

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, Pa., MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1837.

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THE GABLAND.



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

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

WINTER.

The chilly sighs of winter steal
Across the cheerless wood, and vale,
While boughs nod to the sullen gale,
And rock promiscuous in the gale.

The fearless spirit of the air,
Spies his arms across the storm,
An icy crown his ringlets bear,
And robes of snow surround his form.

His car like glittering diamonds seem
While riding o'er the distant hills,
His freezing breath binds fast the stream
And nature's captive where he wills.

The beauteous grove, and woodland bowyer
Are cover'd with his icy tears,
And while he sweeps the mountains o'er,
Their tops like dazzling spars appear.

His sullen breath comes sighing round
The cottage or the stately dome,
While many a merry blisful sound
Speak mirth, or peaceful joy at home.

And winter, though thy cheerless mien
Lay waste to prospects sweetly fair,
There's something in thy lurid scene
To teach the mind how frail we are.

The varied seasons roll away—
On time's retiring wing they're borne,
And by thy right conquering way,
Are bury'd beneath his mouldering urn.

And thus with life, its seasons too
Pass on from youth, its waning age,
Till death, like winter, heaves in view
And grasps the soul from nature's stage.

But there's a world of sweet repose
Far from this nether boisterous sphere,
Where winter never fans the rose,
And flowers in endless bloom appear.

No threatening clouds hang o'er its skies,
No howling tempest there is known,
But glorious beams successive rise
And shine from heaven's eternal throne.

Blest world of joy—of life—of love,
How soon shall I thy beauties share,
Shall I at last in nature move,
Among the blest that mingle there?

Grant, holy Lord, when time is o'er,
And in dreamless slumber fall,
My spirit may triumphant soar,
To thee, my Saviour, God, my all!

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR DECEMBER.

THE PRIVATEER.

By the author of "The Escape," "Jack Marlin," "The Yarn," &c.

It was one of those beautiful days, which all who navigate the ocean have often experienced within the tropics. The sun had just risen, sparkling with freshness from his watery bed, and was slowly wheeling through a host of gorgeous clouds, that floated majestically along the horizon; and invigorating influence pervaded the scene, and a fine breeze, that came sweeping across the sea promised to preserve the balmy and delicious temperature that the cooling dews of the previous night had imparted to the atmosphere.

That particular part of the Caribbean Sea to which we would direct the reader's attention, was on the day described, enlivened by the appearance of a fleet of vessels of war, in hot pursuit of a small clipper brig, which held the advance at about the distance of five miles. This body of ships comprised a part of the British West India Squadron, and had been despatched by the admiral of that station to Halifax, in order to render more efficient protection to their possessions and commerce in that quarter, as the depredations on the American privateers were daily becoming more bold and frequent. This squadron had been sailing in close order during the night, but at the time our scene opens, it had been broken, in consequence of the commodore throwing out signal to make all sail, and endeavor to come up with the chase. Each ship of the fleet, therefore, in accordance with the order, made all sail; the swifter vessels were observed dropping astern, and taking their stations in the rear. The ship of the commodore of the squadron, a frigate of the first class, held her place in about the centre of the fleet; three heavy corvettes brought up the rear, while the advance was maintained by the body of smaller vessels. A beautiful eighteen gun brig, that had that morning formed one of the rear line, now led the extreme van. She had passed every vessel of the squadron successively, and was now gradually dropping them with a speed that held out every prospect of overhauling the chase. The wind was right aft, and each ship had her studding-sails out on either side. Piles of white canvass rose above the dark bulwarks that loomed dimly beneath them; and the surface of the sea seemed one vast expanse of snowy pyramids. Leaving the squadron to make the best of their way, the reader must imagine himself upon the quarter-deck of the little brig, upon whose capture they were all so eagerly bent.

A single glance at her arrangements, and those who conducted them, would bespeak her a privateer; indeed, were that good looking fellow, who has just laid down his trumpet and taken up the spy-glass, attired in uniform, the brig might be easily mistaken for a national vessel. She differs from one in no other particular. Six beautiful long guns protrude from either side, while a heavier one revolves in a circle, amidships. The decks tell tales of holy stone and sand, and the neatness every where apparent, indicates the reign of discipline. A row of bright boarding-pikes, are confined to the main boom by gaskets of white line, while a quantity of cutlasses and battle-axes glitter in the buckets that are fixed purposely for their reception in the intermediate spaces of the battery. Racks of round shot frown from beneath each gun carriage, and boxes of grape and canister, with an attendant match-tub, are arranged at regular intervals along the deck. Every belaying-pin is bright, and the brass work of the wheel and binnacle show in elegant and rich contrast with the mahogany of which they are constructed. And mark the gay, healthy frontispieces of the tars who line the decks; a noble set of fellows, who, to echo their sentiments, would go to the very devil for their officers. Observe that veteran; how respectfully he touched his hat, as the commodore ascended from the cabin, and what an elegant looking man is Captain Buntline—so tall, and yet so graceful—so majestic, and yet so prepossessing.

I like those black whiskers: they set off his complexion to admiration. His countenance, it is true, is somewhat stern, but is not a repulsive expression; it savors more of dignity; and that jet black eye!—mark how it flashes, as he sends his gaze aloft, to ascertain if all there is right. See!—he is addressing the young man with the glass, who is his first lieutenant, and, at present, officer of the deck—He smiles; did you ever see a man's countenance undergo so complete a change!—All that sternness has vanished, and his features are beautifully animated.

"Do we leave them, Mr. Trennell? Those nearest ships appear to be hull down."

"Yes, Sir, they are poor sailors," answered the lieutenant; "but there's a brig among 'em that has been overhauling us since sunrise. The fellow move's along like a witch: I've been watching him for the last hour, and have seen him pass every vessel in the squadron: another hour, and the varmint will be pushing his old iron into us."

"Let him come on!" rejoined the commander eyeing the object of this colloquy through the telescope; "we could match with two of them: but you are correct; the villain is coming down, wing and wing, and gaining each moment upon us. He must be hungry for a fight."

"Yes," rejoined the other; "I expect her skipper has been reading the 'Life of Nelson' and feels an inclination to immortalize himself. He'll be less eager however, before we get through with him."

"I didn't think that there was any thing in his majesty's service that could show the Rover her stern before," remarked Captain Buntline.

"Our copper wants cleaning," rejoined the lieutenant; "and our sails are old, and hold no more wind than so much bobbinet; besides, Sir, I think that fellow is Baltimore built—some sailor they've caught on the coast of Guinea—or perhaps, some unfortunate devil of a privateer: those ten gun chancel-graspers don't run the line off the reel at that rate, in such a catwasp as this."

"Here, Bobstay," said the commander to an old quarter-master, "take the glass, and see what you can make of that fellow." The veteran divested his mouth of a huge chew of tobacco, and hitching up his trousers, commenced scanning the Englishman, with an eye proverbial for its acuteness and experience.

"That arc a mob-towner, Sir, as the lieutenant says, and coming down with a big bone in her mouth, too."

"Why are you positive about her being a Baltimore built, Bobstay?" asked the commander.

"Because, Sir," answered the tar, "there's no end to the sticks then follows put in their crafts; and besides, if ye'll observe, she can't half the beam of them ten-gun tubes; her yards are square, too, and she's no reach to her sails."

"Your observations are conclusive, Bobstay," said the commander; "but can we serve her out, think you?"

The old tar smiled at the question, and replenishing his mouth with a foot or two of pigtail, replied,

"Ay, Sir, two such fellows, and two more in thirty minutes afterwards."

"Go to your duty," said the commander, good humoredly; "you've turned boaster, in your old days."

At meridian, the English brig was some six or seven miles in advance of the headmost ship of the squadron, and not more than two in the rear of the chase. Although Captain Buntline had determined on fighting her, he still continued under a press of sail, for the purpose of drawing his adversary at such a distance from the main body, as to preclude the possibility of their interference in the engagement. Another hour, however, brought the Englishman within gun-shot; and determined to secure every advantage of circumstances, he put his helm down, and bringing his battery to bear, fired a broadside into the still retreating Rover.

It was not until that moment, that Buntline could ascertain the force of his antagonist; but a single glance, previous to her filling away, convinced him of her superiority.

"Take in the light sails, and haul up the courses!" said the commander of the privateer; and another moment beheld the gallant brig moving along under her two topsails.

"Beat to quarters, and open the magazine!"

"Ay, Sir," was the reply; and the loud roll of the drum was heard, summoning every man from the depths and heights of the vessel to their respective stations. In a few moments the order to cast loose the guns followed, and every man commenced getting the iron machines ready for the work or death, with the alacrity and good humor peculiar to a sailor, and with an expedition and regularity that was the result of much previous experience in like matters. The topmasts were taken out—the main and side tackles cut adrift—the pumps rigged, and the decks sandied, "fore and aft, to prevent them from becoming slippery with blood; cutlasses, pistols, and boarding pikes were placed in convenient situations about the decks; the ports were triced up, the hatches closed, with the exception of a small opening left for the purpose of passing powder from below; the loggheads were heated, matches burned beside every gun; and in short every preparation was made that such cases render expedient.

The Englishman had not yet taken in any of his canvass, and was consequently rapidly nearing the Rover. It was the mutual desire of the commanders, that their vessels should be brought into close action; the Englishman from a wish to decide the contest before the squadron could be close enough to assist, and thereby rob him of his anticipated glory; and the American, from a knowledge that his escape depended upon his success in disabling the only vessel in the fleet, that was his superior in sailing. At length but a quarter of a mile intervened between the ships, and the Briton commenced handling his right sails—studding sails, rovals, and courses were successively taken in, and the pursuer appeared under nearly the same canvass as the chase.

"Starboard!" shouted Buntline to the man at the wheel, as he beheld the bows of his adversary sweep gracefully to port.

"Starboard Sir," answered the quarter-master; and the Rover's broadside was brought parallel to that of the Englishman, while at the same time the stars and stripes ascended with a graceful flutter to her main peak. A volume of smoke and flame burst from the bulwarks of the Briton, and his iron crashed fearfully through the spars and rigging of the privateer. Although Captain Bunt-

line's manœuvre prevented his vessel from being raked by his adversary's fire, it could not prevent its entire destruction; and to his sorrow he beheld his main-top-mast, with its attendant spars, go by the board. A deep shade settled upon his brow, at this unexpected calamity, and the blank of doubt and uncertainty grew upon his features. The success of the Englishman's broadside had completely destroyed his plan of operation, and he stood upon the quarter-deck of his crippled ship, in painful reflection as to his future course. This suspense was but momentary; a thought dawned upon his mind—and applying the trumpet to his mouth, he gave the order to the impatient seamen not to fire, but to be ready for making more sail.

"Leave your quarters, men," said he; "put your helm up, Bobstay—man the fore-tack and sheets—lay aloft, topmen, and clear the wreck. Sit yourselves, my liveliest stand by to set both fore-topmast studding-sails."

This sudden and unlooked for change in the state of affairs, surprised but did not disconcert the crew, so great was the confidence they reposed in him; and they sprang forward to execute his orders with an alacrity that was itself, under such circumstances, a proud eulogium upon the bravery and judgment of their commander. The brig was again put before the wind, more canvass was spread along the booms, and the Rover once more resumed the course she had steered during the morning. A wild and exulting huzza came down from the Englishman, as her antagonist filled away and made sail, without firing a gun; but the scornful smile that curled the lips of Buntline indicated too well the deception of appearance, and imparted a stronger confidence in the breasts of his seamen. His character for bravery was too well established to be doubted by them, and they only stood impatient to hear the next order that should issue from his trumpet.

"The dogs shall have less cause for merriment before nightfall," muttered Buntline, as another shout came down from the Englishman, who had also filled away, and was now crowding all sail in chase.

"Muster aft here, my men; tumble aft here, every one of you; come down from aloft, and up from below; bo'son's mate, send the people aft."

"My lads," said Buntline, addressing his hundred bold followers, "it is fit that you should be acquainted with the fact of my being the bearer of a message from the French admiral of the West India station, to the government of the United States, which, my men, is of vital importance to the interest of our country. I do not tell you this, to stimulate you to any greater exertion, but merely as a reciprocation of that confidence which I am proud to believe you reposit in me. I know you will stand by me to the last—I have tested it. In the present disabled state of the Rover, it will be impossible to escape from yonder squadron, now rapidly overhauling us; but, my lads, I have a plan to propose, the successful execution of which will crown us with glory and success. Listen to it."

The plan was then revealed, and when Buntline had done speaking, three hearty cheers evinced the readiness with which the crew entered into it.

"Men," resumed Buntline, "the signal will be Liberty!—and when I give it forth, let every one of you do as I have directed; now, my lads, don't forget the word Liberty!"

Groups of men were now seen spiking the cannon fore and aft, so as to render them perfectly useless. The muskets were all thrown overboard, and the powder, with the exception of what each man carried about him totally destroyed; this done, the crew armed themselves, and mustering aft, awaited the farther orders of their commander.

In the mean time, the Englishman was rapidly advancing, with the intention of carrying the American by boarding. He was not ten yards astern, and at every moment gained on the Rover.

Buntline stood watching him, as the tiger does his prey, scarcely breathing, in the intensity of his interest, and awaiting with a painful suspense the moment when he might put his daring scheme in operation. The whistle of the bo'son's mate was heard on board of the Englishman, and the cry of "Away there, boarders, away!" told their opponents how to expect them. Buntline cast a quick and anxious glance upon his own seamen, who stood grasping their cutlasses with an emotion as intense as his own. It was a moment of fearful excitement on board of either vessel, during which nothing was heard but the ripple of the water as they sped along. At length the dark shadow of the Briton's canvass fell upon the deck of the Rover; another minute, and they were yard-arm and yard-arm.

"Sheer to!" whispered Buntline to the man at the wheel—"sheer to!" The bows of the privateer slightly deviated, and her antagonist was within three yards of her. Clank went the grapples of the Englishman, and both vessels were brought broadside and broadside.

"Board!" shouted the British captain; and two thirds of his crew sprang over the bulwarks, and upon the decks of the Rover, without the slightest opposition. Buntline gave one glance to the dark forms of the foe that crowded his forecastle; and applying the trumpet to his mouth, thundered forth the word "Liberty!" In an instant, the Americans, who had gathered about the main-mast, leaped upon the hammocks and nettles, and sprang like so many cats upon the deck and in the rigging of the Englishman. Like a torrent they swept away the few who had remained on board of her, and now, ranging themselves along the bulwarks, they prepared to repel the enemy as they attempted to regain their own ship.

"Cast off the grapples!" shouted Buntline; and that loud order awoke the Britons from the stupor of amazement in which they were thrown by the sudden and singular movement of their opponents. They mounted the bulwarks, and endeavored to regain their own vessel; but they were every where met by opposing cutlasses. In vain they pressed—in vain they thronged; they were every where driven back upon the Rover's decks, or pushed into the sea. They rushed frantically forward, but their hopes were baseless; they might as well have attempted to force a wall of iron, as to beat back that rank of heroes. Some of their opponents had seized a high spar, and were pushing the two yards apart. They separated—they were yards asunder—and the unsathed English brig, with her Yankee crew, forged ahead, leaving the shattered, harmless bulk of the Rover in possession of a hundred distracted Britons!

Three of the wildest huzzas that ever yet rang upon a startled ocean, burst from the lips of the

victorious Americans, as the star-spangled banner unfolded itself from the peak of their prize; then pile after pile of canvass rose upon her tapering spars; and when the sun that night sought its ocean bed, a wide waste of blue water rolled between the stately prize of the Americans, and the shattered wreck of their once gallant privateer.

VARIETY.

The Carrier's Address TO THE PATRONS OF THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER. JANUARY 2, 1837.

My very worthy patrons all,
I've come to give you warning,
(For fear you should not find it out)
That this is New Year's morning.

What thoughts crowd on the busy brain,
What memories of the past!
When, from the New Year's threshold, we
Look back upon the past—

What hopes and fears, what joys and cares
On Time's resistless wave
Have hurried to one common bourne
In that promiscuous grave!

The silver locks of hoary age
And youth's elastic tread
Proving one common lot, now share
The slumbers of the dead!

And manhood's pride, and virtue's grace
And Beauty's radiant bloom,
Have proved all impotent to stay
Their progress to the tomb!

And many a high, ambitious hope
And many aspiring schemes
Like unsubstantial pageantrics,
Like shadows seen in dreams,

Have flitted o'er life's varied disc,
The phantoms of the mind;
Then fled—and, like a vision gone,
Left not a wreck behind!

Yet mortals still will madly run
The busy road of care,
Pursuing phantoms which, when grasp'd
Dissolve away in air—

And still new plans, ambitious hopes,
And expectations vast,
They cherish for the coming year,
Forgetful of the past.

And like gay bubbles, whilst they float
On Time's e'er hurrying stream,
Of care and disappointed hopes,
How seldom do they dream!

But soon is heard the whirling blast,
The fitful tempest's moan,
And that gay bubble's painted pride,
Where is it!—It is gone!

That you, kind friends, may never prove
The pangs of wither'd joy,
Or blasted hopes, devoutly pray
The humble Carrier Boy.

But may each year's succeeding change
New joy and peace afford;
And you, in full fruition reap
Virtue's own rich reward!

But, lest perchance my sober strain
Should tire your patience, know
That all this moral lecture's but
A kind of prelude to

The last and most important part of this
address—to wit:

The Postscript!
Here it is! And I conclude by expressing my
earnest hope that none of you
Will treat with scorn my unpretending lay,
But do your best to cheer me on my way,
By kindly giving me, poor wandering Devil,
A little of the shining ROOT OF EVIL!

THE CARRIER.

* Query—Printer's Devil.

OUR BETTER NATURE.
BY PROFESSOR DEWEY.

The very words of condemnation which we apply to sin are words of comparison.—When we describe the act of the transgressor as mean, for instance, we recognise, I repeat, the nobility of his nature; and when we say that his offence is a degradation, we imply a certain distinction. And so to do wrong implies a noble power—the very power which constitutes the glory of heaven—the power to do right. And thus it is, as I apprehend, that the inspired teachers speak of the wickedness and unworthiness of man. They seem to do it under a sense of his better capacities and higher distinction. They speak as if he had wronged himself; and when they use the words ruin and perdition, they announce in affecting terms the worth of that which is reprobate and lost. Paul, when speaking of his transgressions, says, "Not I, but the sin that dwelleth in me."

There was a better nature in him, that resisted evil, though it did not always successfully resist. And we read of the prodigal son—in terms which have always seemed to me of the most affecting import—that when he came to the sense of his duty, he "came—to himself." Yes, the sinner is beside himself; and there is no peace, no reconciliation of his conduct in his nature, till he returns from his evil ways. Shall we not say, then, that his nature demands virtue and rectitude to satisfy it?

"O:—"
The secret.—"Mother," said a fine looking girl of ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning?" "Why, my child?"—"Because, I think it must be to see some one you love very much." "And what induces you to think so?" "Because I have always noticed that when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual." "Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love much, and after seeing him and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know any thing about it?" "Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also." "Well,

my child, when I leave on the morning and evening it is to see my blessed Saviour. I go to pray to him, I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day—and especially to keep me from committing sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy upon our souls, and to save you from the ruin of those who go down to hell." "O! is that the secret," said the child, "then I must go with you."

GENIUS vs. LABOR.—"Of what use is all your studying and your books?" said an honest farmer to an ingenious artist, "they don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plough in one month, than you can do with your books and papers in one year."

"What plough does your son use?" said the artist quietly.

"Why he uses _____'s plough, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough, we save half the labour, and raise three times as much as the old wooden concern."

The artist, quietly again, turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer a drawing of the-lauded plough, saying, "I am the inventor of your favourite plough, and my name is _____"

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farm house and make it his home as long as he liked.

TEMPERANCE.
AN ADDRESS
Delivered before the Fairfield (Millertown) Temperance Society, on Monday the 26th of December, 1836.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL R. FISHER.
[Published at the request of the Society.]

MAN has been destined by his Maker to be, in a great measure, the creator of his own happiness. He has it in his power to do much towards determining the circumstances in which he shall be placed; and upon the nature of these it depends, whether his existence shall prove to him a source of happiness, or a source of misery. In view of this fact, it is a delightful consideration, that we are not only fully capacitated for the faithful discharge of the important duty of providing for our own welfare, but are also in the full and free possession of all those means and privileges, which are necessary to enable us to attend to this duty properly.

"We can each one sit down under our own vine and fig-tree, without any to molest us, or make us afraid." Or we can assemble ourselves in perfect peace, as we have done this day, whenever a proper attention to our interests requires it, and can deliberate calmly and undisturbed upon the things which intimately concern our welfare, and adopt such plans and enter upon such measures, as may be deemed necessary to secure our individual and united happiness. These, my friends, are privileges, which we cannot too highly prize, and for which we cannot feel too grateful. We should, therefore, guard them with a most sacred jealousy, and strive to improve them to the best possible advantage. If we fail to do so, we shall prove faithless to our important trust, and recreant to our best interests.

These remarks may serve to illustrate the propriety of assembling ourselves together on the present occasion. A powerful and deadly enemy to our happiness is abroad in the land. He has been making dreadful ravages on our right hand and on our left.—Many of our dearest friends have fallen victims to his ensnaring and destructive devices, and many thousands more, are in danger of being involved in a similar fate. He is characterized by all the cunning and perseverance, which distinguish the fiendish beings of the pit, and, unless opposed in his career by active and vigorous measures, he will eventually succeed in his designs to involve us all in a complete overthrow.—Thanks be to our divine protector, this insidious and deadly foe, has not been permitted to pursue his destructive career hitherto, altogether without molestation. The friends of our race, the lovers of our peace and happiness, have, some time ago, discovered his base designs, and have been exerting themselves to prevent their accomplishment.—True in their devotion to the interests of the human family, they have sounded the alarm, and have striven to excite a general opposition to the common foe.—Through the instrumentality of their exertions, something has been done to stay his career of carnage and blood, but much yet remains to be done to secure his final overthrow. It becomes all who cherish the least interest in the welfare of mankind, "to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty" in this work, and by their united and vigorous efforts, to push forward the common cause of humanity.—We have met, this day, for the praiseworthy purpose of attending to this important duty. Our civil, social, and religious interests are in danger, and these must be preserved. The great foe to our peace is the demon of Intemperance. Against him, the friends of humanity, have proclaimed an exterminating war, and the express object of this assembly is "to beat up for volunteers" in this important enterprise. We shall, therefore, have occasion to address ourselves to the philanthropist, the patriot, and the christian, and from them all, we hope to receive that indulgence and attention, which the justness and the greatness of our cause merit.

What arguments shall we employ to excite in you a hatred, and opposition to the common foe? Shall we describe to you the dreadful ravages he has made, and thus elicit your sympathies in behalf of his victims, and fire your bosoms with implacable wrath against him? These have often been exhibited to you "in thoughts that breathe

and words that burn," and it requires but little observation to discover them exemplified in all their extent and wretchedness.—You have often had depicted to you in glowing colors, the heart-rendering scenes which his enemy occasions. The broken hearted wife, and the beggared and disgraced children! The emaciated body, and the ruined intellect; the waste of property; the torrent of crime; the loss of character and credit; and above all, the destruction of the immortal soul, have all been pointed out to you, as the legitimate results of his depredations, and have been forced upon you attention with a power which could not be resisted. You cannot be ignorant of the great ruin which this enemy creates; a flood of light, in relation to it, has been poured upon you from every side, and to admit its rays, you needed only to open your eyes.—It is presumed that none are so far behind the advancement of the present age, as to be still insensible to the evils of intemperance. It would, therefore, be a work of supererogation in us, to spend our time and breath, in endeavoring to depict them to you. All that we shall do is, to ask you to strive to depict them to your own minds, and then to fix your attention steadfastly upon them until you shall have become impressed with so deep a sense of their greatness, as will give you no rest until you shall have done all in your power to effect their removal.

Although all persons admit the evils of intemperance, and seem desirous to have them removed, yet they disagree about the precise method by which to accomplish this object. The necessity of the warfare against the common enemy, seems to be generally felt, but the particular mode of carrying it on, is the matter about which a difference of opinion is entertained. Whilst some are for making but partial and gradual inroads upon the enemy's dominions, which they deem the most successful method of carrying on the warfare, others are for effecting his immediate, and utter destruction, by striking at the very foundation upon which all his means for depredation rest.—The warfare of the former is a warfare of compromise, but the warfare of the latter is a warfare of extermination. It is our purpose to advocate the system of means pursued by the society which has convened us together. Her weapons of warfare are altogether moral in their nature. It is the powerful influence of example, upon which she builds her hopes of success. The broad principle upon which she proceeds, is, "total abstinence from all that intoxicates."—Her motto is, "touch not, taste not, handle not." She wishes to make no compromise with the enemy. His utter destruction is the object of her aim. Nothing short of this, in her estimation, will provide any security against his depredations, and it is the acting out of her principle only which will secure this great object.

This society proceeds upon the principle of total abstinence, because no ardent spirits, however small the quantity, is necessary to our health and happiness. This sentiment has been confirmed by the united testimony of many of our most distinguished Physicians. It has also been exemplified in the experience of many in every age of the world. By examining the records of history, we find that men were less liable to disease in those ages, in which intoxicating liquors were unknown, than in those, in which they have become a common article of consumption! And in the present age, those who abstain entirely from them enjoy much better health, and can endure more heat or cold, and fatigue, than those who indulge in their use. These facts, which too plain to be resisted, one should think ought to be sufficient to convince every one that ardent spirits are entirely unnecessary to health and happiness.

Again, this society proceeds upon the principle of total abstinence, because ardent spirits are not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious to health and happiness.—The smallest quantity of them taken into the system, is productive of evil. They are a slow but sure poison. They require time, but they will in the end effectually accomplish their object. They are highly stimulant in their effects. The least quantity of them taken into the system, produces an excitement, which is followed by a relaxation by no means favorable to health, and this alternate excitement and relaxation, if oft repeated, destroys the healthful tone of the system, and renders it liable to disease of every description. Physicians of eminence and character have advocated this sentiment, and in perfect accordance with it, have abandoned the use of ardent spirits altogether in their practice.

But this society proceeds upon the principle of total abstinence, not only for the reasons already mentioned, but especially because it is the only principle upon which she can proceed with the hope of proving effectual in the accomplishment of her object. So long as there is the least indulgence in the use of ardent spirits permitted, the enemy is still in possession of the means by which he carries on his work of destruction. No temperate drinker is secure against the evils of intemperance. Every such person, how moderate soever, he may be in his habits, is in danger of becoming a drunkard.

The habit of intemperance is not formed at once. No man has ever been made a drunkard in a day. It is the work of time. The habit of intemperance comes upon its victim by degrees, yet with unerring certainty. Before danger is apprehended, the destroyer has already caused his fangs to enter the vitals of his prey. There is no security against the evils of intemperance but in total abstinence. No other means for their removal than this, will be attended with success. Many others have been tried