

# Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT W. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X--NO. 4.]

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY APRIL 23, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 472-

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### A CARD.

FRIENDS having announced my name to the Voters of Adams county, for the Office of Register and Recorder, I would take the liberty respectfully to offer myself a candidate (if nominated) for the Office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Courts; and solicit the suffrages of the public.

AMOS MAGINLY.  
Fairfield, April 2, 1839. te-1

### To the Voters of Adams County.

THE Subscriber, offers himself to the consideration of his fellow citizens of Adams county, as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of said County, (provided he shall receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket.) And respectfully solicits their support.

B. GILBERT.  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register and Recorder (under such combination as may be adopted by the Legislature) at the ensuing election.

Under a knowledge acquired from attending to several of the duties appertaining to said offices, and practical skill as a conveyancer, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to execute the duties thereof personally, in an prompt and correct manner.

JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.  
March 12, 1839. te-50

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court, at the ensuing election.

Having, from practical experience, acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to do the business promptly, correctly and in person.

WILLIAM KING.  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

### To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I offer myself to your consideration, at the ensuing General Election, as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court; and pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.

JACOB LEFEVER.  
March 19, 1839. te-51

### MILITARY.

#### BRIGADE ORDERS.

The Enrolled Militia of the Second Brigade Fifth Division Pennsylvania Militia, are required to be paraded and trained as follows, viz:

**In Companies,**  
On Monday the 6th of May next, at such places as their commanding officers shall direct.

**In Battalions,**  
As follows, viz: The 1st Battalion of the 90th Regt. on Monday the 13th; the 2d do. of do. on Tuesday the 14th; The 1st Battalion of the 89th Regt. on Wednesday the 15th; the 2d do. of do. on Thursday the 16th; The 1st Battalion of the 80th Regt. on Friday the 17th; the 2d do. of do. on Saturday the 18th day of May next: unless the commanding officers should direct Regimental trainings instead thereof.

Those Volunteer Companies within the bounds of the 89th and 90th Regts. may attach themselves to either Battalion most convenient for inspection.

The American Union Battalion will parade on Saturday the 11th of May for inspection.

The American Independent Battalion, and the York County Battalion of Volunteers, will parade for inspection at whatever time and place directed by their commanding officer.

APPEALS—for the Writs, on Monday the 10th of June next—for Volunteers, on Monday the 4th of November next.

DAVID SCOTT,  
Brigade Inspector, 2d Brigade 5th Division P. M.  
April 9, 1839. te-2

### To my Old Friends.

TO those of my late patrons who met me during the past week and discharged their accounts, I return my sincere thanks; and would respectfully inform those who could not call, that I expect to be in Gettysburg at the April Court, when I shall be most happy to see them.

I have deposited a few accounts with WILLIAM W. PAXTON, Esq. for the convenience of those wishing to pay. His receipt for the same will be acknowledged by me.

ROBERT W. MIDDLETON,  
Lawyer, March 19, 1839. te-50

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### NOTICE.

HON. A. G. MILLER, having left his professional business in the care of the Subscriber, the same will be attended to by him with fidelity—the notes and other claims for professional services due Andrew G. Miller are also left with the subscriber for collection.

MOSES MCLEAN.  
April 9, 1839. te-2

### TO MY CREDITORS.

TAKE Notice, that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Pa. for the Benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth, and that they have appointed Monday the 23d day of April inst. for hearing me and my creditors, at the Court-house in the Borough of Gettysburg, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

WM. J. COOK.  
April 9, 1839. te-2

### Notice is hereby Given.

NO all persons concerned, that the following TRUSTEE ACCOUNT is filed in the Prothonotary's Office at Gettysburg, and will be presented to the Judges of the Orphan's Court of Adams County, on Tuesday the 25th day of May next, for confirmation and allowance—viz:

The Trustee Account of George Group, Trustee of Nuel Joyce.

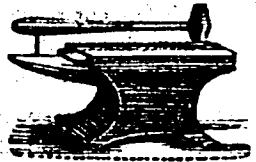
J. B. DANNER, Prothy.  
April 16, 1839. te-3

### MONEY WANTED.

THE Subscriber having declined the Dry Goods business, is desirous that his accounts should be settled up. He therefore earnestly requests all those who are indebted to him, to call at an early day, and settle the same—as he needs money to meet his engagements. He can be found at his SHOE STORE, next door to the office of the "Adams Sentinel."

JACOB A. WINROTT.  
Gettysburg, March 19, te-51

### COME AGAIN!



THE Subscriber returns his sincere acknowledgments to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and begs leave to inform them that he has removed his Shop to the one formerly occupied by GEORGE RICHTER, in Chambersburg street, a few doors West of Mr. Thompson's Hotel, where he is prepared to carry on the

**BLACKSMITH BUSINESS,** in all its various branches, and assures the public that all work entrusted to his care shall be executed with neatness and despatch. He hopes by strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

C. W. HOFFMAN.  
April 9, 1839. te-2

### New Goods.

PHILADELPHIA BARGAINS!

THE subscriber has just received and is now opening at his old Stand, as large a

**STOCK OF GOODS** as has ever been offered to the public in this place, considering it unnecessary to name articles, I would merely state that my assortment comprises almost every article in the

**DRY GOOD LINE,** ALSO—A LARGE STOCK OF

**HARD-WARE** Cutlery and Edge Tools.

**Fresh Groceries, Queens-ware, Hollow-ware Cast-ings, &c. &c.**

The Ladies attention particularly is invited to a large selection of beautiful

**PAPER GOODS.**

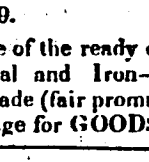
To the Gentlemen I would say I have as fine a stock of superior goods suitable for you, as has at any time been offered, give me a call, and to persons going to House-keeping, I would say come on, I am prepared to furnish almost every article in that way, I would here mention one circumstance, rare among Gentlemen of the yard stock now, having made a raise—and my Goods having been selected with care, and mostly purchased on the very best terms for CASH will be sold at a small advance.

Please call and judge for yourselves.

GEORGE ARNOLD.  
April 9, 1839. te-2

P. S. A little of the ready change—brass—old metal and Iron—and almost every kind of trade (fair promises excepted) taken in exchange for GOODS. G. A.

### HORSE BILLS,



and Hand-Bills, of every description neatly & expeditiously executed at the office of the "STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER."

### Office of the Star & Banner:

Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers) payable half-yearly in advance: or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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 option 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 will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

### THE GARLAND



"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care."

From the Knoxville Register.

"Let Me."

I've'er on that lip for a moment have gaz'd  
But a thousand temptations beset me;  
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you  
rais'd,  
How delightful 'twould be—if you'd let me.

Then be not so angry for what I have done,  
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;  
They were buds of temptation too putting to shun,  
And thought you could not but—let me.

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,  
O! think how bewitching it met me;  
And plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,  
Your eyes seem'd to say you would—let me.

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,  
For, in truth, if you go, you'll regret me;  
Then, oh, let me try the transgression again,  
And I'll do all you wish—if you let me.

ANSWER.

"I'll Let You."

If a kiss be delightful, so tempting my lip,  
'Tis a thousand soft wishes beset you,  
I vow by the nectar that Jupiter sips,  
On certain conditions—I'll let you.

If you swear by my claims that you'll ever be true,  
And that no other damsel shall get you,  
By the stars that roll round that summit of blue,  
Perhaps, sir, perhaps, sir—I'll let you.

If not urged by a passion as fleeting as wild  
That makes all the virtues forget you,  
But affection unskill'd, soft, fervent and mild,  
You ask'd for a kiss then indeed love—I'll let you.

### THE REPOSITORY.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

**The Thirteen Votes, or the Wager.**

A TRUE STORY.

In a town in the interior of the Granite State, not many years since, a gentleman of some property, and not a little political consideration, resided, whose name we shall call Martyn. He was a great stickler for party principles, in such that he was sometimes induced by party zeal to violate his moral duties. On one occasion in particular upon a very important election was making place, upon the result of which, perhaps, the very existence of his party depended, he was so carried away by his party feelings, as to deposit thirteen votes for one individual at the same time in the ballot box, in defiance of the law which provides that no man, to whichever party he may happen to belong, or however worthy may be his favorite candidate, shall deposit more than one ballot for any one individual, for one office.

Wattie Martyn was unfortunately detected in this equivocal act—and although no legal action was had in relation to the subject yet there were those in the town in which he resided, who were unwilling to admit that excess of party zeal was a sufficient apology for his dereliction of moral duty, and the simple act of depositing thirteen votes for one candidate, at one time, in the ballot-box, although palliated and excused by some of his warm political friends, was severely censured by others. This occurrence furnished a subject of conversation among the worthy citizens of the town for several weeks—at the end of which time, it gradually and partially died away, but was not forgotten. Poor Mr. Martyn was doomed to hear the words thirteen votes occasionally repeated by his foes in the most significant manner—evidently with the design of disturbing the equanimity of his feelings. In this they succeeded but too well. These words no harmers, when applied to others, if addressed to Mr. Martyn, or even uttered in his hearing, seemed to possess the power of a magic cabala, so wonderful, and so instantaneous was the effect which they produced on the conduct and appearance of that gentleman. The moment "thirteen votes" reached his ear, his features were clouded with a frown of indignation—his eyes were lighted up with a most

unholy fire—his hands involuntarily grasped the nearest weapon of offence within his reach, and his voice, naturally clear and sonorous, was changed into deep and unearthly mutterings, resembling the sound of distant thunder, or the rumbling of the pent up volcano. Indeed, the effects produced on Sir Percie Shalton, by the sight of the hooded man, as related in the Monastery of Sir Walter Scott, was not more sudden and terrible than the effect produced on Wattie Martyn, by repeating the simple words "thirteen votes." His weakness on this point was proverbial, and a wicked youth of the village, now a very worthy and respectable legal practitioner in the city of Boston, once made Martyn's infirmity the means of playing off a mischievous and cruel practical joke, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

Mr. Smith, the young gentleman to whom we allude, being one day at the village tavern, entered into conversation with a genteel looking stranger, while the landlady was preparing some refreshment, with which to recruit the exhausted frame and spirit of her guest. The conversation turned on the difficulty of pronouncing some of the names of places of Indian origin, which are so frequently met with in the New England states. In the midst of the colloquy, Mr. Smith saw his political opponent, Wattie Martyn, coming down the road. He was certain that Wattie would pop into the tavern, and in the spur of the moment laid his plan accordingly.

"What you say, sir," said Mr. Smith, "respecting those jaw-breaking names, is perfectly correct—I engage with you entirely, and am very happy to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of so much taste. But my dear sir, there are familiar English words which, although they may not be very difficult to pronounce, are exceedingly difficult to repeat. For instance, it is almost impossible for any one not familiar with the dramatic, to pronounce the words thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes, for any length of time, without making the most ludicrous mistakes."

"Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" replied the stranger. "I do not see any difficulty in that. I could go on repeating the words 'thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!' until to-morrow morning."

"It is far more difficult, my dear sir, than you imagine," replied Mr. Smith in his blindest manner. "I am not much in the habit of betting, but, for the curiosity of the thing, I am willing to bet you the price of a dinner for yourself and horse, that you cannot repeat in rapid succession the words thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes fifteen minutes, without some egregious blunders."

"Duce," said the traveller who rejoiced at the idea of paying the landlord's charges so easily—"and I will begin at once." So saying, he took out his watch, and noted the time—then planting himself firmly against the wall, with his face towards the door, he assumed a look of great determination, as if he had undertaken an unpleasant job, but was resolved to go through with it at all hazards—and commenced pronouncing in a loud, clear voice, with due emphasis and discretion the cabalistic words, "thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

In the mean time, Mr. Martyn, not dreaming of the insult which awaited him, bent his steps as he was wont, toward the tavern. As he reached the threshold of the door, he heard the oft-repeated words—"Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" pronounced—and with a frame trembling with passion, and with fury strongly imprinted on his rubicund visage, he abruptly entered the bar-room to confront the man who dared thus to trifle with his feelings, and attempt to overwhelm him with insult.

His eyes, beaming with wrath, fell upon the stranger, who regarded his withering glances with the most provoking indifference—and who paused not a moment in his recitation, but continued to repeat the maddening words, "thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

The indignant Martyn next caught a sight of Mr. Smith's countenance, convulsed with laughter. "What is the meaning of this, sir," said he in a voice of thunder. But the only reply he received was from the mouth of the stranger, who with the most irritating pertinacity, continued to bawl even louder than before, "thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

Martyn then advanced towards the stranger, his frame absolutely quivering with rage. "Who are you, second?" demanded he, in the most imperious manner, "and how dare you insult me in this way?"

The stranger thought the rage of Martyn was counteracted, and a ruse of Smith's to win the wager; and the answer to his question, shouted out in a still louder voice than before, was "thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

"I will not put up with this insult," screamed Martyn, doubling up his fist—and putting himself in attitude.

"Thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," vociferated the stranger, at the top of his lungs.

"If you repeat these words again, I will knock you down, you rascal," said the infuriated Martyn, with a howl of desperation.

The stranger felt somewhat indignant at being addressed in this rude and unceremonious manner, but was determined to win the wager; and raising his voice, bawled with the lungs of a stentor, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

"Take that, then, for your insolence," shrieked Martyn, snatching the action to the word, and giving the luckless traveller a box on the ear, which laid him prostrate on the floor."

But as the stranger fell, his yell of surprise, anger and agony, took the sound of "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes!"

Highly exasperated at what he conceived to be a base and unfair contrivance to cheat him out of the wager, the stranger rose in great dudgeon, still exclaiming, in a voice which a boatswain in a hurricane might have envied, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," and fell pell mell upon poor Martyn, pounding him without mercy, and bellowing out between every blow, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

The traveller finally kicked Martyn out of the room, and as he closed the door upon the unlucky illegal voter, he looked at his watch—saw that the fifteen minutes had already expired—gave a loud and exulting shout of "thirteen votes, thirteen votes! THIRTEEN NOTES!" which made the welkin ring again—sank exhausted in a chair and claimed his wager!

THE WHITE PELICAN—Ranged along the margins of the sand-bar, in broken array, stand a hundred heavy bodied pelicans. Gorgonous tints, all autumnal, enrich the foliage of every tree around, the reflection of which, like fragments of the rainbow seems to fill the very depths of the placid and almost sleeping waters of the Ohio. The subdued and ruddy beams of the orb of day assure us that the Indian-summer has commenced, that happy season of unrivalled loveliness and serenity, symbolic of autumnal life, which, to every enthusiastic lover of nature, must be the purest and calmest period of his career. Plumming themselves, the gorged pelicans patiently wait the return of hunger. Should one chance to gape, all, as if by sympathy, in succession open their long and broad manibles, yawning lazily and ludicrously. Now, the whole length of their largest quills is passed through the bill, until at length their apperils is as beautifully trimmed as if the party were to figure at a rout. But mark, the red beams of the setting sun tinge the tall tops of the forest trees; the birds experience cravings of hunger, and to satisfy them they must now labour. Clumsily do they rise on their columnar legs, and heavily waddle to the water. But now, how changed do they seem! Lightly do they float, as they marshal themselves, and extend their line, and now their broad paddle-like feet propel them onwards. In yonder nook the small fry are dancing in the quiet water, perhaps in their manner bidding farewell to the orb of day, perhaps seeking something for their support. Thousands there are, all gay; and the very manner of their mirth, causing the waters to sparkle, invites their foes toward the shoal. And now the pelicans, aware of the difficulties of their scaly prey, at once spread out their broad wings, press closely forward with powerful strokes of their feet, drive the little fishes toward the shallow shore, and then, with their enormous pouches spread like so many bag-nets, scoop them out, and devour them in thousands.—Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

MILITARY WOMEN.—Bulwer assures us that in all the conflicts the French army have had in their battles in the neighborhood of Paris, woman have been engaged. Dumourier, had at one time for his aids de camp two delicate and accomplished women who delighted in bloody scenes of war. Often in the most desperate crisis of the battle, said a general, I have heard their slender but animated voices reproach flight, and urging to the charge; and you might have seen their waving plumes and Roman garb amid the thickest of the fire. After the battle at Waterloo, there were found among the dead bodies several Parisian girls, who had gone forth with their paramours, and actually fought in their company. Nor was this an uncommon event.—"One morning," says Mr. Scott, "when passing through the Palais Royal at Paris, I saw one of these women dressed in military costume, with boots, spurs and sabre. No Frenchman seemed to consider the sight a strange one."

James, come here. I heard you swearing but a moment ago. How often have I told you you must not use such language?

Well, Father, I was angry and couldn't help it.

You couldn't help it, ay! You couldn't help it! It is time you were taught to help it.

But, Father, you swear sometimes, when you are angry. (The Father looks grave.) Is it right for you to swear, if you will not let me do it?

My son, you talk too much. You must not ask so many questions.

"Mother, I guess Mr. H. loves Aunt Lucy.

What makes you think so, my dear? Because, when he sits by her on the sofa, he hugs her and kisses her, and—

What! does your aunt Lucy allow such conduct from Mr. H.?

Why, mother, she likes it." Good!

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden "are you digging out a hole in that there onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

A witness being called to give testimony in a court in Connecticut, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following:—"Mother said, that Ruth said, that Nell said, that Poll told her, that she-see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, checker, and our gals went he, for mother has whipped them a thousand times for lying."

## TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### The Pioneer of Ohio.

Sorrow is a passion which lasts but a short time, when one is engaged amidst scenes of action and excitement. It is when we lead a life of inactivity, that we permit grief to predominate over the other passions, which are naturally more liable to gain the ascendancy; but young persons—particularly those of sanguine temperaments—are not prone much to indulge in grief; and ere long I had regained my serenity of mind had partially forgotten the scene, which for a time had harrowed up my soul; but I had not forgotten the vows over the grave of my family; I clung to that vow as we all are prone to adhere to a promise made to a dying person, knowing it as their last request.

It was towards the latter part of July, when Thomas Girty and myself started on an expedition for the two-fold purpose of killing game, and every red man who should be so unfortunate as to get within one hundred yards of us. Our starting seemed unpropitious; we had not advanced one day's journey, when we witnessed a storm, the path of which may yet be traced. An eye witness could alone form a faint idea of the scene that was suddenly presented to our sight. The hurricane was preceded by a silence not unlike the awful stillness of an earthquake; and the similitude was heightened by the low and distant rumbling, which appeared to us like a succession of deep subterranean explosions. Even the feathered tribe appeared to be aware of some uncommon occurrence in nature, and screaming discordantly, flew from tree to tree flapping their wings, and sometimes permitting us to approach within a few feet of them. The clouds in the west were as black as jet and kept a constant circular motion, advancing at the same time with the rapidity of an arrow. But almost as rapidly as thought the calmness was broken, and it seemed as if "the angry breath of God" was upon the land. It passed in a moment; but oh! what a scene of desolation marked its track! The tallest oaks were twisted like reeds, and thrown upon the earth; other large trees were torn up by the roots, and borne away by the wind. This land storm passed within one hundred yards of where we stood, and the rush of air influenced by the whirl winds, was at a distance so great, that we could, with the utmost difficulty, stand upon our feet. It passed on, marking its course with ruin and desolation. We stood in mute astonishment for many minutes after the whirlwind had passed, but the limbs and twigs which had been hurled to a great height, now began to fall thick and fast, and gave warning to shelter our persons ere some huge limb should fall and crush us; and the warning was taken in time, for we had but just left the spot, when the top branch of a tree fell where we were standing.

We travelled on slowly, making our way with difficulty over the fallen timber, when we encountered a bear, which appeared busily engaged in extricating himself from the limbs of a fallen tree, in which the whirlwind surprised him. After striving to run from us, without being able to make much headway, he turned about and came towards us, showing a formidable row of teeth, and growling most sonorously. We both instantly fired upon him, and both shots took effect; my ball entered his body, and Girtys passed through his neck; this treatment only seemed to accelerate his speed. The blood issued from both the ball holes, and our only chance was to keep him at bay, till he became weakened by loss of blood. Before he could climb the intervening brush, he became weak, and in a moment after died. Girty's ball had cut the jugular vein. This was but a prelude to an encounter more deadly.

We re-loaded and proceeded to skin the bear, when our attention was attracted by a noise similar to the cry of a turkey. We were then on low ground, and a ridge ascended on each side of us, so that we could not be seen but by persons directly on the top of either ridge. This was not the season for turkeys, or we might not have taken further notice of the cry; but we both instantly stood up, and listened attentively, when the cry was repeated, apparently, just behind the top of the ridge.

We were both on our guard in a moment, and we were none too soon, for the next moment two Indians stood on the top of the ridge. We both fired at the same time, and the smallest Indian fell, but the other who was of gigantic make, retreated behind the ridge. To gain the top of the ridge was but the work of a moment, where we found the fallen Indian just expiring; the ball had struck on the frontal bone, and passed through his head; the other Indian was not to be seen. Perhaps the reader may accuse me of cruelty, when I mention that I cut off that Indian's scalp, with as much pleasure as an epicure would cut up a turkey; but the unsatisfied Ate which then ragged within my breast, will offer some apology for that action. Whilst I ran along the ridge, Girty leaped some fallen timber, and ran directly down the steep; I soon lost sight of him. I continued my course along the ridge, with the trigger of my gun set, so that at the shortest notice I might be ready to fire. I had not gone far, when two sharp cracks in quick succession, told me that my companion was engaged in a fight, and was perhaps almost killed; I turned about, and leaping some blackberry bushes, which grew there in profusion; ran for the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. The