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THE GARLAND.



With sweetest flowers enriched,
From "various gardens" culled with care.

MY MOTHER.

Napoleon and the British Sailor.
BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I love contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners at Bologna
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shores to roam;
And eye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England near!

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming, doating,
An empty hoghead, on the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description—such a wretched wherry
Perchance ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field
'Twould make the very boldest shudder;
Untar'd—uncompass'd—and unkeel'd—
No sail—no rudder!

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with watted willows,
And thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows!

The French guard caught him on a beach
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger—

"Rash youth! that wouldst you channel pass
With twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd
Thy boat with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned!"

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said,
"You've both my favor won,
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

THE REPOSITORY.

Waterloo.

The following brief remarks on the introductory of the memorable battle of Waterloo, are translated from a German work, entitled, "Wanderung durch Vaterhaus, Schule, Kriegslager, and Akademie zur Rhein, &c." It was after a fatiguing march, that, on the 16th of June, the writer with his regiment, arrived in sight of Ligny, two hours before the commencement of the battle which formed the terrible prelude to that of Waterloo. This was the young soldier's first battle:

"What I am about to notice," he observes, "is what forcibly obtrudes itself on every one engaged in a battle. The corn was waving beautifully before us; but no sooner had one troop passed through, than the glory of the field vanished, and the green stalks lay level on the earth.

"Every man now threw away his superfluous baggage: the finest and the coarsest linen was lying scattered around, intermixed with cards and dice, which the love of play-

sure had collected, and which superstitious fear now discarded. Here, friends were imparting to each other their last injunctions; there, cowards drained the bottle for that courage which failed them, or hid their fears under the most disgusting bravadoes.

"On both sides of us regiments of cavalry were passing and charging the enemy; the roar of the artillery was terrible. Here, a powder wagon blew up—there, a wounded man came galloping with five or six led horses, which were frightfully scattered by a pursuing shot. We already saw many wounded; but the most appalling sight was that of horses torn to pieces by cannon balls, and rolling themselves with agonized strength in their own gore. In the midst of this awful scene we were disgusted by the profane jokes of a private, who kept cantering and throwing his arms about in mockery whenever a ball came flying our way. He had even gone so far as to asten a false beard to his chin; and we were all wishing to see his indecencies put a stop to, when a ball struck him, and carried off both his beard and a portion of his face. Awful as the sight was, it excited a general laugh.

"It was four o'clock when an adjutant informed us that we should soon be engaged. We sang one of Korner's battle hymns, and had scarcely finished it, and formed our lines, when Blucher, with his suite, came up to us. The enthusiasm with which the hoary commander was greeted could not dispel the gloom which hovered on his brow, and which told us all that we had a hot day before us. Now the longed-for moment arrived, when we volunteers were ordered forward. With loud hurrahs we rushed against the village of Ligny, which was then crowded with enemies; but were soon startled at the sight of a ravine which separated us from the place. The major who was riding behind us, and comported smoking his pipe, merely said, "Children do honor to the regiment!" when we to a man jumped or slid down into the hollow, and climbing up on the opposite side, broke, wherever we could, through the hedges, out of which a discharge of musketry received us. Separated by the plantation with which each house was surrounded, every one had now to fight by his own guidance. The village was intersected by a deep brook, in which, however, there was at the time but little water; and the communication between the two sides was kept up by means of a single plank laid across the stream.

"It was a murderous fight. Shots fell from every aperture of the houses, between and behind which the French kept up a constant firing in columns, while cannon balls were pouring down on us from a neighboring eminence, and several houses were on fire. This hailstorm of balls, which every moment scattered brick bats, tiles, and branches of trees about us, startled even the oldest warriors. I fell in, at the gap of a hedge, with four soldiers, none of whom seemed willing to pass first. Their snore at the "young Yager" made me take the lead, and I stepped over the corpse of an enemy, whom our shots had just killed. I cast a melancholy look at the pale face of the dead soldier, who was immediately rifled of his watch by a man who followed me.

"We got near a house which was attacked on all sides, and expelled by fire and smoke, six grenadiers rushed out of it, offering a close front, and presenting their bayonets to us. More than twenty shots were fired, and they sank one after the other to rise no more. I was taking aim, when a fellow soldier, who was just loading his musket, called my attention to a Frenchman who was quietly kneeling in an open shed strapping his knapsack, as if he was preparing for a parade: "Take off that one!" said the soldier. "I will not," I replied, but at the same moment some shots from another quarter stretched the defenceless man on the ground.

The battle continued. Without hope of coming out of it alive, I continued firing and sheltering myself behind trees for about three hours, which passed to me like so many minutes, without my being aware that on both sides of me our troops had been twice driven back by the furious onsets and the superior number of the enemy. It might be about seven in the evening, when a comrade called out to me, "Yager, look to your left!" I quickly turned in that direction, and perceived a party of Frenchmen, rushing down towards us; and at the same time I saw our major giving the signal of retreat, which was repeated by the bugle. The narrow bridge over which we had to pass was choked with people, and we stopped for some time exchanging shots with the enemy. At last we were compelled to think of our own safety: one of our officers boldly leaped into the ditch and was wounded; I followed him, and got safely up the opposite bank, and behind some trees, where I was sheltered. Perhaps I might have got off unhurt; but at this moment a wounded friend called for my assistance, and while I was hastening towards him; three shots were fired at me; the first missed, the second separated both my bandoleers across my chest, and the third hit me under the knee and tore the muscle of the leg.

WELLERISM.—"I don't like the hang of it," as the thief said when they asked him why he shuddered at passing a gallovs.

"I'd rather go on my own hook," as the trout said when the gudgeon told him to bite at the angler's fly.

"Hearses go very gently," as the sick man said when the doctor told him he would be able to take a gentle ride in a few days.

Faithful Love.

"Come rest in this bosom my own stricken dear,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;

Here is still the smile that no cloud can o'ercast
And the heart and the hand, all thine own to the last.

"Oh what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame!

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

MOORE.

When we first heard of the recent horrible affray at the Galt House in Louisville, in which Judge Wilkerson, of Mississippi, was the most prominent actor and principal, in the homicide of two citizens of that place, we heard, as an item to heighten the sensibilities in the unfortunate affair, that the judge was then engaged to be married to an accomplished young lady of Kentucky, and that the marriage was to have been solemnized in a day or two after the fatal rencounter occurred. The report was no doubt accurate, as is proved by the following announcement in a late Kentucky paper.

"MARRIED.—In Bardstown, Ky., on Thursday evening, Judge Wilkerson, of Mississippi, to Miss Eliza Crozier, of the former place."

There is a moral similarity in this marriage that throws an additional charm over the character of woman. The lines at the head of this article are eminently expressive of the case under consideration. Judge Wilkerson had been denounced as a murderer; the popular cry had been raised against him, and the populace could scarcely be repressed from expending its fury in violence upon his person. The noisy devotees of Judge Lynch openly and loudly threatened to immolate the unfortunate Wilkerson under sanction of the summary and bloody Lynch code. The respectable Miss Crozier, all of a sudden, to be herself friends and utterly deserted. The butler of friends that had been hovering around him in his hours of cheerfulness and prosperity, soon disappeared.—He was now locked in a cold, dark and gloomy prison. His case was prejudged by the multitude, and he was openly proclaimed a murderous malefactor. In this period of agonizing adversity, how peculiarly needful was he of some consolation, of at least one friend, in whose bosom he could pour the secret sorrows of his soul, and where he could be sure to find a faithful and sympathetic response! He knew, indeed, that he had exchanged vows of love and devotion with one dear to his heart; but she was in a distant place, and even her feeling might be changed towards him in the season of adversity, disgrace and desertion.

Would she still prove true? Would she yet consent to still his fortune? Could it be possible that she would still be willing to connect herself with a man, arranged under the violated laws of his country for the horrid crime of murder? And that, too, before his trial had taken place, and when it was even probable he might be pronounced guilty! To expect her faithful and unswerving, under such circumstances, was too much even for his own fond hopes! He could not but doubt! But ah! this involuntarily doubt did injustice to the devoted faithfulness of woman! He told her his melancholy story—he extenuated his conduct—but it was unnecessary. She had pre-judged his case favorable—there had been no shadow of change in her. But even if she should prove guilty, yet she knew she felt she loved him—faithful, unalterable love reigned paramount in her heart—and she said to him—

"Come rest in this bosom my own stricken dear,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

How inexpressible precious must such a being be to a man situated as Judge Wilkerson! If he has a tinge of the feelings which usually belong to human nature, he will forever cherish her with tenfold more care than the "apple of his eye." He will not even permit "the winds of Heaven to visit her too roughly."

And what volumes does the conduct of the young lady of Bardstown speak for the fortitude, the daring, the unflinching faithfulness of the gentle sex! How sublime, how delightful to man is the contemplation of their fond, their devoted love! No misfortune, no adversity can change them, but "Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame,"

Their heart, their devotion is always the same.

NOTE.—Our readers will recollect that Judge Wilkerson underwent an examination before the examining court at Louisville, and that the circumstances of the fatal affray proved to be much more favorable to him than was anticipated, or the published accounts led the public to believe. He was accordingly admitted to bail, under a bond for his appearance of \$50,000—this heavy sum being suggested by the Judge himself—at the same time declaring that he desired nothing but a fair trial.—*Cin. Whig.*

The Duel.

The 71st Regt. was stationed in 1807 at Armagh. Major Campbell while sitting after dinner one day at the mess table, had a slight quarrel with Captain Boyd about the mode of giving a particular word of command. After the altercation the Major went home, drank tea with his wife, and having made some arrangements, returned to the hotel where the mess was held. He ordered lights into a small room, and then sent a message to Captain Boyd that he wished to speak to him. Boyd shortly

entered the apartment, the door of which was instantly closed. In a few minutes shots were heard, and the waiters, rushing in found Boyd writhing on the ground, mortally wounded. Lieut. Macpherson, who was accidentally at hand, hurried to the spot, and was witness to the conversation which weighed with such fatal effect against Campbell on his trial.

He heard Major Campbell say, "On the word of a dying man was every thing fair?" Boyd replied, "Camp—ll you have hurried me. You are a bad man."

The Major repeated the question with greater earnestness, and Boyd again answered, "O! my—, Campbell, you knew I wanted to wait and have friends."

The Major repeated his question a third time, adding, "Did you not say you were ready?"

To this Boyd assented, but as before, added, "Campbell you are a bad man."

He subsequently declared he forgave the Major, and expressed great sympathy for his situation.

The real circumstances of the duel are few and simple. When Boyd entered the room, he complained of the suddenness with which he had been summoned from the parade ground, and expressed a wish that the matter should be deferred until friends were provided. The Major made a passionate answer, accompanied by a threat of proclaiming Boyd a coward, unless he instantly made his choice of the pistols that were produced, and took his stand in the corner of the room. Boyd, it is said, continued to remonstrate until he was cut short by Campbell's stern question, "Are you ready?" and his agitation prevented him from having an equal chance.

Campbell made his escape from Ireland, and resided for many months under a feigned name, at Chelsea; but his mind became so uneasy that he resolved to surrender himself and take his trial. The duel had been the theme of much conversation, and the privacy of the rencontre gave room for the invention of calumnious reports, which the Major's flight tended to confirm. He was first cousin to Lord Breadalbane; and his surrender, instead of being viewed as the result of penitence and remorse, was regarded by too many as a mockery and bravado of justice. Utterly false as the case was, Campbell confirmed the prejudices against him, by incautiously declaring, "He was sure the verdict would be of manslaughter." The misrepresentations of these innocent words, produced a strong effect on the minds of the Presbyterians of Armagh. His modest and contrite deportment on his trial, and the excellent character given of him by officers of the highest rank, went far towards turning the tables in his favor. But one of the witnesses for the defence is said to have exhibited a dictatorial air, as if his simple word would decide the verdict—and this circumstance is reported to have had a fatal influence. The verdict was "guilty of murder," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground of good character only.

Sentence of death was pronounced, but by great exertions, a short respite was obtained, and Mrs. Campbell, who was tenderly attached to her husband, resolved to proceed to London and solicit the royal mercy. She hastened to the seacoast, but found that unexpected circumstances threatened to frustrate her hopes. Steamboats were not yet in use. It blew a perfect hurricane, and no reward could tempt the captain of any vessel to venture to sea. While she was running up and down the shore in a distracted state, she met a few humble fishermen, and these poor fellows no sooner heard the cause of her agony, than they offered her their services and their boat, in which she actually crossed the Channel. Her brave companions not only refused to receive any reward, but attended her to the coach office, and followed her several miles on the road, praying God to bless her with success.

On arriving at Windsor with her petition, it was past eight o'clock, and the King had retired to his apartment; but the Queen commiserating the afflicted widow, presented the memorial that night, and Mrs. Campbell received the kindest attention from the whole of the Royal family. The case was anxiously debated in the Council, but, after a full review of the circumstances, it was finally resolved that the law should take its course. Mrs. Campbell, in the mean time, proceeded to Scotland, cheered with the hope of obtaining at least another respite. She reached Ayr, her paternal home, on the very morning that her husband's corpse was brought thither, to repose in the sepulchre of his ancestors.

When Major Campbell heard that his fate was decided, he prepared to meet death with the fortitude of a soldier, and the resignation of a Christian. A change had come over the public mind, and universal sorrow for his fate had taken the place of the prejudices, with inaccurate reports of the duel had produced. By a strange concurrence of circumstances, his own regiment mounted guard round the scaffold. A vast multitude occupied every spot from which a view of the place of execution could be obtained. The crowds displayed the unusual show of all the gentry from the neighboring country assembled in deep mourning. Precisely at noon, Major Campbell appeared on the platform, supported by his father-in-law. Instantly the brave Highlanders took off their military bonnets, and, with streaming eyes, joined in prayer for the spirit about to be parted from its mortal frame. The vast crowd stood uncovered in solemn silence, so that the grating of the falling drop was heard to its remotest extremity. One groan from the thousands of spectators, for an instant, broke the profound silence, and proclaimed that all was over.—*United Service Journal.*

A GOOD WIFE.—She loves her home,

believing with Milton, that
"The wife, whose danger and dishonor lurks,
Safest and sweetest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

"The place of woman is eminently at the fire side. It is at home you must see her to know what she is. It is less material what she is abroad: but what she is in the family circle, is all important. It is bad merchandize, in any department of trade, to pay a premium for other men's opinions. In matrimony, he who selects a wife for the applause or wonder of his neighbors, is in a fair way toward domestic bankruptcy. Having got a wife there is one rule—*honor and love her.* Seek to improve her understanding and her heart. Strive to make her more and more such a one as you can cordially respect. Shame on the brute in man's shape, who can affront, vex, or not to say neglect, the woman who has embarked with him for life, "for better, for worse?" and whose happiness, if severed from his smiles, must be unnatural and monstrous. In fine, I am proud of nothing in America so much as our American wives.

GENEROSITY OF LA FAYETTE.—In the year 1787, there was a destructive fire in Boston, in consequence of which many of the inhabitants were reduced to want.—The Marquis La Fayette, who was then in France, having heard of the calamity, immediately wrote to his friend, Samuel Breck, of Boston, expressing his sympathy for the sufferers, and directing him to draw a bill on him for 300 pounds sterling, to be applied towards their relief. The bill was accordingly drawn, and the money was received & applied according to his directions.

Mr. Breck's son still preserves this letter as a memorial of the philanthropy and American feeling of La Fayette.

This American feeling has indeed been manifested throughout his whole life. His only son bears the name of George Washington, and his two daughters are called Carolina and Virginia.

MARRIAGE.—Nature and nature's God, smile upon the union that is sweetened by love and sanctioned by law. The sphere of our affection is enlarged, and our pleasures take a wider range. We become more important and respected among men; and existence itself is doubly enjoyed with this softer self. Misfortune loses half its anguish, beneath the soothing influence of her smiles, and the triumph becomes more triumphant when shared with her. Without her, what is man? A roving and restless being, driven at pleasure by romantic speculation and cheated into misery by futile loves; the mad victim of passions, and the disappointed pursuer of pleasure. But with her, he awakens to new life. He follows a path, wider and nobler than the narrow road of self-aggrandizement, that is scattered with more fragrant flowers, and illuminated by a clearer light.

A greenhorn lately took a notion to get married. After the ceremony was concluded Jonathan took a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, and deliberately walked up to the parson, handed it to him saying "Parson keep the whole, you needn't give me back any change."

ETERNITY.—The only theme that confuses, humbles, and alarms the proud intellect of man. What is it? The human mind can grasp any defined length of time, however vast—but this is beyond time, and to great for the limited conception of man. It has no beginning, and can have no end. It cannot be multiplied, it cannot be added unto; you may strive to subtract it, but it is useless. Take all the time from it that enters the compass of your imagination, it is still whole and undiminished as before—calculation is lost. Think on; the brain becomes heated and oppressed with a sensation of weight too powerful for it to bear, and reason totters in her seat, and you rise with the conviction of the impossibility of the creature to fathom the Creator, humiliated with a sense of your own nothingness, and impressed with the tremendous majesty of the Deity.

The Wheat Crops is said to have fallen short, in Egypt, owing to the diminished inundations of the Nile. We are curious to know whether there are grain speculators in the country of the Pharaohs, too.

Drs. Frost and Sweet, the Thomsonian practitioners in New York, are about to answer to the law for the death of four children, who died under their ministrations. The disease was small pox. The treatment is not mentioned.

According to a recent statistical account, the number of poor soliciting relief in France is upwards of 192,000 or about one in sixty of the whole population.

AN ACCOMMODATING HOUSE.—It is related in the Boston Times, that in the Massachusetts Legislature on Saturday last, a member moved the postponement of a certain subject to Thursday. His reason, he said, was peculiar to himself—he wished to be at home on Tuesday, in order to witness an important ceremony—the espousal of his sister to "another gentleman." A roar of laughter greeted this slip of the tongue, and after some little discussion the House agreed to the postponement.

RUSSIAN CORONATION.—A French diplomatist in Russia, gives the following significant description of a coronation:
"It was an imposing ceremony, the Emperor having his father's assassins at his side, his grandfather's assassins before him, and his own assassins behind him!"

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered at a meeting of the Mountjoy Temperance Society, January 1, 1839.
By C. Baker.

[Published by request of the Society.]
Dispensing with the formality of a regular introduction, however much the circumstance of my appearing among you might excuse or even demand it; I shall with your permission, immediately proceed to the consideration of my subject, with the single request, that you will hear me till I have done; and should ought proceed from me worthy of your approval, or calculated to advance the cause whose friends you are, that you will give it that attention, which is always due to truth, no matter whence it cometh.

But on the contrary, should the doctrines advanced, not meet your approbation, all I ask, is, that you will attribute whatever of error they may contain, to the judgment and not to the heart.

Temperance is no new subject; and at this late day, it would be difficult indeed, to present it in any new aspect.

But although it is a hackneyed theme; and although it has been held up to the public gaze, in every light of which it is susceptible, yet, like fine gold the more it is rubbed the brighter it becomes; and like the sacred volume, the oftener it is examined and considered the more will it be admired and cherished.

I have thought proper to arrange what I have to say on this occasion, under two distinct heads.

Under the First, I propose to consider; The deleterious influence of Intemperance on National prosperity; and under the Second, The duty of Government, to interpose, and arrest its progress.

First then of the influence of Intemperance on National prosperity. Every nation and every community is composed, of individual members; and in proportion as virtue or vice prevails among the individual members of a nation or of a community, just in the same proportion, will that nation or that community be elevated or lowered, in the scale of social respectability and happiness. This is to a greater or less extent, true of every people, no matter what may be their form of government; but of none, is it more emphatically true, than of ourselves. In governments of a more arbitrary cast, than the one which it has pleased a kind Providence, to bestow upon us, the virtue, temperance, and intelligence of the people, may not always be so desirable; but in a country like our own, when the will of the people, is the supreme law of the land; and when all power is inherent in them, they are of primary and fundamental importance. For, if such be not the character of the people, they will, as a matter of course, be totally unfit, to make known their will, in an intelligent and judicious manner; and that will, when made known will most frequently be, the direct reverse of wise and salutary law.

The power inherent in them, will, under such circumstances be prostituted & abused; and like the maniac, to whom is given a sword for his defence, they will first use it to the injury and destruction of others, and finally aim the pointed steel at their own vitality. Such ever has, and such ever will (so long as human nature remains the same) be the result, of vesting power in those, who, by their ignorance and vicious propensities, are unfitted to use it. Such ever has, and such ever will be the result, of a union of power with ignorance and depravity.

Vice of every description is inimical, to good order and good government; but of all the vices, it may well be doubted, whether there is any so formidable to the well being of a republic, as that of intemperance. It destroys the reason and judgment of men, inflames their passions, and makes them not only regardless of the fate of themselves and those immediately connected with them; but more and worse than this, it renders regardless of the fate of their country.

Our prosperity as a people and the perpetuity of our free institutions, (as I have already had occasion to remark) almost entirely depend on the amount of individual virtue and knowledge abroad in the community.

Such being the case, and such being the character of our social and political constitutions, can it I ask you? be expected, that we will prosper, either as a single State or a community of States, if the people do not abstain from those vices, which tend to destroy their reason and judgment, inflame their passions, prostrate the energies of their moral, physical and mental constitutions; and render them reckless as to their own welfare, and reckless as to the welfare of their country.

Is that community, which is accustomed to view every subject, no matter of how much or how little importance, through the dark and mystifying medium of a whiskey barrel or a wine cask, in a fit condition to sit in judgment, on the actions of its public servants? The people enjoy, literally enjoy the voting power; and at each returning election, may exercise it or not as they think proper: for I maintain that by voting their representatives, they vote all, or at least the principal part of their public actions.

And is that man fit to exercise such a power, who, is base enough to barter the dearest right of an American citizen, (the right of voting for whom he thinks proper,) for a single drink of alcoholic poison? And yet, that there are such men in almost every community, the most superficial observer can testify. The purity of elections, is an object of no small importance, in the preservation of the purity of our government; and nothing perhaps is more hostile, to the purity and integrity of the former, than intem-