Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS-TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

WHOLE NO. 893.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1847.

NEW SPRING GOODS,

VOL. XVIII.—9.}

D. MIDDLECOFF AS just received from Philade lphia a large and well selected stock of British, French, and American

DRY GOODS, of the newest styles and richest designs.

ALSO-GROCERIES, Hardware, Queensware, Gloves

HOSIERY, BONNETS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHORS at unusually low prices ; making his assortment very full and complete, and to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public, believing that he will be able to offer them first-rate BAR-GAINS, and which will give entire satisfaction.

Gettysburg, April 23.-4t

NEW GOODS.

CHEAPER THAN EVER:

GEORGE ARNOLD

AS just received, and is now opening as LARGE A STOCK OF FRESH GOODS as has ever been offered to the public in this place, and will be sold at the very lowest prices—among which are ! CHEAP

Cloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Summer Cloths, and Vestings, with almost every other article calculated for gentlemen's wear.

The Ladies' attention is particularly invited to a selection of beautiful FANCY GOODS,

AMONG WHICH ARE Plaid, Striped, and Plain Silks, Ginghams, Lawns, Mus. Delains, SHAWLS, BONNETS, AND BONNET TRIMMINGS,

with almost every article in his line of business. Please call, examine, and judge for yourselves. Gettysburg, April 9.-6t

LATEST ARRIVAL.

Hats, of the latest Style,

f From the National Era. A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June, The South-west breezes play ; And, through its haze, the Winter noon Seems warm as Summer's day The snow-plumed Angel of the North Has dropped his icy spear ; Again the mossy carth looks forth, Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes-The muskrat leaves his nook, The blue-bird in the meadow brakes Is singing with the brook. "Bear up, O Mother Nature !" ery Bird, breeze and streamlet free, Our Winter voices prophesy Of Summer days to thee !"

So, in those winters of the soul, By bitter blasts and drear O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole, Will sunny days appear. Reviving Hope and Faith, they show The Soul its living powers, And now beneath the Winter's snow Lie germs of Summer flowers ! The Night is Mother of the Day, The Winter of the Spring, And ever upon old Decay The greenest mosses cling. Behlnd the cloud the starlight lurks,

Through showers the sunbeams fall ; For God who loveth all His works, Has left His Hope with all ! The following beautiful reflections, by "Fanny

Forrester," now wife of Rev. Dr. Judson, Missionary to Burmah, appear to have been written in contemplation of her mission. We pity the heart that is not moved by reading them :

FAREWELL TO ALDERBROOK.

BY PANNY FORRESTER. "Farewell ! I may not dwell 'Mid flowers and music ever."

The hours of my childhood have gone incense grateful to heaven?

This is a beautiful, bright world, made the throne of the eternal; and we may the merry song of a brother bacchanal in eyes, oh! how they stood out. Was it deeds done in the body. for pure beings. At its birth angels walk- keep its links all brightly burnished by the his ears. Again it rings, but hark ! 'tis his once "pretty Nelly?" Yes, there she ed among its cool shadows, bent to its breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mo- now a low plaintive wail. Louder and lay and still dreamed her head was pillow-

AN be had at the Hat Establishment their wings drooped beneath the defiling the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleas- from his seat. Another glass, and he will peared to rouse her. She opened her eyes the rival boats were making ready to start, O AN be had at the flat Establishment mer wings grooped beneath the denning the fight to think eye, for thou hast pleas-of J. J. BALDWIN, in South Bal- heaviness of sin. A false breath played ure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Fare- depart. timore street, a few doors above the Post upon the brow of man; heedlessly he open- well, my mother, and ye loved ones of the

go hence, bearing another, choicer book in] [From the Troy Journal of Temperance. my hand, and echoing the words of the an-

gels, "Look ! look ! live !" I stand on the verge of the brook, which seems to me more beautful than any brook dafly avocations, may have observed a low upon earth, and take my last survey of the grog-shop, labelled "Grocery," at one of home of my infancy. The cloud which the corners, around whose portals, some she entered the door, "Father was not cannot see you, and mother too, is she here. has been hovering above the trees on the dozen of rum-marked loafers waitmorning, leady, and so I waited for him." verge of heaven, opens; the golden light noon, and night, for that lucky godsend, a gushes forth, bathing the hill top, and stream- treat. The locales of such places need not be

ing down its green declivity even to my feet; and I accept the encouraging omen. The angel of Alderbrook, "the minis tering | determine them at first sight, without the spirit" sent by the Almighty, blesses me. aid of a pocket manual. Like volcanic Father in heaven, thy blessing, ere I go. fires, there existence is marked by desola-

ly sacred ! look out upon me from the fu- the vicinity. ture ; but, for a moment, their beauty is | But we must be excused from particuclouded. My heart is heavy with sorrow. larizing, farther than to add that the one young lips forget their smile, and bounding | "respectable" upon their traffic. hearts and bounding feet art stilled. Oh, of the infant's eye and strengthened by a lecture at the Athenaum, they observed that was little. numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful a little girl about nine years old standing thing ! To make the grave the only door upon the steps, and looking through a bro-

yawning for each one of us; and is it much could have told a tale of woe unsurpassed

care !

hands upon the bosom; we may neither of went the teeth, and shiver, shiver, shiver, to wake her. us watch the sod greening and withering every nerve in her poor clad frame. What But still she sobbed on. Frightened at back to their old obliviousness in eternity; above the other's ashes; but there are du-youth is on the wing, fleeting-f fleeting. There is but a narrow shadow But a few steps, mother-difficult the path and his chin resting on his bosom, sits a too dull to comprehend further than Nelly lying between my foot and the grave may be, but very bright-and then we put min the meridian of life. The stupor of was ill. He finally rose from his bed upwhich it seeks-a veil of grey mist, that a on the robe of immortality, and meet to drunknness is upon him and he has forgot- on which he had thrown himself, and came few to-days will dissolve into-what? part nevermore. And we shall not be ten that he is not in his own home. See! to her side. Stooping over, he placed his the sickening perfume of dead flowers, or apart even on earth. There is an electric he starts and smiles ; no !'tis a half maud- hand upon her forehead, and gazed into

ed among its cool shadows, bent to its breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mo-bright waters, and inhaled its perfumes; ther, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me and they fled not, those holy ones, till go. The smile comes again to thy lip and shrillness awakens him. He has risen to him, and as he did so the movement ap-beek to Boston, last summer, and just as

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER. Those who have freqent occasion to pass dwelt upon her tongue, but the iron of bit- quired for her father. He was beside her. through Congress street, to and from their ter, bitter sorrow was burning meanwhile She was frightfully pale and her eyes

defined on paper, as every passer-by can for months. "Oh, it didn't hurt me, though it was

ness

about her, and curled down upon the door

My mother, we may neither of us close step to shelter her stockingless feet from mother, "wake up, Nelly. What's the the other's darkened eye, and fold the cold the piercing cold. Chatter, chatter, still matter, child," continued she, as she strove while I write, guilty of no sin, save that of

in secret, but no tears dimmed her eyes! As the gay light of morning dawned, when he returned. Words of affection Nelly awoke, and raising herself up enin her very soul.

don't you let her do it again. I can come again. You won't, will you ?" home without her," said her father, with more show of feeling than he had evinced en!" exclaimed her father, as he clasp-

rather cold," said the affectionate child, Hopes full of glory, and oh, most sweet- tion, and woe to those who linger long in touched by her father's seeming kind-

Chatter, chatter, chatter, still went her teeth in spite of her efforts to conceal the It was her last effort. Nature was ex-The cup at my lip is very bitter. Heaven in question is not always indebted to the fact that she was nearly frozen. The eye hausted. The true heart of that loving help me! White hairs are bending in lowest class of tipplers for custom. Now of the mother caught the changing cheek child, broken by the keen sense of a fathsubmisive grief, and age dimmed eyes are and then, one enters of whom the world as it was red and pale by turns, and then er's degradation, passed hence, and entermade dimmer by the gathering tears. expects better things: and their support rested on the extinguished embers on the ed the paradise of God. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, enables those who minister within, to write hearth. There was no help for it. Nely must go to bed cold. Her mother did One cold evening, during last winter, as all that her destitute condition would allow,

to a meeting with those in whose bosoms ken pain of glass into the shop. "What hausted child buried her head in her pillow touch. we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long can she want at such an hour !" was the sud soon fellasleep. She slept, and dream- The before we knew how precious was love involuntary question of each as they hast- ed that she sat with her mother in her grave, but ere long the green grass will and trust, brings with it an overpowering ened on without waiting for a reply. Had once comfortable home. Her father too shoot up, and point heavenwards; and as weight of solemnity. But a grave is they but listened, that poor shivering child was there, and as he looked upon her, his he comes and bows himself above her eyes beamed with the love which had resting place, think you he will forget her to choose whether we sever the tig that in our city annals of wretchedness. binds here, to-day, or lie down to-morrow? One, two, three, four, five, and so on fell upon her ear so soft and low, that she be broken and he return to his cups, think Ah, the "weaver's shuttle"-is-flying; the to ten, struck the city clocks, but there she drew near to listen. Oh, how full her you he will not sometimes feel that icy hand flower of the grass is withering; the span stood. Chatter, chatter, chatter, went her heart seemed to be of happiness. She and remember the touching scenes of that is almost measured; the tale nearly told; teeth, yet she stirred not from her post.- drew nearer and was folded to his bosom. dreadful night, when the pulses of a true the dark valley is before us-tread we with The poor thing gathered her thin shaw1 Her joy was too great ; she sobbed aloud.

chain passing from heart to heart through lin leer. He is dreaming. He fancies her face. It was thin and long! Her

"There, Nelly, let me go now," contin-

"Good bye," murmured the poor child

Consciousness soon returned, and with

it. the bitter certainty that her child was

obtain; but kind hearted neighbors gather-

The loving heart beat on, and the whis-

pered words of poor Nelly were "so cold;

ed round to do what they could:

and looked into his face. Throwing her a wagon hove in sight, in

seemed covered with a heavy film. "Clo-"We've come, mother," said Nelly, as ser, father ! closer," whispered she, "I Then, let me have your hands. Now "Yes, out of doors, this cold night !- promise me father, you won't go there

> "No, darling, never ! so help me heav? ed both mother and child in his arms and burst into tears.

"Thank God ! thank God, mother, father won't do it any more and I shan't have to go there again. Ugh! so cold!" added she as a shiver ran through her frame.

Do you wonder, reader, with death so

near, that that besotted man roused himthe rending ties, knitted at the first opening several persons were returning home from to render her daughter comfortable, but self in yonder grog-shop, and hastened to drown the memory of that fancied moan ? Buoyed up by the hope, that perhaps Do you wonder with the death-cord twinher father would not drink again, the ex- ed about her heart he shrunk from her icy

> The snows of winter now cover her heart ceased to beat-a heart that while it

> Ah! how many a young creature, even a drunkard's child, sits shivering by a fireless hearth and mutters "ugh ! so cold." Think you the tears of the thousands who have wept, and prayed, and suffered, and died, are of no account before him, who notes a sparrow when it falls. Ali! remember, ye who minister at unhallowed altars, every true spirit sacrificed, cries to God for vengeance; and sure as there is a God, will recompense be rendered for the

AFRAID OF THE BILERS !- During the

Office, and next door to Wampler's Tin- ed his bosom to it; and there it at once ning Establishment, TEN PER CENT CHEAP- nestled, a fatal poison, ever distilling ve-ER than at any other Hat Establishment in nom. Still the flowers blossomed ; still town--embracing Fine Nutria Beaver, the waters flashed and sparkled in their

Fine Fur, and Old Men's Broad- warm light; still the breezes waved their brims, and a good assortment of Men and Youth's SUMMER HATS.

all of which he is authorized to sell low for each or country produce, if delivered immediately. J. J. BALDWIN, Agent.

Gettysburg, March 19, 1847-3m COUNTY TREASURER.

I N compliance with the request of a num- dews, on sun, and moon, and stars, on all, ber of friends, I respectfully present every thing on earth, rested the taint of myself as a candidate for the office of sin. In the morning of this little day of COUNTY TREASURER and solicit the time, what more deliciously sweet than to nomination at the next Whig-County Con-Freeline among the blossoming luxuriance GEORGE LITTLE. of Eden, and worship God, there in his vention. May 7.

T the suggestion of a number of friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of COUNTY TREASU-RER, and respectfully ask from my brother Whigs a nomination for the office at; their regular Convention.

ROBERT G. HARPER. Gettysburg, April 16, 1847.---tf

NCOURAGED by the suggestions of numerous friends, I hereby ansave." nounce myself a candidate for the office of forth a ray of glory; a crowned Head decision of the Whig County Convention. Should my political friends deem me to the office, its duties will be promptly and faithfully discharged.

THOMAS WARREN. Gettysburg, April 23, 1847-tf

N accordance with the wishes of numerous friends, I offer myself as a can- those who walked with God in Eden, die. didate for the Office of COUNTY TREA-Whig County Convention.

JOHN FAIINESTOCK. Gettysburg, April 23, 1847.----tf

WOOD WANTED.

IIOSE persons who have engaged to furnish the Subscriber with WOOD, on account, are requested to deliver it immediately at his Foundry, otherwise he will expect the money. Those interested will please attend to the above promptly.

THOMAS WARREN. Gettysburg, April 23.----tf

TO BLACKSMITHS.

THE subscribers have on hand a very ing at the bottom of the brook-everything large stock of STONE COAL, about the tree is laden with its own pecuwhich they will dispose of low by the sin- liar lesson. 'Thou art a rare book, my gle bushel or otherwise, at their Coach- Alderbrook, written all over by the Creamaking Establishment.

DANNER & ZIEGLER. March 12,-3m

same hearth stone ! Bright, beautiful, dear Alderbrook, farewell.

censors laden with rich perfume; still the judge was appointed to award the prize of him. birds carolled; the stars smiled; leaves

rustled, kissing each other lovingly; dews beauty. "Who shall win the prize ?" asked the slumbered in lilly bells and the hearts of roses, and crept around withering roots, beauty, in full assure of its winning worth. and revived fading petals; the sun, and the moon, and the silver twilight, each "Who will win; the prise ?" asked the to see you home.' wrought its own peculiar broidery on earth rest of the flowers; as they came forward, and sky; but upon the flowers, on the each conscious of its attraction, and equally sure of receiving the reward. fresh leaves, and the waters, and the bree-

the half sobered man. "I will take a peep at the assemblage," zes, the gay beautiful birds, and the silent. thought the violet, not intending to make one of the company, "and see the beauties for you. as they pass.'

Just as it was raising its modest head from its humble and retiring corner, and night." was looking in upon the meeting, the judge own temple ? It was the object of life to rose to render his decree. "To the Violet," said her "I award the enjoy its own blissfulness, and praise him

prize of beauty, for there is no trait more who gave it. But when, on the whisper rare-none more enchantingly beautitul but one week before he had fallen into the of the Tempter, sin, came," it brought a change. The poison had hid itself athan MODESTY." mong all the beautiful things we most love,

A CURIOUS CALCULATION .- What is : engendering thorns and producing discord : billion ? The reply is very simple : a milit festered in our hearts-reveled in our lion times a million. This is quickly writveins, and polluted our lips, until the anten, and more quickly still prohounced; gels veiled their faces in disgust, and man but no man is able to count it. You may was left with "no eye to pity, no arm to count 100 or 170 a minute; but let us even Then from the dense cloud broke suppose you may go as far as 200: "then COUNTY TREASURER, subject to the looked out in pity; divine lips bent to the 000, and a year of 365 days 105,120,000. poisoned wound; and lost, ruined man Let us now suppose that Adam, at the befound a Savior. He was heralded by anginning of his existence, had began to count, worthy of their confidence, and elect me gels; angels are still whispering, "Look ! finding of this existence, had began to count, had continued to do so, and was counting look! live !" That Savior is standing with still; he would not even now, according to love-beaming eyes and arms extended; but the usually supposed age of our globe, men are blind and cannot see his beauty. have counted near enough. For to count Shall I sit down among thy flowers, sweet a billion he would require 9,512 years, 24 Alderbrook, while my Redeemer is dis-days, 5 hours, and 30 minutes,

honored, and my brethren, the sons of NEWSBOY WIT.--- A gentleman crossing | Her woman's heart hoped, and as year by "Faultless, if blinded."-"The just God one of our city ferries the other day was year clapsed she still hoped on and prayed, ed felt his heart stirred within. "So cold" SURER, and respectfully ask the nomi-nation for that Office at the next regular knowing, have not loved him."—Who has ders, who are in shoals about all our pub-the erring, and restore to him his innocence vain he urged her to rouse and speak to

Ah! "The invisible things of Him sir? only two shillin!" The gentleman, but want and disease had laid them all from the creation of the world are clearly willing to have a laugh with the urchin, save one, in early graves. This one, Nelseen, being understood by the things that said, "Why, I am Bulwer myself!" Off ly, her first born, had been the father's idol. aremade, even his eternal power and God- went the lad, and, whispering to another, Before he bowed at another altar, his heart head; so that they are without excuse." at a little distance, excited his wonder-The beautiful page of hill, and dale, and sky ment at the information he had to impart. His fall had been step by step, and his is spread open to all. I go to teach my Eycing the pretended author of "Pelham" heart had been weaned so gradually, that cd her daughter to her bosom. brother how to read it.

thee as I shall never love any other thing modestly, "Buy the Women of England,' had fallen from his lips, that she ceased to so cold." And so her broken thoughts that I may not meet after the sun of Time sir? Fon are not Mrs. Ellis!" Of course expect them; but her young heart, never- were utfered, now dreaming of her early them and flowers blooming sweetly in is set. Everything, from the strong old the proposed sale was effected. N. York theless, yearned for a father's love. Upon home, and now of the long time at the grogtree that wrestles with the tempest, down "Times."

to the amber moss-cup cradling the tiny in-107 The Sunday mail is soon to be dissect if its roots, and the pebble sleepcontinued between Boston and Worcester. The only remaining Sunday mail in Massachusetts will then be between Boston antl Charlestown.

tor's finger. Dearly do I love the holy ! dwell 'mid flowers and music ever ; and I phia market on Saturday morning.

He staggers to the door. 'The watchful arms about him, she exclaimed ! sentry who has kept her guard without is "It was not a dream then, dear father I ready to accompany him. The stupor O, we will be so happy !"

has not lessened its hold upon his faculties "Dreaming, Nelly?" O, no, we are broad and as that half frozen child places her awake and have tried to waken you," said Who shall win the Prize?—There thin fingers in his hot burning hand he her mother, who observed that some won-was a meeting of the flowers, and the starts back as though an adder had stung derful change had come over her.

"And you here too, mother ! Oh, how "It's only me, father !" exclaimed that happy we will be, how happy !" continued weary watcher, as she noticed his cold re- Nelly. "I dreamed, father. Ugh ! how rose, proudly rushing toward the blushing pulse, "It's only me! I thought you might cold it was. I dreamed I sat for a long, be late and herhaps cold, and I have come long hour, on the cold door steps : the air was very cold. My feet were almost iro-"You, Nelly ! what are you here for at | zen. I drew my shawl about them, but

this time of night ! who sent you !" asked still they grew colder and colder. Many people passed by, but none spoke to me .-Mother sent me a good while ago. I did One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. not dare to go in, so I waited out here nine, ten-struck the clock, and each time, ugh! how it made my heart quiver. I

ther.

"Well, don't you come again. It isn't thought I waited for you father, until it proper for you to be out at this time of seemed you would never come. But you archere. O, father! father! mother weeps Proper ! How much propriety was sometimes, and it must be for joy, for you

there in this reproof ! That child with are here, dear father, are you not ?" her warm heart clinging to all that was "Yes, Nelly, close by you," said her once a kind father, could not forget that father, thoroughly sobered, for his heartstruck wife, unable to listen to her ravings, snow on his way home, and but for the had fainted by her side.

barking of a dog, would have perished. With no word of reply she walked silentued he as he strove to unclasp her arms, ly hy his side through the long cold street, to obtain some water for his wife. till at length they reached their own door in safety. as she fell back upon her pillow. Her lips continued to move, and "good bye,

Within, a lamp was still burning. A pale-faced woman sat beside the stand sewing. The fire had long ago gone out, as he made applications to restore her mobut she worked on. The morrow would be Saturday, and her work must be finished or the Sabbath would find them without bread. Not long ago, some twelve years perhaps, she left her father's house, a happy bride. Life seemed very beautiful. She looked upon the future as a fair picture, and never dreamed that shadows deep and long would fall upon its bright-

no,—so happy—good bye-father." It was too much to bear. He had forsaken ness.' But in an evil hour they came.her for his cups and as he stood by and listenlic places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, and truth. Children had been given her, him.

pered the child. had cherished her as his chief treasure.---

her mother's bosom she could weep undis- shop door. Who could resist the touchturbed; and her mother's tears mingled ing tenderness of the scene? Hard hearts with her own as they together prayed God were melted, and vows were made, whether that he would save him.

To-night for the first time she had sent | they watched by the delirious child. Toher out to seek her father. Often and of- wards morning they succeeded in soothing ten had she been to the door, and looked her into a gentle slumber. In the anxiety BUTTER .- This article was selling at up and down the street for her husband and experienced all seemed to forget that truths upon thy pages; but I may not 37 a 40 cents per pound in the Philadel. child. The weary hour had passed, and through the live long night no fire had they came. That patient woman prayed | burned upon the hearth.

accompanimentor band boxes and bundles. evidently equipped for a journey. The respective agents of the several lines sprang towards her. "Take the Marshall, marm ?--fine boat." "Try the Penobscot, new boat, built last summer, commanded by the favorite of every body-Capt. --," &c., &c. The boys and loafers around echoed the claims of their favorites in concert, "Hurrah for the Penobscot," 'Go the John Marshall." The old lady, who had probably never seen a steamboat before, and whose chief notion of the varmints was connected with their boiler-bursting propensities, was almost beside herself with terror, at the hubbub.

"O, Lordy ! I wish I'd never stirred a step-If I'd known there was to be such an awful time as this, I'm sure I would'nt .---The pesky bilers-Iknow they'll burstevery body's looking after me, and nobody's 'tending to 'em. There, go right away all of you, I'm going straight back. I couldn't rest a wink for fear of them pesky bilers." "You need give yourself no anxiety on account of the boilers in the Marshall;" said the agent of the M., "they are new

and sound, and couldn't be made to burst.' "Are you sure of it ?" said the old lady, evincing symptoms of a favorable disposition towards to the Marshall-"you ain't a tryin' to practize on the creduality of a poor lone woman, I hope?"

"No fear of me-sound as a teakettle," good bye," was whispered now and then, was the reply.

The old lady was about descending from the wagon to embark in the Marshall, when No. 2 stepped up. -

"Madam," said he, in a serious tone, dying. Medical aid they were too poor to "no doubt the Marshall's boilers are sound enough, but the best boilers are dangerous things. We know that a great many people have been killed by them-and especially of late-and took the boilers out of our boat three weeks ago !"

"You did," said she; "that's the boat for me, then. Jemes (to the boy in the wagon,) pass out the basket, and the bonnet box, and the umbrella, and the parasol -and don't forget the new shoes and doughnuts under the seat. Tell Sally I went in a boat without any bilers, and she need have no fears of me."

GOOD NATURE .- Give us good natured

"Nelly, Nelly! don't you hear your cheerfulness and a sunny face, and you father ?" sobbed the mother as she pressare welcome to the miser's gold. Some persons look as if they always had a vin-"Yes mother, good bye, father! stay with egar cruet in their mouths, and a pepperbox under their noses. Though spring is smiling around them-birds singing above

their paths-they cannot or rather will not soften down the raspish countenance. and partake of the general joy of hators. Shame on them. We would not live in the society of such for one twelve month for half the wealth of the world. -- Portland Bulletin.

SANTA ANNA'S AGE .--- Sunts Au born at San Juan del Rio, in 1806, i the son of an exiled spanish noblems

with a kind of awe, he approached him she searce missed his caresses. It had Dear, beautiful Alderbrook !- I have loved timidly, and, holding out a pamphlet, said been, oh so long, since words of affection us and we will be so happy-so-ugh-

to be broken God only knows. All night

"Only once, Nelly," said he, "speak ondo. "So cold! ugh! so cold, father," whis