

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6--NO. 32.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 292.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEMOCRATIC ANTI MASONIC STATE CONVENTION.

To meet at Harrisburg on Monday the 14th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

In obedience to the direction of the Democratic Anti-Masonic State Convention of the 24th of March last, we do hereby respectfully recommend a Democratic Anti-Masonic State Convention to meet in the Court-house at Harrisburg, on Monday the 14th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M. to elect Delegates to the National Convention—to select Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, if deemed advisable, and to propose and concert, with the Anti-Masonic party of other States, the time and place of holding a National Convention; and also to adopt such other measures as shall be deemed best for the promotion of the cause of Anti-Masonry and the general welfare.

For the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention, not exceeding in number the Representatives in both Houses of the General Assembly, the respective Anti-Masonic County Committees are requested to call, at an early day, County Conventions, or, if preferred, County Meetings, of the Democratic citizens opposed to Free-Masonry and all other Secret Societies.

JOSEPH W. HARRIS,
SAMUEL SHOUSE,
JOHN H. EWING,
CHESTEL BUTLER.

Harrisburg, Oct. 21, 1835.

COUNTY MEETING.

IN accordance with the recommendation of the State Central Committee, the Democratic Anti-Masonic Republican Citizens of Adams County who are opposed to Free-Masonry and all other Secret Societies, are requested to meet in

COUNTY MEETING,
at the Court-house in the Borough of Gettysburg,
On Monday Evening the 23d of November next,

for the purpose of electing THREE DELEGATES, to represent Adams County in a State Convention, to be held at Harrisburg, on the 14th day of December next, to elect Delegates to the National Convention—to select Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, if deemed advisable—and for other purposes.

Daniel M. Snyser, Geo. L. Faus, Robert Smith, J. J. Neely, Wm. McClean, Allen Robinette, J. D. Paxton, M. D. G. Pfeiffer, R. McHenry,

County Committee.

October 26, 1835.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

TEACHERS take notice, that the Board of School Directors for Straban township, will meet at the house of Abraham King, Esq. in Hunterstown on Saturday the 21st of November next, to receive Proposals and employ TEACHERS for the Winter season. Male Teachers are respectfully invited to attend.

By Order,
ROBERT McLENNY, Sec'y.

Oct. 26, 1835. tm-30

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers at Private Sale, SIX OUT-LOTS of Land in the Borough of Gettysburg and near thereto. They are under good fence and well improved.

WALTER SMITH.

October 26, 1835. tf-30

PUBLIC SALE.

THE Subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at the house of Henry Rex, in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa. on Saturday the 28th of November next, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

Three Lots of Timberland; One of which is about half a mile from Wolf's tavern, adjoining lands of George J. Hartzell, John Rex and others—containing 8 Acres, more or less.

The second, about half a mile from Happee's tavern, adjoining lands of John Crum, Henry Peter and others, containing 5 Acres, more or less.

The third, about two miles from Happee's, adjoining lands of Geo. Plank, Philip Long and others—containing 12 Acres more or less.

All Patented Land—late the Estate of DANIEL REX, deceased.

Persons wishing to view the property can be shown the same by calling on Henry Rex, or the subscriber.

Terms made known on the day of Sale, by WILLIAM REX, Esq'r.

October 26, 1835. ts-30

CABINET WAREHOUSE,
Chambersburg Street.

Where there is constantly on hand A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

FURNITURE,
Ready for purchasers, for Cash or Produce.

Orders for COFFINS punctually attended to.

DAVID HEAGY.

Gettysburg, Oct. 21, 1835. tf-29

GETTYSBURG TROOP,
ATTENTION!

YOU are ordered to parade at the Two Taverns, on Saturday the 14th of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. provided with ammunition, and accoutrements in good order.

F. DEHILL, Capt.

October 26, 1835. tp-30

BLANK VENDOR NOTES
For Sale at this Office.

HIDES, OIL AND LEATHER.

William W. Abbott and Robert Rechee,

under the firm of
ABBOTT AND CO.
return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public, for the very liberal patronage they have received, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same at their well known

Hide, Oil and Leather Store,
No. 97, Chesnut Street,
Next door to the Bank of North America,
PHILADELPHIA.

They have now on hand a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanner's Oil, Leather, Tools, &c. &c. &c.

3500 La Plata Hides,
3000 Chili do.
1200 Rio Grande do.
800 La Guayra do.
750 Pernambuco do.
1500 light Southern do. for Upper Leather.

2700 Heavy Green Salted and Dried Patna Kips for upper Leather—100 Barrels best Straits and Bank Oil, all of which they will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

N. B. A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. LEATHER wanted, for which the highest market price will be given, in Cash, or in exchange for Hides, Oil, &c.

ABBOTT & CO.
No. 97, Chesnut Street.
Philadelphia, 9th mo. 7, 1835. 3ms-23

HIDES, OIL & LEATHER.

THE Subscribers, at their Old Stand, No. 88, Chesnut Street, three doors below 3d Street, have for Sale a large assortment of

**SPANISH HIDES,
TANNER'S OIL AND
LEATHER—viz:**

3500 La Plata Hides
1200 Chili do.
1000 Rio Grande do.
700 La Guayra do.
600 Green Salted do.
B. Ayres do.
500 Pernambuco do.
500 Light St. Domingo Hides.
2000 Heavy Green Salted Patna Kips for Upper Leather.
2500 dry Patna.
100 Barrels of Straits and Bank Oil.

The highest price will be given for Leather, in cash, or in exchange for Hides.

JOSEPH HOWELL, & CO.
Philadelphia, 9th mo. 7, 1835. 6ms-23

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. DANIEL DURKEE, Esq. President of the several Courts of Common Pleas, in the Counties composing the Ninth District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District—and DANIEL SHEFFER and Wm. McCLEAN, Esqrs. Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Adams—have issued their precept, bearing date the 25th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Gettysburg, on Monday the 23d day of November next—

Notice is hereby given,
To all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner, and Constables, within the said County of Adams, that they be then and there, in their proper persons, with their Rolls, Records, Inquisitions, Examinations, and other Remembrances, to do those things, which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are, or then shall be, in the Jail of the said County of Adams, are to be then and there, to prosecute against them as shall be just.

JAMES BELL, Jr. Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, }
Oct. 19, 1835. } tc-29

NOTICE.
THE Account of GEORGE DEARDORFF and JOHN WOLFORD. Assignees of AMOS GREIST, of Latimore township, is filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Adams county, and will be presented at the next Court to be held for said County, on the 4th Monday of November next, for confirmation and allowance.

G. ZIEGLER, Proth'y.
October 26, 1835. tc-30

NOTICE.
THE Account of JOHN WOLFORD, Assignee of WM. UNDERWOOD, of Latimore township, is filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Adams county, and will be presented at the next Court to be held for said County, on the 4th Monday of November next, for confirmation and allowance.

G. ZIEGLER, Proth'y.
October 26, 1835. tc-30

THE LADY'S BOOK,
Published at Three Dollars per Annum,
A Repository for Music, Engraving, Wood Cuts, Poetry, and Prose,
BY L. A. CODEY,
Athenian Building, Franklin Place, Philadelphia

THE GARLAND.

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

DREAMS.—BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Revere thyself—for thou art wonderful
Even in thy passiveness. Hail, heir of Heaven,
Immortal mind!—that when the body sleeps,
Doth roam with unscold'd eye, and tireless wing,
Where memory hath no chart, and reason finds
No pole-star for her compass. Guest-divine—
Our earthly nature bows itself to thee—
Putting its ear of clay unto the sigh
Of thy disturbed vision, if perchance
It gain some whisper of thy glorious birth
Or deathless heritage.

How sweet are dreams
To those whom waking life hath sated
With dull monotony! 'Tis sweet when day
Hath been a weariness, and evening's hand,
Like some lean miser, greedily doth clutch
The flowers that morning gave us, to lie down
And breathe a fragrance that they never knew—
Pressing our fingers to the thornless rose
That springs where'er we tread. 'Tis very sweet
To turn from stern reality, who sits
Like some starch helmsman, and precise and old
And sheer intolerant—and with the spell
Of radiant fancy, rove unblam'd and wild,
And limitless. When niggard fortune gives
A stony pillow—like the patriarch's bed,
Who slept at Bethel—gentle dreams do plant
An airy ladder for the Angel's feet,
Making that hard couch like the gate of Heaven,
They feed us on ambrosia—till we loathe
Our foodless bread.

To traverse all our life
Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby—
To hear uncertain music—to plunge deep
In seas of bliss—to make the tyrant grave
Unlock its treasure-valve, and yield the form
Whose loss we weep, back to our glad embrace—
To wear the tomb's damp drapery, yet to live—
To catch from Heaven a glimpse of streets of gold,
A sound of harpings, and a gleam of wings,
Forever glancing o'er the ethereal way—
These are the gifts of dreams, and we would speak
Most reverently of their strange ministry.

—Life is but a dream! Awake! awake!
Cast off the truce of slumber, and loose the cloud
Which keens, undazzled eye, above the cloud
That canopies man's hopes. Hear ye the voice
Of Deity, that 'mid man's hour of sleep,
In the still bosom of his drowsy dreams,
Searcheth such witness of the wondering soul,
As breath'd o'er Jordan's wave—"BENJAMIN MY SON!"

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[No. XX.]

JAPHET,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

I had time to reflect on my imprudence. The countenance of Melchior when he left me, was that of a demon. Something told me to prepare for death; and I was not wrong. The next day Melchior came not, nor the next; my provisions were all gone. I had nothing but a little wine and water left. The idea struck me that I was to die of starvation. Was there no means of escape? None; I had no weapon, no tool, not even a knife. I had expended all my candles. At last it occurred to me, that, although I was in a cellar, my voice might be heard, and I resolved, as a last effort, to attempt it. I went to the door of the cellar, and shouted at the top of my lungs, "Murder—murder!" I shouted again and again as loud as I could, until I was exhausted. As it afterwards appeared, this plan did prevent my being starved to death, for such was Melchior's villainous intention. About an hour afterwards I repeated my cries of "Murder—murder!" and they were heard by the household, who stated to Melchior, that there was some one shouting murder in the vaults below. That night, and all the next day, I repeated my cries occasionally. I was now quite exhausted, I had been nearly two days without food, and my woe and water had all been drunk. I sat down with a parched mouth and heated brain, waiting till I could sufficiently recover my voice to repeat my cries, when I heard footsteps approaching. The key was again turned in the door, and a light appeared, carried by one of two men, armed with large sledge hammers.

"It is then all over with me," cried I; "and I never shall find out who is my father—Come on, murderers, and do your work. Do it quickly!"

The two men advanced without speaking a word; the foremost who carried the lantern, laid it down at his feet, and raised his hammer with both hands, when the other behind him raised his weapon—and the foremost fell dead at his feet.

"Silence," said a voice that I well knew, although his face was completely disguised. It was Timothy! "Silence, Japhet," again whispered Timothy; "there is yet much danger, but I will save you, or die. Take the hammer. Melchior is waiting outside." Timothy put the lantern in the bin, so as to render it more dark and led me towards the door, whispering, when he comes in, we will secure him."

Melchior soon made his appearance, and as he entered the cellar, "Is it all right?" said he, going up to Timothy, and passing me.

With one blow I felled him to the ground, and he lay insensible. "That will do," replied Timothy, "now we must be off."

"Not till he takes my place," replied I, as I shut the door, and locked it. "Now he may learn what it is to strave to death."

I then followed Timothy, by a passage which led outside of the castle, through which he and his companion had been admitted. "Our horses are close by," said Timothy; "for we stipulated upon leaving the country after it was done."

It was just dark when we were safe out of the castle. We mounted our horses, and set off with all speed. We followed the high road to the post town to which I had been conveyed, and I determined to pull up at Mrs. M'Shane's for I was so exhausted that I could go no further. This was a measure which required precaution, and as there was moonlight, I turned off the road before I entered the town, or village, as it ought to have been called, so that we dismounted at the back of Mrs. M'Shane's

house. I went to the window of the bedroom where I had lain down, and tapped gently, again and again, and got no answer. At last Kathleen made her appearance.

"Can I come in, Kathleen?" said I; "I am almost dead with fatigue and exhaustion."

"Yes," replied she, "I will open the back-door; there is no one here to-night—it is too early for them."

I entered, followed by Timothy, and as I stepped over the threshold I fainted. As soon as I recovered, Mrs. M'Shane led me up stairs into her room for security, and I was soon able to take the refreshment I so much required. I stated what had passed to Mrs. M'Shane and Kathleen, who were much shocked at the account.

"You had better wait till it is late before you go on," said Mrs. M'Shane, "it will be more safe; it is now nine o'clock, and the people will all be moving till eleven. I will give your horses some corn, and when you are five miles from here, you may consider yourselves as safe. Holy saint! what an escape!"

The advice was too good not to be followed, and I was so exhausted, that I was glad that prudence was on the side of repose. I lay down on Mrs. M'Shane's bed, while Timothy watched over me. I had a short slumber, and then was awakened by the good landlady, who told me that it was time for us to quit. Kathleen then came up to me and said, "I would ask a favour of you, sir, and I hope you will not refuse it."

"Kathleen, you may ask any thing of me, and depend upon it, I will not refuse it, if I can grant it."

"Then, sir," replied the good girl, "you know how I overcame my feelings to serve you, will you overcome yours for me? I cannot bear the idea that any one, bad as he may be, of the family who have reared me, should perish in so miserable a manner; and I cannot bear that any man, bad as he is, even if I did not feel obliged to him, should die so full of guilt, and without absolution. Will you let me have the key, that Sir Henry de Clare may be released after you are safe and away? I know he does not deserve any kindness from you; but it is a horrid death, and a horrid thing to die so loaded with crime."

"Kathleen," replied I, "I will keep my word with you. Here is the key; take it up to-morrow morning, and give it to Lady de Clare; tell her Japhet Newland sent it." "I will, and God bless you sir."

"Good bye, sir," said Mrs. M'Shane, "you have no time to lose."

"God bless you, sir," said Kathleen, who now put her arms round me and kissed me. We mounted our horses and set off.

We pressed our horses, or rather ponies, for they were very small, till we had gained about six miles, when we considered that we were comparatively speaking safe, and then drew up, to allow them to recover their wind. I was very much exhausted myself, and hardly spoke one word until we arrived at the next post town, where we found every body in bed. We contrived, however, to knock them up, and Timothy having seen that our horses were put into the stable, we lay down till the next morning, upon a bed which happened to be unoccupied. Sorry as were the accommodations, I never slept so soundly, and woke quite refreshed. The next morning I stated my intention of posting to Dublin, and asked Tim what we should do with the horses.

"They belong to the castle," replied he. "Then in God's name, let the castle have them, for I wish for nothing from that horrid place."

We stated to the landlord that the horses were to be sent back, and that the man who took them would be paid for his trouble; and then it occurred to me, that it would be a good opportunity of writing to Melchior, alias Sir Henry. I do not know why, but certainly my animosity against him had subsided, and I did not think of taking legal measures against him. I thought it, however, right to frighten him. I wrote, therefore, as follows:—

SIR HENRY,—I send you back your horses with thanks, as they have enabled Timothy and me to escape from your clutches. Your reputation and your life are in my power. How far you may be safe at the castle, surrounded by your adherents, I know not; but if you or M'Dermott, whom I shall include in the warrant—being able to prove him an accessory—venture to leave your present security, you will be immediately apprehended; and, as the fact of your intended murder is fully proved by my friend Timothy, who was employed by you in disguise, and accompanied your gypsy, you cannot escape the sentence of the law. Prepare yourself, then, for the worst, as it is not my intention that you shall escape the disgraceful punishment due to your crimes. Yours,

JAPHET NEWLAND.

Having sealed this, and given it to the lad who was to return with the horses, we finished our breakfast, and took a postchaise on for Dublin, where we arrived late in the evening. During our journey I requested Timothy to narrate what had passed, and by what fortunate chance he had been able to come so opportunely to my rescue.

"If you recollect, Japhet," replied Timothy, "you had received one or two letters from me, relative to the movements of the gipsy, and stating his intention to carry off the little girl from the boarding-school. My last letter, in which I had informed you that he had succeeded in gaining an entrance into the ladies' school at Brentford, could not have reached you, as I found by your note that you had set off the same

evening. The gipsy, whom I only knew by the name of Will, enquired of me the name by which the little girl was known, and my answer was Smith; as I took it for granted that in a large seminary there must be one, if not more, of that name. Acting upon this, he made enquiries of the maid servant to whom he paid his addresses, and made very handsome presents, if there was a Miss Smith in the school; she replied, that there were two, one a young lady of sixteen, and the other about twelve years old. Of course the one selected was the younger. Will had seen me in my livery, and his plan was to obtain a similar one, hire a chariot, and go down to Brentford, with a request that Miss Smith might be sent up with him immediately, as you were so ill that you were not expected to live; but precious to his taking this step, he wrote to Melchior, requesting his orders as to how he was to proceed when he had discovered that you were in Ireland, and intended to visit him; perhaps he had you in confinement, for I do not know how long you were there, but the answer desired Will to come over immediately, as there would be in all probability work for him, that would be well paid for. He had now become so intimate with me, that he disguised nothing; he showed me the letter, and I asked him what it meant; he replied that there was somebody to put out of the way, that was clear. It immediately struck me, that you must be the person if such was the case, and I volunteered to go with him, to which, after some difficulty, he consented. We traveled outside the mail, and in four days we arrived at the castle. Will went up to Melchior, who told him what it was that he required. Will consented, and then stated he had another hand with him, which might be necessary, vouching for my doing any thing that was required. Melchior sent for me; and I certainly was afraid that he would discover me, but my disguise was too good. I had prepared for it still further, by wearing a wig of light hair; he asked me some questions, and I replied in a surly, dogged tone, which satisfied him. The reward was two hundred pounds, to be shared between us; and as it was considered advisable that we should not be seen after the affair was over, by the people about the place, we had the horses provided for us. The rest you well know. I was willing to make sure that it was you before I struck the scoundrel, and the first glimpse from the lantern, and your voice, convinced me. Thank God, Japhet, but I have been of some use to you at all events."

"My dear Tim, you have indeed, and you know me too well to think I shall ever forget it; but now I must first ascertain where the will of the late Sir William is to be found. We can read it for a shilling, and then I may discover what are the grounds of Melchior's conduct, for to me it is still inexplicable."

"Are wills made in Ireland registered here, or at doctors commons in London?"

"In Dublin, I should imagine."

But on my arrival at Dublin I felt so ill, that I was obliged to retire to bed, and before morning I was in a violent fever. Medical assistance was sent for, and I was nursed by Timothy with the greatest care, but it was ten days before I could quit my bed. For the first time, I was sitting in an easy chair by the fire, when Timothy came in with the little portmanteau I had left in the care of Mrs. M'Shane. "Open it, Timothy," said I, "and see if there is any thing in the way of a note from them. Timothy opened the portmanteau, and produced one which was lying on the top. It was from Kathleen, and as follows:—

DEAR SIR:—They say there is terrible work at the castle, and that Sir Henry has blown out his brains, or cut his throat, I don't know which. Mr. M'Dermott passed in a hurry, but said nothing to any body here. I will send you word of what has taken place as soon as I can. The morning after you went away, I walked up to the castle and gave the key to the lady, who appeared in a great fright at Sir Henry not having been seen for so long a while. They wished to detain me after they had found him in the cellar with the dead man, but after two hours I was desired to go away, and hold my tongue. It was after the horses went back that Sir Henry is said to have destroyed himself. I went up to the castle, but M'Dermott had given orders for no one to be let in on any account. Yours,

KATHLEEN M'SHANE.

"This is news indeed," said I, handing the letter to Timothy. "It must have been my threatening letter which has driven him to this mad act."

"Very likely," replied Timothy; "but it was the best thing the scoundrel could do, after all."

"The letter was not, however written with that intention. I wished to frighten him and to have justice done to little Fleta—poor child! how glad I shall be to see her."

The next day the newspapers contained a paragraph, in which Sir Henry de Clare was stated to have committed suicide. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, was the winding up of the intelligence. I also received another letter from Kathleen M'Shane, confirming the previous accounts; her mother had been sent for to assist in laying out the body. There was now no further doubt, and so soon as I could venture out, I hastened to the proper office, where I read the will of the late Sir William. It was very short, merely disposing of his personal property to his wife, and a few legacies; for, as I discovered, only a small portion of

the estates were entailed with the title, and the remainder was not only to the heir male, but the eldest female, should there be no male heir, with the proviso, that should she marry, the husband was to take upon himself the name of St. Clare. Here, then, was the mystery explained, and why Melchior had stolen away his brother's child. Satisfied with my discovery, I determined to leave for England immediately, find out the dowager Lady St. Clare, and put the whole case into the hands of Mr. Masterton. Fortunately, Timothy had been with him sufficient to pay all expenses, and take us to London, or I should have been obliged to wait for remittances, as mine was all expended before I arrived at Dublin. We arrived safe, and I immediately proceeded to my house, where I found Harcourt, who had been in great anxiety about me. The next morning I went to my old legal friend, to whom I communicated all that had happened.

"Well done, Newland," replied he, after I had finished. "I'll bet ten to one that you find out your father. Your life already would not make a bad novel. If you continue your hairbreadth adventures in this way, it will be quite amusing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

ADDRESS

Delivered before the Temperance Society of Fairfield, on the 7th of September, 1835,
BY SAMUEL SPRECHER.
[Concluded from our last.]

Our second inquiry is, how can we effectually promote it? While the mighty stream of intemperance—wave following wave, with 3000,000 victims, and annually plunging 30,000 into the gulph of ruin, is passing on;—whilst we hear at its source, the fears and anxieties of the found parent or the affectionate wife, expressed in reference to him who has just embarked—whilst we hear, on every side, along its bounding course, the mother's complaint, the orphan's cry, and the deafening curses of the despairing debauchee—whilst we behold its thousand tributaries pouring in their supplies from the region of moderate drinking: Where shall we attempt to raise a barrier? To what place does reason point as the scene of successful action? Does she direct us to buffet the mighty torrent or the insignificant rivulet? To dry up the stream or the fountain? Will you attempt by moral persuasion to reform the drunkard, or prevent the sober man from drinking? We adopt the latter. If you choose the former you must haste.

Behold your patient in the midst of the flood,
"On the dubious wave of error tost,"
His ship half foundered, and his compass lost,
Asleep and unconscious of the rapidity with which he moves. Haste to arouse him from his slumber of death. Reason eloquently of moral rectitude—and the fitness of things. Paint to him in all the glowing colors of fancy, the beauties of virtue. Talk of its blessings, its sublimity, and of the certainty of its leading to peace, to honor, to happiness, to all that ennobles the human character, or delights the human soul! Ah, vain trumpet of morality! Ah, foolish ostentation of philosophy! In vain, ye strike your tinkling cymbal and your sounding brass! He sleeps on, or if he waken, 'tis but to admit the truth of what you say, but preferring his slumber, nods again!

In the confirmed drunkard's stage of the evil is not the place for effectual effort, in the proposed reformation. Nearly all his moral energy is gone. And though temperance societies by use of means, appertaining exclusively to them, have rescued a comparatively small number from final ruin, yet the drunkard's case is almost hopeless. In other men there is still a conflict of the intellectual and moral powers against the appetites and passions; but in him, mind and conscience are smitten. Others have still retained from the original wreck of our nature, a few scattered fragments of human dignity and energy; but his soul is motionless and tideless as the eastern waters, barren and fruitless as the eastern deserts. The touch of moral death is upon him. And whilst the hated monster, whose loathsome folds are coiled about him, and whose foul breath is paralysing and blighting his soul, retains his hold, you plead in vain. No matter, in what varied or vivid colors you paint to him the dignity of his immortal nature—no matter, though you show him that he is destined to pass thro' all that is sublime and interesting in the blessedness, or awful or appalling in the wretchedness of an eternity that is to come;—you plead in vain. No matter though you could sum up and present all the motives, which truth and reason, God and man, heaven and hell afford, you plead in vain. Seldom could you lure him from wallowing in the mire of his own pollution—seldom could you induce him with heaven-erected face—with the consciousness of a soul swelling with the energies, and stamped with the impress of immortality—to arise and walk in the dignity of man.

"My dear young friend," exclaimed a drunkard, whom we once attempted to reprove, when, in the act of lifting the intoxicating cup, "let my fate warn you never to taste this delusive poison. I know, continued he, "that hell will once be my portion; but if I now stand upon the brink of my grave, I know not, that I could refrain from this drink;" and he swallowed it down.

The whole history of temperance affords one continued and accumulating evidence of the fact, that "to touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only radical and effective principle of reformation. Before us