

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 5--NO. 41.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 240.]

Advertisements.

Public Sale.

WILL be sold at public sale, on the premises, on Monday the 26th inst. at 12 o'clock.

The one-third of 54 Acres of Unpatented Land,

Situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Hugh Scott, William McClellan and others—to be sold as the Estate of ISAAC PEOPLES, deceased. The improvements on said property are a one and a half story

LOG HOUSE,
Stable, &c. with water quite convenient.—Terms made known on day of sale, and attendance given by
JOSIAH FERREE, Adm'r.
January 6, 1835. 16-40

Public Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court-house, in the Borough of Gettysburg, on Tuesday the 27th day of January inst. at 1 o'clock P. M., a certain

TRACT OF LAND,

Containing 10 Acres, more or less, adjoining land of James M'Allister, Peter Frey, and others—on which are erected a two-story

WEATHER-BOARDED HOUSE,
Log Stable, two springs of water, and an excellent orchard—late the Estate of JOHN W. HAGEN, deceased.
WILLIAM LAUB, Adm'r.
January 6, 1835. 15-40

GARDEN SEEDS.

Blood Beet,	White Head Lettuce,
Sugar do.	Early curled do. do.
White Onion,	Speckled do. do.
Yellow do.	Long Scarlet Radish,
Red do.	Savoy Cabbage,
Orange Carrot,	Early York do.
Early Horn do.	Cayenne Pepper,
Red do.	Double Peppercorn,
Long Cucumber,	Summer Savory,
Early Washington Peas.	

For sale at the Drug store of
Dr. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg.
January 6, 1835. 16-40

Estate of Thomas Griest, dec'd.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of THOMAS GRIEST, late of Latimore township, Adams county, deceased, will make payment to the subscribers without delay. And all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to make known the same to the subscribers without delay.

The Executors both reside in Latimore township, Adams county.
ISAAC FUDOR, } Ex'rs.
GIDEON GRIEST, }
December 16, 1834. 6t-37

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of PETER MARSHALL, late of Berwick township, Adams county, deceased, will make payment to the subscriber without delay. And all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to make known the same to the subscriber, without delay.

The Administrator resides in Conowago township, Adams County, Pa.
JOHN MARSHALL, Adm'r.
Dec. 9, 1834. 6t-36

ROWLAND'S TONIC MIXTURE,

OR VEGETABLE FEBRIFUGE.

A Cure for the Fever and Ague.

THIS article is offered by the proprietor as a certain and lasting cure for the Fever and Ague, having been thoroughly tested in the cure of that harassing disease. It contains neither Arsenic, Barks, or Mercury, or any article unfriendly to the human constitution. It acts as a gentle laxative, useful also in cases of debility of stomach and bowels, &c. For further particulars see bills and certificates accompanying each bottle.

For sale at the Drug Store of
Dr. J. GILBERT,
Gettysburg, Nov. 25, 1834. 4t-34

SWAIM'S PANACEA—For the cure of scrofula, or king's evil, syphilitic and mercurial diseases, rheumatism, ulcerous sores, white swellings, diseases of the liver and skin, general debility, &c. Also, SWAIM'S VERMIFUGE—an excellent article for worms. For sale at the Drug store of

DR. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg.
December 9, 1834. 16-36

MACASSAR OIL—Rowland's Macassar Oil to beautify and promote the growth of the hair. For sale at the Drug Store of
Dr. J. GILBERT,
Gettysburg, Dec. 9, 1834. 16-36

WORM TEA—For sale at the Drug store of
Dr. J. GILBERT,
Gettysburg, Dec. 9, 1834. 16-36

SAL. ERATUS—A large quantity received and for sale at the Drug store of
Dr. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg.
December 9, 1834. 16-36

JOB PRINTING

Expeditiously executed at the Star Office.

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

God and the Bible every where the same.

How sweet to rest the weary soul,
When labor bows our feeble frame;
And find, in lands remote and near,
God and the Bible still the same.

I launch upon the ocean wave,
And view the wonders of the deep—
Behold its surges mountain high,
As o'er its breast fierce tempests sweep.

I view its billows calm to rest,
And gently sleeping, quiet, tame,
And midst these changes, joy to find
God and the Bible still the same.

On shores remote, in other climes,
'Neath other skies and stars I roam,
When strangers only greet my eyes,
Far distant from my native home.

But yet, though new each scene appears,
And men of different tongue and name;
One thing is sweet, and 'tis to find
God and the Bible still the same.

Though nature wears a different form,
And shows a different drapery too—
And every bird, and fish, and beast,
Presents a form peculiar, new:

Still, midst this ever constant change
That runs throughout all nature's frame,
One thing is sweet, and 'tis to find
God and the Bible still the same.

Yes, sweet to think, that, though I roam
'Neath burning suns, or polar snows,
In lands where night and darkness reign,
Or where truth's lamp with clearness glows:

Midst all the change that nature knows,
And change of men of different name—
'The soul can apprehend and find
God and the Bible still the same.

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her life seemed an abstraction—a dream—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S—, (of him who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian), abhorred her brother's infidelity, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her.

For pity renth sore in gentile berte;
And sought, by every means in her power,
to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although she complained not, her spirit was broken forever; and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sank back and died without a struggle or a sigh. There were some lines in a periodical work, shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the parties, which I think, may not improperly be inserted here.

TO G—S—

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,
Though bathed in the mist of future years,
And this world will be but a world of shade,
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.

Thou hast seen a flow'ret pine away,
That loved by thee, would have blossom'd fair,
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the summer's breath was the gentle tale
With which thou told'st of thy love and truth,
But thy falsehood came like the wint'ry gale,
And blighted the flow'ret in its youth.

It has sunk to earth, but its tear are sighs
Has e'er betrayed thy bosom's pain,
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won
Its fadeless love in Spring's blooming hours;
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'rs—
It had still been fair, and thou had'st not
Been call'd as the lake that sleeps in rest;
But the ray of joy shall ne'er light thy brow,
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one whom thou lov'd'st before,
A deep lament shall be,
But no heart shall sigh, and no bosom mourn,
And no eye e'er weep for thee.

Thou wilt pass away to the realms of death
In solitude and gloom,
And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,
As awful as thy doom.

But this, and a few other extreme cases,
I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing, as I have said before, that a man dotes upon a beauty without a heart—What in the name of reason should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or, supposing that he is led to one far above him, either in rank or rank, or both. What then can be the cause, waste away and die, and be buried in a tomb of himself? A child can long for a star as he does a butterfly, and the sun round as he does his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses call it, "be the death of him." Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another. Still I say, there is no harm done. Let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions, and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds. I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did not, I should be sorry to suffer a twinge of rheumatism in my ear, or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away—"a victim to the tender passion;" but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food. This was a sad fall from the drawing-room window of romance into the area of common sense and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it; so he took his meals offener and thought no more about it. He actually became a suitor to another, was married, and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

Ere I part with you, "my readers all!" take notice of these my last words, and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen!—"Appolines imberbes" come home for the holidays! take heed! Ye are entering on a little-known and perilous sea. Look to your bark lest she founder. Bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves; there is faithfulness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already on the deceitful ocean—listen to me! Look out for squalls! Beware of hurricanes! Have a care of approaching storms! There may be an enemy's ship nearer than you wot of. Just give a salute, and sheer off to Bachelor's harbor. And ye, the last and most pitiable class of all, keep plenty of good wine aboard; so that when a sigh is rising in the throat you may choke it with a bumper; and in case of tears flowing, depend upon it that port will prove the best eye-water. Y***.

Whenever, (said Dr. Johnson,) chance brings within my observation a knot of young ladies busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue, and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain-work or embroidery, I look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a sanctuary against the most dangerous ensnarements of the soul, by enabling them to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and, with idleness her attendant train of passions, fancies, chimeras, fears, sorrows and desires.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

A "REPRISAL"—RATHER!

A Night Adventure in Paris.

"Hal! hal! Are you still at your post?"

"Here we are, both of us. Have you seen him?"

"Yes the scoundrel. I have made a last attempt to get from him the articles we seek, but with no more success than before. Now, since violent measures have become indispensable, let us carry our plan into effect. Kirkmann, courage, my lad! Twelve o'clock will strike directly, and then for our man. Follow him till he reaches some obscure and dark street, and then with your fingers on your triggers, wrest from him his ill-gotten property. No relenting now! swear to have no pity on him."

"We swear!"

"I'll watch your operations from the neighborhood."

The three individuals who thus conversed together had not the appearance of ordinary ruffians. The one who directed the enterprise seemed to be one of those stout built, fresh looking, well clad citizens, that one meets so often on 'Change, with a handkerchief full under his arm, or empty in his hand. Something ungainly in his attitude, and a twist in his shoulder, seemed to point him out as following some mean occupation, but which for fear of error, we shall not yet attempt to designate.

Kirkmann, the smallest of the two others, had a figure of the most grotesque character. A very prominent nose curving upwards towards the eyes as I apparently made for the purpose of supporting a pair of spectacles, was guarded below by a mouth flanked by a row of large and thickly scattered teeth—while his back was ornamented by a hump of large dimensions. It could be seen by the light of a street lamp, which swung to and fro in the evening breeze, that the short-sighted dwarf was gazing eagerly at the pistol in his right hand, with an expression that seemed to say, "Now, let him come on, and we shall settle our account with him."

The third member of the group afforded a striking contrast to both the others—Long, lank and pale, with his left arm raised as if to point his weapon, at the breast of some giant, he was a perfect fat simile of a gibbet, a slight tremor could be seen to run through his frame from time to time, but which was not perceptible to the eye.

"What are you waiting for? called twelve!"

"I am waiting for my guard!" repeated the stout citizen.

"I am waiting for the spouter St. Martin," slowly issued a dozen individuals. As each one made his appearance our two acquaintances stepped from the alley in which they had ensconced themselves but as often disappointed, were obliged again to betake themselves to their hiding place.

At length their eager eyes lighted on the man they were in search of. He seemed to be a young buck of the first order, frizzled and perfumed, and his throat embellished with a cravat of great amplitude. He planned himself in the middle of the pavement, and humming a fashionable air, was soon lost in one of the thousand streets that branch out from la rue Grenat.

He pushed forward at first at a quick pace, as if wishing to avoid being overtaken by the footstep which sounded behind him; but soon changing this appearance of fear to boldness, he stopped suddenly, and gave those following him an opportunity to come up with him.

"Stand!" cried one of the voices; "your money or your life!"

"What—what?"

"Your money or your life!" and the barrels of two pistols glistened under his nose.

"One word and you are a dead man," added both the voices.

"On the honor of a gentleman, I have nothing to give you. I have nothing about me but this watch, and it is only pinchback."

"We don't want your trinkets, genuine or false. Your money or your life, is what we seek."

"But unfortunately I have just lost my three last francs at an ecarte."

"Off with your coat, then!"

"Content yourselves with my hat, gentlemen, for I have lately made the most enormous sacrifices to clothe myself like a gentleman. My good mother has drained herself of all her little savings to pay my tailor's bill."

"Liar! off with your coat immediately, or else—Down with that cane in the first place!"

"Gentlemen, for mercy's sake—"

"Do you hesitate?"

"There it is, gentlemen—my exquisite black coat, if my tailor speaks truth you can get a hundred and twenty-five francs for it any where."

"Now your waistcoat!"

"Do you mean then to send me home en chemise?"

"Precisely. Off now with my pantaloons, and quickly too!"

"Oh, gentlemen, they are my last pair—have some mercy, for heaven's sake!"

"Now that you are plucked of your fine feathers, off with you, and don't dare to look behind you!"

The poor wretch so strangely misused, did not wait for a repetition of the injunction. He instantly took up his march, aided in his course by the fresh air of the morning, and a smart blow from a switch, which made his flesh tingle as he turned the corner of the next street.

He arrived at home, bathed in perspiration, from the violence of his exertions.—How he slept that night is not known, but

on his rising the next morning a note was put into his hand, couched in the following terms.

"Convinced that you were as great a coward as a swindler, I last night posted my two apprentices, Paul and Kirkmann, in the street through which you were to pass, each armed with a pistol, cut out of a cake of chocolate. You could easily have crushed to pieces their weapons, which I had caused previously to be inspected by my friend the commissary of police—you have preferred returning me the clothes which I had furnished you, and the payment for which you had till then evaded. You have done well, and our accounts are now squared.

"Keep yourself warm if you can, and accept the assurances of the respect with which I have the honor to be, Your very humble servant,
BALEMAID, Tailor."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SNOW.

The silvery snow—the silvery snow!—
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;

While, soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And sparkles the river and fount as they flow,
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow?

The silvery snow, and the crackling frost—
How merry we go when the earth seems lost;
Like spirits that rise from the dust of time,
To live in a purer and holier clime—
A new creation without a stain—
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!<