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BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.
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THE STAR, AND Adam's County Republican Banner.

DUCE AMOR PATRIE PRODESSE CIVIBUS—"THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS."

GETTYSBURG, PA. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1881.

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THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens culled with care."

I'VE SEEN HER SMILE.

I've seen her smile—and thought it bliss
To bask within such sunlight rays,
To catch the graceful features move
Upon the lovely face to gaze.
I've seen her smile, and all around
Confess'd the rapture smiles inspire,
Each tongue delighting in her praise,
Each look betraying inward fire.
I've seen her weep—the large bright tear
Stood sparkling in her eye of blue;
Her quivering lips were cold and pale,
Her cheeks had lost their rosy hue.
But still so lovely did she seem,
So beautiful, 'o'en in sorrow's tears,
That let who will have Sylvia's smiles,
I covet, only, Sylvia's tears.

THE MIRROR.

EARLY DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MISS E. BOGART.

"In aught that tries the heart,
How few can stand the proof!"

The first disappointment of the heart is
the hardest to be borne. It is that which
falls like a blight on the warmest and best
affections of which human nature is suscepti-
ble; and though the young and elastic spirits
may sometimes rise beneath the pressure,
and perhaps recover their wanted tone amidst
the pleasure and gaieties of life, there is still
a cold and barren place on the mind, where
hope will not blossom, nor expectation put
forth her powers, nor fancy spring again in
to beauty and fertility. Love is, doubtless,
in youth the strongest passion. It takes en-
tire possession of the heart and thoughts. It
is the root on which happiness is grafted, and
on which memory is engraved with its most
indelible print. The histories of its power
are spread over the whole earth. They are
taken from every station and condition of life
and painted in all the variety of form and col-
oring of which the invention of the mind is
capable. We behold in infancy its Eden-like
paradise or bliss, its wild tornadoes of destruc-
tion and violence, its morbid melancholy, its
sullen pride, its shrinking timidity, its re-
morseless vengeance; all these have been
portrayed to the imagination in vivid colors,
and in thousands of instances; still there are
other thousands yet unrelated, and shades
of difference in each, which arise continually
in changeable hues to the mind like new lights
cast on old and faded pictures. The first
disappointment of love is the poisoned arrow
of life. Many sink beneath its influence, & never
recover from the shock. Others seem to
rise above it in their boasted strength and
pride; but while they laugh with the gay,
and glide along, apparently, with the surface
of the stream of pleasure, still

"The cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."
The gloomy misanthrope, the reckless votary
of dissipation, the miserable victim of the
demon of intemperance, have often been
caused by some early disappointment of the
heart; where, perhaps, "many a withering
thought lies hid," of which the world knows
not, thinks not, cares not. They were too
dream-like in their existence among those
over thoughts,

"All outward bound,
Midst sands and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
pleasure."

These reflections were suggested to my
mind by the circumstances of meeting lately
with an old friend, whom I had not seen for
several years—but I have written a long
preface to a simple story.

CECILIA MORELAND, as I first remember
her, was one of the gayest and happiest of hu-
man beings. To me she was the animating
spirit of all my juvenile pleasures and enjoy-
ments. Our friendship commenced early,
and was early brought to maturity, for it
needs not years to awaken the feelings of af-
fection in the heart; they spring up sponta-
neously wherever they find any thing around
which to entwine themselves, and time has no-
thing to do with their growth or their decay.
I have frequently wondered that we should
have been so very intimate, and can only ac-
count for it on the principle that extremes
sometimes harmonize.

It is certain that we were totally unlike in
character and disposition, yet I loved her as
I have loved but few others. I know not
how to describe her as she was at 16 years
of age, for there never were two days or
hours in which she appeared the same. Lively,
imaginative, unaffected and affectionate,
she was one of the most versatile & fascinat-
ing of nature's children. She was not very
beautiful, but the glow of health and
exercise imparted a brilliancy to her
complexion, which charmed away the minor
faults of form and feature. There was also
an expression of gladness in her soul-beam-
ing eye, and a clear wild ring of such heart-
felt mirth in the sound of her gay laugh, that
one might truly have imagined that happi-
ness was the very essence of her existence.
It was a source of deep regret to me that al-
most as soon as I was capable of appreciating
her real worth, we were separated by the
changing destinies of life. Still our attach-
ment was faithfully nursed in a constant in-
tercourse by letter, which was supported
on both sides with undiminished ardor for
the space of a whole year; but at length
shared the fate of all similar youthful corre-
spondence. The dates of our epistles began
to grow more "few and far between," till in
each lengthened interval of silence there
was something lost of former ease and fami-

liarity. Our thoughts, and feelings, and
pleasures, and pursuits, became strange to
each other; and as the common topics of dis-
cussion between us were divested of their
interests, the pen by degrees was entirely
neglected.

Thus it was that for several years I knew
nothing of Cecilia Moreland; nothing but
the opinion of the world, married well. Her
husband was said to be rich and handsome;
and as beauty and wealth are the most sought
after in the selection of a husband, who could
presume to suppose that she had not been for-
tunate or happy in her choice? I believed
from report that she was both happy and for-
tunate, and rejoiced at hearing it as I would
have done in former days. There are mo-
ments of delightful reminiscence, when the
happy scenes of childhood and the power
and witchery of early feelings come home
to my heart. Indeed, our first impressions
of love, or friendship, or happiness, or mis-
ery, are perhaps never entirely erased from
our minds, however they may be sometimes
carried away and apparently lost in the
whirlpool of the world; there are still lucid
intervals of calmness & reflection, when they
are thrown back upon the memory, & resume
their triumphant though transitory reign.

It is not many months since I met with
the friend of whom I have been speaking.
We were passing accidentally through the
same place, and before I knew of her being
there, I heard that she was coming to see
me. In an instant the image of Cecilia
Moreland arose in fancy,

"As bright to my heart as 'twas to my eyes."

I saw her as she was when I last be-
held her. I forgot that she was no longer Ce-
cilia Moreland, and knew not that with a
change of name, there was scarcely a trace
remaining of her former self. I awaited
her arrival with the utmost impatience.—
Every knock started me—every sound of
approaching steps fixed my eyes on the
door. It was at length opened, and a lady
entered, leading by the hand a little boy of
three years of age. I sprang forward to
meet her, while the exclamation involuntari-
ly escaped my lips, "Oh, Cecilia, how
you are altered!"—She burst into tears.
The answer was eloquent, and needed no
explanation. We sat down and spoke of
the length of the time which had intervened
since our last meeting; of the changes
which had taken place within that period,
and the different destinies by which each
had since been followed.

I gazed on her face, and sighed as the
picture of memory vanished. I wanted to
ask her if she had been happy; but could
not. I felt that it was a chord that would
not bear vibration. The question was in-
volved in too many delicate associations,
which I knew could not be separated in her
mind. It was evident that her once buoy-
ant spirits had been crushed and broken, and
her light heart divested of its gay and
blissful feelings; and I was sure that there
must have been some deep and undermining
cause which had produced those effects:
something too near home—which worked
daily and hourly, and could not be cast off.
Our brief intercourse was both pleasant and
painful. We renewed our protestations of
friendship with sincerity and interest, and
once more parted to pursue our course in
opposite directions. We were never to
meet again. I spoke afterwards of our in-
terview, and the impression it had left upon
my mind, to one who had known Cecilia from
her childhood.

"Ah," replied she, "Cecilia has seen her
best days. She has got a husband who
will harass her to death, with his teasing
and irritating temper. He possesses one of
those fault-finding dispositions which can
never be suited with any thing; and his
wife, with all her efforts, can seldom suc-
ceed in pleasing him. Her spirits have at
length been worn out by "a continual
drooping," and her health suffers in conse-
quence. That is not the only cause; but
every body does not know what I know.
Between ourselves, she never loved the
man she married. Her heart was given to
one whom her parents thought no match
for her, but they have reason now to re-
pent their ambition. Of what use is wealth
if we must sacrifice peace to obtain it? The
one who would have been her choice was
every way calculated to make her happy
but her parents refused their consent to the
union, and she gave him up. He has wan-
dered away, nobody knows where, and she
is fast descending to the grave."

Here the narrator ceased her history, and
her closing prediction was but too soon ver-
ified. She is gone to her last rest. I read
an account of her death in a newspaper but
a few days ago. It was stated that she
died of consumption, and the world will be-
lieve it was so. None perhaps will contra-
dict it, though there may be a few who will
know that it was disappointment which
preyed at first upon her spirits, and at length
produced the hectic flush and wasting weak-
ness, which eventually destroyed her.

There are two portraits drawn in lasting
colors on my heart and memory; the por-
traits of the two Cecílias. The one repre-
sents the young original in all the bril-
liant hues of hope and happiness; the other
after some few years, reflecting in her
countenance the shades of care and disap-
pointment.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Temperance Society of Get-
tysburg and the vicinity, at the Court-house
in Gettysburg, on the 10th Dec, 1881,
BY DANIEL M. SMYER, ESQ.
By request of the Society.

Why, upon this day, do my eyes rest on this
godly assemblage of the wise and the good—of
the aged and the young—of the lovely and the
fair? Why is it, that in this hall consecrated to
justice, are congregated as well the young and
beautiful, who, with sparkling eyes and bounding
bosoms, are just entering on the race of life;—and
the hoary and trembling patriarchs, whose time
honored brows, whitened by the snows of many
winters, challenge veneration and command re-
spect? Why is it, that my eye, as it lights upon
each well known face in this respected audience,
meets none but answering glances of awakening
sympathy and high wrought interest?—It is be-
cause ye know, that a high and important duty
has summoned us together. It is because ye feel
that a holy and sacred cause has convened us up-
on this occasion. It is not a spurious and exag-
gerated sentiment, engendered in the distempered
brain of some enthusiastic dreamer, sighing for
a state of ideal perfection; but a grand and mag-
nanimous feeling, pure and holy as the tear of
pity that trembles in woman's eye at the recital
of a tale of woe—noble and generous as the deeds
that emanate from a heart full-brought with be-
nevolence and virtue. We have met, in the spirit
of enlightened philanthropy, in a great moral
crisis: we have met, to raise our hands and voices
against the dark and demoralizing despotism of
the demon of INTemperance: we have met, for
the purpose of wresting, by warning and example,
some at least of his victims, from his withering
and polluting grasp. 'Tis a cause, attended by
the aspirations of the good; a cause, on which
Angels smile, and upon which Heaven looks down
with complacency.

In obedience to the highly flattering request of
the Society of which I have the honor to be a
member, I purpose addressing to you a few re-
marks upon this important and momentous sub-
ject, and solicit your candid and indulgent at-
tention.

The baleful effects of INTemperance upon in-
dividual and national interest, are, I believe, un-
iversally admitted. Not even the most besotted
of its votaries, will, in this enlightened day, pre-
sume to deny the effect, or palliate the cause.—
With the evidence of our own senses to convince
us; with the experience of the past to admonish
us; and with the light of science and the far
purer light of Religion, shining in upon its secret
places, and exposing its hidden abominations;—
there can be but one opinion as to its true char-
acter, nature, and effect, among men of common
honesty and ordinary intelligence. It is not, then,
for the purpose of enforcing, by argument, a self-
evident proposition, that I now solicit your at-
tention: but "that I may stir up your pure minds
by way of remembrance;" that thus, our impres-
sions on this subject, too prone to fade, may be
renewed and brightened, and we be inspired with
new zeal and determination in the war we are
waging against this destructive scourge.

Friends! There is an enemy abroad in our land!
'Tis a power, and a deadly foe! His aim is
the universal diffusion of ruin and desolation.—
Nothing short of this will appease his rage. Ye
look about ye, and behold the land slumbering in
quiet security; indications of increasing wealth
and augmenting power, every where meet your
eye; peace and plenty gladden the scene, and a
calm serenity seems to pervade the landscape.
'Trust not that seeming calm!—'tis treacherous—
'tis deceitful—and 'tis too implicitly confided in,
to save you on to ruin. Your foe is an insidious
one: under the mask of FRIENDSHIP, he conceals
the most venomous hostility. Our country has
been truly styled, "the Eden of the World;"
but, alas! this Eden, too, has its serpent! Do
ye appeal to the wholesome and refreshing odors
that breathe over and around it, to disprove this
assertion? Alas! Never did the groves of Para-
dise emit a sweeter fragrance than when the
loathsome reptile lay coiled beneath their shades!
Some of you, perchance, are ready to ask, who,
and whence is our enemy? I will tell you. Your
enemy is the DEMON OF INTemperance; and he is
found in every Distillery, and Grog-shop, and
'Tipping-house, and establishment for the manu-
facture and vending of ardent spirits, in your coun-
try. His bland, but deceitful smile, is reflected
from the goblet that sparkles with rosy wine, and
he "grins horribly a ghastly smile" of fiendish
triumph, from every glass of whiskey, gin, or
brandy. With a frank and joyous air, he too oft
presides over the convivial board; whilst his hid-
den features, divested of their mask, glare with
horrid triumph, over each scene of nightly de-
bauch and midnight revel. Upon every occasion
of public assembling, you may see him stalk forth
under various disguises, followed by troops of his
deluded votaries—all more or less advanced on
the road to ruin. In every reeling, staggering
wretch, whose maddened leer, idiot stare, and
speech compounded of vulgarity and profanity,
herald his infamy to the world, and proclaim him
lost to hope, to feeling, and to shame, you behold
one of his besotted votaries. Like the arch-tramp-
ler, he presents a poisoned chalice to the lips of
his followers, and bids them drink, "that they
may be as Gods!"—whilst his aim, all the while,
is to compass their temporal and eternal ruin.

Is not this indeed a foe to be feared? And are
we not loudly called upon to resist his aggressions
—to meet him manfully, front to front—and sub-
due or expel him, ere he attains so firm a foothold
as to be inexorable? Were a foreign enemy
to land on our shores, menacing us with sub-
jugation, or even the violation of any of our national
rights, who, that possesses one spark of noble and
patriotic feeling, would not fly to his country's
standard, determined to preserve the charter of
his country's liberties inviolate, or perish in the
last ditch? And yet, here is a far more formid-
able domestic foe, menacing us not merely with
physical, but moral bondage; threatening not only
to enslave the body, but to paralyze and reduce
to a state of nerveless imbecility, the energies of
the immortal mind! His standard is untried—
his arm is barred—his tramp is heard—and he
wheels his chariot of triumphant infamy over the
wrecks of VIRTUE, HONOR, and DOMESTIC PEACE! And
yet, until very recently, no alarm was sounded;
no preparations for resistance were made. A
blind security—a reckless indifference—resem-
bling the "waveless calm, the slumber of the dead,"
pervaded our land. And even now, although the
banner of resistance has at length been unfurled,
and thousands have rallied round it, there are
countless thousands more who hear the alarm
without heeding it, or, who, were intimated still,
combat valiantly under the adverse standard and
combat valiantly for their own undoing.

Did that dreadful scourge, the CHOLERA Mon-
strous, which, moving like the viewless messengers
of God's wrath, with noiseless and mysterious

step, has made one vast charnal house of Asia and
the Eastern parts of Europe, threaten to visit our
shores, with what breathless solicitude would we
watch its approach?—With what anxious care
would we guard against its entrance? And yet,
who will deny that the blight of INTemperance is
more to be deprecated than even its poisonous
contact? The one is merely a temporary scourge,
having its intervals of relaxation in the work of
destruction; the other, an ever active, ever devour-
ing plague.

Calculations founded on authentic data, have
shown that the number of victims to Intemper-
ance in a given time, greatly exceeds the mortality
caused in an equal time, by WAR, PESTILENCE,
OR ANY OTHER KNOWN DETERMINATE CAUSE. "I do
not think it extravagant" (says Dr. Rush) "to re-
peat what has often been said, that spirituous
liquors do more lives than the sword. War has
its intervals of relaxation; but SPIRITS operate at
all times and seasons upon human life." In
what a startling, in what an appalling aspect,
does this present the power of Intemperance! And
yet, forsooth, it is called by many, a social, and a
venial crime! True, the active agency of Intem-
perance in producing this result, may not be at
once apparent to the common eye. Thousands
die of diseases under various denominations, en-
gendered primarily by the habit of swallowing
this LIQUID POISON; and the connection of cause
and effect, in most instances passes unnoticed by
the generality of mankind, although sufficiently
apparent to careful and scientific observers. The
number of victims to this BASTARD VICE, in our
country, has been estimated at from TWENTY to
THIRTY THOUSAND ANNUALLY. It is seldom that
the most destructive wars prove equally fatal.—
And yet who cannot declaim upon the miseries
and frightful ravages of war? What floods of elo-
quence—what torrents of invective—have been
lavished, (and not inappropriately,) upon this
subject? What consternation is there not excited
—what sympathy awakened, when a Pestilence
sweeps over the land, the dread harbinger of death?
And yet no similar visitation of God's wrath has
ever caused such frightful ravages as this scourge
of man's own creation. "If," says an eminent
physician (Dr. Darwin) "a person accidentally
becomes intoxicated by eating a few mushrooms
of a peculiar kind, a general alarm is excited,
and he is said to be poisoned, and emetics are ad-
ministered; but so familiarized are we to the intox-
ication of vinous spirit, that it occasions laughter
rather than alarm."—It is further remarked by
the same writer that "the distilleries are manu-
factories of disease—they take the bread from the
people, and convert it into poison, and thus under
the names of rum, brandy, gin, whiskey, wine,
cider, beer, porter, &c. alcohol is become the bane
of the Christian world, as opium of the Mahom-
etan."

'Tis Intemperance that poisons your grog and
Ponitentiaries. Investigations, made with a view
to this subject, have shown that by far the larger
proportion of the tenants of these receptacles of
crime, have been brought there by indulging in
this vice. Nor need this surprise us; for, when a
man is intoxicated, his reason is deluged; re-
flection is thrown off his poise; and free course is
given to all the wild and unlearned propensities
of his nature. Intemperance necessarily tends
to the degradation and ultimately to the extinction
of the moral principle; and in exact proportion
as you weaken the sense of moral obligation, will
be the growth of immoral dispositions and prac-
tices. Did you ever know a man who was even
occasionally addicted to this vice, have a very nice
sense of moral duty? And, did you ever know a
man who was become his habitual votary and slave
who was not ripe for the perpetration of any and
every enormity, under its maddening influence?
It is a fact well known to legal men that more
than two thirds of the criminals arraigned at the
bar of the Quarter Sessions, are brought there by
Intemperance. Root out this evil, and the office
of Prosecuting Attorney would become a mere
sinecure. A strict and careful calculation of the
volume of evil springing from this polluted source
would startle and affright even the most careless
observer. It was remarked by Judge Rush, upon
a certain occasion, "that he did not recollect an
instance since his being concerned in the admin-
istration of justice, of a single person being put
on his trial for manslaughter, which did not origi-
nate in drunkenness; and but few instances of
trial for murder, where the crime did not spring
from the same unhappy source." In the "Prison
Discipline Report" it is stated, that "of 125,000
criminals committed to our prisons in a year,
92,750 were excited to their commission of crime,
by spirituous liquors."

With such startling facts then, staring us in
the face, away with all apathy! away with all
lukewarmness and cold-blooded neutrality! Every
good citizen—every lover of his country, when
convinced of the truth of these facts, is loudly cal-
led upon by every consideration that can move an
intelligent, accountable being, to arouse from his
lethargy, and unite, heart and hand, for the exter-
mination of so dreadful an evil. The glory,
strength and happiness of a people, consist main-
ly, if not altogether, in the power and influence of
their moral character. To measure their great-
ness solely by their physical wealth and strength,
would be to adopt an imperfect and deceptive
standard. To strengthen, to elevate, and to purify
the moral character of his countrymen, is con-
sequently the interest no less than the duty, of
every one who aspires to the character of a good
citizen.

Take another view of the subject. It is esti-
mated that upwards of fifty millions of gallons of
ardent spirits are consumed in the United States,
annually; and of these, more than forty millions
are of our own production. These 40,000,000 of
gallons are retailed, at the very lowest calculation,
at 20,000,000 of dollars. Twenty millions of dol-
lars expended annually in the United States! For
what? For any great purposes of national
utility or public advantage? No; but for the pur-
pose of peopling your grog and filling the land with
crime and poverty and shame; for the purpose of
brutalizing from two to three hundred thousand of
our citizens, and depriving the country of their
productive labour to the amount of at least twenty-
five millions of dollars; and finally, for the purpose
of launching into eternity, for which it is to be
feared too many of them are unprepared, no fewer
than twenty-five thousand persons annually, the
victims of this most disgusting, most degrading,
and most disgraceful of vices.

Intemperance is a fruitful source of poverty and
pauperism. To be convinced of this, we need but
cast our eyes over our own country, highly fa-
vored though it be. Even in this land, whose pre-
eminent blessings have formed the theme of many
a declaimer, and seem indeed almost to realize
the dreams of an Utopian visionary; where the re-
wards of labour are so abundant, and the avenues
to competence and even wealth so numerous and
easy—even here, Poverty stalks abroad in many
parts of the country, meagre, grunt, and naked.
And why? Because the drunkard leaves his field
untilled, and his family without clothing, that he
may spend his substance in the praise-worthy em-
ployment of degrading himself below the level

even of the most filthy beasts! I need but ask you
to accompany me to the abode of the drunkard.
Imagination shudders at the prospect of the hor-
rors that there present themselves. Behold him
returning to his desolate and seldom visited home,
from the scene of his drunken revels—the baleful
flood of madness glaring from his eye, and a va-
pour, more noxious than the damp exhalations of the
tomb, issuing from his mouth—e moves, a walk-
ing Lazar house—a thing to be shunned, and point-
ed at, and scorned! He enters his home—his half-
starved, half-frozen children, crowd around him
and ask for bread, and he gives them curses!—
His wife—the wife of his bosom, whom he had
sworn to love and cherish and protect—ventures
timidly to "remonstrate"—he answers her with
blows! Is there a term too harsh to designate such
a monster? Is there a crime too dire to be visited
on his head? But mark the sequel. He goes on
in his career of infamy and crime, until he finally
terminates it on the gallows which is disgraced
by bearing one so vile.

His family, thrown on the cold charities of the
world, too frequently become the tenants of an
Alma-house; or his children, per chance, misled by
his example, emulate the career and share the fate
of their worthy sire. This is not a fancy sketch:
I appeal to one and all of you to say, whether you
have not frequently met the original.

Go to your Alma-houses, your Poor-houses, and
your Hospitals; and inquire what has crowded
them with paupers. "It was Intemperance." From
this cause, proceeds two thirds of the pauperism
in the country, costing between six and seven mil-
lions of dollars annually; and it is the cause
that annually consigns more than 50,000 of the
citizens of these United States to the Debtor's Im-
prisonment in your prisons. Does not this suffi-
ciently account for the weight of our poor-laws—
so frequent a subject of complaint?

[Conclusion next week.]

ANTI-MASONRY.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

[From the Hagers-town Free Press.]

Beware of secret associations and combina-
tions!—Washington.

I am decidedly opposed to all secret so-
cieties whatever!—Samuel Adams.

I am opposed to all secret societies!—
John Hancock.

I believe that Freemasonry does no good,
that might not be accomplished by better
means. Its secrecy and extensive combina-
tions are dangerous. Its titles and trappings
are vain, foolish and inconsistent with our
republican institutions. Its pretensions are
absurd, fallacious and impious. Its cere-
monies and mysteries profane, and lead man-
y to believe that they impose obligations
paramount to the laws—indeed I have never
known a very great man, who was not a
very great fool.—C. D. Colden.

I am not, and have not been the advocate
of the present occupant of the executive
chair, but the public evils real or alleged,
of this administration, are as nothing in my
sight, the sum of them, to those which spring
from Masonry.—Richard Rush.

It is true that after the practical exhibi-
tion of Masonry which we have had in New
York, no man of common prudence can
sleep over these discoveries, and will take
care in every case of doubt to inquire.—
William Wirt.

Now hear what Henry Clay says of
Masonry: "I can make no such admission,
viz: that individual sentiments, on the sub-
ject of masonry, formed a proper considera-
tion in regulating the exercise of the elec-
tive franchise in respect to offices of the fed-
eral government." Or in other words, he
conceives it to be nobody's business whether
he is an anti-mason or not. This is a new
doctrine to the freedom of our country, viz:
that the voters have no right to know the
opinion of a candidate, on any subject which
they think of vital importance to community.
He says "you have not called upon me for
my opinion upon any great practical mea-
sure falling within the scope of federal pow-
er." We would ask, is not the "supremacy
of the laws," a great measure? It certainly
is, and no man should hesitate a moment to
give his opinion on a subject which so deeply
involves the security of our citizens, from
the ruthless hands of the subjects of a gov-
ernment, foreign to our own. We believe
there is no instance on record in this coun-
try, where a candidate for the suffrages of
the people has been called upon to give his
views, that he did not do it, and it has been
left for Mr. Clay to set the example. Who
would have thought it? We did think that
he would have given his opinion fully, either
deprecating the one or the other; but instead
of this "he wraps himself up in the mantle
of Masonic secrecy and dignity and boldly
denies the right of the people to know his
sentiments on an institution which has trampled
on the laws and usurped the Govern-
ment—which has performed act after act of
usurpation and tyranny, and of which he is
known to be a member."

The abduction and murder of Wm. Mor-
gan would long since have been forgotten,
had it not been for the exertions which the
Masons persisted in using, first to conceal
and afterwards to justify the horrid crime—
and to perpetuate the principles of an In-
stitution which imperiously and unequivocally
enjoined its execution. As long as Masons
continue to support the principles of their
Order, to shield the foul assassins from the
process of justice and adequate punishment,
so long shall an indignant and injured com-
munity continue to reiterate in their ears,
the unwelcome and grating sounds of man-
der, assassination and retributive justice.
The frightful ghost of their hapless victim
shall haunt their souls through time, if not
through eternity.—[Washington (Del.) Exp,