

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

CHAS. B. AYCOCK, EDITOR.

VOL. III.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

NO. 26.

DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,

DENTIST.

Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and offer if he finds it necessary. Notice will always be given in this paper of his coming.

DR. J. D. DAVIS,

DENTIST.

Respectably located in Durham and Chapel Hill. Office will be open at Chapel Hill two days of each month, from the 1st to the 22d.

JAMES SOUTHGATE,

General Insurance Agent,

DURHAM, N. C.

Largest lines of Insurance placed at lowest rates in first class Companies. Term policies on Dwellings and Farm Property, a specialty.

POURTRAITS FOR THE PEOPLE.

I beg leave to again call the attention of the people of Orange County and all portions of the country to my

CRAYON PORTRAITS,

which can be enlarged to any desired size. From any kind of Small Pictures, including Card Photographs, Gems, Old Daguerotypes, Breast Pin or Pocket Pictures, and finished in the finest style of Crayon Drawing, and finely framed. \$10.00 per dozen; \$5.00 per dozen; \$7.00 per dozen; \$10.00 per dozen; \$12.00 per dozen; \$15.00 per dozen; \$20.00 per dozen; \$25.00 per dozen; \$30.00 per dozen; \$40.00 per dozen; \$50.00 per dozen; \$60.00 per dozen; \$75.00 per dozen; \$100.00 per dozen; \$150.00 per dozen; \$200.00 per dozen; \$300.00 per dozen; \$400.00 per dozen; \$500.00 per dozen; \$600.00 per dozen; \$750.00 per dozen; \$1000.00 per dozen.

EUGENE L. HARRIS, Artist,

Chapel Hill, N. C.

STREET'S NATIONAL HOTEL,

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. R. Street & Son, Owners and Prop's

GASTON HOUSE,

NEW-BERNE, N. C.

S. R. Street & Son, Proprietors.

The undersigned having purchased the National Hotel property at Raleigh, opened March 15th, 1879, that well known House to the public under their management. They refer to their past management of the Gaston House as a guarantee that the traveling public will find the National in their hands, up to the standard of a first-class Hotel. The senior, Mr. Samuel B. Street, will remain in charge of the Gaston House. The junior, Mr. Wm. J. Street, will conduct the National Hotel.

S. R. STREET & SON.

NOTICE.

S. MCK. BOWLES,

PLASTERER, BRICK-MASON and WHITE-WASHER, is now ready to do work at short notice. All of his work is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call on him and have your work done neatly. Refers to citizens of Chapel Hill.

TONSORIAL

ART EMPORIUM,

THOMAS DUNSTON,

HAS FITTED UP HIS

BARBER SALOON,

ON FRANKLIN STREET,

in the most improved style, and will be glad to see his customers any time. He guarantees good work.

Shaving, 15 cents.
Hair cutting, 25
Washing, 25

He has a boot-black always in attendance. Give him a call.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try none else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance.
Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$1500 TO \$8000 A YEAR, or \$5 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required. No risk. No men do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do so there at anything else. The work is light and pleasant. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5, also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.
Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required. No risk. No men do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do so there at anything else. The work is light and pleasant. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5, also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.
Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Knitting.

Knitting gaily in the sunshine,
While the fragrant roses blow,
And the light wind stirs the petals
Till they fall like flakes of snow,
Laughing gladly, gauding shyly,
At the lover by her side—
Saucy dimples, coy confessions,
All the maiden's love and pride,
Weaving in with skillful fingers
Girdle fancies, pure desires,
While the brightness of the future
Flashes through the twinkling wires,
And a young heart's fond ambitions,
Tender hopes and golden dreams,
Deepen as the sunlight deepens,
With its thousand darts and gleams.

Knitting silent in the shadows,
With a drooping, weary head,
Gazing out into the twilight,
Whence the light and life have fled;
Moving nerveless, languid fingers,
Striving to be bright in vain,
And to still the heart's wild dutter,
Throbbing in its mighty pain;
Working through the silky texture
All a woman's anguish fears,
Looking out on past and future
Through a mist of burning tears.
Knitting patient in the twilight,
Quiet bearing all her woe,
While the roses shed their petals
In a fragrant summer snow.

Knitting fiercely, in the anguish
Of a burning, fiery strife;
Or quietly in the sunlight
Of a calm heart's happy life.
Knitting heavily and slowly,
In life's last fitful hours;
Or skillfully and gaily,
Among the summer flowers,
Weaving in a glorious future,
Or a soul's dumb aching pain,
With the memory of pleasures
That will never come again.

Thus a woman's life is bounded
By the humble daily task,
Meekly taking up her burden,
Pausing not to strive or ask.
Ah! how many hearts beside us,
Were we not so worldly wise,
Might we see in gentle moments,
Looking out from wistful eyes;
And how often, did we listen,
'Neath a gay and laughing tone,
Could we hear the bitter yearning
Of a strong heart's restless moan.

A TRUE STORY.

In 1856, when the English and French were at war with the governor of Canton, a number of their boats ascended a creek to a town called Faatee, where the sailors amused themselves by robbing and ill-treating the inoffensive villagers.

Ten days later, a cutter from the English fleet, in passing the town, was set upon by the inhabitants, whose friends had suffered at the hands of the first party, and the result was a massacre from which only three of the foreigners escaped.

In the excitement consequent to the cause, no inquiry was made as to the times of the attack. At once a strong force was dispatched, with a demand for the person of the head man of the village, whose name was Sung-Seen. Upon learning that his surrender would save his people from further reprisals, Sung-Seen gave himself up, and was conveyed to Macao Fort, in the Canton river.

When this news reached the old man's sons, four youths, who were studying at a Chinese college in Fat-shan, they hurried home, determined to rescue their father from the hands of the English. The undertaking was foolhardy, and its success seemed simply impossible.

Sung-Seen was confined in the upper story of a pagoda. The building stood in the center of the fort. The fort itself was garrisoned by two hundred English seamen and marines. Its walls were patrolled day and night. Notwithstanding this, the boys found means to send a message to their father and to inform him of their plans.

Upon the evening fixed for the attempted rescue, I was on my way from Canton. Near the village my boat was attacked by river pirates, and my men were obliged to seek refuge in this fort, where I was warmly welcomed by the lieutenant in charge, an old friend named Brown. After I was comfortably settled in his quarters, he said—

'I have just received a warrant to execute Sung-Seen. As I don't know a word of Chinese, I am puzzled how to inform him of his fate. He is to be shot to-morrow. Would you mind telling him what my orders are?'

'I replied that I knew the prisoner, and had been active in petitioning the commander-in-chief to spare his life.— Under the circumstances it would therefore be exceedingly painful for me to comply with his request. However, upon learning that I was the only foreigner in the place that could speak Chinese, and thinking I might be of some service to the doomed man, I consented.

'The old fellow received your message very coolly,' observed the lieutenant, as we seated ourselves in the apartment below. 'You must not leave here to-night. The river is swarming with pirates. I'll give you a bed and you can leave early in the morning.'

I thankfully accepted his offer, and after ordering my men to haul up their boat, I returned to the pagoda. It was impossible for me to throw off a feeling of depression at the thought of Sung-Seen's fate, and for that reason I said but little, and proved, I am afraid, very poor company for my host.

We heard the loud voice of a sentry, followed by the report of a rifle. Hurrying out to learn the cause of alarm, we were informed that a body of Chinese

had landed upon the lower part of the island and were setting fire to everything that would burn.

'They will fire the bathhouses next,' hurriedly remarked the lieutenant, referring to some sheds that stood about fifty yards from the fort. 'Fall in, all but the sentries, and open the gate.'

Never for a moment imagining that the attack had anything to do with the rescue of Sung-Seen, but believing it to be made by pirates, I shouldered a rifle and joined my friend.

Meanwhile the extreme end of the island appeared to be enveloped in flames. As we marched down to the boat sheds, we noticed a figure busily employed in spreading the fire.

'I can't understand this,' said the lieutenant, leveling his night-glass in the direction of the daring intruder. 'I only make out one of the rascals yet.— By the way he signals, he must have a number of accomplices. See whether some of you cannot pick him off.'

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the sailors and marines began to fire at the incendiary; while, to our amazement, he slowly advanced, shouting—

'*Fanqui la! Fanqui la!*'
As though bearing a charmed life, the solitary figure at which they were firing continued to approach our men, uttering all the time his derisive cry.

On he came, and by the lurid light of the burning reeds that covered the swampy part of the island, we presently saw that he was a mere boy of fourteen or fifteen years.

Still, in their excitement, the riflemen blazed away.

'*Fanqui la!*' repeated the incendiary, folding his arms and bravely defying us, until he fell forward, wounded in a dozen places.

The attack had been so sudden and the incendiary's daring so astonishing, that the men had not realized the cruelty of their act. But now, as they gathered round the prostrate form, every man expressed pity for him and wished they had not yielded to the frenzy of the moment.

Bidding them form into two companies and search the lower part of the island, and extinguish the fire, the lieutenant said to me—

'The poor fellow is speaking. Will you ascertain what he says, while I look after my people?'

Advancing to the sufferer, I raised him in my arms, when I discovered he was Sung-Wang, the youngest son of the unfortunate man confined in the fort.— Then it flashed across my mind that he had sacrificed his life to save his father's.

Aided by a kind-hearted seaman, I carried him into the fort, and having placed him on a lounge in our quarters, informed him who I was. Upon this, he opened his eyes and faintly said—

'Tell me, has my father escaped? I cannot tell until I know.'

As he spoke, my host entered the pagoda, and hurriedly remarked that the men had been unsuccessful in their search. Then he mounted to the floor above, but returned in a moment with an angry exclamation on his lips, and declaring that the prisoner had got away. His handcuffs and irons were there, but the man had vanished. A rope was hanging out of one of the windows, by which he must have descended, between two of the sentries.

'See what you can get out of the boy,' said the lieutenant; 'he surely knows something of the affair; and then he rushed away, leaving me with the dying lad, to whom I immediately translated what had been said.

It appeared to give Sung-Wang momentary strength, for he half-roared, and exclaimed—

'Now I am happy—am happy! Do not weep for me, but rejoice in my honorable death. Fortunate is the child who dies for his parent. Tell my father that my last thoughts were of him.'

As he uttered these words he sank back into my arms and died as peacefully as a child sleeps.

'Noble boy!' said the lieutenant, when he learned the full extent of Sung-Wang's heroism. 'What a love his must have been to give his life in exchange for that of his father! These Chinese are a wonderful people. Well, we'll bury him with naval honors.'

An hour before sunrise I quitted Macao Fort, carrying with me all that was mortal of the faithful Chinese lad. Two months after, when the blockade was raised, I visited Faa-tee, and learned from his brothers the particulars of their father's rescue.

They had drawn lots to decide which of them should act as decoy, while the others scaled the walls of the fort. The dangerous duty fell to the youngest brother, and he had indignantly refused to yield it to either of the other brothers.

I entered a sedan-chair and was conveyed to Sung-Seen's house. In the reception-room I found the venerable father. He was surrounded by a number of his friends, who were proud that their village should have been the birthplace of such a son as Sung-Wang.

the fields of rice, then just developing their first green leaves, and conducted us to a grove of trees upon a knoll, in the side of which was built a horse-shoe shaped tomb.

Up to that time he had restrained all emotion; but as he peered to the grave, tears rolled down his cheeks. 'My boy sleeps there,' he said; and covering his face with both hands, he sank, sobbing, upon the marble slab.

According to the custom of the country, I decorated the tomb with boughs of the beautiful peach-blossom, which in China signifies remembrance, and thus paid my last tribute of respect to Sung-Wang, who died a martyr to filial devotion.

'The Chinese as a nation have most assuredly secured the fulfillment of the promise of the fifth commandment— "Honor thy father and thy mother—that thy days may be long in the land."'

Look to Your Addresses.

Upon the advice of the general superintendent of railway mail service the postmaster general has decided that matter not addressed to any postoffice cannot be returned to the sender, but must be forwarded in the mails, but must be returned to the sender, if known, for better directions, or else sent to the dead letter office. There are now nearly 42,000 postoffices, and from data in the possession of the postoffice department it is estimated that the number of places having local names, but not postoffices, to which matter is sometimes directed is at least three times the number of postoffices. Postal employees are required to know the location of every postoffice in the States for which they work, or distribute mail, but it is impossible for them to know the direction in which matter not addressed to postoffices should be sent. Heretofore they have been permitted to guess at the proper destination of such matter, but the results have convinced the department that in a matter of so much importance as the distribution and dispatch of mail matter nothing should be guessed at. It is easier for the public to address their mail matter to a postoffice than it is for the department to ascertain where matter not addressed to a postoffice should be sent, and it is to the interest of the public that the new regulations should be strictly enforced, because it will be easier to trace missing letters if none are admitted to the mails not properly addressed, and fewer losses will occur if postal employees are forbidden from guessing at the destination of matter not addressed to postoffices. Matter returned for better direction when redirected will be forwarded without additional charge for postage, even if the stamps have been canceled. In taking this important step toward perfecting the postal service the department hopes to receive the co-operation and support of the general public.

Incidents in the Silver Country.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, who has been investigating Leadville in the interest of *Forbes*, contributes the result of his labors to the October number of that magazine. Among the numerous anecdotes which he records is the following, the mine referred to in the first being the Dead Man Claim:

It was winter. Scotty had died, and the boys, wanting to give him a right smart of a burial, hired a man for twenty dollars to dig a grave through ten feet of snow and six feet of hard ground. Meanwhile Scotty was stuffed into a snow bank. Nothing was heard of the gravedigger for three days, and the boys, going out to see what had happened to him, found him in a hole which, begun as a grave, proved to be a sixty-ounce mine. The *quasi* sexton refused to yield, and was not hard pushed, for Scotty was forgotten and staid in the snow bank till the April sun scorching him out, the boys meanwhile sinking prospect-holes in his intended cemetery.

One mine had its shaft down 135 feet and the indications of success were good. Some capitalists proposed to purchase an interest in it, and a half of the mine was offered them for \$10,000 if taken before five o'clock. At half-past four rich silver ore was struck, and when, at half-past five, the tardy men of money came leisurely up and signified their consent to the bargain, the manager pointed at the clock, and quietly remarked—

'The price of a half interest in this mine now, gentlemen, is sixty thousand dollars.'

Nobility of Farming.

Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, addressing the farmers at a fair in Oneida county, N. Y., the other day, said: 'I am not much of a farmer, and have little right to stand before you as such; but I brought over here for exhibition some potatoes that certainly exceed my speech. In reference to the depression of the times, let me recall to you an ancient fable: There was once a giant so powerful that he could not be overcome. But he derived his strength from his mother-earth, for no matter how exhausted he might become, he regained his powers the moment that he came into contact with the soil. The way in which he was finally overpowered was by coming into contact with an opponent so strong that he could lift him from the ground and hold him suspended in the air until he was strangled to death. Now there is a lesson in this for us. So long as this people of ours can seek its support from mother-earth, so long it cannot be overcome. There never yet was a President of the United States who, when he left his office, did not seek the country and retire to his farm. Washington did this; so did Adams and Jefferson. Our greatest statesmen have sought for rest, health and peace in retirement to their farms—witness Webster and Clay.'

AN EXAMPLE TO BE FOLLOWED.

A Western Father, who Comprehends the True Basis of Marital Bliss.

In one of the towns of central Iowa there resides a wealthy banker whose eldest daughter has but recently become engaged to be married. As would be expected from the position of her family this young lady has had the benefit of the best social and intellectual advantages at home, besides having been a student at Vassar for some time, and traveled considerably, from all of which she has attained quite an unusual degree of culture for a lady of only twenty years.

To an ordinary observer it would seem that her training had been all that could be desired; but her father thought otherwise. When he found that she had decided to take upon herself the duties of wifehood, he, knowing how greatly the happiness of families is affected by the housewifery qualities of the woman at the head, declared that the marriage should be delayed until she had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a housekeeper.

To be thorough he knew required more than mere theoretical knowledge, so with wise thoughtfulness he was careful to provide the means whereby the practical worth of all instruction received could be fully tested; and to this end the mother was requested to retire into the background for a season while the daughter should assume the responsibilities of housekeeper. The mother consented and the young lady undertook the duties of her novel position with a will to do her very best. Several months have now elapsed, yet her interest is never known to flag, although her position is no sinecure. The family is very large, and being exceedingly hospitable, the house is seldom without the presence of guests from abroad; but inspired by the ambition to acquit herself creditably in the present, as well as by the sweet hope in the future, when she shall preside over a home of her very own, her zeal and enthusiasm increases from day to day as experience adds to her proficiency.

In order that her work may be systematic, she is allowed a certain sum of money each month with which to supply the table, and as a special inducement to the exercise of economy, all that can be saved therefrom is placed to her private account for individual use. The monthly allowance being by no means large, she is obliged to exercise care in its expenditure; therefore the minutest details are studied, and not a dish makes its appearance upon the table without the cost having been fully estimated previous to its ordering. In this manner she is learning many things that may be of great value to her in the future.

Not long since she was heard to remark that it was really astonishing to discover the many ways of economizing possible to woman; and as an instance of her own experience, said she had greatly wondered, for some expensive dish desired, that something else, equally wholesome and fully as palatable, could be furnished at one-half the cost.

The father often accompanies her to market and instructs her in the selection of vegetables, the cutting of meats, etc., showing such as are suitable for different purposes, and how to avoid wasteful and unwholesome purchases.

Does not this little sketch contain a valuable suggestion for the benefit of other parents? This young lady will gain in less than one year, at an expenditure of probably one-third the vital energy required in the schoolroom, knowledge that will contribute a thousand fold more to the happiness of those depending upon her in the future, than any amount of school training could possibly do; yet how few think to give daughters similar preparation for the home cares and home duties so sure to form a part of every woman's life. Were parents more thoughtful in this respect, the burdens of young wives would be greatly lessened, while the amount of money which would be saved to young husbands would oftentimes be sufficient to lay the foundation of great wealth.— The thought is worthy of consideration on the part of all those who may hold in their hands the shaping of a young girl's future.

Energy Will Make Its Way.

Real talent makes use of whatever lies nearest at hand. Faraday mastered the secrets of electricity with an old bottle. Sir Humphrey Davy threw light on the laws of chemistry by rude instruments of his own contrivance. Ferguson calculated the distance of the stars with a handful of glass beads threaded on a string. Watt's first model of the steam engine was made out of an old syringe. Benjamin West took his first brushes from a cat's tail. Dr. Wallaston's laboratory was an old tea-tray, which held a few watch-glasses, a blow-pipe, a small balance, and a dozen test papers. Gifford worked out his early mathematical problems on small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth enough to be used as tablets. Dr. Black detected latent heat with a pan of water and a couple of thermometers, and George Stevenson mastered the rules of arithmetic with a bit of chalk on the grimy sides of a coal-wagon. The inferior mechanic is always finding fault with his implements. His jackplane and chisel have no edge, his augur will not bore smooth, his hand-saw sticks in the groove; but the trouble is in the brain, not in the tool.

At Bayon Chico, La., during an election, a shooting affray took place between two men named Fort and Dossman. Neither of the principals was hurt, but two bystanders were shot, Edward W. Grimm being instantly killed and Richard Nash dangerously wounded.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Oranges and lemons are grown in Chatham county, N. C.

Nashville will begin this fall to organize sanitary regulations for next summer.

Of the 185,000 miles of railroad completed in the world in 1878 nearly one-half were in the United States.

Aquilla McJunkins, of Quincy, Fla., is 102 years old, while near him lives Tabitha Williams, aged 109 years.

Within the last five years the acreage of cereals in the United States has increased from 74,000,000 to 95,000,000.

A Chicago judge has declared an unconstitutional the law which exempts members of the State militia from jury duty.

Eight thousand pounds of choice California honey packed expressly for the London market was recently shipped in one invoice at five cents per pound.

Lord Beaconsfield made a speech at Aylesbury, England, in which he predicted that Canada would become the victorious rival of the United States.

The peanut dealers in Norfolk, Va., have voted to sell hereafter by weight, it being agreed that 120 pounds per bag shall be the standard weight, and that shippers be requested to use good, strong bags, and conform to this standard.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens has received \$35,000 from 'The War Between the States.' A snug little sum; but some sutlers made a larger pile than Mr. Stephens from the war between the States; and substitute brokers did still better.

The visitors to the agricultural fair held at the Permanent Exhibition building in Philadelphia numbered 137,694, and the receipts were \$65,098 25. The profits to the Exhibition company were over \$20,000, while the Agricultural company realizes \$10,000.

Stringent rules are published to be observed by the Russian universities where lectures have just begun. The students are forbidden to belong to societies of any kind, hold meetings, disapprove orally of the existing regulations, give private lessons or have their lectures printed.

The import of wine into Great Britain was only seven-eighths as large the last year as reported for two years ago, whilst the import into this country for the year ending last June was ten per cent. larger than the year before, which shows that the demand for luxuries is falling off in one country and rising in the other.

Commander Cameron, of the British navy, says that the Morse system of telegraphy, as far as it depends on the length of sounds, has been in use in Africa. He has found tribes that, by stationing drummers at intervals, carry intelligence for miles with great rapidity, the beats of the drum being made in accordance with a previous arrangement of signals.

Probably chloride of lime is the best disinfectant for ordinary use. It is in a convenient form, and is inexpensive.— When sprinkled about in a dry state it slowly decomposes and sets the chlorine free, which passes into the atmosphere and destroys any decaying organic matter, which contains the germs of disease, floating about in the air. Where there is fear of sewer gas in houses, the free use of chloride of lime is a great safeguard.

An examination of the trunks of a Mrs. M. A. McKay, who arrived at New York on the French steamer *Periere*, and who signed a declaration that she had no dutiable baggage, disclosed a large quantity of female apparel all of the finest quality and most elegant manufacture, valued at over \$4,000, all of which was seized. Mrs. McKay's person was searched, and from it were taken thirteen and one-eighth yards of deep point applique lace of the most costly description.

One of the Manhattan bank robbers has returned, through the *New York Herald*, a government bond of one hundred dollars, registered in the name of Emily Tyson, colored, which was stolen with other securities. Being registered it was of course impossible for the thieves to make use of it to their advantage. The robbers, it appears, got only twelve thousand dollars of negotiable paper out of all the wealth they stole from the bank, which is a small return for the three years and a-half which they devoted to the job.

An exchange says, 'Producers are gradually beginning to use petroleum as a fuel under boilers, and they find it cheaper by far than coal. One large producer in the lower oil country, who is trying it says that one barrel of oil a day, with gas from the wells, gives him sufficient fuel under a boiler that is pumping three wells. Before using petroleum he was burning two dollars' worth of coal a day. In the Bradford region the petroleum burner is being introduced successfully, as well as in manufacturing establishments.'

If the Boston *Watchman* is not guilty of exaggeration, morals would seem to be in a bad way in the hub of the universe. It says: 'The Boston chief of police declares that there are hundreds of girls belonging to respectable Boston families who have adopted ways of which they would blush to have their relatives know.' The laxity of the divorce law very probably has a good deal to do with this. Where marriage comes to be so lightly regarded by the law as in the case in Massachusetts, it is no wonder that the public morality should suffer in every direction.