

OFFICE OF THE STAR,  
CHAMBERSBURG STREET, A FEW DOORS  
WEST OF MR. FORRY'S TAVERN.

ADVERTISEMENTS  
Conspicuously inserted four times for ONE  
LAW per square—over four times, TWENTY-FIVE  
per square will be charged.

BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.  
At \$3 per annum, half-yearly in advance.

# THE STAR,

AND  
**Adams County Republican Banner.**

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

GETHYSBURG, PA. TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1832.

Terms—Two DOLLARS per annum,  
payable half-yearly in advance. No sub-  
scriptions taken for less than six months, and  
none discontinued until all arrears are paid.  
—A failure to notify a discontinuance, will  
be considered a new engagement and the  
paper forwarded accordingly.

Vol. 2, No. 30. 40.  
Whole Number, 92.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### NOTICE

To Constables, Wholesale Dealers, and  
Retailers of Foreign Merchandise,  
WITHIN THE COUNTY OF ADAMS.

PURSUANT to an Act of the General Assem-  
bly of Pennsylvania, passed the 7th day of  
April, 1830, entitled "An Act granting the Du-  
ties upon Wholesale Dealers and Retailers of For-  
eign Merchandise, and prescribing the mode of  
issuing Licenses, and collecting said duties," the  
CONSTABLES of the respective Townships of  
said County are required, on or before the First  
day of January Sessions, 1832, (being the 23d  
day,) to make out on oath or affirmation, and de-  
liver to the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions  
a List of all the Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Goods, Wares and Merchandise, Wines or Distill-  
ed Spirits, Drugs or Medicines, except such as are  
of the growth, produce, or manufacture of the U-  
nited States.

Merchants, Dealers, and others embraced in  
the said Act, are also notified that the Associate  
Judges and the Commissioners of said county,  
will meet at the Commissioner's Office, in the bor-  
ough of Gettysburg, on Tuesday the 24th of Janu-  
ary instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of  
hearing them, should they think proper to attend,  
as to the amount of their annual sales, classify-  
ing, &c.

DANIEL SIEFFER,  
WILLIAM MCLEAN,  
Associate Judges.  
THOMAS EIREHART,  
JACOB COVER,  
JOHN L. GUBERNATOR,  
County Commissioners.

January 3, 1832. tc-39

### BELLOWS,

Water and Sugar Boxes,  
PRINTS, &C.

NEST BOXES AND BARREL COVERS,  
30000 cane, suitable for reed makers  
500 nest sugar boxes  
500 barrel and half barrel covers

### SPINNING WHEELS,

Wash Boards  
Lamp wicks  
Sugar boxes  
Weavers' reeds  
Candle wick  
Baskets and brushes  
Fishing lines  
Brush handles

### REEDS AND SHUTTLES,

Sifters and strainers  
Shovels and twine  
Clothe pins  
Bed cords  
Plough lines  
Shoe brushes  
Weavers' brushes  
Fishing rods  
Butter prints  
Bells and spigots  
Fishing hooks  
Marbles and tops  
Lenon squeezers

### MARKET AND FANCY BASKETS,

Rolling pins  
Potatoes mashers  
Muddlers  
Towel rollers  
Wash & cake boards  
Tubs and butter bowls  
Shoe blacking  
Butter trays, spoons and  
paddles  
Trenchers  
Crabbing & cabbage nets

The above articles are offered for sale, on rea-  
sonable terms, by  
VALERIUS DUKEHART,  
No 101 1/2, Baltimore between South & Calvert sts.  
Baltimore, 12th mo. 27th 1831. 4w-38

### DR. J. GILBERT,

OFFERS FOR SALE,  
At the old stand a few doors South of Mr.  
James Gourley's Tavern, Baltimore  
Street, Gettysburg,

A FRESH AND GENERAL SUPPLY OF  
**DRUGS AND  
MEDICINES.**  
Paints & Dye-Stuffs.

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING:

### DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Acid Sulphuric	Mustard Seed
Nitric	Nutmeg
" Tartaric	Oil Wormseed
" Lemon	" Cloves
" Ether	" Castor
" Assafoetida	" Sweet
" Anisimom	" Cubobs
" Balsam Copaiva	" Mint
" Borax crude and refined	" Juniper
" Blue Pill	" Opium
" Carb. Ferri	" Rhubarb
" Antimony	" Red Precipitate
" Magnesia	" Sunk Root
" Calomel	" Sarsaparilla
" Cream Tartar	" Sal Ammoniac
" Camphor	" Salts Epsom
" Calomel Magnesia	" Glauber
" Flor. Sulphur	" Senna
" Gum Guaiac	" Tartar Emetic
" Arabic	" Venice Turpentine
" Draggon	" Varnish Copal
" Manna	" Black oil

### PAINTS.

White Lead	Terra De Sienna
Red Lead	Chromo Yellow
Spanish Brown	" Green
Venetian Red	" Rose Pink
Litharge	" Prussian Blue
Burnt Umber	" Lampblack

### DYE STUFFS.

Logwood chipped	Indigo
Redwood	Allum
Madder	Coppers
Fustic	Red Saunders
Camwood	Red Tartar
Turnerie	" &c. &c. &c.

### PATENT MEDICINES.

Batemans Drops	Medicamentum
Balsam De Malta	Whites' Toothache drops
" of Life	Golden Tincture
British oil	Pills Lee's
Cephale Snuff	" Dyo's
Elizer Paregoric	" Lyon's
" Virgil	" Fisher's
Eye water	" Hooper's
Essence Cinnamon	" Anderson's
" Peppermint	" Quinine
" Lemon	Opodeldoe
Godfrey's Cordial	" &c. &c. &c.

The above articles he will sell as  
low for cash, as can be had at any other  
shop in the place.  
September 20, 1831. tc-24

### JOB PRINTING,

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH  
AT THIS OFFICE.

## THE GARLAND.

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

### THE HOPE—THE STAR—THE VOICE.

There is a hope—a blessed hope—  
More precious and more bright,  
Than all the joyless mockery  
The world esteems delight.

There is a star—a lovely star—  
That lights the darkest gloom,  
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
The prospects of the tomb.

There is a voice—a cheering voice,  
That lifts the soul above,  
Disperses distrustful, anxious doubt,  
And whispers—"God is love!"

That voice is heard from Calvary's height,  
And speaks the soul forgiven—  
That star is revelation's light—  
That hope, the hope of heaven.

### MY HORSE STANDS READY.

My horse stands ready on the way,  
My heart as yet is free—  
Now tell me, lady, shall I stay,  
Or shall I go from thee?

Too often have I been beguiled  
To trust a woman's smile;  
It, like a jack-o'-lantern wild,  
Hath led me many a mile.

My foot is in the stirrup, dear,  
My hand upon the mane;  
Now answer quickly, while I'm here,  
I shall not come again.

She blushed, and faltered "will you stay?"  
It was enough for me—  
My horse no longer stopped the way—  
My heart no more was free.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALK OF PAST TIMES.

Seated in the baronial hall of the demesne  
given him by his master, Alfred, Duke Ed-  
rick was surrounded by his vassals, and in  
receiving their oaths of allegiance, he fan-  
cied himself even equal to the sovereign of  
England. Many a Danish mother had to  
mourn the effects of his prowess—many a  
Danish maiden had strained her eyes over  
the whitened shore expecting the return of  
her lover whom the swords of Edrick's fol-  
lowers had laid low in the dust. Deeds of  
honor had gained Edrick the love of his king;  
and the waptakes of Sussex were given  
him to roign over, as some recompense for  
the many leagues of land he had caused the  
Danes to relinquish. His bosom was raised  
high in exultation, on finding himself Lord  
of so good a territory lost by his father's dis-  
loyalty to Athelstan, but redeemed by him-  
self on a return to his allegiance.

The hall of audience was extensive to the  
gaze: it was built in all the majesty of feo-  
dal time—it rose in ample grandeur—sim-  
ple and undorned, save by the waving tro-  
phy, the hauberk, or the cuirass, inter-  
mingled with the crossbow or the glittering  
spear. Looks of festive joy beamed in ev-  
ery visage, the wassail bowl passed off, and  
returned, till Duke Edrick called on the  
minstrel. All then was hushed, as the re-  
tiring wave from the distant shore, while  
the hoary bard sung of deeds of valor and  
of wisdom, achieved by England's Solon. In  
the midst of a crowd of warriors, shone like  
a brilliant star, Duke Edrick's daughter, on  
whom her father doted, and considered as  
the step ladder to his ambition, and in pros-  
pect as a share of his monarch's bed. Im-  
ma's form was the most beautiful that can  
be imagined; she was fair as marble—her  
eyes were of a celestial blue, lighting a face  
full of the most tender, bewitching, and ex-  
pressive languishment—her cheeks were  
fresh tinted by rose blossoms; but her lips  
and teeth were such as a painter might at-  
tempt to imitate, but could never realize.  
Her hair, of clear flaxen, unadorned and  
unrestrained, strayed over her fine and falling  
shoulders; she bent forward to the bard's  
notes, as if in admiration of his theme, but  
the harper's strains were far from occupying  
her thoughts. Unhappy girl! she was  
dwelling on those which told her misery  
must ever be her portion, and how much  
more she thought her fate was to be lament-  
ed than that of any other damsel. The lay  
finished, and she regained her seat, the car-  
ol again commenced, and Duke Edrick  
roused his daughter from a vacancy by a loud  
and deep reproach. He demanded, why  
she alone joined not in the general joy, on  
beholding him in the hall of his ancestors?  
Imma essayed to speak, but her words were  
inarticulate; she burst into tears, happily  
unperceived by her father. Again the bard  
was inspired—he struck a prelude that en-  
chanted all; they seized their arms, in rap-  
ture, as for the combat, but each tongue was  
silent, and all was hushed save the repressed  
clank of armor, as the Knights regained  
their seats. The hoary musician's cheek  
was flushed with a hectic flush; a holy in-  
spiration gave a fire to his eye; and while  
his fingers struck the chords of his harp, he  
sang the praise of Imma—

"Fair as chaste, as chaste as fair."

At such a congratulation, she rose in vir-  
gin diffidence, and thanked him, though in  
a voice choked with sob; and, overcome  
by the praises of her father, she cast her eyes  
fearlessly around the hall, and sunk sense-  
less into his arms. While the stern Edrick  
was chiding her, and the timid Imma was  
ascribing the acuteness of her feelings to  
some ominous cause, (which, in those days  
of superstition, haunted, occasionally, the

strongest mind,) a confusion of sounds a-  
rose from that part of the hall from which  
Imma had withdrawn her sight, it broke out  
as though the foe had had them in his toils.  
As the smoke of battle rolls on in destruc-  
tion—as the dust of the war horse approach-  
es nearer and nearer still—so came the  
sounds of discontent to Duke Edrick's seat.  
"I heed thee not," exclaimed Lord Hilde-  
brande, in a voice above the din; "I tell thee  
to thy teeth, and I'll tell it to all who'll hear,  
Duke Edrick is deceived, and Imma is no  
longer chaste as fair—she is a wanton!"

At such a charge, again were murmurs  
loud and deep; they poured through the  
hall of audience. A hundred helmets shook,  
a hundred swords left their scabbards, but  
Lord Hildebrande again exclaimed aloud,  
"By the Holy Ghost she's false; Imma has  
disgraced her sex;" "Proud Hildebrande,  
thou liest," exclaimed Child Edmund: the  
storm of passion shook his heaving frame—  
he snatched off his greave, it whirled in the  
air, and struck the accuser of Imma, who  
took the pledge, and demanding the ordeal,  
swore to prove the charge. The allrighted  
Imma now raised herself in conscious inno-  
cence; she indignantly threw back those  
tresses which would have hid her face; she  
would have defended, with an undaunted eye,  
her character, but she met a father's reprobation.  
Full look; a chilly paleness overspread her  
face, she bent like a lily in a storm into the  
arms of Child Edmund.

When Lady Imma awoke from her trance  
every thing bore a dreadful silence; in vain  
she attempted to raise herself from her couch,  
her limbs appeared paralyzed; she put her  
hand to her head, her brain was maddening;  
it was true, a refreshing breeze burst in upon  
her from the open casement, yet it tasted  
but a moment; a hotter glow succeeded, and  
threatened to check all respiration; she ga-  
zed wildly around her; she paused to think,  
but yet seemed fearful of re-calling remem-  
brance; she put her finger on the blood-  
bursting lids of her eyes, distended with fe-  
ver; she poured over, unconsciously, the  
stained painting, which the last rays of the  
setting sun emblazoned and reflected from  
the bay window; and a conviction of what  
was to happen dawning in her mind, she  
endeavored to shut out its reality; she shrunk  
into herself; a frightful slumber steeped her  
faculties in misery, and tortured her diseased  
imagination.

Such a charge as Lord Hildebrande's was  
not to be made with impunity. When the  
first storms of indignation were over, he was  
allowed to speak, as follows—"Returning  
last, on the eve of St. Francis, from a bor-  
der post, I entered a dingle in the forest;  
there I saw the Lady Imma rush into the  
arms of a man, who wore the scarf that now  
Child Edmund wears. I am not mad—I  
am Lord Edrick's friend; I pledge myself  
for the truth of what I now utter, and let her  
disloyal Knight defend her if he can. In  
saying this, each warrior slunk away, to see  
the decision by mutual consent.

Fearful that violent emotions might rack  
the bosom of the gentle Imma, Edmund left  
the hall to seek her; love is seldom accom-  
panied by prudence or he had never sought  
a secret interview. Now the Baron Edrick  
trembled with passion, and he swore, if guilty,  
to sacrifice both to his revenge. From the  
maidens of her house, Child Edmund  
learned Imma was in her chamber. As he  
was the cause of the indignity which Hilde-  
brande had offered her, he dared not subject  
her to another by entering the castle; he,  
therefore, saw her not, and becoming a prey  
to the acutest anguish, he wandered about  
the dwelling, unconscious where he bent his  
steps. Child Edmund, as he was called,  
had long loved the gentle Imma, and, ere she  
was aware, she returned his love; they fear-  
ed it was impossible they could ever be united,  
but there was such a luxury in even  
their cheered hopes, that they rather chose  
to encourage a mutual attachment, accom-  
panied with future misery, and to use that  
fortitude which teaches us to endure misfor-  
tune patiently. Child Edmund was merely  
the portree of Duke Edrick, and without a  
single quartering of nobility in his shield,  
had ever been viewed with contempt by  
Lord Hildebrande, as a protected vassal:  
this vassal had, however, been preferred to  
him, by the Lady Imma, and he swore to be  
his ruin, by bell, book, and candle.

Love, in those days, had no employment  
save to chide the time with sighs and excla-  
mations; for the life of a murderer was sac-  
red, on being proved able to read and  
write; their attainments were not presumed  
to be those of females; and a lady was de-  
clared a prodigy who was enabled, by her pen,  
to carry on a correspondence. No pert  
chamber maid was then the conveyor of a  
billet-doux. Thus Imma and Child Ed-  
mund were obliged to vent their complaints  
to the air, to themselves, or to inanimate  
things, without consolation, and without pi-  
ty. "My father," said the unfortunate Im-  
ma, "believes me guilty, but I am not, and  
Edmund knows I am innocent: and oh! my  
dear mother, look down from heaven, pity  
your poor child, and shield her from despair."

The following morning, Imma rose unre-  
freshed from her couch; she walked as one  
whose soul was fled, but whose body was  
doomed to wander in unconsciousness: it  
was yet but twilight, and the spear and the  
lance trembled in the cold air; soon the  
guards paraded in a quick step, on their

posts, and, at length, all was bustle and ani-  
mation. She had walked on the battlements  
and seating herself like the genius of sus-  
pense, her tresses spreading in the wanton  
air, she started at the sound of the bugle—  
the chain of the draw-bridge rattled—the  
portcullis rises, and a host of armed men  
pour from the keep, and form a procession.  
Child Edmund is preceded by a page, who  
bears his favor of azure blue; the lover gazes  
towards the castle—he seems to breathe a  
sigh towards her; a train accompanies him  
and Lord Hildebrande, who, seated on a  
white charger, seems conscious of victory;  
they are followed by the herald at arms.

This appearance of knightly combat dar-  
kens her vision—"He is going," she cries,  
"to sacrifice himself!—and for me;" she ut-  
tered a scream, and fell, unheeded, on the  
terrace. Ill fated maid! thy sufferings are,  
indeed, acute: If this be the punishment of  
presumed guilt, what ought that to be of  
conscious depravity? They had met, it is  
true, clandestinely, but angels might have  
been present at the interview; they met but  
to breathe sighs of constancy, and to indulge  
in mutual sorrows, dearer to them than all  
the joyous hours of mirth. On returning to  
a sense of feeling, she crawled to her cham-  
ber, revived by the blood which flowed from  
the wound she had met with in falling; the  
cut she received in her temple was healed  
by a domestic, but the wounded heart re-  
jected all mortal medicine; and her attend-  
ants, apprehensive of her fading reason,  
were fain to let her pursue her inclination.

To paint the agonies of suspense, during a  
recount in which was engaged all she loved,  
is impossible—it was indeed intense. At  
length the sound of music proclaimed all  
was over—that the dreadful truth must soon  
be known. They play a mournful theme,  
and she rushes forward to behold the cause.  
The procession is only to be seen ever and  
anon in the distance, now lost among the  
hills, and now again emerging nearer sight.  
On a carriage she at length perceives the  
stiffened corpse of some one. Oh! the vir-  
gin, the blue scarf is wrapt round his body.  
An hysterical laugh burst from her, as she  
truns to meet it; it is not her lover's form  
she would clasp, but with wounds staunch-  
ed by the trophy of love, Lord Hildebrande's,  
a victim to his own evil passions, who, dying,  
confessed the guilty associations of childhood.  
Even this would not have procured the con-  
sent of Lord Edrick, to give his daughter to  
Child Edmund, had he not received letters  
from his King, inviting him to his marriage  
banquet, and declaring Edmund his relative.  
Child Edmund then, by royal command,  
wedded the lovely Imma: the bard's song  
was once more heard in the hall, and the  
foeman spoiled not their delight.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.—Joe L. is a  
wag in his own way, and is always reeling  
off the odd end of some amusing yarn or oth-  
er. Joe earns his bread by vending drops  
of "creature comfort," or in other words, he  
keeps a small grocery store. A short time  
since we called at Joe's store to taste some  
of his "new invented, double distilled Bu-  
rumpooter Lemonade," when, after express-  
ing our admiration of its flavor, he amused  
us with the following fact: "One hot day  
last summer," said Joe, thrusting his hands  
into his breeches pockets and giving his  
right eye a leeward lurch, while his left  
looked straight forward, as if to attend to  
all the business of his shop at once, "a cou-  
ple of good looking chaps, but rather hard  
favored, and dry withal, whom I knew to be  
influential members of a Temperance So-  
ciety, in a neighboring town, called in to  
moisten their tongues with my Burumpooter.  
Egad! says I to myself, I'll try your  
judgment touching matters of a spiritual na-  
ture; so I added a gill of clear Brandy to  
the dose, which they swallowed with enor-  
mous satisfaction. About half an hour af-  
ter, in came one of my gentlemen, puffing  
and blowing like a Gulf Stream Porpoise,  
and sweating like M. Chabert after an oven  
experiment. I dodged behind a cotton bale  
expecting to have my brains beat out for  
the trick. I was not a little relieved to hear  
my temperate friend in a voice in which I  
could distinguish the rich quaver of his for-  
mer potion, eagerly demanding another glass  
of my Lemonade, and "be careful," says he  
"to fix it just as you did the other, for that  
quinted my throat most prodigiously!"—  
Dover, (N. H.) Gazette.

A citizen being once in a large company,  
where the conversation turned on the differ-  
ent kinds of grain, said he had been so much  
confining to his counter in Cheapside, that  
he had never got an ear of eye in his life.  
"Indeed, sir," said a young lady that was  
present, "your ignorance is uncommon, but  
my name is Rye, and you may now if you  
please, behold an ear of Rye." The citi-  
zen immediately arose, and laying hold of  
one of her ears, gave it a smart pinch, and  
looking at her at the same time, added,  
"and now, Miss, you have a wry face too."

In Italy, when they make processions to  
procure rain, and a tempest and deluge fol-  
lows, they say, that when Domido is good,  
he is too good. A Venetian, once trying  
to mount his horse, prayed to our lady to  
assist him, and making a vigorous spring,  
fell on the other side. Getting up and wi-  
ping his clothes, he said, "Truly, our lady  
has assisted me too much."

## TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

### LETTER OF MR. WIRT ON THE SUB- JECT OF INTemperance.

On the 14th ult, the Baltimore Temperance  
Societies held their anniversaries in the First Pres-  
byterian Church of that city. Mr. Wirt was ex-  
pected to deliver an address on the occasion, but  
was prevented doing so by an attack of the influ-  
enza. He however addressed the following inte-  
resting and eloquent letter, written after he was  
attacked by the disease which threatened to prove  
fatal to his life, to one of the members of the meet-  
ing, giving his reasons for being absent:

BALTIMORE, Wednesday Morn-  
ing, December 14th, 1831.  
To the Rev. Mr. Nevins.

My Dear Sir—I had hoped that I was  
about to escape the prevailing influenza, but  
I find my health so much impaired by it, this  
morning, that it will not be in my power  
to attend the temperance meeting of this  
evening, as I proposed to have done. In  
this and in all things, "His will be done,  
His holy will, however it cross my own." I  
should have been glad to have been per-  
mitted to bear my humble testimony in the  
cause of temperance. I have been for  
more than forty years a close observer of  
life and manners, in various parts of the U.  
States, and I know not the evil that will  
bear a moment's comparison with intem-  
perance. It is no exaggeration to say, as has  
been often said, that this single cause, has  
produced more vice, crime, poverty and  
wretchedness in every form, domestic and  
social, than all the other ills that scourge us,  
combined. In truth, it is scarcely possible  
to meet with misery, in any shape, in this  
country, which will not be found on exami-  
nation to have proceeded, directly or indirect-  
ly, from the excessive use of ardent spirits.  
Want is one of its immediate consequences.  
The sad spectacle of starving and destitute  
families, and of ignorant, half-naked, vicious  
children, ought never to be presented in a  
country like this, where the demand for la-  
bor is constant, the field unlimited, the sources  
of supply inexhaustible; and where there is  
none to make us afraid, if it never would  
be presented, or very rarely, indeed, were  
it not for the desolation brought upon fami-  
lies, by the general use of this deadly poison.  
It paralyzes the arm, the brain, the heart.  
All the best affections, all the energies of the  
mind wither under its influence. The man  
becomes a maniac and is locked up in a hos-  
pital, or imprisons his hands in the blood of  
his wife and children, and is sent to the gal-  
lows or doomed to the penitentiary, or, if  
he escapes these consequences, he becomes  
a walking pestilence on the earth, miser-  
able in himself and loathsome to all who be-  
hold him. How often do we see too, whole  
families contaminated by the vicious ex-  
ample of the parent—husbands, wives, daugh-  
ters and sons all drunkards and furies; some-  
times wives murdering their husbands, at  
others, husbands their wives, and worst of  
all, if worst can be in such a group of horrors  
children murdering their parents. But I  
low this grade of crime, how much is there  
of unseem and untold misery throughout our  
otherwise happy land, proceeding from this  
fatal cause alone.

I am persuaded that if we could have a  
statistical survey and report of the affairs of  
unhappy families and individuals, with the  
causes of their misery, annexed, we should  
find nine cases out of ten, if not in still great-  
er proportion, resulting from ardent spirits  
alone. With this conviction, which seems  
to have become universal among reflecting  
men, the apathy shown to the continuance  
of the evil can only be ascribed to the cir-  
cumstances that the mischief though verbal-  
ly admitted, is not seen and felt in all its  
enormity. If some fatal plague, of a conta-  
gious character, were imported into our  
country and had commenced its ravages in  
our cities, we should see the most prompt  
and vigorous measures at once adopted to  
repress and extinguish it; but what are the  
most fearful plagues that ever carried death  
and havoc in their train through the eastern  
countries, compared with this? They are  
only occasional, this is perennial. They are  
confined by climates or place; this malady  
is of all climates and all times and places.  
They kill the body at once, this consumes  
both body and soul by a lingering and dread-  
ful death, involving the dearest connexions  
in the vortex of ruin. What parent, how-  
ever exemplary himself, can ever feel that  
his son is safe, while this living fountain of  
poison is within his reach. God grant that  
it may soon become a fountain sealed, in our  
country at least. What a relief, what a de-  
lightful relief would it be to turn from the  
awful and horrid past, to the pure, peaceful,  
and happy future! to see the springs of life  
and feeling and intelligence renewed on ev-  
ery hand; health, industry and prosperity  
glowing around us; the altars of domestic  
peace and love rekindled in every family;  
and the religion of the Saviour presented  
with a fair field for its celestial action.

The progress already made by our tem-  
perance societies in advancing this golden  
age, proves them to be of a divine origin.  
May the Almighty crown his own work with  
full and speedy success.

I remain, dear sir,  
Respectfully and truly yours,  
WM. WIRT.