

THE STAR AND BANNER.

—FARLESS AND FREE—

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

{NEW SERIES—NO. 96.

D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. XX.—2.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1849.

THE CHARM OF GAMBLING.

BY J. H. GREEN.

I have often heard persons speak of their first game of Cards—how they were led from that to a second, and a third, and so on, from game to game, till the vice of gambling became a confirmed habit, and almost an essential passion of their existence.

Truly, there is a fascination and a charm in gaming which none but devotees of the Cards may fully appreciate, and which but few, with tongue or pen can adequately portray.

Experienced as I am, and have been, in all the ramifications of gambling, it may rightly be inferred that I am able to speak advisedly concerning its soul-destroying influence on mankind. Yes, I have seen father son—nay, whole families—swept to ruin and horror by the Demon vice, in whose deadly grasp they had unhappily fallen! men of fine talents and virtues, even moral and upright individuals in other respects—professors also, I am sorry to affirm, of the religion of Jesus, have gone down to infamy and destruction through the enticements and fascinations of the Card-table.

Methinks I could whisper into the ears of those who play cards solely for amusement's sake, tales of woe and terror that would make the blood run cold and the heart beat in wildest pulsation, from their mere recital. How much worse would the scene have been, and the heart-strings torn, by the witnessing of many a painful scene in the career of the inveterate gambler!

I care not whether a man plays for pastime or profit, from the very first game he is apt to become enveloped in the fold of a master more terrible than the hydra; and when so enmeshed, in vain will be the lopping of any of its hideous heads that serve to snare the hapless victim. No! the vice should and must be crushed in its inception, or there can be no salvation from death and damnation here and hereafter.

Fearful thought! Would to God that all might realize the truth of the evil effects arising from card-playing, in whatever aspect presented, as a source of possum merely, or when pursued for emolument. Fathers, good worthy citizens, would be spared disgrace and crime, and widows and children might be saved from poverty and woe and the scourgings of a heartless world.

I knew a happy and worthy family, whose subsequent misery and sorrow arose from the social card-table, as a source of entertainment and amusement for themselves and friends. This family consisted of, beside the parental twain, three sons and a daughter, all of whom gave promise of a life of usefulness and honor—the invidious vice of gaming crept into the beloved family circle, and brought sorrow and desolation in its wake.

The daughter had reached her thirteenth year and gave developments of beautiful womanly maturity anon, when she was seized with consumption, which painful disease soon left its withering power on her fragile frame. Though rapidly sinking into the grave, she for some time retained her seat at the card-table; at length, however, her malady increasing, she retired from the fascinating amusement and sought preparations for death and immortality. She now requested that cards might no longer be the pastime of the evening, beneath their roof, and her father, loving her tenderly, readily complied with her request, and the card-table was accordingly set aside. It was now that parent realized the fascination of the games and found that a passion for gambling had insensibly become a rooted principle of his breast.

He sought the gaming table abroad, and spent his evenings in the fashionable gambling house of the place. He continued as usual to play for pastime, but becoming a wine-bibber, one night, while merry in his cups, he was induced to hazard money in the game of Faro! He lost his money not only on this occasion but on almost every other evening afterwards. Still he persisted in his recklessness and playing deeper and deeper in ruin, till on one Friday evening, he came into a room where several individuals and myself were seated at a game of cards. He offered to stake five dollars on a game, and being permitted, his money was won from him. He then bet ten dollars, which he also lost. Becoming excited, he continued to bet, and as a matter of course, where all were sharers, he was well supplied with liquor, and cheated not only of what funds he had but forced to give a check for money thus won from him. He became drunken and remained with the gamblers during the night. The following day the check was cashed, and a portion of the money used in keeping him intoxicated, so that he was kept away from his family several days. Great excitement prevailed on account of his absence in the community, while his friends and family suffered painful anxiety in regard to his fate. I was seated at a table playing with him on a Sunday evening, the third day since he entered the

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gambler's den, when his family physician entered and enquired of the unfortunate and insatiable man, if he knew where he was, and if he would not return to his stricken daughter and distressed family?

—Yes, yes, Doctor, he'll be soon presently, go and say that I will come to them! The physician left, but the poor man continued the game and speedily forgot the promise. About half an hour passed in this way, when a female rushed into the room, and threw her arms around the neck of the gambler's victim—it was his wife.

—Great God! My husband! what are you doing here?

—Beloved, my wife! what seek you, and why come to this place? said the man heading his head and rocking with shame and mortification.

—Oh, my dear husband, come home instantly, our poor child is dying! Her only prayer for two days has been your welfare. Come, dear husband, now! Our daughter may not live till our return.

The wife, husband, and physician immediately left the place.

A short time again elapsed, when that deluded man returned, and composedly resumed his seat at the gaming table. I incidentally inquired of him how he had left his daughter.

—Oh, God! remind me not of that, sir. She is dead—she is dead, and died while I was seated here at cards! I could not remain; the tempter drove me back! I could not see her dead! Oh, God! I could not stay and see my child a cold and lifeless corpse.

While he raved and wept, his wife appeared the second time, and dragged him from that pandemonium to his own hapless home.

Four years after this affecting circumstance, while I was sojourning in the same city, lecturing on gambling, I received a visit from that unfortunate man. His appearance before me recalled to my mind at once the painful incident just detailed, and I inquired what were his feelings when he visited home and found his daughter a corpse.

—Oh, sir, I left your table thinking it was but a race to bring me home; but I cannot tell the horror that filled my soul, when I realized that my child was dead. I clasped her lifeless form in my arms and implored her to speak, if but one word, that I might know that I had not lost her forever. There came no response. I cast the dead body from me, and rushed out wild and frantic, yet voiceless myself, determined on self-destruction. I felt that I was her murderer, and the terrible thought drove me mad. Scarcely knowing what I did, but impelled by the fool I found myself in the street hastening away to the wharf with purposes of fearful consequence—just, strange to say, that bright lamp, at the door of the gambling-house, directed me from a watery grave and turned my feet into the desolating where I sat abstractedly, I have no doubt, for I knew nothing and your inquiry about my dead child returned me to consciousness. Providence instructed me in an awful lesson, and from that hour to the present, I have never allowed cards in my house nor played myself abroad nor touched the intoxicating bowl; and God help me, I never shall.

This incident is sufficient of itself to show the consequences of indulging in card-playing and gaming. We could sincerely wish that it might lead every one to serious reflection, and induce a return to paths of rectitude and honor, ere that terrible desolation follow which most certainly attends, as we know full well, the course of the Gambler and Drunkard!

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THE END OF A DESPERATE FAMILY.—A young but notorious man named Maythe, met a violent death at Cincinnati a few days ago. The Commercial says:—

—The Maythe's brothers, well known in the criminal records of the west, seemed to have inherited a common doom—to have been punished by a common fatality. First, Smith Maythe, after performing various exploits in his vocation as a robber, after having broken several penitentiaries, met with death upon the scaffold by the summary hands of an increased mob in Kentucky. Scott Maythe, connected with a band of conspirators on an island in the Mississippi, was shot down and killed by officers in the vicinity of Manchester. Another of the brothers was killed in St. Louis, and another is now in the Ohio Penitentiary. To close the infamous career of this family of desperadoes, Walter Maythe, who has served in penitentiaries and jails for his crimes, was killed in a brawl on Friday last. So ends the race!

NEW YORK SLATES.—The Times has the following interesting questions. The ladies had better get their slates and work out the sum:

If I know were a penny each,
And work a great a score,
A kin for every twenty words,
And twenty in an hour—
What the far, one twice a week,
And I may form eight to one,
To send take how long, at such a rate,
To spend a hundred pounds!

AND THEN!

[From the Victoria (Texas) Advocate.

A WILD WOMAN.

We know not but our reputation for venacity may suffer by the following statement, but as we have been laying off for the last two years to give it, we think there is no use of waiting any longer. It will require some credulity to believe the story; but we can assure the reader that what we shall state could be established by the testimony of some of the oldest and most respectable citizens of our neighboring county of Jackson.

For the last ten years there has lived and inhabited the thickets of the Navidad bottoms in Jackson county, an animal uniting in his nature the characteristics of a woman; and though diligent search has frequently been made, not a living soul has ever been able to see it; though on one occasion, several years ago, a party driving cows through the bottom, came so close upon its camp or den, as to compel it to drop a kind of basket or trunk, which upon examination was found to be a perfect curiosity, containing a most astonishing variety of little trinkets, such as pins, needles, knives, brushes, and several articles whose uses were entirely unknown; and all of the most ingenious and exquisite workmanship, and also a pocket Bible, with "New York" written in it in a small beautiful hand writing, together with two guns, one of which it had stocked with having stolen an old gun barrel from the settlements.

The principal reason for believing it to be a woman, arises from its track, which has often been seen, and which resembles exactly that of a delicate female. It frequently visits the neighboring houses of nights for the purpose of picking up such articles as it can lay its hands on—clothing particularly, of which it is supposed, from the quantity missing from time to time, it has enough to set up a respectable military shop and clothing store.

About a year ago, it went into the house of Sam A. Rodgers, when he was absent, opened his medicine chest, took a portion of all the medicines in it, carefully putting back the stoppers, and committing no other damage beside that of taking several articles of clothing, which after going to the edge of the bottom, it appears to have sorted out—and left such articles hanging about a sink as it did not seem to require. It also came to Mr. Rodgers's place recently and brought back a wooden bowl taken about a year since, and a trace chain that had been missing for eight years.—These are but a tithe of the many eccentricities of the man, woman or animal; but they serve as a specimen.

So sure are the people on the Navidad that it is a wild human being, that we understand a reward of forty bows and calves has been offered to any one who would capture it. It is supposed by some that there was once a man and woman, but that the man had died. How true this conjecture is, we cannot say; but there can hardly be a doubt but a wild man or woman has inhabited the Navidad Mustang bottoms, near Texas, for many years. It cannot be a negro, male or female, because the track forbids the conclusion.—We incline to think it a Mexican woman.

MODERN PROVERBS.—All men are endowed with inalienable rights—except poor men. All men who do not pay their honest debts are great scamps—except those who cheat on a large scale. All men are born free and equal—except niggers. All men are sinners—except those who belong to the Church. All men are allowed to think and act freely—except those who work for a living. All well-dressed and accomplished women are ladies—except factory girls.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—Mrs. Leslie, at Albany, was delivered of four children at a birth, on Saturday week, while the fire was raging directly opposite the house in which she resided; all of them have since died. Mrs. L. has been married five years, in which time she has given birth to sixteen children.

INTELLIGIBILITY.—In St. Giles's the following notice was lately posted in the window of a lodging-house:—"Hay sack and flour to let, chickens and carrol." The real import of the notice was, "A second floor to let, kitchen and garret."—London Sun.

ZEBULON'S LAST.—Why is a little girl, walking out with her mother's young unmarried sister, like a lady walking with her beau? Answer—because she is walking with her gal-ant.

"Mrs. Spriggs, will you be helped to a small piece of the turkey?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will."

"What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spriggs?"

"I will have a couple of wings, a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, some filling, and a few dumplings, as I feel very unwell to-day."

Wilkins fainted.

HOURS OF SLEEP.—Nature requires five, Oysters give seven; Lunatics take nine, And Whoopiee eleven.

FLOODING A PREACHER.

[From the Victoria (Texas) Advocate.

About twenty years ago, when there were but few settlements in the northern part of Ohio, an itinerant preacher of the Methodist Society, by the name of Johnson, was employed to travel on the extensive circuit in that section of the country.—Johnson was a man somewhat above the middle stature, with brawny shoulders, and endowed with great muscular strength and a degree of courage and self-possession adequate to any emergency, qualities which admirably fitted him for conflict with the rude and boisterous elements pervading the society by which he was surrounded.—In his manner he was ever affectionate, but faithful in what he considered his duty, without regard to consequences. The fearlessness with which he assailed the strongholds of depravity and licentiousness, had the effect of drawing down upon his head the indignation of a certain class of characters, who, determined to get rid of him, insulted and annoyed him in various ways, but through his coolness and shrewdness, not only were their plans entirely defeated, but not infrequently their wicked devices were made to recoil upon their own heads.

After every expedient had signally failed, it was resolved, as a last resort, to cause the preacher to be waylaid and severely beaten, with the assurance that unless he should decamp immediately, the same course of treatment was to be followed up until the desired effect should be produced. As the instrument of their vengeance, they were induced to select a bully of the name of Kennedy, who had the reputation of being the most athletic man in the country, and who for a stipulated reward undertook the disgraceful business.

One time as the clergyman was riding on horseback, he was met in an unfrequented spot by the ruffian, who was also on horseback. Kennedy saluted him with a mock respect, and informed him that he intended to give him a sound drubbing.

"Ah, but, my dear sir, you had better go about your business. If you try it you will be sure to get the worst of the bargain."

"There's little fear of that," exclaimed Kennedy, "I have basted stronger men than you before to-day." So saying he aimed a blow with his fist at the preacher's head, intending to knock him off his horse, but missing, received one in return which brought him instantly to the ground. The preacher then dismounted, and picking up his prostrate and chop-fallen adversary, threw him over an adjoining fence.

The bully, finding he had got hold of the wrong customer, wisely concluded upon a cessation of hostilities, and looking over the fence, he cried out, as the preacher was patiently waiting for another attack,

"I say, Mister, you will be good enough to throw my horse over after me?"

Johnson was thereafter permitted to ride and preach without the slightest molestation.

A hoosier editor thus pathetically appeals to his debtors for a supply of fuel. It was written during the cold snap—

"Wood up!"

"Those in arrears for last year, or who wish to pay their subscriptions in wood this year, would accommodate us, and perhaps save the county the cost of an inquest, by sending it in before we freeze!"

Dean Swift having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner:

Thanks for this miracle, it is no less Than finding manna in the wilderness; In midst of famine we have found relief, And seen the wonder of a chime of beef! Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before; And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

The Chinese are so punctilious that their code of etiquette outvies the most ceremonious courts in Europe. As soon as a guest alights from his sedan chair, he is met by the host who bows his head, bends his body and his knees, joins both hands in front, and with them knocks his chest. When he wishes to be very polite, he takes his guest's hand within his and knocks it upon his chest. This is their mode of shaking hands. Now follows a polite contest as to precedence, which, after various knockings, bowings and genuflections, terminates by the host and guest entering the house together. At the sitting apartment another ceremony takes place, equally protracted and irksome. The point to be determined is where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first. Etiquette extends even to a decision on the size of a chair, by which invariably the rank or importance of a guest is determined.

The host now motions to a large chair, and attempts to take a smaller one himself. Good breeding compels the guest in turn to refuse this compliment; and after a wearying contest of politeness, the point is amicably adjudged to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously on the same bench, or upon two chairs of equal dimensions. The fatigue of this courtesy may be easily conceived as the same routine is performed on the arrival of each guest.—As soon as the guests are assembled, tea is

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[From the Victoria (Texas) Advocate.

handed round in covered cups, which are placed in silver stands in the form of a boat. These are fluted and beautifully chased. The cups on the occasions to which I refer were of that antique porcelain so exceedingly valued, which is as thin as paper, pure white, perfectly transparent, and is ornamented with obscure figures, whose dark outlines are only perceptible when the vessel is filled with tea. The mode of making tea in China is similar to that in which coffee is made in Turkey. The tea is put into a cup, boiling water poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma, with a lid, which is used as a spoon to sip the tea.—Dublin University Magazine.

GOOD ADVICE.—When it freezes like care of your nose, that it doesn't get frosted, and wrap your toes in warm woolen hose. The above we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

WATCHING DAUGHTERS.—The women of Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and make them wear little bells on their persons, to denote where they are, and what they are about.

Fanny had oft in youth been told
The was a matchless maid;
Fanny has now, good luck, grown old,
Yet matchless still, 'tis said.

Some people are like mourning coaches
at a funeral: the outside is sober enough,
but there are plenty of jokes and fun
within.

Reputation is sometimes like a pole-cat
—dead or alive, its odor will spread.

The tears of the wicked are of evil omen.

[For the "Star and Banner,"
HINTS ON GASTRONOMY.
BY "BACHELOR."

Cookery, no less than the other sciences, is apparently marching in seven-league boots. It may be doubted, indeed, if this branch of knowledge is not attaining, through the valuable exertions of the "Star and Banner," to the acme of perfection. We know not whether to call these "Hints on Gastronomy" the "nouveau organum" or the "principia" of culinary philosophy. But one thing we know, these "Hints" do effect already their astonishing power not only over the minds of the grown-up, but they confer a great boon also on nervous and sensitive young ladies, even on the rising generation. We were indeed astonished and pleased on making an early call the other morning at the residence of a friend, to see the "materfamilias" sitting in an easy chair near the stove, with her male and female darlings at her sides, and before her a table, on which we observed a large new portfolio, made on purpose to preserve in it the numbers of the "Star and Banner." On asking our excuses, that we should be very sorry if we should interrupt mamma in her business, the lady remarked to us, that finding the great usefulness of these "Hints on Gastronomy," she determined to throw its formulae of art into the easy shape of conversation with her children; so that cookery might be inculcated in the same way that chemistry is on the softer way of mind. We begged of her to go with her catechetical lecture, and heard the following conversation on the II. No. of the "Hints":

Mamma.—I am thinking of what we shall have for dinner to-day.

Little Boy Peter.—That's the very first thing I always think about every morning.

Mamma.—How natural a remark! There will be a good many of us, as the Johnsons are coming. What do you say, girls?

Clarissa, (eldest daughter).—Don't you think, mamma, a nice sirloin of beef?

Mamma, (kissing her).—A bright idea, love. I confess, I am very fond of the sirloin. Well did I merit knighthood at the hands of the merry monarch.

Adra.—When the fat and skin is left of this beautiful gold color, how nice it is!

Mamma.—Do you know, dear, how that appearance is obtained?

All.—No, mamma. Do tell us.

Mamma.—By the joint not being basted. This is one of the discoveries of modern research. You tie a piece of buttered foot's-cup upon each side of the beef, and you fast rub the top over with a pat of butter in a wooden spoon—but don't baste it. You dress it at a tolerable distance from the fire—not too near—

Carrie.—So that the heat does not spoil its complexion?

Mamma.—Fascious darling! And then it is delicious.

Carrie.—I can well sympathize with the Bard of Avon, in the ejaculating, when he puts into the mouth of the Prince of Wales—Oh, my sweet beef!

Mamma.—Beef is indeed sweet—if it is not kept too long; done moderately and nicely browned.

Adra.—On a nice warm plate, with a good hot gravy.

Carrie.—Oh, the blessed good beef!

Peter.—Don't wish it to be done too time!

LINES

Suggested on seeing an Eagle released from captivity, at "Jack"

Bird of Heaven! lift thy drooping head,
No cage has arrested thine airy flight;
Soar aloft to thy favorite haunts—
Renew thy sports in the realms of light.

Bird of Jove! thy spirit's dream is o'er;
Unfold thy wings, and bid to thy home;
'Mid the lightning's flare and thunder's roar,
Fearless and free thou canst again roam.

Royal Bird! resume thy wonted way—
Feathered monarch, ruler of the sky—
Reign thy throne at the seat of day—
With unobscured eyes on the sun's bright glare.

Emblem of Liberty! no more is thine
The bondage imposed by ruthless hands;
Away to thy spirit's genial clime—
No longer fettered by captive bands.

Gettysburg, March 17, 1849.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND THE MERCHANT'S BANK.

In New York, many years ago, during a suspension of specie payments, John Randolph went there on business.—Having a check on the Merchants' Bank for a large sum, he called for the cash, and would take nothing but specie, which the tellers obstinately refused to pay. Randolph disdained to bandy words with their clerks or principals; believing himself wronged, he withdrew and had a handbill printed and circulated all over the city, which set forth that "John Randolph, of Hanover," being on a visit to New York, would address his fellow citizens that evening at the Banking System, from the steps of the Merchants' Bank. Long before the hour, a crowd began to gather, which increased to a fearful number, when the officers of the bank taking the alarm, sent Mr. Randolph his money in gold, who received it with a sardonic smile and apt quotations: *Insensio castigatorem duram relligat.* He left New York next morning in a stage, before day, and he being unknown in the city the handbill passed off for a hoax on the public.—Massachusetts Register.

LOOK AT HOME.—A clergyman had two daughters, who were much too fond of gossip, which was a great grief to him. He had often reproved them in vain; and, spreading one Sabbath day on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, the pride in dress. After speaking some considerable time on this subject, he suddenly stopped short, and said, with much feeling and expression, "But you will say, 'look at home.' My good friends, I look at home till my heart aches."

How true! The soil may be rich, and the land may be active, but neither will yield unsown.

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LOOK AT HOME.—A clergyman had two daughters, who were much too fond of gossip, which was a great grief to him. He had often reproved them in vain; and, spreading one Sabbath day on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, the pride in dress. After speaking some considerable time on this subject, he suddenly stopped short, and said, with much feeling and expression, "But you will say, 'look at home.' My good friends, I look at home till my heart aches."

How true! The soil may be rich, and the land may be active, but neither will yield unsown.

LINES

Suggested on seeing an Eagle released from captivity, at "Jack"

Bird of Heaven! lift thy drooping head,
No cage has arrested thine airy flight;
Soar aloft to thy favorite haunts—
Renew thy sports in the realms of light.

Bird of Jove! thy spirit's dream is o'er;
Unfold thy wings, and bid to thy home;
'Mid the lightning's flare and thunder's roar,
Fearless and free thou canst again roam.

Royal Bird! resume thy wonted way—
Feathered monarch, ruler of the sky—
Reign thy throne at the seat of day—
With unobscured eyes on the sun's bright glare.

Emblem of Liberty! no more is thine
The bondage imposed by ruthless hands;
Away to thy spirit's genial clime—
No longer fettered by captive bands.

Gettysburg, March 17, 1849.

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