

# 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 MY HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6--NO. 5.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, MAY 4, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 265.]

Office of the Star & Banner:  
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of  
the Court-House.

**CONDITIONS:**  
I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two Dollars per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.  
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.  
III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.  
IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**JOSEPH DUKEHART & CO.'S**  
Basket, Wooden-ware and Fishing-tackle  
**WARE-HOUSES**  
No 1013, Baltimore, between Calvert and  
South streets.

**HIDES, LEATHER & OIL.**

2500 La Plata  
700 Rio Grande  
1000 Lagura  
600 Pernambuco  
1500 Chili  
**HIDES.**

2000 prime heavy green salted Kips, first  
quality  
1000 do. do. do. 2d quality  
1000 do. dry do.  
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 & Vino streets, Philadelphia.  
March 10, 1835. 2m\*40

## NEW GOODS.

JUST received and for sale by the subscri-  
ber, a very large stock of  
**FRESH GOODS,**

Comprising almost every article in the DR.  
GOODS line.—Among which is a complete  
ASSORTMENT OF

**FANCY GOODS,**  
To which the LADIES' attention is  
particularly invited.

—ALSO—  
**LEGHORN, TUSCAN STRAW & GIMP**  
**BONNETS and HATS.**

WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF  
**CLOTHS & STUFFS**  
FOR GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER WEAR.

—ALSO—A VERY LARGE STOCK OF  
**HARD-WARE,**

Embracing almost every article in the way  
of building.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF  
**PLANES & EDGE-TOOLS,**

**BAR IRON,** hammered and rolled;  
**SHEET IRON, STEEL, HOLLOW**  
**WARE & CASTINGS;**

**FENDERS & BRASS ANDIRONS.**  
Persons engaged in building and going  
to house-keeping, would do well to call.

—ALSO—  
**QUEENSWARE, CHINA SETS,**  
Mantle and other LOOKING GLASSES,  
WOODEN WARE, &c. &c.

TOGETHER WITH A FINE STOCK OF  
**Groceries,**

All of which will be sold on the most  
pleasing terms.

The Public are invited to call and judge  
for themselves.

**GEORGE ARNOLD,**  
Gettysburg, April 13, 1835. 1f-22  
N. B. Accounts of an old standing would  
be thankfully received. G. A.

**GABINET-WAREHOUSE,**  
Chambersburg Street.

Where there is constantly on hand  
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

**FURNITURE,**

Ready for purchasers, for Cash or Produce.  
Orders for **COFFINS** punctu-  
ally attended to.

**DAVID HEAGY,**  
Gettysburg, Oct. 21, 1834. 1f-29

## REMOVAL.

I WILL remove my shop on the first day  
of April to that owned by Mrs. Cham-  
berlain, on South Baltimore street, two doors  
South of Mr. David McCreary's Saddle and  
Harness Factory,

WHERE ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY  
**CHAIRS**

will be made and sold at reduc-  
ed prices, of superior finish and  
warranted best quality.

—ALSO—  
**House and Sign Painting.**  
All kind of House and Sign Painting  
Turning attended to as formerly.

**HUGH DENWIDDIE,**  
Gettysburg, March 24, 1835. 1f-51

## \*THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens cul't'd with care."

## THE SABBATH DAY.

O day of peace, whose dawning ray  
Smiles meekly in the eastern sky;

While earth's vain cares and tumults die,  
I love to own thy soothing away,

While earth's vain cares and tumults die,  
I love to own thy soothing away,

O day of joy, thy choral strain  
Sounds sweetly in the Pilgrim's ear;

The listening soul forgets its pain,  
And loses all its guilty fear.

O day of love, when Ho, who died,  
Removes the sinner's load of wo,

And smiling, shows His wounded side,  
Whence hope and life and pardon flow.

O day of rest, what heavenly calm,  
What hallowed peace thine hours impart

How often has thy healing balm  
Revived and soothed the contrite heart!

The shades of horn shall cloud these eyes,  
Each earth born joy be lost, unknown;

Yet still thy memory shall arise,  
Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

## "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Through pastures of verdure delighted I'll roam,  
Mid the green sunny vales of my dearly loved Home;

Where the tears of affection, and love's tender smile  
Shall the moments that glide on so sweetly beguile.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home—  
There's no place like Home.

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ther, "is it true that Jerry Lynch is as rich  
as they say he is?"

"Every pennyworth," answered Mick," but,  
ma'am, that Phil Brennan—" continued he,  
he, sticking to his point.

"O, Mick! Mick!" as perseveringly in-  
terrupted my mother.

"What's the matter, ma'am?"

"The foot rope is giving way!"

"The dickens a bit!" exclaimed Mick.

"'Tis as fast and as strong as a cable, ma'am!"

But, ma'am, this Phil Brennan—

"The sacking is half off the car; Mick!"

cried my mother.

"Half off the car, ma'am!" echoed Mick.

"Where, ma'am? I'll be bound it sits as  
snug and smooth all around as if it were ly-  
ing in a taster bedstead, ma'am! Well, ma'am,  
did you never hear that this Phil Brennan—"

"Yes, Mick!" at last interrupted my mo-  
ther, thinking that to anticipate him was  
the only way, "I have heard that Phil Bren-  
nan was once a very naughty boy; but if  
you please Mick, we'll not talk of that now!"

"Gancing a significant look toward me.

"O, you are right," said Mick, "I under-  
stand you, ma'am! To talk about such  
matters would do no harm to you and me;  
but 'tis as well to be sure that somebody  
should not know what a devil—"

Mick could get no farther. "Silence,  
Mick!" peremptorily exclaimed my mother.  
Mick coloured, dropped his head, like a  
balked child, and halloppily drove on.

A quarter of an hour brought us to our  
destination. It was an evening of wonders  
to me! Every thing so fine! Every thing so  
joyous! as if care and sorrow were banished  
out of the world, and nothing but plenty and  
happiness was evermore to reign in it.

There was not a sad—there was not a  
thoughtful face in the whole room—save  
one; and from that face (front the moment I  
looked upon it, child as I was, I could scarce-  
ly take my eyes the whole of the evening;  
it was so fair, so soft, so melancholy, so full  
of sweetness! Its owner was one the bride-  
maid.

She was somewhat taller than the bride,  
by the side of whom she was standing, dressed  
in a frock of snow; with shoulders and a  
neck that vied with the frock, and arms of  
the same extraordinary whiteness. I was  
no judge of shapes, but I cannot describe  
the pleasure with which I looked upon the  
latter. They were uncovered nearly to the  
shoulder. There was something in their  
mould, unlike any thing of the kind I had  
ever seen before; while the skin, particularly  
on the inside, where it absolutely seemed to  
shine with a light of its own, exhibited a  
glossy transparency through which you saw,  
here and there, a vein as clear as through a  
glass!

"Who is that?" inquired I of my mother.

"'Tis Jerry Lynch's daughter, my dear."

"Is Jerry Lynch a cousin to an earl?"

"No! Why do you ask?"

"His daughter is so like a lady," rejoined  
I.

"You are very right, my dear," remark-  
ed my mother, "there is nothing like her  
in the room!"

I remember I drew myself up for a mo-  
ment, but the very next one resumed my  
previous position, and stood staring at Jerry  
Lynch's daughter, scarcely conscious that  
my mother had been drawn aside by a friend  
who had something particular to say to her.  
I felt myself irresistibly attracted toward  
the fair object of my contemplation; and,  
before I knew what I was about, I found  
myself beside her, admiring the more than  
silky feel of her arm as my hand glided up  
and down the round and pendent column,  
unnoticed by its abstracted mistress. Re-  
member, I was little more than a girl of  
fourteen at the time—frank, confiding and  
impulsive.

At length in the midst of my pleasing  
occupation, a slight start arrested me, and  
caused me to look up in the face of the bride-  
maid—it was as pale as that of a corpse.—  
I was sure that something had alarmed her;  
and, looking around me to ascertain the  
cause, I saw a young man approaching her,  
handsome enough, but with an eye of an ex-  
ceedingly unprepossessing expression.

The company were going to dance, and  
as soon as he came up to her he asked her  
to be his partner. She faltered out some-  
thing, but I could not hear distinctly what  
she said. He repeated his request, and of-  
fered to take her hand, but she drew it back.  
Never shall I forget the sullen and mortified  
look which he threw upon her.

"What is the matter?" in an authorita-  
tive tone, inquired an elderly man, who now  
came up; "you are going to dance with  
William M'Mullin! Take her, William, and  
lead her to the head of the first set, next to  
the bride!"

I had not observed that the bride had al-  
ready been led out to dance by the bride-  
groom. Again the young man attempted  
to take her hand, and again she drew it back.

"Margaret!" sternly ejaculated he that  
had just before addressed her. It was her  
father. But the fair bridemaid neither look-  
ed nor spoke. She stood immovable, her  
eyes fixed upon the ground. "Give your  
hand," he added, "to William M'Mullin!  
Give it immediately!"

Margaret doubtfully advanced her hand  
toward that of the young man, which now  
in its turn drew back; while his cheek grew  
as white as if the hue of the bridemaid had  
been transferred to it; and she, with a neck  
and face of crimson, gazed intently in the  
direction of the door. I followed her eyes.  
The blacksmith had just entered the room.

Even now I think I never saw such a fig-  
ure of a man! So tall! so straight! so well

proportioned! with a countenance of suppy  
good-humour, that warmed your heart the  
moment you looked upon him! He was the  
gaze of the whole room! Satisfaction and  
welcome danced in every eye! Hands were  
held out to him on every side. "Welcome  
Phil!" or "How are you, Phil?" or "God  
save you, Phil!" sounded from every lip—  
He seemed to be a favorite with all—with  
all—except Jerry Lynch and William M'  
Mullin.

Frequent, but brief were the pauses he  
was compelled to make as he approached  
the group in which I was standing—and for  
that he made direct. As soon as he came  
up his hand was frankly extended, and al-  
most at the same moment that of the bride-  
maid lay passive within its embrace. He  
held her hand for upward of a minute in si-  
lence. At length he turned to her father.

"Jerry Lynch," said he, in a tone of good-  
humored, unmisgiving confidence, "Jerry  
Lynch, for three months back I have had  
your daughter's promise, whenever this  
wedding took place, to dance down the first  
set with me. Of course, you will not pre-  
vent her from keeping her word. All is  
friendship, at a wedding, you know!" and  
without further preface, or waiting for a re-  
ply, he led her to the top of the room.

How delighted I was with the dance!—  
How delighted I was with the blacksmith  
and his lovely partner! The bride and bride-  
groom were objects of secondary considera-  
tion. The first couple seemed to have been  
made for each other! and their looks! the  
fondness and respect on the one hand, the  
modesty and contentment on the other! I  
see them now!

It was an eventful night for both! They  
danced down the first set, the second set, the  
third set. None attempted to dispute with  
the blacksmith the possession of the fair  
hand with which he seemed to be in no hur-  
ry to part. Most refrained from kindness  
—two or three, through fear, among the  
latter, William M'Mullin, whose looks, I  
perceived, young as I was, betrayed a thou-  
sand things which his tongue had not the  
courage to name, or his hand to perform.  
The company became at length so numer-  
ous, that the dancers had hardly space to  
move.

"Come," whispered Phil Brennan—I was  
close to him at the moment—"come, Marg-  
aret! let us make room."

They went to the door, and I saw them  
pass. "Throw a shawl over  
your shoulders, the next you can lay hand on,  
and take a turn with me in the garden!"

The bride and bridegroom seemed to be  
debating the propriety of her lover's re-  
quest. Her eye fell upon me; she caught  
hold of me, and pulling me, no way unwill-  
ing, along with her, darted with Phil Bren-  
nan out of the room—a shawl—the first  
that came to her hand, covered her head  
and mine, and in a minute we were in the  
garden.

Two turns of the garden did they make.  
Plainly Margaret Lynch related to her  
lover all that had happened since their last  
stolen interview, beginning every sentence  
with a sigh. She spoke in an undertone;  
but, from what I caught, I could gather that  
the young man whom I first remarked, was  
favored in his address by her father—that  
almost every species of persecution had been  
resorted to in order to compel her to accept  
him, and that her father's tyranny had even  
proceeded to the extremity of appointing  
the wedding day.

A gate, leading into a by-road, opened  
from the garden. We had passed it twice,  
and were now close to it for the third time.  
Phil Brennan suddenly stopped; he tried the  
gate, it was locked. There was no need of  
a key. He put his foot and hand to it, and  
it flew open. He gently threw his arm  
round Margaret Lynch's waist, and drew  
her toward it.

"Whither would you take me, Phil?"  
he inquired in some alarm.

"Are you afraid of me?" was his reply,  
in an accent of mingled tenderness and re-  
proach. "Leave the child," he added, en-  
treatingly; for she held me still by the hand.

"No, Phil!" she said, gently but resolute-  
ly. "The child shall go, if I go."

"Come, then!" said Phil Brennan.

We walked down the lane, his arm still  
slipping her waist. His head was bowed to  
her ear. He kept whispering something to  
her. I heard the words "wife—priest—  
mother." I felt that she was agitated; the  
perspiration began to break upon the hand  
with which she was holding me. I saw,  
just as the light was—it was a spring even-  
ing—I saw that her cheek was reclining  
upon his breast.

"Send the child in!" cried Phil Brennan.

Half did she let me go!

"No, no!" she faltered; tightening her  
grasp again. "No, Phil Brennan! Ask me  
not to marry you against my father's will;  
I cannot—I will not consent! Hush!" she  
suddenly ejaculated, in a lower whisper—  
"They have missed us, and are coming in  
search of us; I heard my father's voice in  
the garden."

It was her father's voice, but they had not  
been missed. He had withdrawn from the  
house accompanied by her noxious suitor,  
with whom he was in earnest conversation.  
They were approaching the gate which Phil  
Brennan had fortunately put to. The gar-  
den hedge did not reach to the blacksmith's  
shoulder; he knelt upon one knee, and, en-  
joining Margaret Lynch as she valued his  
life, to keep silence, drew her, unresistingly,  
upon the other. The father and the rival  
passed, and as they passed, the former ex-  
claimed to his companion:

"I tell you not a day longer, will I give  
her! That day she shall be yours, or may I

never see another! I repeat it! You shall  
make her your wife that day, even though  
I should be obliged to drag her to the altar  
by the hair of her head."

The last words, though the speaker was  
receding, were sufficiently audible. The  
footsteps gradually died away. We heard a  
door opened and closed. They had return-  
ed into the house. Margaret Lynch's cheek  
now reclined again upon her lover's breast.  
Again his face was bowed to her ear. A-  
gain I heard the words, "wife—priest—  
mother."

"Send back, send back the child