

Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

PRINTED BY GEORGE BERGNER, FOR ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX.—NO. 50.]

CHATTANOOGA, TUESDAY MARCH 19, 1889.

[WHOLE NO: 466.]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of
the Court-House.

I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens coll'd with care."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING STAR.
The Birth Day of Washington.

'Tis the natal day of WASINGTON, to freemen ever dear;
Whose hallowed light again has dawn'd Columbia's sons to cheer—
Hark! 'tis the shout of Freemen that echoes thro' the sky,
Admiring nations catch the sound, and answer to the cry.

All hail! responding millions shout, and the deaf-
ening cannons roar;
From cliff to cliff the echo rings, and spreads from shore to shore.
Then let the blue concave ring, and the joyous shouts prolong,
All greet the day with Martial Lay and Patriotic Song.

Millions may point to Caesar's deeds and boast of Caesar's fame,
Rome's liberties were sacrificed to gain a Tyrant's name.
Point to Napoleon's mighty name, that once made kingdoms nod.
States shook beneath his with'ring tread, and almost thought him God.

But ah! how many curse the day in which he saw the light
Of heaven; curse him who was the blight
Of all they loved on earth; who caused the widow's groan and orphan's cry
To ascend to him who dwells on high.

But thou, immortal WASINGTON, shall stand from age to age
Recorded on the lists of Fame as PATRIOT and SAGE.
No local ambition prompted thee to wage unceasing strife,
Nor glittering battle lured thee on to sacrifice a life,
When the immortal Band line, fortune, sacred honor pledged, their liberty to gain,
Resolved the oppressor's yoke to burst, or moulder in the grave.

Thy glittering sword from thy scabbard sprang and loomed the foe to meet,
Who boldly dar'd the RIGHTS of MAN to trample under feet.

The contest rag'd, our country's hopes were few, and fortune seem'd to lower,
Yet was thy great soul unaw'd, and in the darkest hour,
When all seem'd lost, and England's Lion couched at bay,
At thy command Columbia's Eagles pounc'd upon their prey.

And when by thy wisdom in the field, the deadly war was past,
On thee to guide the helm of state the nations eyes were cast;
Kind heaven smil'd upon thy plans, and granted them success,
And thy advice continues yet our happy land to bless.

Then let high and low, let rich and poor, all celebrate the day,
And WASINGTON shall be the theme of every poet's lay;
From east to west, from north to south, the inspiring name shall roll,
And wafted by the enamour'd winds, be borne from pole to pole.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Woodstock (Va.) Sentinel.
Ruffner against Crockett.

On Thursday night last, Mr. John Ruffner, who lives just at the foot of the Fort Mountain, and on the bank of the Shenandoah River, heard his dogs in pursuit of what he supposed to be a deer. He followed them to a point, not far from the river, where he supposed the game, whatever it was, would cross a small ridge on its way back to the mountain. The dogs however, continued running along the river bank, and at last uttered the loud sounding bark, as if they had treed. This was about 10 o'clock at night. Mr. Ruffner supposed that the deer had taken to the water, and that the dogs were baying it. He immediately cut for the river—but had no gun, nor other weapon offensive or defensive. When he got to the river, he saw by the light of the broad full moon, a large, dark looking animal, standing in the edge of the water, the dog just beyond it in the water, and two others on the beach within a few feet of it. Without stopping a moment down the bank he went, when the animal and dog immediately struck for the other shore. They happened to be just opposite the mouth of Mill Run, and for that point the game seemed to aim. Mr. Ruffner plunged into the river after the dogs, and with some difficulty reached the opposite bank, and came up to them, where, as the animal made repeated efforts to climb the steep bank just under a high cliff of rocks, the dogs would catch hold of it and they would both tumble back into the river. He now, for the first time was warned of his danger, and perceived what sort of a 'critter' he had to do with. The terrible snap of his enormous jaws, and the havoc that he was making with the dogs, showed him that it was a ferocious he wolf, the largest of his tribe.

Here then was a case. The dogs—though brave as lions, and the idols of their master's affections, were manifestly getting the worst of it; and must ere long, yield to the terrible gashes, which at every crash of his iron jaws, the wolf was making in their bodies. He, however, with a steady eye, watched the moment when the wolf and dogs tumbled down the bank into the river, near where he was standing, and reaching his hand into the water, caught the wolf by the hind legs, and raised him up at arm's length. This was a moment of eminent peril. For the wolf doubly aroused by his new enemy, and the dogs stimulated by the assistance of their newly ally, a fight took place in the water, that utterly defies all description. As the wolf would turn to snap Mr. Ruffner, he would by raising the hind legs, plunge his head under water—and when the wolf would raise himself to seize his arms, his faithful dogs would lay hold for a moment and prevent it. Thus the terrible fight went on for some minutes, till at last Mr. Ruffner perceived the point of a rock near the water's edge, and within a few feet of him, he then, watching the favorable moment, by one powerful muscular effort, swung the wolf entirely over, and thrashed it's head and back against the rock, with such force as to stun, if not to kill it. But to render the work complete he still held on with one hand whilst with the other he grasped a stone, with which he effectually broke his skull.

Mr. Ruffner then threw the wolf over his shoulder, and returned home with his bloody victim and wounded dogs, but without himself receiving a single scratch, in his unheard-of, naked, hand to teeth, snap and smash wolf fight.

He brought the skin to Lurey; the next day, where I saw it spread out on the floor, and heard him with his peculiar and inimitable phrase and gesture, recount the particulars of that exciting scene. Generous, brave, and powerful as a lion—may he long live to fight his own and his country's battles; and to kill a he wolf or she-bear, whenever and wherever he can find them.

A Short Story and a true one.

A lovely morning in October 18—, was rendered a gloomy one to the inhabitants of Martinique. Repeated injuries inflicted by the ruling powers, coupled with a burning desire among many ambitious, and perhaps patriotic men, to crush foreign influence on their beautiful island, and to govern themselves as a free and independent people, had long rendered a residence there precarious. On the morning in question, the banner of revolt was seen floating in proud defiance upon the walls of the castle of Fort Royal, and in the far distance the smoke of villages showed the track of the merciless demon of Insurrection. Every vessel in the harbor of Fort Royal was crowded with refugees who, having hastily collected the most valuable of their effects, had fled before the tide of destruction, which was rolling fearfully over that ill-fated island. Among them was a merchant of high repute, who with his wife and daughter, a beautiful girl of about fifteen, took passage for France, whither on the following day the vessel sailed. Fair winds gave them a quick passage to the Cape de Verdes, and after a tarry of a day or two there, they weighed anchor for Havre. At dawn on the second morning of their departure, they espied a dark looking brig bearing down upon them, and as the sun rose above the horizon, it portrayed to them the truth that an Algerine corsair was their early visitor. So much were the high seas infested at that time with pirates, that every vessel went prepared for an encounter. Immediate preparation was made for a contest, should the corsair overtake them, and all sails were spread to the breeze.

The pirate came up, the contest was fearful, the father and mother were murder-

ed, and the beautiful orphan was made the prize of a band of ruffians. In a few days they neared the Barbary coast, and she was sold to the Bey of Tunis, for ten thousand sequins. The prediction of a fortune teller, years before, that she would one day wear the coronet of a queen, impressed her mind with conviction of its truth, which spread a halo of light around her amid the darkness of the worst of slavery. Her beauty made her a favorite and about two years afterwards, Sultan Mustapha carried her in triumph to Constantinople. Her beauty, and her ample powers to please, made her the exalted favorite of the imperial seraglio, and she became the honored Sultana. Then, indeed were the predictions of her destiny verified, and she wore the crown of a queen of the Ottoman empire. Mahmud II, the present Sultan of Turkey, is her son, and to her influence upon his early character, may be attributed his taste for European customs, and the frequent innovations which his will has made among the customs of his people. The last act of importance, and which seems like a great stride towards the elevation of Turkish women to the same station which woman hold throughout Christendom, is the opening of the doors of the seraglio, and permitting his women to go in and out at their pleasure, and enjoy themselves in rambles upon the lovely plains which stretch along the banks of the Bosphorus.—The number which was confined in his seraglio was about six hundred.

The fate of that young girl was similar to that of Josephine, wife of Napoleon. She too, was the subject of a similar prediction, and even when confined by prison bars, and upon the eve of conveyance to the guillotine, that prediction stood up before her with all the brightness and sacredness of truth; and when the downfall of Robespierre caused her prison to be thrown open, "There," exclaimed she to Madame Fontenay, a fellow prisoner, "I told you I should yet be Queen of France." And she was indeed Queen, not only of France, but of the heart that beat in the bosom of that proud corsican.

The Dead Live.

I have seen one die; she was beautiful, and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed, and grace as if they were caught from Heaven, breathed in every tone, and followed every affection; shone in every action, invested as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died! Friendship and love, and parental fondness and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such togethe in? Forbid it reason, religion! bereaved affection and undying love, forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die in God's counsel, who live in frail human memory forever!

I have seen one die, in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon, had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge—how to live, and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such an one die! Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever? No; the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry our thoughts to another and nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seeming untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we shall live for ever.

A GRATEFUL MAN.

A FRAGMENT.—BY MRS J. T. D.

* * * * *

The steambot was coming to her moorings at the long and beautiful pier at Oswego. The mate was in an animated conversation with some one and as the strong mooring rope was flung over the post, I heard him say, "No, no, there is no such thing. I never in my life saw a grateful man, not even a Christian."

At that moment there was a splash, and a shriek! then a man of about thirty-five ran from the door of the ladies cabin, crying in tones which no one who heard them can forget or imitate.

"It is my boy, my only boy!"

The deep green waters had already covered him. But in a moment, the mate was down hanging on the end of the rope, and just as the boy, a sweet fellow of about ten years, was sinking to rise no more, he thrust down his arm, and caught him by the hair, some two or three feet under water. He drew him out, and gave him back to his anxious father who was uttering his entreaties, and to his mother who was still and uttered not a word. Her countenance was more eloquent than words. Some time after this, when the feelings had subsided, I saw the father take the mate to one side.—What he said I know not; but he spoke and the tears flowed down his cheek. The noble sailor refused any compensation, and after a hard shake of the hand, I once more heard the mate say, to his friend—"I was mistaken. I have seen one grateful man—and he is a Christian."

AN ODD FEAT BY A SOMNAMBULIST.

We have heard and read much of the strange things performed by somnambulists, but the performance of one in this city, is the strangest of all. The person alluded to is a chairmaker by trade. On Saturday night he rose from his bed about two o'clock, and in his sleep, went to his shop and obtained an adze. He then returned home, and going to the top of the house entered the chimney, and scraped it from the top down to the kitchen fire place. That job done, and while he had his hand in, the thought struck him to do a neighbouring action, and he mounted to the roof again, and entered the chimney of a neighbor. He had descended about halfway, when the watchman cried the hour, and so hideous was the noise, that it awoke him. What his sensations were when he found himself suspended midway between heaven and earth, in such a dismal place, we do not know, but he probably had a strong suspicion from the scent of fire, and the blackness of the place, that he had accidentally slipped into regions not to be mentioned to ears polite. He was extricated without other injury than being pretty well begrimed, and it is supposed that he is satisfied with this, his first essay in the art of chimney sweeping. An interesting question arises whether the superintendent of chimney sweepers, is not entitled to be paid his fees in the same manner, as though he had performed the operation.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Mrs LANDON.—PRUSSIC ACID.—In a literary notice of the lamented Mrs. Landon in the Philadelphia Gazette, written in the usual felicitous style of the editor when discoursing on such themes, an expression of surprise is expressed that the Prussic Acid she is supposed to have used for cramps in the stomach should have been employed as medicine. It has long been in use as an antispasmodic, but in greatly diluted doses, as one drop of the pure acid placed on the tongue or in the eye causes instant death, which would make it a far better drop for executing criminals than the hang-man's strangling gibbet. A few years ago, an eminent physician, Dr. F—, of one of the Paris Hospitals, left directions for one of his pupils to administer Prussic acid to some seven patients who lay in a row in one of the wards. It proved an over dose. Before he had administered to the last, the first was dead, and so on with the rest. The whole work being accomplished in ten seconds, and nearly destroying the reputation of the doctor.—*N. Y. Star.*

SWEARING.—The most prevalent vice in the community is profane swearing. Go where you will, except into church or a lady's drawing-room and your ears are sure to be saluted with its sounds. Old and young, high and low, all indulge it; just as though there were no decent, respectable, inoffensive words enough in our language to express all our wants and emotions without a draft upon the black vocabulary of profanity. Some people, to be sure, have a very odd way of swearing, and others a very refined one; but swearing in any style, is a heathenism. It was no part of our language originally, our primitive language originally, our primeval language was taken from the whispering of nature's self; pure, harmonious, peace-inspiring. It should never be outraged by conversational oaths, and we trust those who have acquired the habit; will take our advice, and "reform it altogether." You can't think how much better you will look and feel.—*Picayune.*

Love.—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the age of fourteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty.

Symptoms.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a great fondness for poetry and music; gazing on the moon and stars; tooth ache; bleeding at the nose; loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things, save one; blood shot eyes; and a constant desire to sigh.

Effects.—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleepiness, and all that sort of thing; at times, imagination bright; power of roses; winged Cupids, and buttered peas; then, again, oceans of despair, racks, tortures, and hair triggered pistols.

Cur.—GET MARRIED.

ACCIDENT TO A SOMNAMBULIST.—An accident happened in Baltimore on Thursday morning, from the habit of walking in sleep, which had nearly proved of fatal consequences. Patrick Lynch, a man residing at the corner of Canal & Jefferson streets, has been for some time a somnambulist. On Wednesday night he retired to rest in the garret of the two story house in which he lives, and towards morning he dreamt that some men were pursuing him, and he rushed in his sleep, to what appeared to him to be a door, but in reality out of the garret window, and was precipitated down upon the pavement in the street. He fell upon his left side, and the household being alarmed at his cries, he was found on examination by a physician, to have the neck of his thigh bone broken, and his arm fractured in two places, in such a manner as to render amputation necessary. The operation was skillfully performed, and the patient is in a fair way of recovery.

LAST CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—A woman living in Kentucky, put her self on the fire instead of the tea-kettle, and did not discover the mistake until she began to sing!

SOFT WALKING.

Gen. Floyd, of Georgia, who lately crossed the Okefenokee swamp in Florida, with a division of the army gives the following description of his passage through this intricate and miry swamp: "Several times I sent men on trees to look out for land, for we felt as if we were on the ocean, and at last, near sunset, we were rejoiced at seeing the green tops of pine trees, over the gloomy cypress, above five miles distant. It was long after dark before we emerged from the swamp, and when we reached dry land, we were the most miserable creatures that ever walked on two legs—wet, hungry, and nearly dead from fatigue. On the march, several men were bogged so deep that it required two men to pull them out—and many, on landing, were without pantaloons and shoes, those articles being torn off by the briars, roots and quagmires. I marched at the head of the troops, carrying my havresack of provisions as a common soldier, and suffered greatly; but it is a satisfaction to me to have performed what all other men have deemed impossible, to cross the Okefenokee with an army."

We cannot account for the rise in the price of leather.—(*Lynn Record.*)

We shan. The log treasurers are using up shoes leather so fast as to keep the market in a state of almost complete exhaustion.

The operations in the Okefenokee swamp are still costing the nation at the rate of thousands per day.—*Charlottesville Adv.*

The swamp is sweeping the Government.

If a Whig were born in the sea he would be a gudgeon.—*Pa. Democrat.*

If a shark were born on land he would be a sub-treasurer.—*Prentice.*

CHEAP ENOUGH.—An editor and printer down south offers to sell his whole establishment for a clean shirt and a meal of victuals. He says he lived on promises till his very whiskers have stopped growing.

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me sir," said she "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer, says that the rail road thence to the Roanoke, has made more money and killed more persons than any in the U. States!

BOILED TOOTH.—A boy named Havare, living at Crickwell, had a tooth extracted; he returned home, boiled it a quarter of an hour, and replaced it. It is now as useful as ever. A recipe to that effect appeared in a newspaper some time ago.

MOURNING AMONG INDIAN WOMEN.—Mr. Catlin states that at a period of mourning among the Indians women in certain tribes, they crop their beautiful hair short off, and as it gradually grows out they gradually go out of mourning till it gets to its full length again, when they are entirely out of mourning. Such is one of the touching symbols of the Indian's grief.

A dog in England was so mortified at being kicked by his master, that he jumped into a river and drowned himself. If every puppy who gets kicked here would do the same, it would improve society.

The following excellent remarks are contained in Evelyn's epitaph: "Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, I have learned from thence this truth, which I desire might be communicated to posterity, that all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."

A gentleman recently stopped at a tavern in New Hampshire, and, being in a hurry, ordered the hostler to give his horse some oats "as soon as he had done breathing." He remained as long as he thought necessary, and on going out, asked the hostler if he had given his horse oats, according to his directions! "Arrah! the devil an oat I've given him," answered Pat; "ye tould me to give them to him when he had done braythin', an' I've watched him every minute, an' faith he's braythin' yet!"

RELIGION.—"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon, "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not, perhaps, be substantially good; but certain it is, that all come in aid of the government power, and are the essential basis of morality, in the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me, than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog!"

"Where is the hoe?" said a gentleman to his negro. "Wid de harrow." Where is the harrow?" "Wid de hoe." And where are they both?" "Why boph together; good L—d do you want to create a fuss wid poor nigger dis mornin'?"

An ingenious attorney, who always made it a point to get his case, was applied to by a fellow who had stolen some pork to defend him. Accordingly in his usual inventive way he ruined the evidence on which the plaintiff relied; and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the court house, he whispered to his attorney thus:—"Squire, what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?" "Eat it," replied the lawyer, "for the jury says you did not steal it."

New Music.—A new march has lately been published called the "Sub-Treasurer's Quickstep."

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.)

[CONCLUDED.]

But I have perhaps already exhausted your patience, by dwelling thus long on this part of my subject; and shall therefore without delay, proceed to the consideration of my second division. Namely, "The duty of government to arrest the progress of intemperance, or in other words the practicality and propriety of legislating on the subject."

I am aware that this is a point on which even the friends of temperance differ; and a doctrine at which her enemies are startled and arrayed.

I am aware that some of those, who stand high in the temperance ranks, allege, that legal enactment on the subject, would lessen the moral force of the temperance cause; and thereby do more harm than good.

But still I think if the doctrine be examined with an unprejudiced mind, such will not be found to be its tendency.

It is the duty of every government to protect itself, and each and every one of its subjects. In order to do this, every thing calculated to impair the good order and harmony of society, ought to be restrained or prohibited, by government in so far as it can be done without producing a greater amount of evil, than that which it was intended to guard against. But that there may be no mistake on this point, allow me to give you, the opinion of one deservedly eminent as a writer, on the science of human government. "It is not enough to instruct a nation (says Vattel) it is still more necessary, in order to conduct it to happiness, to inspire the love of virtue, and the abhorrence of vice. Those who have searched deeply into morality, are convinced that virtue is the only path that leads to true felicity; so that its maxims contain nothing less than the art of living happily; and he must be very ignorant of politics indeed, who does not know, that a virtuous nation, will be more capable than any other of forming a State, that is at once happy, tranquil, flourishing, solid, respected by its neighbours, and formidable to its enemies."

"Let the Government (continues the same author) employ all its authority in order to encourage virtue and suppress vice; let it for this purpose form public establishments; and to the same end direct its own conduct, its example, and the distribution of favours and office." Sorry am I to say, that some of the public actions of our governments (both State and Federal) as well as, the private walk and example of many of their members, have not been in accordance with these salutary precepts. Intemperance as I have been endeavouring to show, is the enemy of good order and good government; and the enemy of individual and social happiness.—Does it not then follow as a matter of course, that it is, the duty of government to curtail and restrain it? But some of the friends of the temperance Reformation tell us, that like religion, its progress is only to be advanced by the force of moral suasion; and that so soon as the law interferes, this force will be lessened or destroyed; whilst its enemies seriously dispute, the right of the legislature to act upon the subject.

That temperance has achieved wonders, yet almost removed mountains, without the aid of law, no one is more willing to admit, than myself; yet I cannot think, that she will be finally victorious so long as the law is on the side of the enemy. Did Franklin and his illustrious co-peers, when they undertook the humane and philanthropic work, of abolishing slavery in Pennsylvania, content themselves with forming societies; and resorting to moral suasion alone? Did they content themselves with convincing, as many as would be convinced of the evils of slavery and with persuading them to abandon the iniquitous practice? Or did they not rather, like men determined to complete their work, after the public mind was prepared for such a step; ask the legislature to pass a law making it criminal to hold man in bondage?

Did their resorting to the law for assistance, weaken the moral force of the Anti-Slavery cause, and render it unpopular? Let Pennsylvania speak and you will have the answer; she is now redeemed from slavery, and the doctrine of licensing the holding of man in bondage is as unpopular, as I trust, that of licensing the sale of Ardent Spirits, will be twenty years hence. But if we may not ask for legislative assistance, as the friends of temperance, let us do it as the friends of our country; as patriots, let us ask for that which her welfare demands.

For be assured, that whilst a republican form of government, is best adapted to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of a sober and virtuous people, the depraved and drunken, can only be restrained by the iron curb of despotism.

Let not then the fear of incurring personal odium, or the fear of rendering the cause with which we are connected unpopular, deter us, from doing that which duty to ourselves, duty to our country, and duty to posterity, calls upon us to perform.

Much of the crime perpetrated in society, is the immediate or remote consequence, of licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks; and who will say, that it is not, the undoubted duty of every government, to discountenance every thing which tends to the commission of crime; and endangers the persons, property or lives of its subjects. And have you not now laws, (if not statute at least those of equal efficiency, for the restraint of those things, which tend to the commission of crime; and to the disturbance of the peace of society, and which are pro-