

# Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.-NO. 12.]

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY JUNE 18, 1889.

[WHOLE NO: 480.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, and Recorder (under such combination as may be adopted by the Legislature,) at the ensuing election.  
Under a knowledge acquired from attending to several of the duties appertaining to said offices, and practical skill as a conveyancer, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to execute the duties thereof personally, in a prompt and correct manner.  
Yours, respectfully,  
JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.  
March 12, 1889. 16-50

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court, at the ensuing election.  
Having, from practical experience acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to do the business promptly, correctly and in person.  
The Public's Humble Servant,  
WILLIAM KING.  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1889. 16-48

### To the Voters of Adams County.

THE Subscriber, offers himself to the consideration of his fellow citizens of Adams county, as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of said County, (provided he shall receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket.) And respectfully solicits their support.  
B. GILBERT.  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1889. 16-48

### To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:  
I offer myself to your consideration, at the ensuing General Election, as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder, and Clerk of the Orphans' Court: And pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.  
JACOB LEFEVER.  
March 19, 1889. 16-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

### To the Free and Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
Through kind persuasions from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes. And should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.  
FREDERICK DIEHL.  
Franklin township, }  
March 19, 1889. } 16-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

### To the free and Independent voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
I offer myself again to your consideration as a Candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing Election. (If I receive the nomination of our next General County Delegation) I would then warmly solicit your suffrages. And should I be so fortunate as to become the Honored Candidate of your choice, I would evince my gratitude to you all, by a faithful discharge of the duties of said Office, and by adhering to punctuality, and to impartial, humane, and social feeling.  
The Public's Humble Servant,  
W. M. ALBRIGHT.  
Conowago Township, April 23. 16-4

### SHERIFFALTY.

### GEORGE W. MCLELLAN,

Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general, for placing him on the returns with the present and former Sheriff, and again offers himself once more as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing Election. Should he be honored with their confidence in placing him in that office, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to a faithful discharge of the duties of that important trust.  
March 19, 1889. 16-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
Through the encouragement of many of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing Election, should I receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket, and be elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of that Office promptly and impartially.  
JACOB KELLER.  
Mountjoy township, }  
April 23, 1889. } 16-4

### 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.  
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.  
III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
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 culled with care."

FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.

### AN EVENING HOUR.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

As the miser guards his treasure  
While the world around him sleeps,  
So a wretch of troubled pleasure  
My maternal spirit keeps.  
O'er the couch, by moonlight bending  
Where my children softly rest,  
Flaxen locks with dark curls blending,  
Rosy cheeks together prest;  
Guiltless hands o'er guileless bosoms  
Innocently interwined,  
Like a bunch of tender blossoms  
Fit a monarch's brow to bind.  
Sweetly in the pale light sleeping,  
Free from sorrow, pain or care;  
Could an angel's eye be keeping  
Watch o'er aught more sweetly fair.  
Hope with high and thrilling numbers  
Such as mothers hear alone,  
Weaves her wreath around their slumbers  
Hymning in prophetic tone,  
Length of days, and health, and pleasure,  
Fames rich wealth, and Honor's meed,  
Genius's plume, and Fortune's treasure,  
Wait thy sleepers, blest indeed!

Fear then strikes the chords that quiver  
Through a mother's inmost breast;  
Sorrow, sin, or death, may shiver  
All the visions hope has drest.  
These young boys so calmly sleeping  
Neath a mother's guardian care;  
O'er the world may wander weeping,  
Crush'd by want, and toil, and care.  
They may stem life's stormiest billow  
Nobly seeking honest fame;  
And their wreath may be a willow  
All their meed a tarnish'd name.  
Vile ingratitude may wound them,  
Envy make their bosoms bleed,  
Sin and shame, may spread around them  
Shadows dark and foul indeed.  
Lone and poor, in grief and danger  
Far from home, and native land,  
Each may roam a friendless stranger,  
Sad amidst a joyous land.  
Far from home, and one another  
Each may die in manhood's bloom;  
While their broken hearted mother  
Totters to her lonely tomb.

Oh the future! deep and boundless!  
Wherefore scan its shadowy flood?  
Why with terrors wild and groundless,  
Seek to lift the veil of God?  
Will not He, the strong Creator,  
Good, allwise, and infinite,  
Guardian of the meanest creature,  
Judge of all the earth, do right?  
Lord! I bend me down before thee,  
Asking humble living faith,  
And the love that will adore thee  
Fervent still in life or death.  
These whom I have call'd my treasures  
Are thy jewels, Holy One!  
Shall I dare dispute thy pleasure  
In disposing of thine own?  
Lord to thee I would commend them,  
And my constant prayer shall be  
That thy Spirit may attend them  
Whate'er their destiny.  
Thou a wise and tender father  
Hast appointed each his task,  
Not reprieve—submission rather  
Is the boon my heart would ask.  
Help me Lord to lead and guide them  
Early in religious way;  
And whatever may befall them  
Oh forbid their hearts to stray.  
Then though humble be their station,  
Few their friends, and stern their toil,  
Heavenly peace, and consolation,  
Ever on their souls shall smile.

Oh that I could wholly yield them,  
Trusting in thy grace divine;  
That thou wouldst accept and shield them  
Sanctify and seal them thine.  
Help me Lord with deep submission  
Leaning on thy blessed son,  
Still to offer this petition  
Father! All thy will be done.

The Americans are followers of us in every thing.—London Age.  
We must confess Mr. Ago, that our soldiers followed yours in the last war.

### THE REPOSITORY.

From Chambers' Journal.

### Extraordinary and thrilling feat of an Indian juggler.

The conversation of a friend recently arrived from India, enables us to notice one or two of the surprising performances of the jugglers of that country, which, though familiar to persons acquainted with eastern matters, may be new to many readers of these pages.

A party of jugglers came forward on one occasion to perform publicly in the yard of the barracks at Madras. Many hundreds of people, of all kinds, ages, and denominations, including the soldiery of the establishment, assembled to witness the exhibition, and some little temporary arrangements were made, that all might see and hear conveniently.—The leaders of the jugglers, who were all of coarse natives of Hindostan, requested the commanding officers to place a guard of men around the scene of display—a precaution which was adopted, and which proved a very wise one. The floor of the court, be it observed was composed of sand, firm and well trodden. On this ground, then, after some preliminary tricks of an inferior kind, one man was left alone with a little girl, the latter seeming by eight or nine years old. Beside them stood a tall narrow basket, perhaps three or four feet high, by little more than a four in width, and open at the top. No other object, living or inanimate, appeared on the ground. After a short period, spent by the man in conversing with the girl, he seemed to get angry, and began to rail loudly at her for her neglect of some wish of his. The child attempted to sooth him, but he continued to show an increased degree of irritation as he went on.—By degrees he lashed himself up in such apparent fury, that the foam actually stood on his lips, and being naturally of an unprepossessing countenance, he looked, to the white spectators at least, as like an enraged demon as might be. Finally, his wrath at the girl rose seemingly to an uncontrollable height, and he seized her, and put her beneath the basket; or, rather turned down the open mouth of the basket over her person. She was thus shut entirely up, the turned bottom of the basket closing her in above. Having thus disposed of the child, in spite of her screams and entreaties, the man drew his sword, which was as bright as the surface of a mirror, and he appeared as if about to wreak some evil on the subject of his ire. And after some moments, during which he talked to himself and to the enclosed girl, as if justifying his anger, he did actually at length plunge the sword down into the basket and drew it out dripping with blood, or blooded drops! The child screamed piteously from the prison, but in vain; for the man plunged the weapon again and again into the scene of her confinement. As he did so the cries became faint by degrees, and in the end died away altogether.—The deed of death was consummated!

So, at least, thought most of the horror-struck persons who witnessed this action.—And well it was for the chief performer in it that he had requested a guard to be placed, for it required all the exertions of this guard to prevent the aroused soldiery, who believed this to be no trick, but a piece of diabolical butchery, from leaping into the arena, and tearing the man to pieces. The excitable Irishmen among the number, in particular, ground their teeth against one another, and muttered language not very complimentary to the juggler. Even the officers, whose better education and experience made them less open to such feelings, grew pale with uneasiness. But observe the issue of all this.

When the man seemed to have carried his rage to the last extremity, warned, perhaps, by the looks of the soldiery that it would be as well to close the exhibition without delay, he raised his bloody sword before the eyes of the assemblage, and then struck the basket smartly with it. The basket tumbled over to a side, and on the spot which it had covered, in place of the girl whose last groans had just been heard, there was seen—nothing! Nothing but the flat sand of the court-yard! No vestige of dress, or any other thing to indicate that the girl had ever been there! The amazement of the spectators was unbounded, and it was impossible, rendered more intense when, after the lapse of a few seconds, the identical little girl came bounding from the side of the court-yard—from among the spectators' feet, it seemed—and clasped the juggler around the knees, with every sign of affection, and without the slightest marks of having undergone any injury whatever. As we have said, the astonishment of the assemblage was immeasurable; and it might really well be so, seeing that the feat was performed in the centre of a court, every point of the circumference of which was crowded with spectators, whose eyes were never off the performers for one instant. As to the notion of a subterranean passage, the nature of the ground put that out of the question, and, besides, that nothing of the kind existed, was made plain to all who chose to satisfy themselves on the subject, by looking at the scene of the performances when they had closed. Every one was sure that the child had been put below the basket, and that she did not get out of it by a natural way. But she did get out; and how? It is impossible to say, though there can be no doubt that it was accomplished by some skilful manoeuvre.

New Potatoes were sold in Lancaster City, on the 4th inst.

### London Eating House.

### AN ECDOTE.

While upon the Jeremy Diddler subject, it may not be amiss to mention an amusing circumstance which took place in an eating house in town. A poor Frenchman (it was in the winter,) entered one merely for the purpose of warming himself at the fire; he was in too great distress to think of any indulgence in the good things there smoking in profusion, save such as might be exhorted by his olfactory nerve. While engaged in rubbing his half starved bony hands before a good fire, the master of the house came up and said—

'Won't you take something?'  
'I thank you, sare,' was the reply.  
'What will you have?'  
'What you please.'  
'We have some very nice roast turkey and sausages; will you like that?'  
'I thank you, I shall like him very much.'  
'Sit down here, and I will bring you them.'  
The Frenchman was accordingly ushered into a box, and the turkey and dressings placed before him. Of whatever he was asked to partake, he partook. He ate heartily, and washed it down with some good wine. Poor fellow! he had not known such a meal before for a many a long day.

The proprietor thought he had a good customer; his mortification and disappointment were extreme, when, on presenting his bill, the Frenchman said—  
'I have no money, sare.'  
'No money?'  
'No!'  
'Then why did you come into my house, and order such a dinner for?'  
'Pardon, you mistake; I come here to warm myself—you come to me and ask me if I will take nothing; I say 'thank you'; you say 'what will you take?' I respond 'what you please'—you bring me de turkey, de sausages, de tart, de pudding, de cheese, and de wine; I no ask you for them, you ask me will I take, and I can no refuse.'

The master of the house, who was something of a humorist, and who was also struck with the Frenchman's gaunt and poverty stricken figure, suffered him to depart. But great was his astonishment at seeing, a short time afterwards, another Frenchman enter, who, upon being asked what he would take, likewise replied, 'what you please.' 'Oh, oh,'—exclaimed the landlord, 'I forgive the other because he was an original; but as you, fellow, are a mere copyist, I shall kick you into the street, which he did accordingly. It appeared that the poor premier Frenchman had met an acquaintance and told him of his adventure at the eating house, and that the poor starved acquaintance listened to the spot already festering in imagination on delicacies innumerable, and little dreaming of the unpleasant denunciation which the cruel Fates had in reserve for him.

### Novel Courtship and Litigation.

Not long since, to a town not twenty miles from Rutland, a sprightly old bachelor paid his addresses to a fascinating miss, not far out of her teens, for a long time, (as the story goes) and until matrimony was pretty freely talked of. Indeed, the apparently enamoured wooer ultimately became so familiar with the lady and his affairs, where he visited, that he not very unrequitedly, and without much ceremony, supped, took lodgings, (with the boys, doubtless) and breakfasted in the morning, ere he took leave of his partial 'sweet home.' At length as the old saying goes, 'hot love soon grew cold,' and his visits became few & far between, until they entirely ceased. And so the affair rested for a while, but probably not without some sighs and palpitations on the part of the abandoned 'maid forlorn.' But matters did not stop exactly here. The treacherous lover, it was reported, had found another charming Dalcman upon whom to bestow his guletful 'cooing and wooing.' His former miss, instead of getting up a suit for a breach of promise, brought an action for sundry things sold and delivered, and for labor &c and a bill was made up of no inconsiderable amount—running somewhat in this manner:

To sundry regular meals,	Dr.
" Sweet Cake and Cheese	\$ "
" between meals,	" "
" Pumpkins pies and Cookies,	" "
" Apples and Cider in profusion,	" "
" Fire wood and Candles,	" "
" Lost time and attention,	" "
" Sundry nights lodgings,	" "
Amount,	\$50,00

Not learning that there was ever any trial in the case, it is supposed he settled the matter, and learnt a useful lesson worth to him nearly what is cost.—Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

### A MARRIAGE PROMISE.

A jury in the town of Turbridge, have settled what is the exact amount of money which a marriage promise is worth. In a case some short time since a suit was brought against a faithless swain, and the jury gave the damsel \$500 damages. Shortly after she married Dr. Cyrus Hutchins, who it appears had been paying attention previously to Mrs. Laurindo Gibbs, & she in turn brought suit against the Doctor. The jury gave her a verdict for \$545,73, being the principal and interest which had accrued on the 500 dollars received by the fortunate Mrs. Hutchins! It will be well for Mrs. Gibbs to keep her eyes on the young men of the town or she will

lose her money the same way she obtained it. Five hundred dollars is therefore the sum which the jury have fixed as the true worth of a marriage promise, and carries interest from the day it is made. It is well to have these things regulated.

MORE WORDS FOR MUSIC.—We have been talking a good deal lately about "words for music," and what sort of things they ought to be." The "Morning Chronicle" selects a specimen from the latest libretto, which places the success of our exhortations, so far, in a remarkable point of view. Here it is—

"One fatal night, as stumbers o'er us stole,  
A fearful noise disturb'd our tranquil rest;  
'Twas loud as torrent's roar—as thunder's roll;  
And in an instant, we were up and dress'd!"

This puts us in mind of an anecdote we once heard of a man who had run away from a mad bull, with some damage to his unmentionables. "The bull," said he, in an eloquent and sublime crescendo (that ought to have been set to the music,) the bull roared like thunder—I ran like lightning—and, in jumping over the hedge, tore my breeches as if heaven and earth were coming together!"

### The Magic of a Name.

When M. Dumas and his fellow travellers were on their way to visit Mount Sinai, they encamped one night at the "Fountains of Moses," where they were soon joined by two monks, members of the monastery situated on the sacred mountain. The holy men were attended by no escort, and were themselves entirely unarmed, facts which excited the surprise of the Frenchmen, who asked them how they dared to travel through the desert in so defenceless a condition. In reply, the eldest of the monks took from his pocket an embroidered bag, opened it, and handed the quierist a paper. It was a firman, signed BUONAPARTE! Such a document, and in such hands, very naturally give birth to feelings of the most enthusiastic description on the part of those who then saw it for the first time, and the good fathers complied with their desire to know how it came into their possession. The Monastery of Sinai has ever been dependent on the cities of Cairo and Suez for means of subsistence for its inmates; but as the governors of those cities were of the Mahomedan religion, they were little disposed to assist the monks. Accordingly, the merchandise imported by the monks from abroad, and which could reach them only by passing through the Egyptian cities, was subjected to the most heavy and ruinous exactions. Nor was this all; for the tribes of the desert often attacked the caravans which were conveying the goods to the monastery, and like the palmer worms, devoured whatever the Egyptian locusts had spared. The monks who attended the caravans, fell into the hands of the plunderers, and were only released on the payment of exorbitant ransoms by the brethren. Such was the cruel state to which the fraternity of Mount Sina were reduced toward the close of the last century, when intelligence reached them "that a man had come from the West, with the words of a prophet, and the power of God." This man's protection they resolved to solicit, and they accordingly despatched two of their number to Suez, for the purpose. When the deputies arrived at Suez, they found that the wonderful man had gone to Cairo, to which place they followed him. Arrived at the Egyptian capital, they sought out his residence, and were conducted to his presence. Seated in a garden, and surrounded by a few of his immortal companions, the young hero of Italy and Egypt, the future monarch of nearly all continental Europe, received the toil-worn monks, who had traversed a hundred leagues to demand his protection. The history of the world does not afford an instance of more delicate, but unintentional praise. Buonaparte could not be otherwise than pleased, for it showed the extent of his fame, and the estimation in which his power and intellect were held by men. He dictated a firman, assuring safety to persons and supplies through the desert. The effect was magical. From that day to this, the trade of the monks, has been unobscured. Though near half a century has passed away since that firman was given—though the giver has slumbered for eighteen years in the grave of the murdered, far from the scenes of his glory—yet it has lost none of its virtues. Times have so altered, that the weakest member of the brotherhood can wander unarm'd, unattended, alone through all parts of the desert, if he has with him the firman of "Bonnapardo," as the Bedouins call Napoleon, without fear of molestation from even those whose hands are against every man.

### TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

We would invite attention to the following extracts from the Report of the New York City Temperance Society, which exhibits a surprising decrease in the Sale of ardent spirit, and shows to what extent the evil still exists in that city. The statistics of Sabbath breaking are melancholly; nor would those of Philadelphia be less so.

The returns of the society exhibiting an aggregate accession of members equal to one third of the population, it is but reasonable to infer that the demand for strong drink, and also the number of liquor stores should decrease 33 1-3 per cent, or in some rateable proportion to the increase of temperance numbers. Now the official records of the city show, that from the year 1821 to 1828, a period of seven years preceding the formation of the Society, there was an increase of liquor stores above the ratio of the increase of the population 14 per cent. So that in 1828, with a population of 182,112, there were 3,162 licensed liquor shops, or one for every 57 souls. In 1829 this society was organized, which created an identification with the correction of the evil. The reform thus auspiciously commenced has kept pace with the steady progress of the cause ever since. The present year, with a population of at least 325,000 there are 2,507 liquor shops, or one for every 130 souls, which exhibits in 10 years a decrease, not merely of 33 1-3 per cent, as the society's statistics might lead to expect, but of at least 75 per cent. If this grievous curse had gone unchecked to the present time, increasing in the ratio of the population as before the formation of the society, instead of 2,507 liquor stores, the number the present year would have been 6,844.

In harmony with these facts, is the diminution in the manufacture, and also in the importation of distilled liquors. There were in the State of New York alone, in 1825, 1,129 distilleries; the number is now reduced to about 200. In 1837 there were in operation in the city of New York and vicinity, 17 large grain distilleries; now there are but 9. In 1837, 32,080,000 27-100 gallons of first proof domestic spirit were inspected in this city; and in 1838, 18,049,000 88-100 gallons, being 13,633,000 gallons less the last than in the preceding year, or a falling of more than 83 per cent, and greater than double the decrease of previous year.

In the importation of distilled liquor into the port of New York the last year, there was also a decrease of 25 per cent. And it is worthy of notice, that according to the latest returns of the Secretary of the Treasury in 1837, there was a decrease of 1,285,084 gallons of wine, as compared with the importations of 1836.

### BEAUTY OF THE JEWESSES.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

Fontaine asked me one day, why the woman of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian.—The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of Man, scourged him to ignominy and the cross. The woman of Judea believed in the Savior—they loved, they followed him, and they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Betheny poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of Alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's broth-

er, Lazarus, he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the women in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to cavalry; balm and spices, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre: "woman why weepest thou?" His first appearance was to Magdalen, he said to her, "Mary!" At the sound of that voice Magdalen's eyes were opened; and she answered, "Master!" The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

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In the importation of distilled liquor into the port of New York the last year, there was also a decrease of 25 per cent. And it is worthy of notice, that according to the latest returns of the Secretary of the Treasury in 1837, there was a decrease of 1,285,084 gallons of wine, as compared with the importations of 1836.

Intemperance is pre eminently the great fountain of crime and pollution amongst us. In all its modes of operation and effects, it is mighty to prevent, to debase and destroy. Under its influences, vice becomes more daring and atrocious, and depravity more depraved. It shows, indeed, in its own darker shadow, every other form of evil. Profanity, gaming, licentiousness, and Sabbath desecration invariably find in strong drink a powerful incentive and ally. This it is, as shown by facts, which more than all other causes combined, impedes the success of moral influence. By overlooking this evil, how many have almost wasted their lives in unproductive toil for the moral and intellectual elevation of society? And as to this vice is chiefly to be ascribed the degeneracy of great cities, to remove it would be to achieve a greater conquest over human depravity, and induce a purer moral sense and greater elevation of character than the world has ever yet witnessed.

But the effect of this evil on the morals of the city, will better appear by an illustration. Of the 2,507 liquor shops in the city, 1,952 are opened on the Sabbath, while each of the 227 temperance groceries are closed. The superior profits of the Sabbath, lead many to regard it as the harvest day of the week. And the profanation of the day by the multitudes of all ages and conditions who constantly by night and by day resort to these shops, doubtless leads to its further desecration, by opening stores in other occupations for their accommodation. Thus 2,001 other places of business are also opened, consisting chiefly of oyster and cegar shops, clothing and shoe stores, confectionaries, fruiteries, livery stables &c., making a total of 3,953 places, the proprietors of which, in violation of the laws of God and man, prosecute their secular vocations on the Sabbath. Nor is this disregard of the day confined to this city. The waters about the city are made a scene of sinful amusements, and are filled with parties of pleasure. Among other proofs of this it is ascertained, that 30 race boats, and 160 row and sail boats, are usually put in requisition for this purpose; 21 ferry boats are kept in constant activity; also, two