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight, spread abroad his arms like Sampson groping for the remaining pillars of the Temple of Gaza, and rose in an agony of distress and pain unimaginable to him in his dreams before.— His first note was that of the great brinded bull in his own cattle yard at home. The word roar came no justice whatever to the sound.

Fortunately he did not cough. My Uncle, much concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavored to say, "Will that put it out?" and making for a huge stone jug that had just been replenished, he raised it boldly to his lips, and took a draught that had its contents been more agreeable, length and breadth and

and as soon he could articulate, and's sake, does my

"No," said the other with imperturbable coolness, but it smokes consumedly Hiram, I tell you.

Another jar of water seemed to reassure him of his safety against his internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and with them his entire self-possession, he strode in front of my Uncle and accosted him: "Do you know, Mister, that I took you for a Parson?"

"O you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this heavy way carrying Hell-Fire in your breeches' pocket?"

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Before the war, says the Nautical Magazine, Capt. Carden and the Macedonian were at Norfolk; Decatur was there too and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts. While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said:—"Decatur, your ships are good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows; but what practice have you in wars? There's the rub. One of these days we will probably have a brush together, and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen."

"Will you!" said Decatur; "I will bet you a hat on it."

The bet was agreed on, and the conversation changed. But a few months elapsed ere the war that had been threatening, commenced, and the two captains, by some singular coincidence, met. The results of the action are known. Captain Carden, on going on board the United States, was received by a Lieutenant at the gangway, to whom he tendered his sword.

"Not to me, sir," said the officer, "but to the Captain."

"And where is the Captain?" said the embarrassed Englishman.

"He is standing aft, there; that is the gentleman, sir, in a tarpaulin hat and round jacket."

Carden went aft—and his feelings on meeting, under such circumstances, his old friend, may be imagined. As he offered his sword to Decatur, the officer said:—"No Carden, I never take the sword of a brave man—you have fought gallantly."

But I said he, laying his hands on the other's shoulder, "I will take that hat, my dear fellow."

In transferring to the United States the suite of Capt. Carden, a fine band was included. In the afternoon, when dinner was announced in the cabin, Capt. Carden said to Decatur:—

"Those musicians are very skillful, and I have always had them on deck while at dinner."

"Very well, said Decatur, "we will have them up."

The band was ordered on deck to play, and Com. Decatur was asked what air he would like to hear.

"Let them play Britannia Rules the Wave," said he with a sly laugh.

A TEA-PARTY INCIDENT.

Standing one evening at the table of a fashionable tea-party, got up in aid of some charitable institution in our city, I was gradually pushed along by the fair guests and their beaux, until I found myself opposite, not only a magnificent cake, but a most bewitching pair of eyes. I looked across the cake, and the owner of these orbs shot at me a flash which I, in my modest admiration, was forced to dodge. The signal was given and the company attacked the good things with vigor, but as for myself, the bright-eyed beauty opposite was food enough for me, and I commenced familiarizing my own peepers to the glances of hers. She at first laughed, then pouted, and at length looked angry. I drew off my surveillance and she looked pleased. A gentleman of my acquaintance having addressed her familiarly, I seized on him and requested an introduction; he granted it, and I bowed in lowly homage to the beauty. The gentleman with her, resigned the beauty to my care while he searched for her sister, that they might leave together, and I was left alone to promenade in company with the bright eyes and the owner.

"Allow me to carry your muff," said I most persuasively; "this room is so warm it must be an incumbrance."

"No, no!" said she, in evident alarm, and biting her pretty lip at the same time. "Why," thinks I, "she cannot suspect that I wish to steal it," and resolved to convince her of my honesty, I reached for the muff and insisted upon carrying it. I had hold of one end and she the other, to which she held most tightly; but my gallantry triumphed, and pulling it from her, out dropped a slice of pound cake, four dough nuts, two jumbles, and an orange! I need not say I was horrified at the effect of my gallant effort. I picked part of them up, hurriedly, and handed them and the muff to her. The perspiration was rolling down my face in a stream, and putting my hand into my coat pocket, I pulled out my linen cambric handkerchief, when out of its white folds dropped half a chicken!

In my fit of abstraction at the table, some wag had carefully rolled it up in my handkerchief, and placed it in my pocket—the cause of my fair partner's confusion at the table was produced by thinking I had seen her ~~stuff~~ the pound cake. She laughed heartily at my chicken, and we mutually agreed to keep quiet about extra picking.—*Reveille.*

THE PRINTER.

The Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a Bank and Quoins and yet not be worth a cent—have small caps and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast but he gets along swiftest by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence—may use the lie without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing, and even do both at the same time; have to use furniture, and yet own no dwelling—make, put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it, during life; be a human being and a Rat at the same time; may press a great deal, and not ask a favor; may handle a shooting-iron and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving, the globe as a hog with his nose under his mole hilt; spread sheets without being a housewife; he may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the bare floor; use the dagger (†) without shedding blood, and from the earth handle stars (☽); he may be of a rolling disposition, and never desire to travel; he may have a sheep's foot, and not be deformed; never be without a case, and know nothing about law or physics; be always correcting his errors, and growing worse every day; have embraces (☽) without ever having the arms of a lass around him; distribute the metallic all around him daily, and yet be as uncharitable as the veriest miser; have his form locked up, and yet be free from jail, watch house or any other confinement; his office may have a hell in it, and not be such a bad place after all; he may be plagued by the devil and be a christian of the best kind. And what is stranger still—he he honest or dishonest, rich or poor, big or little, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

TRO.

MEASLES.—The Northampton (Mass.) Courier states that this disease is now very prevalent at Easthampton. In a school in the north district of the town, a few days since, out of 35 scholars 30 were sick at one time. We observe among the deaths in the Courier that of Mrs. Phelps, at Easthampton, on the 14th, who is said to have left eight children, only one of whom was able to attend her funeral—all the others being sick with the measles.

CAPITAL PENITENTIARY.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Indiana, by a vote of 63 to 20, that gives to the Jury, in cases of capital crimes, a discretionary power of finding that the prisoner be placed at solitary confinement in the State's Prison for life, or that he be hung.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—In early life professor of Elocution, subsequently, Envoy, United States Senator, Foreign Minister, Secretary of State, President of the United States, and lastly a Congressional Representative.

FOREIGN.

Important News from Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP HIBERNIA.

TWENTY-THREE DAYS LATER.

Resignation of Lord John Russell—Sir Robert Peel and his Ministry Restored—Opinions of the Press—The New Ministry—News decidedly Pacific—Visit of the Emperor of Russia to the Pope—The Markets, &c., &c.

The steamer was detained by a series of unfavorable weather, having arrived at Boston on Friday morning, after a passage of 18 days. She brings advices from London to the evening of the 3d instant, Liverpool to the 4th, Dublin 3d, Havre and Paris to the 2d.

The amount of the information is that Lord John Russell sought to form a ministry of Whig members opposed to the Corn Laws, but in looking about he found himself wholly unable to obtain support, and was compelled to request the Queen of England to restore the direction of the Government to the hands of Sir Robert Peel. This was done at once, and Sir Robert resumes the Premiership with many of his old colleagues.

The change in affairs may be regarded as favorable to the cause of peace, inasmuch as Lord John Russell's ministry, supposed to be hostile to this country, has retired. The news, is therefore, decidedly pacific, and the character of the commercial news shows it to be so.

The President's Message had been received, but its effect was only to stiffen the cotton market, and renew the general feeling that Peace may be maintained.—The tone of the London Times in commenting upon it, is entirely free from bitterness, and there is an evident inclination towards the better and peaceful side of the question.

Re-instatement of the Peel Ministry.—The Whigs have utterly failed to form a Cabinet, and Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues, with two exceptions, are reinstated. The Whigs, in their failure to carry on the government, received very little sympathy from the British public, while the return of the Peel administration has been the cause of an immediate reaction in all the branches of business. The money market at once became easier, stocks rose, and a general feeling of confidence was given by all classes. The Whig Cabinet was in all respects the old Melbourne Ministry over again, and its successful re-organization was only prevented by the obstinacy of the Lord Grey, who refused to join it. Lord Palmerston was made Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Wilmer and Smith remarks:

"That the blow was unlooked for in the quarter from which it proceeded, seems undeniable; but that a cause, in itself apparently so trifling, should have broken up a Cabinet, and produced results so momentous, shows clearly enough that the embryo ministers had not their hearts in the work. They must have deeply felt the responsibility, the perilousness, nay, the utter hopelessness of the task, when the opinion of a single member was sufficient to snuff the experiment out of existence.—Lord John Russell was held to be a bold man when he accepted office in the face of a hostile majority in both houses of Parliament; but, having consented to do so, so inglorious a termination savors of the weak and ridiculous."

When Lord John Russell threw up his card there was no alternative but to send for Peel, and the most extraordinary move in this drama of Cabinet making is, that he felt as little apparent hesitation in resuming his old office, as he evinced promptness in throwing it up. His resumption immediately made itself felt in every branch of trade. Confidence which had been shattered by the railway panic, became paralyzed when it was known that Peel was out; the markets fell, the funds sunk, business was suspended, and a gloom, a mist, hung over the commercial and trading world. These evils are fast subsiding with the causes which called them into existence.

Upwards of ten days have elapsed since it became known that Peel was again Premier, and every day has shown improved symptoms in the produce, share, money and other markets. This change appears the more extraordinary from the fact that his future policy is as much a matter of speculation as the new comet—even more undefined, undeveloped. Nobody knows what Peel will do, but every one has confidence in Peel—a singular proof of the hold which one powerful mind has over the sympathies and prospects of millions of people. The London Examiner wittily observes, in reference to the prevailing feeling, "The beauty of the present juncture is, that nobody knows what Sir Robert Peel is going to do, and yet every body is satisfied that he is the man to do nobody knows what."

The Cabinet resumes power with its personnel but slightly altered. Changes there have been, but they are few, and with one exception, unimportant.

Nothing definite will, in all probability, be known until the meeting of Parliament. Every precaution will be taken to prevent the secrets of the Cabinet from oozing out, as they did when the London Times published them a month ago. That premature insight into official secrets led, there is rea-