

# Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1838.

[VOL. 8—NO. 44.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.



The Fashionable Hats, Caps and Bonnets.

Wm. W. Paxton,

HAS now on hand a very large assortment of

HATS, CAPS & BONNETS

at his old stand in Chambersburg Street, two doors from the Court House.

CONSISTING AS FOLLOWS

Men's Castor HATS,

" Spanish do.

" Rornm do.

" Spanish body do.

" Silk do.

" Plain Russia do.

Youth's Fur do.

Old Men's Broad Brims do.

" Low Crown do.

Also Second hand HATS.

Ladies FUR BONNETS,

" SILK do.

Also A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

FUR CAPS, of different kinds:

HAIR SEAL CAPS FOR MEN

and BOYS.

All of which he will sell at Low Prices

wholesale and retail—for Cash and Country

Produce—such as Wheat, Corn, Rye, Buck-

wheat, Oats, Wood, Wool, &c. &c.

Call and judge for yourselves.

November 17, 1837. tf-33

## PUBLIC NOTICES.

### FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber is desirous of disposing of his Property in and near Gettysburg, and offers it for Sale, on very favorable terms.

IT CONSISTS OF A  
**HOUSE & LOT**  
in the borough of Gettysburg, on West York-street, third Lot from the Diamond. The house is a large, weather-boarded one; and the situation eligible.

—ALSO—BETWEEN  
**8 and 9 Acres of Land,**  
within the western limits of the borough, between the Millerstown Road and Middle-street, and south of Middle-street. This land will be sold either by the acre or in Town Lots, to suit purchasers.

—ALSO—  
**A FARM,**  
situate in Cumberland township, about 1 mile from Gettysburg, adjoining lands of Rev. C. G. M'Lean, Jacob Herbst, E. Pitzer and others, containing **140 Acres,** more or less—on which are

A TWO STORY  
**HOUSE,**  
and good Barn.

Possession of the above Property will be given on the 1st of April next.

For terms of Sale, apply to the subscriber, residing in Hancock, Washington county, Md.

ROBERT TAYLOR.  
December 8, 1837. tf-36

**Kettlewell, Wilson & Hillard**  
GROCERS & COMMISSION  
MERCHANTS,  
Corner of Commerce and Pratt Streets,  
BALTIMORE.

OFFER to the Country trade for Cash or prompt payment, the following

**GOODS:**

TO WIT:

50 bbls. S. H. Molasses

20 hhds. West India & N. Orleans ditto

200 bags Rio Coffee, (part strong scented)

100 " Laguira do.

100 " Havana do.

50 hhds. N. Orleans & Porto Rico Sugar

10 pipes and half pipes Champagne and

Rochelle Brandy

5 " Gin

50 tierces Honey

200 boxes Raisins

100 quart do.

150 eighth do. } Fresh importation.

50 kgs do.

TOGETHER WITH

Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper, Teas in chests,

half chests and boxes, &c. &c.

Baltimore, Nov. 17, 1837. tf-33

### COUNTY APPEALS.

IN pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved the 15th day of April, A. D. 1834, entitled, "An Act relating to County Rates and Levies," the undersigned, Commissioners of Adams County, will proceed and attend to hear appeals, for the several townships, from all persons who may apply for redress, in accordance with the directions of said act, and will grant such relief and make such corrections as to them shall appear just and reasonable. The Boards of Appeal will be held in the following order, at which times and places the several Assessors will attend for their respective townships—viz:

For the townships of Manallen and Franklin, on Monday the 12th day of February next, at the house of John Marks, in Ardentville.

For the townships of Hamiltonban and Liberty, on Tuesday the 13th of February next, at the house of Maj. John Pollard, in Millerstown.

For the townships of Straban and Cumberland and the borough of Gettysburg, on Wednesday the 14th of February next, at the Commissioners' Office, in Gettysburg.

For the townships of Garmany, Conowago and Mountjoy, on Thursday the 15th of February next, at the house of Francis Leas, in Littlestown.

For the townships of Berwick, Hamilton and Mountpleasant, on Friday the 16th of February next, at the house of John Miley, in Oxford.

For the townships of Huntington, Lattimore, Reading and Tyrone, on Saturday the 17th of February next, at the house of Moses Myers, in Petersburg.

The Commissioners for the information of all interested make known, that by the act of Assembly aforesaid, the Commissioners are bound not to "make any allowance or abatement in the valuation of any real estate, in any other year than that in which the triennial assessment is made, excepting where buildings or other improvements have been destroyed, subsequently to such triennial assessment, and in the case of personal property, offices, professions, trades and occupations, where there has been any alteration in the assessment, occasioning a different valuation from the former year, and also where persons have come to inhabit in the county since such triennial assessment," and that no notice in the two years succeeding the triennial assessment is to be given to the taxable inhabitants aforesaid, but in the latter recited cases only.

JAMES RENSHAW, Com.

JOHN WOLFORD, of

WILLIAM REX, A. Co.

Attest—WILLIAM KING, Clerk.

Commissioners' Office, Get-

tsburg, Jan. 5, 1838. 41-40

## THE GARLAND.

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

### "AND IS IT TRUE?"

I OFFER think each tottering form  
That limps along in life's decline,  
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,  
As full of idle thoughts as mine!  
And each has had his dream of joy,  
His own unequalled, pure romance;  
Commencing when the blushing boy  
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—  
Would think its scenes of love evince  
More passion, more unearthly truth,  
Than any tale, before or since.  
Yes! they could tell of tender lays  
At midnight pined, in classic shades,  
Of days more bright than modern days—  
Of maids more fair than living maids:

Of whispers in a willing ear,  
Of kisses on a blushing cheek—  
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear  
For modern lips to give or speak!  
Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,  
Of passion slighted or betrayed—  
Of kindred spirits early lost,  
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,  
Elastic form and noble brow,  
And charms—that all have passed away,  
And left them what we see them now!  
And is it thus!—is human love  
So very light and frail a thing!  
And must youth's brightest visions move  
Forever on time's restless wing!

Must all the eyes that still are bright,  
And all the lips that talk of bliss,  
And all the forms so fair to sight,  
Hereafter only come to this!  
Then what are love's best visions worth,  
If we at length must lose them thus!  
If all we value most on earth,  
Ere long must fade away from us!

If that one being whom we take  
From all the world, and still recur  
To all our said, and for her sake  
Feel far from joy, when far from her;  
If that one form which we adore,  
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,  
Soon withers and is seen no more—  
Why do we love—if love be vain!

## THE REPOSITORY.

### The Gambler's Fate.

"Another glass of Caracoa—and then for St. James's," said Russel to his friend. "Has your lengthened residence on the continent embued with much taste for ecarte or roulette."

"No," replied Melvil, "ever opposed, both by inclination and education to the vice of gambling, I have studiously avoided the magic circle in which the fickle goddess enthralled her votaries. Surely you do not play?"

"Very little," responded Russel, carelessly, "and merely for amusement; to-night, however, I have as I told you before, an appointment to be kept. You will accompany me, I hope? you need not play."

"To part with each other so soon, and after so long a separation, with so much to talk about, and so many friends to inquire after, requires more philosophy than I can boast of possessing; so as your appointment must be kept, and I have no fear of my resolution failing in one night, I will accompany you. Were I superstitious, though, I should not do so; for a Scotch professor of second sight once told me that I should bitterly rue the action did I ever cross the threshold of a gaming house."

Russel smiled sarcastically. "Possibly your Scotch seer spoke from experience.—Who knows but that some cunning chiel had won a groat from him at a fair, and he thought the like might hap to you? Nevertheless, I should like to understand this second sight, as you phrase it, very well, seeing that it would prove an able auxiliary at hazard."

"The Caracoa was drunk, the cab was ordered, and the scene was changed. One hour afterwards he was deeply engaged in the mysteries of play, and Melvil occasionally looking on, and anon chatting with some young lordlings to whom his friend had introduced him, patiently awaiting the termination of an amusement for which he entertained no small degree of distaste. Russel won largely. Seated at the same table with him was one of those professed players who mightly haunt the gaming table. He was a man of middle age, of gentlemanly manners, and seemed well known to those by whom he was surrounded.

"What, losing again to-night, Hawkes?" said one of the bystanders, addressing him we have described—"this is bad; you have lost night's losses to play already."

"True," replied the person addressed; and Melvil, well versed in human nature, noticed a peculiar intonation in the voice of the speaker, which displayed force internal agitation of mind, although to a common observer it might have been imperceptible. "True, I must; and you will see I shall win presently."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, "well, well, we shall see that."

In effect the prophecy of the player appeared magical—for anon the luck changed—Russel's high pile of gold dwindled rapidly away; each successive throw of the dice contributed materially to reduce it, while that of Hawkes speedily became the largest on the board.

"Russel," whispered Melvil, "leave this dangerous pastime, the luck you see has changed."

"And will change again," replied Russel; "I know my adversary well; good fortune rarely abides with him."

"I am glad to hear that you know him," replied Melvil, gravely, "for really I had suspected some foul play. Pray, who is he?"

"He is a man of good family and one of

large property, all of which he has dissipated at play. He married Blanche Vane, she with whom it was said by village gossips, you once had an *affaire de coeur* in early life."

"I don't recollect her," said Melvil.

"Not recollect her?" said Russel eagerly, "not recollect her? Why, Melvil, I could almost feel tempted to say that the lack of memory was intentional. Not remember Blanche Vane? she whom we used to call 'beautiful Blanche?'"

Melvil colored slightly. A crowd of recollections pressed to his heart, but they passed away with the moment in which they were engendered; there was a little romance in his own bosom. "I do remember that cognomen," he answered coldly, as he turned away from the table.

Half an hour elapsed ere Melvil again approached. The gambler's face was flushed with success; that of Russel was pale and disturbed. He had lost very considerably.

"One more throw for double stakes," cried he, "and I have done."

"Agreed," replied Hawkes.

Melvil with some difficulty made his way to the opposite end of the table, and watched with eagle eye his every motion. They threw, and Russel lost. The scarlet blood mounted on Melvil's brow; he suddenly bent forward, and violently seized the waist of Hawkes.

"Contemptible scoundrel! you have dice in your sleeve."

Universal confusion followed, and groups of persons flocked to the table, while Hawkes proudly shook off the grasp of Melvil, and bared his arm, calmly saying—

"Prove your charge, sir."

This was impossible; and although perfectly satisfied himself as to the truth of his allegation, Melvil was obliged to acknowledge he had no means of sustaining it.—Hawkes demanded his card: it was given.

"You are wrong," whispered Russel; "you had better apologize; he is a capital shot."

"I was not wrong, and I will not apologize," answered Melvil, quietly.

Ere the latter had left the room, a meeting had been arranged for the following morning, by Russel and some friends of Hawkes.

Five persons met, early on a damp, misty, gloomy-looking morning, in Battersea fields; they were the duellists, their seconds, and a surgeon. Melvil was cool and collected.

"Russel, if I fall, promise to give up for ever your fearful pursuit."

"May heaven avert such a calamity as your being wounded even!"

"Will you promise me what I have asked?"

"I will do more: I will swear!" answered Russel.

The ground was soon measured—the combatants took their places—the signal was given—and as previously arranged, both fired together. Melvil remained unhurt; the gambler fell.

"My God!" ejaculated Melvil, "I have destroyed him!"

They rushed to the fallen man, and while his second raised and supported his head upon his knee, the surgeon examined the wound. It was in the left side.

"Speak—speak!" exclaimed Melvil, "am I a murderer?"

"Fly, fly with your best speed, gentlemen," said the surgeon; "the wound is mortal; he cannot live many minutes."

As the poisoned arrow of the Indian warrior festers in the wound of his enemy, so did this sentence enter into the very heart of Melvil, and there fester and canker his hopes of future happiness. The dying man heard the reply with assumed fortitude.

"It is well," he said, faintly, "nay, it is just. You," addressing Melvil, "you were right; but hear my justification, such as it is. I have a wife—children; I shall never see them more. I love them better than myself. A run of ill luck had left me penniless, and them starving. Desperation filled my bosom, and I determined, should fortune desert me, that I would ensnare her favors by employing means which I had not so much as dreamed of."

"He is dying," said the surgeon; "fly for your lives, gentlemen!"

GONDOLIERS.—In Venice the Gondoliers know by heart, long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chaunt them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline. It suits perfectly well with an idle, solitary man, lying at length in his vessel, at rest, on one of those canals, waiting for company or a fire; the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories in his memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and, as all is still around, he is as it were in solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers; a silent gondole glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of oars is scarcely to be heard. At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him; melody and verse immediately attach the stranger; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard, as he had heard the other. By a tacit conversation they alternate verse for verse; though the song should be the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue. The hearers who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement. This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfills its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound; and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears.

BURIAL PLACE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The great burial place of the Turks at Constantinople, is on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and is said to be the largest cemetery in the world, being three miles in length. The Turks believe in the fulfillment of an ancient prediction, that the Franks will one day regain possession of Turkey in Europe, and they wish their bodies to lie buried in a place where the infidels can never disturb them. Thus, a very large portion of the Turks who die in Constantinople are transported by their friends to the burial-place on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus; and the massy stone steps, at which they embark, are called the *Ladder of Death*.

The streets in the western parts of Warsaw are wide and pleasant enough; but those in the old part are extremely filthy and disagreeable. The practice exists here as in Berlin, of drawing the dirty water off by means of gutters in the streets, instead of doing it by means of subterranean channels, as it would be very easy to do. In consequence of this, the more narrow streets, and even some of the wide ones, are so disagreeable that it is almost impossible to pass through them.

Moscow is of vast extent, being, it is said, twenty-four versts, or sixteen English miles, in circumference. The streets are wide, well laid out in general, and the houses are of brick, stuccoed and painted white, or yellow; the roofs are of sheet iron, or in some cases of a species of tin, and are painted either green or brown. Many of the houses have large gardens attached to them, and in this way you must account for the city covering so much ground; the houses too, are low, being one or two stories, and but few exceed three.

GLASS MAKING.—Glass making is a very ancient art, and was known in Egypt at least as early as the year 1800 before our era, or indeed, judging from the paintings of Beni Hassan, which appear to indicate the process, much earlier; and a glass head bearing the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, who lived at the period alluded to, leaves no doubt as to its early invention in the valley of the Nile.

JEWISH DIVORCE.—The Jewish process of divorce, says an old English publication, is short and unattended with expense. Each party enters the synagogue attended by two priests, where after stating the cause of difference, the woman is asked if she is willing to part with her husband, and on answering in the affirmative, he throws at her the bill of divorcement, each spitting in the other's face, and exclaiming "Cursed be they who shall wish to bring us together again."

A Venetian who died not long since, made a provision of torches for his funeral, which he caused to be privately loaded with crackers, anticipating to a confidential friend the singular hubbub, which would result from the explosion, which he had calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spots.

This posthumous joke, verified the most sanguine expectations of the projector.

AN ENTHUSIAST.—The celebrated English Engineer and scientific mechanic, Mr. Brindley, who commenced that stupendous work, the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, in 1754, and finished it in five years, was so enamored of canal navigation, that being asked before a committee, what was, in his opinion, the use of rivers, he replied, that their use and design was to feed navigable canals!

One of the most interesting objects in the Kremlin, in Moscow, is the tower of Ivan (or John) the Great, in which there is a large number of bells, some of which are very large, and all of which are rung on great occasions. The greatest bell belonging to this collection, as you know, fell down and was broken, by the burning of the building in which it was suspended. For a long time it lay in a hole; but this summer it has been raised out of it, and set upon an octagonal platform, made of heavy granite, while

the huge piece broken out of the side, which is of an irregular triangular form, stands leaning against the base. The immense bell is sixty-seven feet four inches in circumference, twenty-two feet five inches in height, and is believed to weigh 443,772 pounds. One of those in the tower weighs 127,830 pounds, and is forty feet in circumference at its lower border.

The Jews are exceedingly numerous in Warsaw, as well as every part of the kingdom. The population of that city may be put down at 125,000 at least, of whom 35,000 if not more, are Jews. The whole population of the kingdom was, in 1820, according to the census of that year, about 4,000,000 of souls, of whom, 3,400,000 were Roman Catholics, 100,000 of the Greek Church, 150,000 Lutherans, 5,000 German Reformed, 400,000 Jews, and 5,000 of other sects. It is believed that the Jews are fully half a million.

When reason fails to convince, there's nothing left but ridicule. If they have no ambition, apply to their feelings—clap a blister on their pride and it will do the business. Its like putting ginger under a horse's tail; it mink's him carry up real handsum I tell you. When I was a boy I was always late at school—well, father's preaching I didn't mind much, but I never could bear to hear another say, "Why, Sam! are you actully up for all day? Well, wonders will never cease."

*I raised my danders!* at last, says I, "Mother, now don't say that any more, for gracious sake, for it make me feel ugly, and I'll get up as airy as any on you; and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin in this life—An early start makes easy stages.—Sam Slick.

GOING THE ENTIRE.—A fellow was recently met in great haste going towards a pill manufactory in one of our northern cities. "Hallo, Jim, which way, now, so fast?" "The fact is I have taken two boxes of fashionable pills, directions, boxes and all without doing me any good. I'm going to swallow the agent now, to see what effect he will have."

PERMUTATIONS OF THE ALPHABET.—The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620, 448, 401, 733, 239, 439, 400,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not in 1,000,000,000 years write out all the transposition of the 24 letters, even supposing that each wrote 40 pages daily, each of which pages contained 40 different transpositions of the letters.

SPEEK WHALE FISHERY.—From a report in the Nantucket Inquirer, it appears that the quantity of Spermacei Oil imported into the U. States in 1837, is 5,554,000 gallons, all procured in the Pacific, by 81 ships, except 30,000 barrels from the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Value of the above, five millions of dollars. On 53 vessels, the net profits of each may have reached \$30,000; on 8, the expenses only have been cleared; on 11 are considerable losses, and on 9 positive losses of from \$7,000 to \$30,000. The largest cargo ever imported was that of the Wm. Hamilton, Capt. Swain, of New Bedford, who obtained 4181 bbls. in 38 months. The longest voyage was by the Emily Morgan—four years.

The vessels are generally fitted for a voyage of two years. The ships Meridian and Reaper were destroyed by a typhoon in the Pacific; the Independence and Oregon stranded on islands in that ocean (cargo and materials partially saved); the Roger Williams and barque Ospray were condemned, and the Clifford Wayne returned from mutiny of the crew.

A THIN MAN.—It is stated by Ælian, that the poet Philotus, who was preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus, was naturally so slender in form, and had reduced himself so much by excessive study, that he was compelled, when he went out, to affix plates of lead to his sandals, and to put pieces of the same metal into his pocket, lest the wind should blow him away!

DISTRESSING.—An aged lady by the name of Gibson, met with a melancholy and distressing death in Upperville, Fauquier, co., on the 23d of December last. On the Tuesday preceding, after the family had retired to bed, while in the act of snuffing a candle, she let some of the burning snuff fall upon her dress which instantly took fire, and before assistance could be rendered she was literally roasted alive. She lingered on until the 23d ult. when death ended her painful sufferings.

How many such accidents might be prevented if the shackles of fashion could be so far removed as to allow woollen fabrics to take the place of cotton in the winter clothing of females!

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal has passed into the hands of Messrs. H. Rhoads and John S. Richards, who avow themselves in favor of Gen. HARRISON for President, and say that they will "earnestly advocate the re-election of JOSEPH RYKER, convinced, as we are, that he has maintained the honor and dignity of the Commonwealth, in the most trying circumstances, unimpaired, and has shown a moderation and firmness in the discharge of the duties of his high office indicative of the greatest ability and the most inflexible patriotism."

LAKE ERIE.—There are three hundred ships, brigs, schooners and sloops employed in navigating Lake Erie; besides forty-two steamboats, and two hundred and fifty-six canal boats. These various crafts are manned by 5,152 men and boys.

## Fresh Goods

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

SAMUEL WITHEROW

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE CITY,

WITH A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

GOODS,

Suitable to the Season, comprising every variety of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

Hardware & Queensware;

which have been selected with great care, and purchased on such terms as will justify him in offering them to the Public

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

He invites public attention to his Stock of Goods, assured that it needs but a "peep" at them to convince any one that his Corner is the place for BARGAINS!

Gettysburg, Dec. 1, 1837. tf-35

## COACH LACE,

FRINGE AND TASSELS.

THE Subscriber has now on hand a large stock of very superior

COACH LACE,

FRINGE AND TASSELS,

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Any Pattern made to order.

Address

JOHN ODELL,

Gettysburg, Pa.

N. B. All kinds of MILITARY work done to order.

November 17, 1837. tf-33

## PROSPECTUS.—NEW SERIES OF THE