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## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flower-enrich'd,  
From various gardens cul'd with care."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING STAR.

The Birth Day of Washington.

Tis the natal day of WASHINGTON, to siegem  
ever dear;

Whose haloed light again has dawn'd Colum-

bia's sons to cheer—

Hark! 'tis the shout of Freemen that echoes thro'

the sky,

Admiring nations catch the sound, and answer to

the cry.

All hail! responding millions shout, and the deaf-

ening cannons roar;

From cliff to cliff the echo rings, and spreads from

shore to shore.

Then let the blue concave ring, and the joyous

shouts prolong.

All greet the day with Martial Lay and Patriotic

Song.

Millions may point to Caesar's deeds and boast of

Cesar's fame,

Krome's liberties were sacrificed to gain a Tyrant's

name.

Point to Napoleon's mighty name, that once made

kingdoms nod.

States shook beneath his with'ring tread, and al-

most thought him God.

But ah! how many curse the day in which he saw

the light

Of heaven; curse him who was the blight

Of all they loved on earth; who caused the widow's

groan and orphan's cry

To ascend to him who dwells on high.

But thou, immortal WASHINGTON, shall stand from

age to age

Recorded on the lists of Fame as PATRIOT and

SACR.

No small ambition prompted thee to wage unceas-

ing strife,

Nor glittering battle lured thee on to sacrifice a life,

When the Immortal Hand life, fortune, sacred hon-

our pledged, their liberty to gain,

Resolved the oppressor's yoke to burst, or moulder

in the grave,

They glittering sword from its scabbard sprang and

laid the foe to meet,

Who boldly dash'd the RIGHTS OF MAN to trample

under feet.

The contest raged, our country's hopes were few,

and fortune seem'd to lower,

Yet was thy great soul unsaw'd, and in the darkest

hour,

When all seem'd lost, and England's Lion couc-

ast lay,

At thy command Columbia's Eagles pounced upon

their prey.

And when by thy wisdom in the field, the deadly

war was past,

On thee to guide the helm of state the nations eyes

were cast;

Kind heaven smil'd upon thy plans, and granted

them success,

And thy advice continues yet our happy land to

bless.

Then let high and low, let rich and poor, all cele-

brate the day,

And Washington shall be the theme of every

poet's lay;

From east to west, from north to south, the inspir-

ing name shall roll,

And wafted by the enamour'd winds, be borne from

pole to pole.

The following beautiful lines were written im-

promptu in the Album of a young lady in Phila-

delphia, by a Seneca Indian, on a late visit.

Land where bright waters flow,

Land where loveliest forest grow,

Where the warrior bends his bow,

Native land, farewell!

Here in infancy we played,

Here our happy wigwams made,

Where our father's graves are laid;

Must we leave them all?

He who made you stream and tree,

Made the white and red man free!

Gave the Indian's home to be

In the forest wild!

White men tell us God is nigh,

Pure and just in yonder sky,

Will not then his piercing eye

See the Indian's wrong?

Pretty Good.—A western editor de-

clares that some of the young women who

pass his village in the arks, on the river, are

perfect divinities. He means, says a no-

ther parrot, a *ark angel*.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the Woodstock (Va.) Sentinel.

### Ruffner against Crocket.

On Thursday night last, Mr. John Ruffner, who lives just at the foot of the Fort Mountain, and on the bank of the Shenandoah River, heard his dogs in pursuit of what he supposed to be a deer. He followed them to a point, not far from the river, where he supposed the game, whatever it was, would cross a small ridge on its way back to the mountain. The dogs however, continued running along the river bank, and at last uttered the loud sounding bark, as they had treed. This was about 10 o'clock at night. Mr. Ruffner supposed that the deer had taken to the water, and that the dogs were baying it. He immediately cut for the river, he saw by the light of the full moon, a large, dark looking animal, standing in the edge of the water, and two others on the beach within a few feet of it. Without stopping a moment down the bank he went, when the animal and dog immediately struck for the other shore. They happened to be just opposite the mouth of Mill Run, and for that point the game seemed to aim. Mr. Ruffner plunged into the river after the dogs, and with some difficulty reached the opposite bank, and came up to them, where, as the animal made repeated efforts to climb the steep bank just under a high cliff of rocks, the dogs would catch hold of it and they would both tumble back into the river. He now, for the first time was warned of his danger, and perceived what sort of a 'critter' he had to do with. The terrible snap of his enormous jaws, and the havo: that he was making with the dogs, showed him that it was a ferocious he wolf, the largest of his tribe.

Here then was a case. The dogs—though brave as lions, and the idols of their master's affections, were manifestly getting the worst of it; and must ere long, yield to the terrible gashes, which at every crash of his iron jaws, the wolf was making in their bodies. He, however, with steady eye, watched the moment when the wolf and dogs tumbled down the bank into the river, near where he was standing, and reaching his hand into the water, caught the wolf by the hind legs, and raised him up at arm's length. This was a moment of eminent peril. For the wolf doubly aroused by his new enemy, and the dogs stimulated by the assistance of their newly-fallen, fight took place in the water, that ultimately defied all description. As the wolf would turn to snap Mr. Ruffner, he would by raising the hind legs, plunge his head under water—and when the wolf would raise himself to seize his arms, his faithful dogs would lay hold for a moment and prevent it. Thus the terrible fight went on for some minutes, till at last Mr. Ruffner perceived the point of a rock near the water's edge, and within a few feet of him, he then, watching the favorable moment, by one powerful muscular effort, swung the wolf entirely over, and thrashed it's head and back against the rock, with such force as to stun, if not to kill it. But to render the work complete he still held on with one hand whilst with the other he grasped a stone, with which he effectually broke his skull.

Mr. Ruffner then threw the wolf over his shoulder, and returned home with his bloody victim and wounded dogs, but without himself receiving a single scratch, in his unheeded, naked, hand to teeth, snap and smash wolf-fight. He brought the skin to Lurey; the next day, where I saw it spread out on the floor, and heard him with his peculiar and inimitable phrase and gesture, recount the particulars of that exciting scene. Generous, brave, and powerful as a lion—may he long live to fight his own and his country's battles; and to kill a he wolf or she-bear, whenever and wherever he can find them.

### A Short Story and a true one.

A lovely morning in October 18—, was rendered a gloomy one to the inhabitants of Martinique. Repeated injuries inflicted by the ruling powers, coupled with a burning desire among many ambitious, and perhaps, patriotic men, to crush foreign influence on their beautiful island, and to govern themselves as a free and independent people, had long rendered a residence there precarious. On the morning in question, the banner of revolt was seen floating in proud defiance upon the walls of the castle of Fort Royal, and in the far distance the smoke of villages showed the track of the merciless demon of Insurrection. Every vessel in the harbor of Fort Royal was crowded with refugees who, having hastily collected the most valuable of their effects, had fled before the tide of destruction, which was rolling fearfully over that ill-fated island.

Among them was a merchant of high repute, who with his wife and daughter, a beautiful girl of about fifteen, took passage for France, whither on the following day the vessel sailed. Fair winds gave them a quick passage to the Cape de Verde, and after a tarry of a day or two there, they weighed anchor for Havre. At dawn on the second morning of their departure, they espied a dark looking brig bearing down upon them, and as the sun rose above the horizon, it pourtrayed to them the truth that an Algerine corsair was their early visitor. So much were the high seas infested at that time with pirates, that every vessel was prepared for an encounter. Immediate preparation was made for a contest, should the corsair overtake them, and all sail were prepared to the breeze. The pirate came up, the contest was fearful, the father and mother were murder-

### AN ODD FEAT BY A SOMNAMBULIST.

We have heard and read much of the strange things performed by somnambulists, but the performance of one in this city, is the strangest of all. The person alluded to is a chairmaker by trade. On Saturday night he rose from his bed about two o'clock, and in his sleep, went to his shop and obtained an adze. He then returned home, and going to the top of the house entered the chimney, and scraped it from the top down to the kitchen fire place. That job done, and while he had his hand in, he thought struck him to do a neighbourly action, and he mounted to the roof again, and entered the chimney of a neighbor. He had descended about half way, when the watchman cried the hour, and so hideous was the noise, that it awoke him. What his sensations were when he found himself suspended midway between heaven and earth, in such a dismal place, we do not know, but he probably had a strong suspicion from the scent of fire, and the blackness of the place, that he had accidentally slipped into regions not to be mentioned to ears polite. He was extricated without other injury than being pretty well begrimed, and it is supposed that he is satisfied with this, his first essay in the art of chimney sweeping. An interesting question arises whether the superintendent of chimney sweepers, is not entitled to be paid his fees in the same manner, as though he had performed the operation.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MISS LANDON—PRUSSIC ACID.—In a literary notice of the lamented Miss Landon in the Philadelphia Gazette, written in the usual felicitous style of the editor when discussing on such themes, an expression of surprise is expressed that the Prussian Acid is supposed to have used for cramps in the stomach should have been employed as medicine. It has long been in use as an antispasmodic, but in greatly diluted doses, as one drop of the pure acid placed on the tongue or in the eye causes instant death, which would make it a far better drop for executing criminals than the hang-man's strangling gibbet. A few years ago, an eminent physician, Dr. F—, of one of the Paris Hospitals, left directions for one of his pupils to administer Prussian acid to some severe patients who lay in a row in one of the wards. It proved an over dose. Before he had administered to the last, the first was dead, and so on with the rest. The whole work being accomplished in ten seconds, and nearly destroying the reputation of the doctor.—*N. Y. Star.*

SWARING.—The most prevalent vice in this community is profane swearing. Go where you will, except into church or a lady's drawing-room and your ears are sure to be saluted with its sounds. Old and young, high and low, all indulge it; just as though there were not decent, respectable, innocent words enough in our language to express all our wants and emotions without a draft upon the black vocabulary of profanity. Some people, to be sure, have a very odd way of swearing, and others a very refined one; but swearing in any style, is a heathenism. It was no part of our language originally, our primitive language was taken from the whispering of nature's self; pure, harmonious, peace-inspiring. It should never be outraged by conversational oaths, and we trust those who have acquired the habit, a habit which has something devilish in it; will take our advice, and "reform it altogether." You can't think how much better you will look and feel.—*Picayune.*

LOVE.—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the age of fourteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty.

SYMPATHY.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyr; a great fondness for poetry and music; gazing on the moon and stars; toothache; bleeding at the nose; loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things, save one; bloodshot eyes; and a constant desire to sigh.

EFFECTS.—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleepiness, and all that sort of thing; at times, imagination bright; power of roses; winged Cupid, and buttered pease; then, again, oceans of despair, racks, tortures, and hair-triggered pistols.

### CURE.—GET MARRIED.

ACCIDENT TO A SOMNAMBULIST.—An accident happened in Baltimore on Thursday morning, from the habit of walking in sleep, which had nearly proved fatal consequences. Patrick Lynch, a man residing at the corner of Canal & Jefferson streets, has been for some time a somnambulist. On Wednesday night he retired to rest in the garret of the two story house in which he lives, and towards morning he dreamt that some men were pursuing him, and he rushed in his sleep, to what appeared to him to be door, but it was really out of the garret window, and was precipitated down upon the pavement in the street. He fell upon his left side, and the household being alarmed at his cries, he was found on examination by a physician, to have the neck of his thigh bone broken, and his arm fractured in two places, in such a manner as to render amputation necessary. The operation was skilfully performed, and the patient is in a fair way of recovery.

LAST CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—A woman living in Kentucky, put her self on fire instead of the tea-kettle, and did not discover the mistake until she began to sing!

SOFT WALKING.—Gen. Floyd, of Georgia, who lately crossed the Okefenokee swamp in Florida, with a division of the army gives the following description of his passage through this intricate and miry swamp:

"Several times I sent men on trees to look out for land, for we felt as if we were on the ocean, and at last, near sunset, we were rejoiced at seeing the green tops of pine trees, over the gloomy cypress, above five miles distant. It was long after dark before we emerged from the swamp, and when we reached dry land, we were the most miserable creatures that ever walked on two legs—wet, hungry, and nearly dead from fatigue. On the march, several men were bogged so deep that it required two