

# 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. 50.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 256.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### HORSE-BILLS

AND  
**FRAND-BIBBS,**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, &c.  
Neatly and expeditiously executed at the  
OFFICE OF THE  
**Star & Republican Banner,**  
GETTYSBURG, PENN.

### TEMPERANCE.

THE Fairfield Temperance Society will hold a Quarterly Meeting on *Monday the 23d inst.*, at 2 o'clock, in the Presbyterian Church, in Millerstown, when an Address will be delivered by the Rev. E. H. NERL.  
March 10, 1835. tm-49

### TEMPERANCE MEETING.

THE third annual meeting of the Petersburg (York Springs) Temperance Society, will be held at the Academy, on *Monday evening, April 6th*, when, it is expected that one or two Addresses will be delivered. All friendly to the cause, are respectfully invited to attend.  
J. McCOSH, Jr. Sec'y.  
March 10. tm

### BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA: FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

HAVING on a former occasion received a respectable number of votes, for which I tender you my sincere acknowledgments, I feel myself induced to offer again as a candidate for the Office of

### BRIGADE INSPECTOR,

at the ensuing Election; and, if elected, will endeavor to discharge the duties of that office with justice and impartiality.  
JOSEPH J. KUHN.  
March 3, 1835. te-48

### BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE ENROLLED MEMBERS OF THE 2D BRIGADE, 5TH DIVISION, PENN. SYLVANIA MILITIA.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

I AM induced to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of

### BRIGADE INSPECTOR,

at the coming election. Your votes will be thankfully received and gratefully remembered.  
SAMUEL S. McCREARY.  
Gettysburg, March 10, 1835. te-49

### HIDES, LEATHER & OIL.

2500 La Plata }  
700 Rio Grande }  
1000 Laguna } **HIDES.**  
600 Pernambuco }  
1500 Chili }  
2000 prime heavy green salted Kips, first quality  
1000 do. do. do. 2d quality  
1000 do. do. do. dry oil  
50 Barrels of Strait's Oil  
100 do. Bank's do.  
Also Tanners Tools of all kinds for sale on the most reasonable terms, for cash or on approved paper, or exchanged for Leather of all kinds by  
JOHN W. PATTEN & Co.  
Corner 3d & Vine streets, Philadelphia.  
March 10, 1835. 2m\*49

### POOR-HOUSE ACCOUNTS.

Thomas J. Cooper, Treasurer,  
In account with the Directors of the Poor and of the House of Employment of Adams County.

### DR.

To balance in Treasurer's hands on last settlement, } 29 60

To Order on Wm. Laub, County Treasurer, } 100 00

Do. Do. Do. } 300 00

Do. Do. Do. } 500 00

Do. Do. Do. } 300 00

Do. Do. Do. } 200 00

Do. Do. Do. } 300 00

Do. Do. Do. } 500 00

Do. Do. Do. } 300 00

Amount received of James Robinson, Esq. for forfeiture, } 4 00

Cash received of Christian Witt, Trustee of Francis Wickley by hand of Jas. A. Thompson, for support of Wickley's wife, a Pauper, } 13 75

\$2,852 35

### CR.

By cash paid Abraham Scott on order issued 1832, gale of land, } 182 25

Sundry persons for funeral expenses for outdoor paupers, } 63 62

Michael Downs and Dixon for chopping cord wood, } 38 25

Hirelings, } 107 00

For support of out-door paupers, } 245 13

Justice's orders, } 21 20

Constables for executing orders, } 19 46

Jacob Humphry, hirelings, } 82 50

Flour, } 184 83

Tradesmen, } 82 30

P. Elme and others for meat, } 171 88

Aughenbaugh, Stewart, to pay sundry expenses, } 195 00

Dr. Horner's salary and extra services	123 99
Arnold, Fahnestock, Miller & Witherow, Cooper, Dickey & Himes, for merchandize,	561 20
Stewart's salary,	146 25
Clerk's salary,	25 00
Printer's bills,	26 00
Lancaster Poor-house,	9 78
Vegetables,	25 50
Drugs and dye-stuffs,	31 91
Coffins,	33 00
Sewing and Tailoring,	19 75
Stock Cattle,	57 50
Lime,	3 49
Doct. Smith, medical service,	6 25
Turnpike tolls,	7 50
John Adair for a pump,	6 50
Andrew Polly for cooking stove and tin ware,	80 91
Sundry persons for grain,	47 29
Directors extra services,	15 00
Tuition of children in Poor-house,	3 79
Posts and rails,	76 42
Pfautz, for carding and fulling,	18 91
Treasurer's salary,	20 00
Balance in Treasurer's hands,	112 70
	\$2,852 35

WE, the subscribers, Auditors to settle and adjust the Public Accounts, DO CERTIFY, that we have examined the Items which compose the above Account, and do Report that they are correct, and that the balance of ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY CENTS remain in the hands of the Treasurer and due to the Institution—being from the 7th day of January, 1834, to the 6th day of January, 1835—both days included.

JOSEPH FINK, SAMUEL DIEHL, Auditors.

Peter Aughenbaugh, Stewart, In account with the Directors of the Poor and of the House of Employment of Adams County.

### DR.

To cash received of Thomas J. Cooper, on Orders, } 195 00

Of Geo. Critzman on note for price of Cow and interest, } 18 40

Of sundry persons for Turkeys, } 2 46 1/2

Of David Blakely and others for rent of Stable & pasture, } 17 40 1/2

Of J. A. Thompson for Straw and pasture, } 10 84

Of Samuel Little by hands of J. A. Thompson, on account of supporting Barbara Zell, a pauper, } 6 03

Of Wm. McCurdy, Trustee of Sebastian Troyer, by the hands of J. A. Thompson, } 25 00

Cash in Charity box, } 1 26

Jno. Gilbert for Hides and Skins } 29 96

\$306 36

### CR.

By balance due Stewart on last settlement, } 8 32 1/2

By cash paid sundry persons for grain, } 14 02 1/2

Meat, } 20 05 1/2

Out-door and travelling paupers, } 10 38 1/2

Tradesmen, } 30 05

Merchandize, } 3 04 1/2

Hirelings, } 62 60

Vegetables, } 23 76 1/2

Postage, } 00 55

Fruit, } 14 90 1/2

Butter, } 25 45 1/2

Vinegar &c. } 8 81

Rails, } 7 26 1/2

Bedding, } 5 77 1/2

Stoves, } 7 00

Harvest hands, } 38 25

John Gilbert, for leather, } 25 44

\$305 70

Balance in the Stewart's hands, } 00 66

\$306 36

### PRODUCE OF THE FARM FOR 1834.

201 Bushels of Wheat

292 do. Rye

160 do. Corn

134 do. Oats

2 do. Flaxseed

3 do. Cloverseed

50 do. Potatoes

30 Tons of Hay

2,886 Pounds of Pork

2,393 do. Beef

136 Yards of Linen and Cloth manufactured in the House.

50 Paupers remained at the Poor-house on the 6th day of January, 1834.

72 Paupers remained at the Poor-house on the 6th day of January, 1835.

7 Paupers supported out of the Poor-house by the Institution in part.

58 Paupers admitted in the course of the year, including out-door paupers.

March 10, 1835. 3t-49

### BLANK VOUCHER NOTES

For Sale at this Office.

### THE GARLAND.

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

### THE BOAT OF LIFE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,  
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,  
With skiea now rude, and now serene,  
Together thou and I must float;  
Beholding oft on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay;  
But Time plies swift his flying car,  
And on we sped—away, away!  
Should chill winds and rain come on,  
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower,  
Sit close till the storm is gone,  
And smiling wait a sunnier hour.  
And if that sunnier hour should shine,  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.  
Thus reach we both, at last, that fall  
Down which Life's current all must go—  
The dark and brilliant, destined all  
To sink into the void below:  
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,  
If side by side, still fond we keep,  
And calmly, in each other's arms  
Together link'd, go down the steep.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

"Child of the bright and cloudless brow,  
I once like thee was young,  
And then o'er nature was the glow  
Of sunlight beauty hung.  
But chilling years have changed the scene,  
That world of richest dye,  
Hath vanished as its hues had been,  
A cold dream's mockery.  
"I've seen man's boasted strength decay,  
And beauty's flush and bloom,  
And oft I've seen the spring's array  
O'ershadowed deep with gloom.  
And I have marked of fairest things,  
That they the soonest fade,  
That unto life a poison cling,  
And therefore am I sad."

I well remember him of mild eyes, of noble brow, and manly form—whose ever varying and eloquent countenance was a true index of the mind—of the pure and guileless spirit that was within him. We were in the same class at W—. He was young. Scarcely had twenty-two summers smiled upon him when our acquaintance began.—The prospect then was, that long, long years would pass away ere any thing should occur to interrupt the joys of our companionship. The rugged path of science lay before us; its steep ascent was to be climbed, and, if possible, its far off and lofty summit was to be gained. We joined hands and ardently pressed onward. But he paused almost at the very outset. There is one day of good I have still a vivid recollection, which passed a few months after our acquaintance began. It was a day of autumn. The sabbath-like stillness that reigned around; the dull and sombre appearance of the forest that stretched far away to the north; the slumbering waters of the broad river on which here and there a "sere leaf" was floating; the melancholy chirp and hum of the insect tribe; the general aspect of repose which spread out upon every thing; the autumnal soberness and quietude, in fine, which no pen can describe; seem all around me now as they were then. The college bell rung up into the chapel for declamation. I remember nothing of the declamation at that time save the performance of him of whom I now speak. Nor do I even remember, definitely the piece which he recited on that occasion. The general sentiment was like that of the poetry which I have placed at the head of these remarks. But his manner—his look—the solemnity and pathos of his utterance—how he stood—how his eye beamed—how his expressive countenance changed with the changing sentiment of the poetry which he was pronouncing. All this I never can forget, I never wish to. There he stood in the strength of his years. Health mantled his cheeks, and hope and promise sat prominent on his ample brow. But he stood there for the LAST TIME. He stood there and uttered that which is but an amplification of the sentiment of inspiration, "Man fleeth as a shadow and continueth not." There he stood, the prophet of his own doom, the foreteller of his own early and lamented fall. Who can tell what strange and mysterious feelings might at that time have come over his spirit? What premonitions be then had—what indefinable emotions, we know not. That there was, however, in his mind, at that time, some presentiment of a great and momentous event, then just at hand, I cannot doubt. Be this as it may, he left the stage in the chapel on that day for the last time. He went out and looked upon the faded scenery of autumn with musing eye. So, thought he, fares it with man. The summer of his years is soon succeeded by the chills and the decays of autumn. The honors and the pleasures of earth that grow green around him to-day, are withered to-morrow. Change follows change with never ceasing constancy. To-day the smiles and promises of hope shed upon us their sunniest influence, and brighten each passing hour into gladness; to-morrow the scene is changed, is entirely reversed. To-day the beacon light of high promise beams out brightly over the dark waves of existence; to-morrow that light is quenched, and those waves roll on more darkly than before.

The winter vacation arrived, and its few weeks soon passed away. Again spring came, and we returned to the banks of the K—. But our friend, our class-mate, had not gone away to spend the vacation at home. We had left him sick in his room. And

when we came back in the spring he was no more! In the winter he died. On a cold day in December the college bell tolled.—The hearse moved away from the yard, and it bore him to the grave. When I came back, I went to his room; all was hushed. I knocked, no answer was given. I knocked again and still no sound came to my ear. I turned me away in sadness, and went to the place of his grave. And then as the tears fell fast on the unconscious dust, I found relief to the imprisoned sorrows of my spirit. He died young, but he was ripened for heaven. He was ready though life was in its freshness, to be offered. He went unreluctantly at the call of his Redeemer, to join the hosts of the blessed. I could muse long on the mournful theme, but the shadows of more than twilight gathered around me, and I must lay down the pen after quoting the following lines, written on the death of this young man, by one who lamented perhaps with heavier grief than any other, his early death.

"O! when will that bright messenger return,  
That call'd his soul away, and bid us rise  
And follow him, leaving these ills behind,  
And hail him on those blissful plains above!  
How high the sacred waves of joy will rise!  
How pure the bliss! the pleasure how refin'd!  
When first we meet, will not our joys increase  
At every fresh recital of past grief?  
And will not each arrival from the earth,  
Which joins the happy train of spirits pure,  
Cause louder shouts of praise; till all the saints arrive  
And join in chorus round  
The throne of Deity? Then all with one consent  
They prostrate fall, and speechless homage pay.  
But whether, Fancy, wilt thou lend my thoughts?  
Shall I forget I'm in a house of clay?  
I look around, and almost seem surpris'd  
That I am not there. Pains and infirmities  
Still compass me around, a fleshly clog  
Yet bind me down to earth. Have patience then,  
The standard of the Savior's cross still bear,  
Resume thy toil. "In conflict still engage,  
The conquest will be gained, the victory won.  
The message soon will come and bid thee rise  
To hail thy kindred in thy native skies."

### LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE

I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And drops his head, but scarcely low.—  
As through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
The arena swarms around him—he is gone.—  
(Byron.)

Mr. J. J. McLAUGHLIN, late of Hopkinsville, Ky., came to his death on Saturday last by an accident which has caused much sensation and sympathy in this city. Mr. McLaughlin was a young gentleman of good personal accomplishments, genteel manners and fine talents. His age was 23 or 24 years, and he was, at times, engaged in the study of law, which he doubtless intended to have followed as a profession. His mind was of an exceedingly sensitive, imaginative or poetical cast—which, with his somewhat retired and modest demeanor, made him an interesting companion to all classes of people.

He arrived in this city some four weeks since, and soon made himself known to the Thespian Society of young gentlemen in this city as an amateur actor—and it was soon found that his peculiar temperament of mind and imagination, aided by his excellent natural powers, gave him a remarkable ascendancy in histrionic exercises. He had the power to enter fully into the spirit and meaning of his author, and body forth into forms of life the subtle creations of the poet's fancy. The Thespian Society occasionally have public exhibitions; and at one of these on Thursday evening last week, McLaughlin acted the part of Bertram in Maturin's gloomy tragedy of "Bertram or the Castle of St. Aldobrand."

Since the melancholy catastrophe which has laid McLaughlin in the cold, cold grave, we have read the tragedy on which he spent his last earthly powers, and amidst the passion of which, agitating his audience like a tempest, he received his death wound. Before we close this article, the reason why we read the tragedy will be apparent. The Rev. R. C. Maturin, the author of the play, was an English clergyman of powerful fancy. Besides some productions of the pulpit, of which he was the author, there are now in print his tragic writings, "The Fatal Revenger," "Wild Irish Boy," "The Milesian Chief," &c. As far as we have had an opportunity to study his genius, it had the characteristics of a stern, gloomy grandeur: The dark and fearful storms of passion were the playthings of his imagination. He had little to do with the gentler sympathies of our nature. Remorse, Revenge, like two iron despot, held rule over his imagination; and in all his picturings of the war of passion or of the elements, not a single lovely touch of the pencil dashes the brow of the thunder king.

Bertram is a combination of all these terrible qualities. In copious and heart touching eloquence it exhibits to the reader the picture of a powerful mind—ruined—blasted—desolate—yet unbending, and holding in his soul as the life of his being the sentiments of a deadly vengeance against the earthly author of all his woes. It was this being whom McLaughlin represented. The tragedy opens with a terrible tempest, in which Bertram, long an exile and outlaw from his native land, is thrown upon the coast near the castle of his deadly enemy, Aldobrand. He is succored by a community of monks—through them gains access to the castle and there wreaks his long nursed—double-distilled—fiendish vengeance on its lord; he stabs him to the heart. The lady of the

castle—of whose connection with the outlaw, in the past and the present, we shall not speak—dies, heart-broken at his feet. He then winds up the drama by stabbing himself.

McLaughlin had conned his dreadful lesson with such an absorbing interest and so completely stood within the character during its representation, that the effect was deep and harrowing on the minds of the audience. He seemed to be in a high state of mental excitement, and with the most gloomy pathos pronounced such sentences as these:—

"I have no country—  
And for my race, the last dread trump shall wake  
The sheeted relics of my ancestry,  
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists  
In the bright blazon of their stainless coat,  
Calls their last child again!"

"The applause of the audience was great, and of course added to what we shall call *monomania of the imagination*. He became what he represented. There was something like an overpowering reality in what he wrought. His step—his eyes—the stern tones of his voice—low and husky with the deep earthquake of passion—were the outlaw's own. The audience, we understand, were almost inclined to say with the terror-stricken prior in the tragedy.

"High-hearted man, sublime even in thy guilt."

"Wild admiration thrills me to behold  
An evil strength, so above earthly pitch."

"This majesty of guilt doth awe my spirit,  
It is the embodied fiend who tempted him,  
Sublime in guilt!"

As the tragedy wore to its denouement, his excitement increased, and the gloomy spirit of the play was upon him with a power that made a strong impression of reality upon his hearers, and made them shudder as he pronounced the following, accompanied by the plunge of the dagger that brought him to his death:—

"Bertram hath but one fatal foe on earth,  
And he is here." [stabs himself.]

It was at this moment that he plunged the weapon to his heart. It is said to have been an accident. It is our opinion, however, that it was the result of the excited feelings of the actor, who had so absorbingly entered into the dreadful spirit of his hero, as to drive home his death upon his heart by the more spasmodic action of the muscles that unconsciously moved to do the bidding of the tempest of passion within. Taking into view premeditated purpose, it was an accident—for he had no design of ending his life with the play; but looking at his complete identification of feeling with the part he acted, the accident becomes a natural and not a wonderful consequence.

The hallucination, it such we may call it, did not end with the plunge of the dagger. His feelings bore him along yet further.—There was still, after some exclamations of surprise from the tragic monks, a dying sentence for him to repeat. He went through it with a startling effect:—  
[with a burst of exultation]

"I died no felon death—  
A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul!"

While he was pronouncing these, the last words of the tragedy, his eye and manner were fearfully wild, the blood was falling from his bosom upon the young gentleman who had personated the lifeless lady Imogene! As soon as the last words were pronounced, he fell—to rise no more!

The wound was inflicted on the left breast, entered the pericardium, if it did not pierce the heart. The bleeding was internal and so slow in its progress that the organic action of the heart was not finally clogged until Saturday, when he left this sublimary scene, and another curtain opened upon the drama of eternity.

His funeral was attended by a very large concourse on Sunday in the Masonic Hall. The Rev. Mr. Howell, of the Baptist church in this city, preached a solemn and appropriate funeral discourse. There was a breathless silence, and every eye was riveted on the speaker when, near the close of his sermon, he related that he was accidentally a fellow passenger with the deceased when he came to the city four weeks before—that he had been interested in him—had conversed with him—had learned from his own lips his predilections for the stage—had advised him to more manly and substantial pursuits—had learned from him that at times, he had serious and solemn thoughts on the subject of religion, and gained from him a promise that he would attend to the concerns of his soul. He saw him no more until the day before he died, when lying on his death bed. Mr. McLaughlin then referred to the former conversation with Mr. H., said that he was still concerned to secure the salvation of his soul, and that if he recovered, he should have learned one lesson. He did not recover. The lesson to which he referred, is now for the living to learn.

There was a respectable procession formed, and many young men walked after their inanimate friend to the grave. His case had attached much sympathy; while he lived, he had every attention which kindness and medical skill could impart. It is said that he has a mother living in Lancaster, Pa.  
As we saw the slow procession wind its way, we thought of the lines of Willis:  
Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid  
His dark locks on his brow,  
Like life—save deeper light and shade,  
We'll not disturb them now.  
Rest now! his journeying is done—  
Your feet are on his sod—  
Death's chain is on your champions,  
He waiteth here his God!

### VARIOUS MATTERS.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—The Legislature of Mississippi adjourned on the 30th ult. sine die, without having done any business whatever. The adjournment resulted from a disagreement in opinion between the two houses, as to the existing organization of those bodies. By the admission of representatives from certain new counties, into one House, and not into the other, the constitutional ratio between the two was lost—and hence as it strikes us, the adjournment was proper, until the constitutional ratio shall be restored, which may be, as soon as elections can be held for the choice of Senators in the new counties.

**A SUNDAY EXCURSION.**—On Sunday the 24th ult. 150 persons took a ride for pleasure on the new rail road from Lexington toward Frankfort, Ky. They went out safely six miles in 24 minutes. In returning, an accident occurred, by which one man was instantly killed. Two others had their limbs fractured, and many more were much injured. One negro had been killed, by the car running over him, on the same day, before this last accident.

**MAGNIFICENT LIGHT.**—A person in London pursuing the principles of Professor Faraday, has constructed a machine, quite simple in form, which produces an instantaneous light without the use of gas or acid.

**BAPTISTS IN AMERICA.**—Badger's Weekly Messenger states that the number of Baptist Associations in the United States is 331—churches 6,093, ordained ministers 3,244 and 737 licentiate. Only 162 Associations sent in their minutes to the General Agent, and their net gain amounted to 27,361 members. The same ratio for the whole number (331) would give a net increase of not less than 60,000 for the year past.

The number of Presbyterian Congregations in the U. States in 1834, is put down at 2,648; Preachers, 2,651; communicants, 247,694.—This, of course, does not include the Congregationalists of New England, who, although the same generally in doctrines, have a different form of Church Government.

**NEW JERSEY.**—The Legislature of this State has just passed a law for the prohibition of pugilistic contests, or prize fighting within the boundaries. Its penalties are sufficiently severe, and will, we trust, put a stop to those disgraceful exhibitions. The law prohibits captains or owners of steamboats from conveying persons for such purpose into that State, under penalty of two years' imprisonment, or five hundred dollars fine, or both. It further enacts that all spectators of any such fight, within that State, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction, be punished by imprisonment not exceeding one year and one day, or by fine, not exceeding two hundred dollars, or both.

**Pangnasken Seminary,** is the title of the new institution proposed to be located in South Hadley. The name is derived from three Greek words, meaning to educate the whole woman.

**THE SABBATH BREAKER SILENCED.**—I now beg leave (says the Missionary) to relate the story of a pious poor old man with a Sabbath breaker. I had it from the old man's own mouth. In reasoning with the Sabbath breaker, he said, "suppose now I had been at work hard all the week, and had earned 7s., and suppose I met a man in want, and gave him 6s. freely and cheerfully out of the seven, what should you say to that?" "Why I should say that you were very kind, and that the man ought to be thankful." "Well, suppose he were to knock me down, and rob me of the other shilling, what would you say to that?" "Why then he'd deserve hanging." "Well now this is your case, 'Thou art the man.' God has freely given you six days to work in and earn your bread, and the seventh he keeps to himself, and commands us to keep it holy, but you not satisfied with the six days God has given, rob him of the seventh, what then do you deserve?" The man was silenced.

**NEW FANCY ARTICLE.**—A gentleman advertises, that among other slaves, he wishes to purchase "several likely small fancy girls for nurses."