

# 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

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[WHOLE NO. 313.]

### THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers earth'd,  
From various gardens call'd with care."

### THE MARRIED DAUGHTER.

From the NEW YORK MIRROR.  
We miss thee love, when twilight draws  
Her shadowy veil o'er earth;  
When all our happy children meet,  
To bleed their tones of mirth,  
And many a joyous spirit flings  
Its music on the air;  
Ah! then our sweetest, best beloved,  
Thy voice is wanting there.  
And when we speak of thee, a cloud  
Comes o'er every brow;  
We think of all thou wert to us  
And feel so lonely now.  
The treasured memories of the past  
Our hearts still linger o'er,  
And every day and every hour  
We miss thee more and more.  
The harp that to thy fairy touch  
Its thrilling music poured,  
Is silent now, as if the power  
Had fled from each full chord;  
And if the night breeze wandering by  
Draw forth a faint, low tone,  
Tears tremble in thy mother's eye—  
Weep for the absent one.  
Well—thou art happy, and we too  
Must soon be reconciled;  
Although 'tis very hard to give  
Away our darling child.  
But he is worthy of thy love  
Who claims thee for his own—  
And, dearest, he will cherish thee  
When we to rest have gone.

### THE REPOSITORY.

#### FROM THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.

#### LOVE LETTERS.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

There is always a good deal of hurry and bustle on board a ship upon its first arrival in port, and we hoped that, amidst the confusion of the disembarkment, and the greetings of persons known to each other, to escape an explanation until we could lodge our fair charge in the quietude of Mrs. Halliday's mansion. From the deck we entered the cuddy, where the greater number of the passengers were assembled; we learned, however, that Miss Montague was in her own cabin, which opened into it, and thither we proceeded, Mrs. Halliday leading the way, I following, and poor Carruthers, in an agony of apprehension, bringing up the rear. Miss Montague very naturally threw herself into Mrs. Halliday's arms, and as she happened to be a warm-hearted person, and most particularly interested in the demerit, she returned the embrace with great cordially. Upon raising her head the eyes of Amy encountered mine; she withdrew them with an air of disappointment, and then they rested upon Carruthers, whom she appeared to recognize in an instant, as the original of those miniatures which had long been her dearest companions. The affectionate look which she cast upon him reassured Godfrey, and in another instant he had clasped her to his heart, murmuring rather than speaking words of the fondest affection. Afraid to trust to an interchanging glance, Mrs. Halliday and I caught each other by the hand, and by a mutual squeeze avoided that burst of laughter which, under the circumstances of the case, would have been so highly indecorous. Amy speedily disengaged herself from her lover's arms, but it was very evident that she had not yet regained sufficient self-possession to detect the imposture. We hurried her on board the steamer, where the presence of so many persons and the consciousness of the close vicinity of her lover caused a degree of embarrassment, which prevented her from being in the full possession of all her discriminating faculties. Mrs. Halliday and myself according to our agreement, talked incessantly, for we were afraid of a premature betrayal by the strangeness of Godfrey's voice, and the absence of a thousand little peculiarities, which could not fail to be remembered by a woman who had known the late Carruthers from childhood. Our plan succeeded remarkably well, and it was not until we had got into the carriage, and were driving along the Chowringhee road, that Amy manifested any marks of surprise. The likeness to the miniatures, which she had regarded rather as memorials than resemblances of her lover, had produced the intended effect of familiarizing her with the features of his successor, and in the joy and agitation of the meeting she did not perceive that she had only recognised one of two images retained in her mind. Here certainly was the original of the miniatures, but not the Godfrey Carruthers to whom she had pledged her hand. The air of bowdlerism with which she regarded us all, alarmed my poor friend (ten thousand times deeper in love than ever), for the consequences. Amy had more than realised our warmest expectations, and the thought of losing her, at the moment in which he had hoped to reap the reward of his toil, was perfectly distracting. He had possessed himself of her hand, which he would not relinquish. Fortunately the carriage stopped, before she had time to make the inquiry which was evidently rising to her lips, and Godfrey leading her into an apartment, followed by Mrs. Halliday, whom he intreated in a whisper not to forsake him in his hour of need, screwed up his courage to the confession which he now saw was inevitable. I remained in the ante-room, awaiting the event, not without some perturbation of mind.

Placing her between Mrs. Halliday and myself upon a sofa, and still retaining her hand, Godfrey, in a faltering voice, entreated forgiveness for an act, to which he declared himself to have been driven by an irresistible impulse. At first, Amy did not comprehend that her former lover was the tenant of the grave. Starting up, she exclaimed, "Where then is Godfrey?" My poor friend remained silent, but Mrs. Halliday rising and embracing her, whispered, "There is no other Godfrey Carruthers; death has released you from an engagement which, believe me, could not have secured the happiness promised by that which, we

trust, you will now sanction." Motivated to the lover to withdraw, she related the whole story to Amy, who sat overwhelmed with astonishment, now indignation, and now melting into tenderness, as her new friend expatiated upon the excellence and devotion of the man who had so earnestly, though perchance unjustifiably, endeavoured to gain an interest in her bosom. She would not consent to see Carruthers again that day; but I was admitted, and assisted by Mrs. Halliday, I pleaded his cause so well, that she at length promised to receive him in the light of a friend.

This was all that Godfrey could gain; during a very considerable period. Amy's delicacy revolted at the idea of an immediate acceptance of a substitute for her deceased lover, even though she felt conscious of a strong predilection in his favor. She satisfied herself that the character and disposition of the young man, who had left England at too early an age to give more than a promise of excellence, had not realised the expectations of his friends, and that he had been irrevocably lost to her before death had terminated his career. Still, she could not persuade herself to so speedy a marriage with another, as that recommended by her new friends. Mrs. Halliday entered into and respected her feelings, and, offering her a home under her own roof for as long a period as she chose to accept it, Godfrey was obliged to content himself with the pleasure of seeing her every day. This indulgence the *innamorata* procured by a lucky appointment to a vacant post as aide-de-camp to the governor general, and as his woeing promised to have a prosperous finale, notwithstanding there were other suitors in the field, I took my leave of him and the fair Amy, convinced in my own mind that all would end well.

The time of the year being favorable to river travelling, I embarked in a budgerow, with a friend of a very different description, a personage much more familiar with fowling-pieces than with pens. Devoted to sport, nothing escaped him, from the huge alligators basking upon the sand-banks, to the delicate little avadavat, escaped from its bondage in the cage of some neighboring budgerow. He was the last man in the world whom I ever suspected would be likely to fall in love; but my old luck pursued me, and I was called upon, for the fiftieth time in my life, to aid and abet an affair of the heart. Upon our arrival at Berhampore, we received an invitation to remain for a few days at the house of a civilian. We found a very pleasant party assembled in this mansion, and amongst the number two disengaged ladies: one a widow, who had just thrown off her weeds, and now appeared in very becoming mourning; the other a spinster, and neither much more than twenty. The widow was pretty, but ignorant, uninformative and frivolous to the greatest degree; while her friend, a clever, vivacious, elegant, and well informed girl, boasted at least equal personal attractions. These ladies, though altogether unlike in mind and manners, were upon very intimate terms. Miss Granby's good nature inclined her to overlook the deficiencies of her associate, and Mrs. Fielding possessed at least sufficient sense to appreciate the superior excellencies of the companion with whom a happy chance had brought her into contact. Our time was passed in the usual manner; the ladies worked, read and played on the piano, during the morning; their fascinations soothing even Singleton's restlessness into temporary repose. In the evening we danced; and upon these occasions, out of pure good nature and unwillingness to spoil a quadrille, Mrs. Fielding was induced to stand up, though six weeks only had elapsed since she had followed her deceased husband to the grave, "like Niobe, all tears." We took leave of our friends, with considerable regret, but time pressed, Singleton having received a letter which obliged him to hasten his return to Calcutta.

We adjourned, therefore, to the boat, I expecting to renew our former way of life, and while roaming my studies in Sanscrit, to hear Singleton popping away at everything in the shape of fish, fowl, or fowl. I was, however, mistaken. He spent the chief part of his time in ruminating either pacing up and down the cabin, or reposing on a chair with his feet stretched across the table. At length, the mighty secret burst his lips—he was in love! I had suspected as much before, but was completely at fault respecting the object. In my observations through life, I have generally perceived that men who are not particularly gifted with talent take fascines to clever women, not by way of obtaining for themselves guides and counsellors, but to show that they have nothing to fear from the supposed superiority. Ignorance is so frequently presumptuous, that the most brilliant qualities in a sex which men have taught themselves to undervalue, seldom have the effect of dazzling and awing those individuals amongst the male portion of the community, who possess few advantages beyond the assumed right of vaunting a lordship over the creature. It is precisely the class who have the greatest reason either to dread, or to look up to, intellectual women, who are the most anxious for an alliance with them, because they never for an instant dream that they can be eclipsed; while, on the contrary, men who might justly be expected to prefer companionable women for wives, usually select the silliest individuals of their acquaintance, as if determined to endure no rival near the throne. In the present instance, however, a more appropriate choice had been made. Singleton, enamoured of Mrs. Fielding's flaxen curls and infantine manners, had seen little or nothing to admire in the dark ringlets and sprightly conversation of Miss Granby. As cruel fate condemned him to duty at a considerable distance from the object of his adoration, he was compelled to resort to epistolary communication, and earnestly entreated my co-operation. I referred him to the Universal Letter Writer, a very useful work, with which I discovered that he was intimately acquainted, for he gravely assured me that he should find nothing to suit him in its matter-of-fact pages. Feeling somewhat in king Cambyses' vein that morning, I sat down and indited a scroll which would not have been unworthy of Orontides, Telamones, or any lover of old. Having exhausted all my rhetorical powers, I

handed the epistle over to Singleton, in the expectation that it would afford him a hearty laugh.—I was, therefore, very considerably surprised to discover, that it was exactly the thing he wanted. The whole morning was employed in copying it out; and when we made the boat fast in the evening, he dispatched a chuprassy to the nearest post, being unwilling to lose a single hour in the delivery of this important missive. Not wishing to damp the ardour of a lover's hope, I forbore to mention my surmises, the conviction I entertained, that the letter would either be unnoticed or returned.

Neither of these catastrophes happened; for much to my surprise, it appeared that Singleton's calculations were more correct than mine; the epistle seemed to have been graciously received, and it was answered in the same extravagant style. The fair Lindamira, to the valiant paladin, Belianus of Greece, never expressed herself in more lofty terms. Singleton was enchanted, and reproaching me for the low estimate I had formed of Mrs. Fielding's mental powers, produced this document as a triumphant refutation of my calumnies. I could not tell him that my opinion of the lady's folly was confirmed by the favourable reception of the stuff which he had copied and the absurd reply it had elicited, and I found myself called upon to continue the correspondence in the same exaggerated strain. Nothing short of heroic could satisfy the inflated imagination of my friend, and so I continued to use Herod Herod in every succeeding epistle. There was no falling off in Mrs. Fielding's answers, and, at the end of six months, when a change in my appointment enabled me to attend the wedding of Godfrey Carruthers, I left Singleton at Berhampore, happy in the prospect of a speedy union with the fair widow.

I found Amy Montague perfectly reconciled to the change in her destiny, and too deeply attached to her betrothed, to regret the circumstances that had brought them together. Upon a calm review of all the bearings of the case, she considered herself fortunate in having escaped a union contemplated in the romance of seventeen with a man only two years older than herself. The Godfrey Carruthers, whom she had known as a fine, generous-hearted youth, had disappointed all the expectations of his friends, turning out a useless individual, incompetent to office of trust, and proving in his death a happy riddance to the service he had entered. To have met him so changed would have shocked her far more greatly than the encounter with a perfect stranger; and after the first surprise and indignation were over, she fully appreciated her new lover's good qualities, and could not help feeling touched by the romance which had tinted the whole adventure. Godfrey himself was the happiest of mankind; his sanguine spirit had scarcely experienced a single misgiving throughout, and though perhaps he would have been better pleased by an acceptance as frank as the offer, he could not help respecting the delicacy which demanded a probation.

Shortly after this marriage, I met Miss Granby at a ball at Government house, and claiming an acquaintance with her, I asked her to dance with me. In the course of our conversation, we naturally reverted to the pleasant days we had spent together at Berhampore, and of the happy consequences of that visit to Mr. and Mrs. Singleton, a couple who seemed expressly "formed to meet by nature." Miss Granby agreed with me that it was a very suitable match. "I hope," said she, "you saw the correspondence." I looked at her—she caught my glance with one of equal meaning, and both immediately burst into a laugh; her secret was revealed—we had been writing to each other! Finding the attempt at further concealment useless, Adelaide confessed that Mrs. Fielding had brought Singleton's letter to her in an ecstasy of admiration, but, despairing of being able to reply in a fitting manner, had entrusted her friend to take the pen in hand. The office was one which suited Miss Granby's delight in the ridiculous, and she flourished away in metaphor and trope with the greatest good will, determined that Singleton should never be able to accuse the fair widow of not entering into the beauties of his style. It was surprising that we did not suspect each other before; but, up to the moment in which our eyes met I had given Mrs. Fielding the credit, or the discredit, of the composition of her epistles, while Adelaide believed Singleton to be the author of his own. The discovery could not fail to lessen the distance between Miss Granby and myself; from mere acquaintance we could not help becoming confidants and friends. An opportunity offered of writing a note to her, to which she replied; when we met in the evening, it was impossible to resist some allusion to the style and subject of our former communications. I ventured to repeat a few passages; she replied, without at first perceiving to what these quotations might lead. Other notes and other conversations followed, until at length we both found ourselves involved in a correspondence and in an entanglement, from which, perhaps, neither wished to be extricated. Without being aware of it, I had fallen deeply in love; Adelaide also owned the soft impachment, and, wise as we flattered ourselves, we were obliged to confess that we owed our happiness to two of the silliest persons in the world. At Berhampore I had only regarded Miss Granby as a clever, elegant girl, who would do credit to any man's choice; while she had thought me an agreeable person, whom she would not be sorry to meet again. It is questionable whether the intercourse afforded in the ball-rooms of Calcutta would, to people of our peculiar temperament, have led to a more intimate acquaintance with each other's good qualities, had not a bond of union been established at once. I should, in all probability, have made my bow at the end of the first quadrille, leaving the lady to more presumptuous admirers; while she, in the next amusing partner which chance presented, would have forgotten the proposition formed in my favour. We received congratulatory letters from the Singletons, who, taking care never to show their epistles to each other, were still undeciphered re-

pecting those love effusions treasured up by both with the greatest care; and we, at least, have reason to bless that happy union, which "Speeds the soft intercourse from soul to soul, And waits a sigh from Ladus to the Pole."

Carruthers and his bride also remember with gratitude the deep debt which they owe to the establishment of a medium of communication between the absent; and to no six persons in the world have "LOVE LETTERS" ever proved more efficient friends, than those whose loves are recorded in the pages of this veritable history.

### VARIETY.

FROM THE NEW-YORKER.

**TO SPRING.**  
Hail, lovely Spring! that, if thou'rt done snowing—  
The awakening Earth, from her deep trance uprising,  
Her mantle green, an ermine robe disgarding,  
Finding the mirror-streams thro' dim woods stealing,  
Wherein she braids her vernal tresses kneeling—  
Drest in the livery of the stem Ice-King;  
Instead of roses sought but noses blowing.  
Vexed that the Hours no fairer tributes bring,  
Nor mossy alleys green by shady rill,  
Nor wild-wood notes those alleys green to fill,  
Nor banks of violets but snow-banks greeting—  
Her sweet eyes open, no wreaths but moss-wreaths meeting,  
She, solemnly sinking, snugly snoozes.

**JOE D'ESPANT:** Written by Wm. Bigelow, more than thirty years ago, when the First Consul of France had turned his attention to the cultivation of sugar from beet.  
"I've a substitute found," says Bonn. "No more  
Of your sugar will I taste the sweet."  
"Very well," says John Bull, "while I wash the cane,  
You're welcome enough to get beet!"

**GOING BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.**—An individual who was called upon to give in his testimony before the Legislature in regard to the late popular tumults in our city, being asked to state what he knew upon the subject, replied,  
"Why, seeing that we couldn't keep off the mob with our maces of peace, we, as a matter of course, went back to first principles."  
"First principles? and pray how was that?"  
"How? why we threw away our rolling pins, and took to bricksbats!"

**CLASSICAL.**—"Caesar! go catch my big horse there."  
"Yes, sir! What you call he name, sar?"  
"Olympus; don't you know what the poet says about 'high Olympus'?"  
"I don't know about Hio—but he limpus nuff—dats for sartin."

**NEWTON.**—Who would have supposed that Newton, the greatest of Philosophers, Bacon alone excepted, had a poetical fancy? And yet it is so, as the following observation of his evinces:  
"The Grain is God's bounty? but the  
Flowers are his smiles."  
How admirable! how beautiful! Worthy, indeed, is this of the discoverer of the attraction of gravitation.

**DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE AT FRANKFORT, KY.**—We learn from the Lexington Intelligencer, that the Arsenal, containing the public arms, at Frankfort, Ky. was discovered to be on fire about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. and such was the heat to which it had then arrived, and the rapid progress of the flames, that the building with its whole contents was destroyed. Not a sword, musket, cartridge box or trapping was saved. The origin of the fire had not been ascertained. It appears, however, that the hands had been engaged in cleaning the arms the day previous, and thence, it is probable, resulted the accident.

**DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE AT BRADFORD, PA.**—It is stated in the last Bradford Banner, that the Bridge across the North Branch of the Susquehanna River at Berwick, had been entirely swept away by the ice in the river at Towanda still remained firm; and that "from the vast quantity that has accumulated, and the immense body of snow on the ground, there is every reason to fear that the freshets which must necessarily occur very soon, will cause great destruction of property along the River."

The present Banking capital in Maine is \$3,765,000. A committee of the Legislature of that State have just reported in favor of increasing it to \$7,050,000.

**DAVY CROCKETT NOT DEAD.**—We are happy to state, on the authority of a letter from Tennessee, that the report of the death of the eccentric Davy Crockett, is not true. "He started (says the letter) on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains and then dropped down into Texas; but we expect him home early in the Spring."

**A SLANDERER.**—SENATOR YOUNG, of the New York Legislature, who threatened to introduce a bill providing that black lines should be drawn across the faces of certain members of the U. S. Senate, has been indicted by the grand jury of his County for slander.

The State of Louisiana contains upwards of 31,000,000 acres of land. Of this amount only about 5,000,000 are now in the hands of private individuals, leaving upwards of 26,000,000 still in the possession of the U. States.  
Of the amount unappropriated by individuals, 5,683,526 acres are surveyed and offered for sale. 5,055,040 surveyed and not yet offered for sale, leaving near 16,000,000 yet unsurveyed.

### TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

#### ADDRESS

Delivered on the 5th of March, 1836, before the Tom's Creek Temperance Society, near Emmitsburg, Md.  
By **Horris J. Jones.**

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**  
In compliance with your solicitation, I now appear before you to discharge the duty assigned me by your kind partiality; and be assured I deeply feel the arduousness and responsibility of the task—and whilst I attempt, in the feebleness of my ability, to discharge that duty, I humbly solicit your indulgence.

Inasmuch as it has been a subject of such frequent discussion, and that too by the mightiest Statesmen of our land, who have poured forth flashes of eloquence and ratiocination, for the suppression of that baneful, that blighting curse—**INTemperance**: the force of whose argument could not but have been seen and felt by the most deluded and insensible. And if we have not lost every noble sensibility of our nature, we must feel deeply interested in the suppression and expulsion of a crime that stands pre-eminent in the catalogue of moral turpitude. Such, then, being the incalculable evil to which your sympathies have been elicited, and for the suppression of which this society has been organized, we would respectfully solicit your attention whilst we endeavor to exhibit some of its deleterious and demoralizing effects.

Your convention in this house, on this day specifically appointed, to deliberate upon the interests of this society, to elicit additional strength in her dauntless phalanx, and to extend her influence, sufficiently indicate your willingness to ascertain the course of your duty, and your determination, when ascertained, to enlist under her banner, and contend perseveringly and unceasingly in her conflict with the gigantic and destructive Demon of Intemperance.

We will show that *Intemperance* is an evil. That it is such, is a fact which must have forced itself upon the most superficial observer of human society. It is so tangible to the apprehension of the most common mind, that he who doubts it justly subjects himself to the imputation of insanity.

It is a physical as well as a moral evil. We will endeavor to prove, in the first place, that it is a physical evil. This fact has its foundation in the very constitution of our physical being. The mechanism of our circuitously wrought system is so constructed as to require for its healthy and harmonious operation, equilibrium of feeling, and uniformity of excitement; consequently, whatever disturbs this equilibrium, whatever produces an undue excitement of the nervous system, must be attended with a derangement of the diversified functions of our compacted material existence; and every successive excitement, and consequent derangement, is naturally followed by a correspondent debility, which increases with the frequency of recurrence, until finally the whole machinery becomes so distorted, and so disorganized, that it refuses to perform its legitimate functions; and then, as the conclusion of the whole, it falls into a chaotic inoperative mass. This is evidently the effect of *Alcohol* upon the human system. It cannot be denied, because there are mourning monuments of the truth of our assertion; and reasoning a priori from the stimulating ingredients of the poisonous draught, we would necessarily arrive at a similar conclusion. You have seen within the range of your own observation, its paralyzing effects upon the human system. You have seen the muscular energy of mature age dwindled into the imbecility of childhood. You have seen the tomb engulf in her bosom the young, the middle aged, and the hoary-headed sire, who have been hurried to the bourne whence no traveller returns, by the use of this deadening and forever polluting poison! Yes, such are the daily trophies of *Intemperance*; and is it no evil? Is it not the deadliest foe that ever desecrated the sacred soil of Columbia's happy land? It is, and you cannot but see it. If an epidemic, or pestilence, would stalk through our land, and leave but half the physical misery and wretchedness in its train, and consign but half the number of victims to an untimely grave, what an excitement would not run through our land! what universal search would there not be for some remedy to arrest the impetuous and blighting current of the destroyer? But the epidemic of *Intemperance*, with all the horrors, distress and death that mark its path, is permitted comparatively unheeded to travel the extent of our country, and to destroy his thousands at morn and noon-day, and no one so courageous as to raise the tocsin of alarm—no one with moral fortitude enough to step forth and with the sword of truth, the shield of reason, and the panoply of religion, to stem his deadly and deprecating progress! What tangible, glaring inconsistency! what dupes of circumstances! what blind devotees of the customs of our fathers! Let us arise with all the nobility and unanimity of spirits imbued with the principles of freedom, philanthropists and christians, to arrest the enemy in his deadly march, and expel him from our country; so that soon the voice that announced our emancipation from British tyranny, may echo through the vast extent of our land, "Victory! victory! the mighty Despot, *Intemperance*, has fallen forever!"

But the evil resulting from impaired health, and premature death, does not terminate with the pitiable victim. In this case the iniquity of the father is visited upon the children. They feel it in their delicate and effeminate constitutions. They feel a propensity to tread in the footsteps of their sires; which is almost an impossibility to resist; and how often under shattered constitutions, yielding to the sin of their fathers, following them to an untimely grave, and to an awful Eternity! The distress of the bereft and inconsolable widow, and the tender heart-rending moans of the little orphan, have so often been echoed in your ears that they seem like the tale that has been told, they pass by like the idle wind, and nothing short of a sigh like *thunder* could make you repeat the oft told tale of a widow's sorrow, and an orphan's tear: to picture as upon canvass following them to an untimely grave, and to an awful Eternity! The distress of the bereft and inconsolable widow, and the tender heart-rending moans of the little orphan, have so often been echoed in your ears that they seem like the tale that has been told, they pass by like the idle wind, and nothing short of a sigh like *thunder* could make you repeat the oft told tale of a widow's sorrow, and an orphan's tear: to picture as upon canvass following them to an untimely grave, and to an awful Eternity!

These are familiar to you all. You need but consult the oracles of your memory, and you will find them there: You need but consult the thousand appeals that have been made to you, and you will find them there. I could enlarge here upon this part of the subject by referring you to the host of paupers that traverse our land or throng our almshouses, whose wretchedness and poverty may be traced to *Intemperance*; to the useless expenditure of time and money in the use of strong drink—but these facts are alike familiar to you all.

I desire to direct your attention, in the next place, to the moral evils of *Intemperance*. Here is an ample field upon which we might dilate, but we shall touch but slightly, and that only, the most prominent of its demoralizing effects. Look around you, and behold the wickedness that disgraces our age; trace it to its legitimate and primary source, and with but few exceptions you will see it issuing from the side-board, the bar, or social circle, spread with the excitants to perdition. What is it that so debases the moral dignity of man as to fit him for the perpetration of crimes at which philanthropy blushes, and humanity recoils abashed? You have seen those who bid fair to become the pride of their country and the champions of religion, become a disgrace to the land of their nativity, and a curse to the glorious cause of christianity! You have seen him who was in some small degree likened to the angels of bliss, assimilated to the demons of perdition! This may be exemplified by many lamentable instances which may have come under your own personal inspection. How often do we not see the sacred circle of domestic happiness polluted by the fell destroyer! The tender ties that bound in almost indissoluble affection the husband to the wife, the father to his son, the mother to her smiling infant, forever sundered by his poisonous touch! The husband whose sole delight it once was to minister to the wants and comforts of his companion, now turns away, heedless of her entreaties and insensible to her distress. He who sought refuge from all the cares and perplexing anxieties of this mutable world in the kind and fascinating society of his wife, now turns away unheeded by all these endearments, and substitutes in their stead the wild reveries of the Bacchanalian group. The wife who was wont to watch over her helpless babe with all the solicitude of a mother's tenderness—whose bosom glowed with all the raptures of maternal fancy as she beheld the smile that played upon its infant countenance, now abandons the sacred trust and throws upon the charity of a cold and pitiless world! The Youth who was once the fond trust of his dotting parents, whose feet were swift to execute their every wish, are now tottering from the scenes of drunkenness and debauchery; the lips that were accustomed to soothe their distress, and perhaps even to supplicate with them at the Throne of Grace, now blasphemes the very God whom he adored; the eye that sparkled with kindness and affection, now glares with a fend-like look! How astonishing the change! He who was the consolation and pride of his parents, becomes their bitterest curse!

These are not the pictures of an overwrought imagination. Would that they were! but you know they even fall short of reality. And if you ask how these heart-rending changes were effected, the answer is obvious: They began to touch, to taste and to handle the poisonous liquid, Alcohol, until they were gradually drawn to the *Drunkenard's Whirlpool*, and finally overwhelmed in its vortex!  
The moral evil of *Intemperance* is aggravated from the fact that it is never isolated, but carries with it the whole train of the worst of moral evils. It seems to be the nucleus around which are gathered most of the invariable precursor of all the crime that degrade and pollute the human race. Where it reigns, Christianity with all her blessings is expelled. When he raises his hideous and horrid head, *Intemperance* withers and shrinks from his pressure. In short, it is an evil of such vast and incalculable atrocity, that it is said "to bite like a serpent and sting like an adder"; that it is classed by the pen of inspiration with murder and idolatry. Yea, it is an evil so vile and polluting, that it forever disqualifies the unhappy victim for the pure and unsullied regions of the blest, and fits him for the unhallowed regions of despair.  
Such, then, are the physical and moral evils of *Intemperance*. It not only exerts upon the human family wretchedness, misery of the most appalling nature, corrupts and degrades all that is great and noble in his intellectual and moral nature, and above all, it incapacitates the