

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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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 forbidden 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 enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I knew, I knew the end would come,
And thou hast wiled, and we must part;
But oh! though banished from thy home,
Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.
No—vainly rolls, with all its storms,
Between us rolls the distant sea;
Though many a mile divide our forms,
Thy soul shall still be full of me!

When the glad daylight shall arise,
And wake to life thy troubled breast;
Or thou shalt miss the laughing eyes,
That hung enamour'd o'er thy breast;
When from the midnight gloom and deep,
The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
The night winds in their rushing sweep,
Shall bring thee back the thought of me.

And thou shalt shrink before my name,
And sigh to hear the lays I sing;
And cure the lips that used to blame
Her, whom thy own reproaches wrong.
Thy life is charm'd! a woe spell
Shall haunt thy spirit day by day;
And shadows in thy home shall dwell,
Of scenes forever past away.

Years, chilling years, shall slow glide by,
And find thee lonely, joyless, still,
And forms more fair shall charm thine eye,
But have no power the heart to fill.
Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
The sudden pang, that none may see,
Shall darken on thine altered brow,
Thou'lt answer them—but think of me.

When languid sickness numbs each limb,
Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,
And weary eyes, with watching dim,
To visit thy forsaken bed.
Go, rove through every clime on earth,
And dream thy falsehoods set thee free;
In joy, in pain, in love or mirth,
I still will haunt thy memory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BROTHERS.

MR. EDITOR:—Annexed is a translation of a narrative from the pen of the great German dramatist, Schiller, the insertion of which may gratify some of your readers. As I have rendered it into English through the medium of a French translation, it cannot be expected, in its present dress, to present any of the peculiar style which characterizes the original; but although divested of these, it is interesting, on account of the incidents which it contains. B*^d.

The following account of two young Germans, a narrative which I write with pride presents one indisputable claim to attention: it is true; and the truth gives it more power to affect the heart, than all the letters of the Pamelas and the Grandisinos.

Two brothers, Barons of Werm, had become devotedly attached to a young girl in Werther, neither being aware of the passion of the other. Each loved with his whole soul; and with each it was a first attachment. She was beautiful, gentle and intelligent: The passion of both the young men continually increasing in strength, while neither was aware of his misfortune, was induced to make an untimely declaration, and entirely unconscious of the state of the other's feelings, until the occurrence of an unexpected event suddenly revealed the secret attachment of both.

But before that period had arrived, love, that most spreading of all the passions whose victims are scarcely outnumbered by those of hatred, had gained so deep a mastery over the hearts of both, that neither thought it possible for himself to make a sacrifice of his own feelings, for the happiness of the other.

The object of his mutual attachment, keenly sensitive to the misery of their trying situation, and dreading to seal the unhappiness of either, could not compel herself to declare a preference, and submitted her fate to the decision of their brotherly affection.

At length, gaining command of his feelings, in a struggle between passion and duty, a subject on which theorists often reason

so erroneously, and in which the practical man frequently finds it so difficult to decide the elder Baron of Werm addressed his brother.

"I know you deeply and truly love the object of my admiration. I inquire not in whose favor the claim would be decided, if it depended upon the question, which of us felt the earliest attachment. Remain here—I will flee from her—I will travel over the world, and endeavor to forget her. If I can accomplish this, my brother, let her be yours; and may God bless you both! but if I fail I must return—you must then tear yourself away, and succeed me in the trial."

He left Germany and went to Holland, but the image of the loved one was with him still. Away from the sky which was above his home, away from the land which held his only source of happiness, he could not live. He languished in misery, drooping and fading like the Asiatic plant which the European removes, and endeavors to rear in an arid soil, deprived of sunbeams which were its life. He reached Amsterdam, and was soon laid prostrate by a raging fever. In the dreams of delirium the loved one is ever before him—he must return or die. The physicians are alarmed, and feel that her presence can alone prolong his life. He commences his return, pale, worn, emaciated to a skeleton—he reached his native land, a fearful example of the wasting power with which the mind destroys the body. He staggers to his brothers house, and in the presence of his beloved.

"Brother, I am here, God knows how much my heart has striven—but I can do no more, and he fell senseless into the arms of the young girl.

His brother evinced a not less noble spirit—he did not flatter his emergency. In a few weeks his preparations were completed and he was ready to depart.

"Brother, you went with your suffering to Holland; I shall endeavor to bear mine to a greater distance. Do not lead her to the altar until I write to you—my brotherly affection imposes on you only that condition. If I can gain the victory over myself, let her be yours, and may God—bless your love!—If I cannot—then let Heaven judge between us! Farewell. Take this sealed packet, and do not open it until I am far from you. I am going to Batavia."

He sprang into the carriage, and left the pair borne down in an agony of sorrow. In greatness of soul he had surpassed his brother; and they could not but love his magnanimity, and mourn the necessity which separated them from a being so generous and noble. The sound of the departing wheels smote on their hearts like a peal of thunder. The poor girl—but not—let us wait until the end.

The packet was opened. It contained a Will, drawn in due form, giving to his brother all the property which he possessed in Germany, in case he never should return.

Already the generous youth was far from home. He embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived without accident, at Batavia, from whence, after the lapse of a few weeks, he sent the following letter to his brother.

"Here is this distant land, when I offer to the Almighty my prayers and blessings, I think of you and our unfortunate love, with the feelings of a martyr. My unaccustomed situation; the new scenes which are around me, have expanded my soul—Heaven has vouchsafed me strength to make the greatest sacrifice to friendship. She is thine. My God! I have shed a tear—It is the last. I have succeeded in my self-conquest—she is thy wife! Brother, if I was destined to possess her, I cannot believe that she would have been happy with me. But if she should ever think that she might have been—brother, brother, that would weigh heavily on thy soul. Forget not at what a price she might have been purchased for thee—that wife. Let thy bearing towards her be ever like that which is now dictated by thy youthful love.—Look upon her as a precious legacy from a brother whom you will behold no more. Do not inform me of your wedding day; for my wounds are still bleeding—but write me when it is past.—The power which has been given me to make the sacrifice, is to me a certain pledge that God will not abandon me in this land of strangers."

The marriage was performed—a year of happiness succeeded—and then, the young wife died. In her last moments she disclosed a terrible and fearful secret, which till then had never escaped her soul. She had loved the absent brother.

The two Barons are yet living. The elder is still in Germany, and has been married to a second wife. The younger has succeeded in obtaining that place for which he sought. He has made a vow, never to be married—and has kept it.—*Providence Literary Jour.*

"LIFE" IN AN OYSTER.—The liquor in an oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryos, covered with small shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of those in a row would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants however, does not conclude here, for besides the last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worm called the oyster worm, found in oysters half an inch in length, which shine like the glow worm.

"We do not know—neither do we wish to know"—says the National Eagle, (N.

H.) "the rascal who wrote the above paragraph, but one thing we know, and that is that oysters are good, ay, delicious—"good any way" as our friend of the Telegraph has it. Some great lover of shell fish in a moment of irritation at being charged too much for his "bowl," or finding them not cooked in a la mode, must be the author of this epigrammatic tirade! We hope he will shut his "clam shells" in future. Talk about "animalcules and small embryos!" Why who does not know that your little, young, delicate oyster, like brook trout, are best of all? Besides, we should like to be told what liquid—even the best champagne—does not contain a host of these little sparkling suckers by way of "encouragement to go on!" As to the oyster worm, no admirer of oysters has ever seen one, and it is probably an invention of some old clam digger, who is anxious to injure the reputation of his great competitor, the king of shell fish—the imperial oyster! We hope that he and his claims will get "sucked in" one of these days, and be made to pay for his excessive "oyster-ity" toward those slippery little patrons of Salt River."

WEATHER WISDOM.—The following are a few of the common or popular proverbial "saws" relative to the weather:

"A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning." That is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer.

If at sun rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extended nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

"If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field. But if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground."

"A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight." This adage may also be a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away.

"When the rooks fly sporting high in air, it shows that windy storms are near."

"Evening red and the next morning gray are certain signs of a beautiful day."

"When the glow-worm lights her lamp, the air is always damp."

"If the cock goes crowing to bed, he'll certainly rise with a watery head."

"When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture hath."

"When the peacock loudly bawls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls."

"When you see the gossamer flying, be ye sure the air is drying."

A BUCKEYE GIRL.—HANNAH CROUSE, a girl of six years and seven months old, has been here for a few days. She is a mammoth child, weighing 161 pounds.—She has a large bony frame and powerful muscles,—is active and exhibits more mind than children generally do, at her age. She can lift, 'tis said, her own weight,—is four feet and 2 inches in height, and measures the same around the chest, taking in the shoulders, just below the shoulder joint—her limbs are large and muscular. Her temperament is sanguine, bilious and limphatic, giving strength and activity. She is on her way to Columbus and Cincinnati. She is truly a prodigy in size and weight. The race of giants will be revived in Ohio and Kentucky.—*Massillon, (Ohio) Gaz.*

There are many amusing anecdotes in circulation respecting the interviews between Gen. Harrison and Mr. Van Buren. They are certainly on very good terms, and crack jokes freely at each other's expense. Harrison's call, and the weather being extremely cold, conversation naturally turned upon it—when Gen. H. jocosely expressed a wish, that Mr. V. B. would improve it to fill the President's ice-house, which Mr. V. B. much amused promised to do.—*Allegh. Gaz.*

GIRLS WANTED.—The whole population of Cook County, Illinois, in which is the village of Chicago, is 11,045. Of these, the number of males between 20 and 30 years of age, is 2479; of females of the same age 1220—less than one half. Of those between 30 and 40 years of age, the males are 1162, the females 590, a disproportion as bad. Under this state of things, the Chicago American requests to have sent on a cargo of first rate marriageable women.

THE EXECUTION OF A WYANDOT.—The Crawford county, N. Y. Democrat gives the particulars of a trial for murder and execution of a young Wyandot Indian, according to the laws of the tribe. The execution took place at Upper Sandusky, Crawford county, on the 5th of October last. The trial was by the males of the tribe assembled in full council. Witnesses were examined before the whole assembly, and cross examined by the accused, and after they had heard the testimony, and the accused in his own defence, he was by an almost unanimous vote, pronounced guilty of murder. He was sentenced to be shot, which sentence was executed accordingly.

A case in which a husband was sued for articles furnished his wife, after she had quitted "his bed and board" was tried in New York on Wednesday last. Judge Ingalls charged the jury that if a wife leave her husband of her own free will he is not even liable for her necessities. But if he drive her out, he is in effect giving her a bill of credit upon the world, and she binds him by all the necessary contracts she makes. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant—the husband.

U. S. SUPREME COURT.—A letter from Washington to the American says: "The Supreme Court has been through through the day to hear the argument of Henry Clay in the Mississippi slave case. I heard the opening of the argument; and it was equal to almost anything I have heard from the eloquent Kentuckian—as eloquent and able at the bar as in the Senate—unparalleled anywhere as an advocate. Mr. Webster will reply. With such men for counsel, the case would excite intense interest everywhere, but in the case before the Court, millions of dollars are involved."

BRITISH AGGRESSION.—A resolution has been introduced in the Maine Legislature, providing to repeal aggression, and "that the resources of the State be, and they are hereby placed at the disposal of the Governor, and the specific sum of \$400,000 be appropriated, to remove the troops of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, now quartered on the territory called disputed by the British Government; but by the treaty of 1783, and by the resolutions of both Houses of Congress passed in 1833, and by resolves of the Legislature of Maine, clearly, and unequivocally a part of the rightful soil of this State."

A POLITICAL SIGN.—The Van Burenites of Berks do not appear to consider the present Governor of the Commonwealth a very strong candidate for re-election. The Reading Democratic Press contains an article upon the subject, which concludes with the following language:

"We feel called upon by our desire to promote the success of the democratic party, to say that either Francis R. Shunk, David D. Wagener, Samuel L. Carpenter, James Clarke, or any other new man, would receive a much stronger and more cordial support than the present incumbent, from the honest democracy of old Berks. On a new man they could unite with energy, without which we fear the days of democracy are numbered for at least some time to come, a prediction which we hope some people will bear in mind, until the election."

THE ELECTORAL VOTE OF ALABAMA.—It is worthy of remark, considering the statement to the contrary which has been in circulation, that, when the electoral vote of Alabama came to be opened, on Wednesday last, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, it was found to be "all right" and conformable to the requisitions of the Constitution of the United States.

HORRIBLE.—We find the following in a late number of the Lowell Courier:

Last Thursday, Dr. Huntington was called to Mrs. Arven, a miserable inebriate, living in Belvidere. He left medicine for her and she was again visited on Friday and Saturday, and each time was found to have been drinking, not withstanding the remonstrances of the Physician to the contrary. She, her husband, who had just returned from the House of Correction, and their two little boys, aged seven and nine, all slept in the same room. Sunday morning, one of the boys got up and went into another room in the same house, and told a woman whom he had found there, that his mother was dead.

Some of the neighbors were immediately summoned, and upon entering the room, they found that the words of the boy were true, and that his mother was indeed dead. She had died some time during the night in the trundle bed, with two boys. On another bed, in the same room, lay the beautiful husband, sound asleep, and entirely ignorant of his wife's death. The woman had drunk a pint of brandy, which she sent for by one of the boys on Saturday; the husband had drunk according to his own confession, a pint of rum, procured in the same way, and under the head of the wife's corpse lay a half-empty rum bottle! The little boy, to protect himself from the cold, had again crawled into bed, beside his mother's dead body, where his brother was lying.

FRANKLIN BANK OF BALTIMORE.—In the Report of the committee appointed to examine the affairs of this institution, the available assets of the Banks are estimated to be \$677,487.65. Its liabilities are set down at \$407,157.25, and thus, after all the demands upon the Banks are paid, there will remain of the capital stock \$270,330.40.

ANOTHER MINE ON FIRE.—We are informed that the mine of Messrs. Stees and Oliver, near Pinegrove, which took fire about a month since, continues to burn with increased fury. The vein is a very large one—we believe the Mammoth vein—and consequently must prove very disastrous to the proprietors of the land, who reside in Philadelphia. The mine beyond New Castle, which we have so frequently noticed, continues burning as usual, and the craters upon the summit of the mountain are increasing in size and number.—*Phil. Sent.*

THE EDITOR.—The editor of the Boston Atlas has recently recovered from severe illness, and his convalescence is made more delightful to himself, and, we add, gratifying to his friends, by the knowledge that during his sickness some kind, generous, warm hearted friends placed in his printing office a new press at the cost of two thousand dollars.—*U. S. Gazette.*

DIGNITY.—There was a fist fight lately at Jefferson City, Mo. The combatants were the mayor of the city and the judge of the circuit court.

OUR STATE DEBT.—We should suppose there could be no doubt that every man in Pennsylvania, at least every tax payer, or every man who ever expects to be one, is fully sensible of the condition of this State in relation to her public debt; and yet if it were so, we are at a loss to account for the almost total apathy with which it is suffered to increase by millions and millions every year. Our State Debt is now about \$37,000,000. Suppose nothing will be added to it except the interest—that no appropriations are made for public improvements, and those already constructed afford a sufficient revenue to keep the wheels of government moving, which is hardly a supposable case—in eleven years our State Debt will be not far from seventy five millions of dollars. In twenty-two years it will be nearly one hundred and fifty millions, and in thirty-three years, three hundred millions of dollars. Is not this a little startling? A state debt of THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS! Yet it must reach that enormous sum simply by the system now pursued, of contracting new loans to pay the interest on those already contracted. And if we go on making extravagant appropriations every year as we have been doing, and as there still seems a disposition to do, there may be one hundred millions more to be added to the above amount. The course our State is now pursuing will inevitably lead to this alarming state of things, as that day will succeed night.

With such facts staring them in the face, does it not become the people to ponder well this matter; and will not the Legislature hesitate before they take any steps that may hasten the bankruptcy of the State. When they know that Pennsylvania is to have her share of the proceeds of the Public Lands, or some other means of raising money to defray the expenses of government and carry on our Internal Improvement system is provided, then they will be justified in making appropriations. Until then neither the interest of the State nor sound policy requires it.—*Harr. Chron.*

CURIOS!—At the parish church in this town, on Sunday, last, a man of about forty years of age attended the morning service, and among the bans of marriage published he listened to those of his own father and his own son! Probably such an occurrence is not in the memory of that traditional person, the "oldest inhabitant."—*Blackburn (Eng.) Standard.*

GENERAL HARRISON'S HOUSEHOLD, the Madisonian says, will not be completed until after the opening of the spring, when Mrs. Harrison, now at North Bend, is expected to join the General. Meantime the domestic arrangements of the White House will be superintended by the family of Mr. Taylor, the General's son-in-law, who will be his private Secretary.

Temperance Department.

BEWARE OF THE MODERATE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

1. It describes neither quantity nor strength is unfathomable as the abyss, and uncertain as the wind.
2. It is a great deceiver; promising health and long life, yet destroying more than war, famine, or the plague.
3. It is the first instalment of inebriation, usually followed by a ready disposition to pay the rest.
4. It is the popular leaven which is threatening to leaven the whole lump.
5. It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the belly.
6. It is the A B C of drinking, the picture-book.
7. It is a regular quack medicine, making splendid promises but performing no cures, and yet demanding full pay.
8. It is the starting chair to the workhouse, the prison, the asylum, and the gallows.
9. It is the doctor's easy chair, lined with yellow, white and brown, in which all the patients feel quite happy.
10. It is a light fingered gentleman who feels every corner of the drawer, and the very bottom of the purse.
11. It is an inclined plane of rapid descent smooth as marble, and slippery as glass.
12. It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly venom, are concealed by the dazzling of its coils.
13. It is hypocritical personified; and affected about side sobriety, but all agitation and uncleanness within.
14. It is a ship on a troubled sea, without anchor, rudder or compass.
15. It is the landlord's birdlime, by which he secures his victims and shuts them up in his cage.
16. It is a delightful avenue lined with beautiful flowers, charmed with melodious sounds, but leading to the caverns of the dead.
17. It is an ignis fatuus, tempting its fabled followers over trembling bogs, and tumbling them down a frightful precipice.
18. It is the licentious which says to the barrel, and the jug, "by prescriptive right you are here."
19. It is the whirlpool of ruin in which thousands have sunk to rise no more.
20. It is the enemy's flaming sword, by which he keeps up a perpetual war with the temperate reformer.
21. It is an angel of light assuming a smiling countenance, but is in reality the chief of the powers of darkness.—*English Paper.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—The Baltimore Clipper relates a pleasant anecdote in relation to a Temperance pledge, thus:

A very beautiful young lady on the Point, not long since, signed her name to a temperance pledge, one article of which prohibited her receiving the affectionate attention of any young gentleman who was in any way given to intemperance. It happened that the tender-hearted counsel had, at the very time she put her name to the paper, a beau with whom she was well-pleased, a beau with whom she was well-pleased, but who, unfortunately, (according to report) took occasionally a little too much. The maiden was therefore under the painful necessity of addressing her "fondly loved one" a polite note, stating her situation, and the utter impossibility of her ever after receiving his attention as a lover. "I love you as purely as ever," was the language of the note, "but my word has gone forth, and honor bids me to respond to your kindness only in the light of a friend." The young man found himself completely subdued. The words "I love you as purely as ever," were too potent. Determined not to forfeit such devoted affection, he sought the earliest opportunity to become a temperance advocate himself, signed the pledge, and is now a member of the Washington Temperance Society. Young love's dream with them has already brightened into engagement, and is, we understand, shortly to be consummated in matrimony. Powerful and beautiful is thy influence, oh woman!

REPORT ON TEMPERANCE MEMORIALS.

Mr. Reed, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred the memorial of the State Temperance Convention, made a report, which was read as follows, viz:

That they have bestowed on the memorial committed, the consideration to which its importance, and the high respectability of the body from which it emanated, entitled it. The memorialists pray, that Committees of both Houses of the Legislature, may be authorized with power to send for persons and papers, to institute a thorough inquiry into many and various crimes produced by the use of intoxicating drinks. It seems to the committee, to be inexpedient to accede to this suggestion. Were any other question than that as to the best remedy for a confessed evil, before us, such an inquiry might be desirable. But as it is the rightful results of the use and abuse of spirituous liquors, do not need the illustration which legislative inquiry could afford. They are the subjects of daily personal observation—the current observation of every one who walks the streets of our cities or villages, or who, tracing, in the records of guilt, the close and easy relationship of crime, can see the legitimate progeny of a parent, whose likeness is never effaced. No legislative investigation is necessary here.

The memorial also represents the wish of the Convention to be, that a law be passed authorizing a popular vote to be taken in the different counties, on the question, whether or licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors ought to be tolerated. This scheme of legislation, your committee think liable to objection. The appropriate object of the elective franchise is, the choice of representatives, in the public councils, and agents for public trusts. The theory of our government as its true foundation, confidence on the part of the constituent. It is the representative who is to determine on the remedy which an evil demands, or in other words, it is through the representative that the people act in relation to remedies. If there be difficulties in determining what remedy is best, the representative must meet and overcome them, as best he may; but it would be worse than unless if every question of morals or economy; which arises to puzzle a legislator, were to be referred to popular decision, and our elections, instead of being a choice among competent individuals, be converted into means of deciding on mere measures of government. Nor would it be possible to separate such questions as the one proposed to be submitted from party or political considerations. The same instinct of party would seize on one side or the other of the "retail" question, and temperance would be made to minister to at least one of the many species of intemperance, which periodically agitate the public mind. "License" and "no license" would be the watchword of party conflict, and the result would be not a conclusive determination of the question submitted for decision, but the boast of some cunning partizan, who, having electioneered on temperance, would forget his obligations even to the name, as soon as he was elected. Let the Legislature, this Legislature, or that which is to follow it, do its duty, and submit no questions of the legislation to the popular decision.

The prayer of the memorialists as to the amendment of the tavern license law, by which public notice of all applications for licenses shall be given, and the names of those who recommend a tavern stand, published, meets with the approbation of the Committee. They have accordingly reported a Bill to that effect, (No. 73.)—They do not doubt it will produce favorable results. Such a publication can do no harm and is, it seems to the Committee, required for the security of neighborhoods. Any rigorously penal enactments on the subject of the sale of spirituous liquor, would unquestionably do more harm than good.—Public opinion, now stimulated to unusual activity, and directed by high moral and religious influences, can do no more good than the extreme vigor of penal statutes.

73. An Act supplementary to the various Acts relating to tavern licenses.