

Star & Republican Banner.

WARRANTS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.—NO. 6.]

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY MAY 7, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 474.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Through the encouragement of many of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the

Office of Sheriff,

for said County at the ensuing Election, should I receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket, and be elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of that Office promptly and impartially.

JACOB KELLER.

Mountjoy township, }
April 23, 1839. } te-4

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Free and Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Through kind persuasions from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the

Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes. And should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.

FREDERICK DIEHL.

Franklin township, }
March 19, 1839. } te-51

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and independent voters of Adams County.

Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general, for placing him on the returns with the present and former Sheriff, and again offers himself once more as a candidate for the

Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election. Should he be honored with their confidence in placing him in that office, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to a faithful discharge of the duties of that important trust.

March 19, 1839. } te-51

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and independent voters of Adams County.

I offer myself again to your consideration as a Candidate for the

Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election, (If I receive the nomination of our next General County Delegation) I would then warmly solicit your suffrages. And should I be so fortunate as to become the Honored Candidate of your choice, I would evince my gratitude to you all, by a faithful discharge of the duties of said Office, and by adhering to punctuality, and to impartial, humane, and social feeling.

WM. ALBRIGHT.

Conowago Township, April 23. } te-4

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-45

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

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

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 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 Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of *Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court*, 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 a prompt and correct manner.

JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.

March 12, 1839. } te-50

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 discontinue 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 insertion 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 garlanded,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

From the Religious Souvenir, for 1838.

AGRICULTURE.

C. W. EVEREST.

How blest the Farmer's simple life!
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free, 'mid the scented fields!

When morning woe, with roscate hue
O'er the far hills away,
His foot-steps brush the silvery dew,
To greet the welcome day.

When Sol's first beam in glory glows,
And blithe the sky-larks sing,
Pleased, to his toil the Farmer goes,
With cheerful steps along.

While Noon broods o'er the sultry sky,
And sun beams fierce are east,
Where the cool streamlet wanders by,
He shares his sweetest rest.

When Twilight's gentle shadows fall
Along the dusky plain,
He lists his faithful watch-dogs call,
To warn the listening train.

Down the green lane young hurying feet
Their eager pathway press;
His loved ones come in joy to greet,
And claim their sire's caress.

Then, when the evening prayer is said,
And Heaven with praise is blest,
How sweet reclines his weary head
On slumber's couch of rest!

Nor deem that fears his dreams alarm,
Nor cares with lurking dim;
Without, his dogs will guard from harm,
And all is peace within.

Oh, ye who run in folly's race
To win a worthless prize!
Learn from the simple tale we trace,
Where true contentment lies!

Ho! monarch flushed with glory's pride!
Thou painted, gilded thing!
Hie to the free-born Farmer's side,
And learn to be a king!

THE REPOSITORY.

STONY POINT.

BY REV. J. N. HOFFETT.

Stony Point is about forty miles above New-York, and ten or fourteen miles below West-Point. It is a rounded, gravelly hill, of small extent, jutting into the stream, and connected with the main land by a low narrow which is partially overgrown with the wild waters. It was fortified in the revolutionary war, and occupied by a small force, it might have been considered as a remote outpost to the strong fortress of West-Point.

It was captured by the British in the year 1779, and strongly repaired and garrisoned by more than six hundred soldiers, commanded by the brave Lieut. Col. Johnson.

A few days before the sixteenth of July, in the same year, a tall, commanding personage, mounted on a strong charger, was seen on the eminence above Stony Point. He had a glass in his hand, and appeared to study the character of the defences with an intensity of interest. Johnson, who was returning the gaze of the horseman, with his spyglass turned to one of his staff, and remarked that the apparition on the hill portended no good. Rumors were afloat about the entrenchments that the same tall figure had been seen across the river on the highest opposite eminence the day before, like a horseman painted against the sky. A cow boy said that this figure was the apparition of Washington, and that it never was seen excepting just before a battle or thunder storm. But while these idle rumors floated around the atmosphere of the camp, the real Washington, from observations made with his own eyes, was concerning a soldier-like plan for its surprise.

On the night of the sixteenth of July, by the twinkling light of the stars that broke over and through the clouds, two columns of soldiers might have been seen under the brow of the eminence in the rear of the fort. They were stern men—the silent, thoughtful men of New-England. The eagle-eyed Wayne was at their head, and his heart was like that of the lion. The

regiment of Febieze and Meigs, with their youthful Major Hull's detachment formed the right column; Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murphy, formed the left. The van of the right was formed of one hundred and fifty volunteers, at whose head stood the brave Fleury: one hundred volunteers under Hewart, composed the van of the left. And still further advanced, the noblest post of all, stood two 'forlorn hopes' of twenty men each—one commanded by Lieut. Gibbins, and the other by Lieut. Knox. Wayne stepped from man to man through the van-guards saw them take their flints from their pieces and fix the death-bayonet. At twenty minutes past eleven, the two columns moved to the bloody work before them, one going to the left and the other to the right, to make their attack on opposite sides.

The inhabitants on the eastern side of the river first heard a sharp crashing as the forlorn hope on either side broke in the double row of abatis: the muskets of the sentinels flashed suddenly amidst the darkness, and in a moment the fortress boomed out flame and thunder, as if a volcano had been ignited, and was tossing in lava upwards. The cry of battle not to be mistaken, shrills, wild and fearful, broke upon the dull ear of night. But all was in vain for the fortress. Under the showers of grape, and full in the red eye of battle the two gloomy, still unwavering columns moved on, and the two van-guards met in the centre of the work. The British made an instant surrender, to avoid the extermination which awaited the deploy of the columns upon the intrenchments. Sixty-three British soldiers lay dead at their guns; five hundred and forty-three were made prisoners, and the spoils were two standards, two flags, fifteen pieces of ordnance, and other materials of war. Of the sons of New-England, ninety eight were killed or wounded. Of Lieut. Gibbins' forlorn hope seventeen were no more. Of Lieut. Knox's about the same number were slain.

These spots, where the life-blood of the free has been poured out like water, and where the traces of the revolutionary ditch and mound still remain, are a sacred to the high recollections of freedom. Green be the turf over these departed patriots. The bold bluff of Stony Point in classic ground. Hither in future time shall the poet and the sentimentalist come, to pay their tribute of affection and honor, where —Our fathers knelt
In prayer and battle for a world."

From the Boston Weekly Messenger.

The Spanish Feud.
OVER THE GRAVE OF HER BROTHER.
"But we have parted—brother thou art dead!
Oh his last resting place I bid my head,
Then by thy coffin-side I knelt down and took
A sister's farewell kiss, and farewell took."

It was in the spring of 18—, that I visited the burial ground in a small village north of Madrid, in Spain, where I beheld a beautiful female, sitting by a lonely grave in one corner of the yard, encircled round with beautiful flowers, then in full bloom. The grass was beginning to look green upon the sod that covered the mound which she had watered with her tears.

She was pensively leaning over the grave, therefore did not observe me and I remained silent. At last she murmured to her self, "Yes, Francisco, thou hast left me!"—she then reclined her head on the turf—"thou hast forever left me, to attend a louder and dearer call, I should not weep—I will wipe away the tears that were coursing down her cheek; "for thou hast obeyed the call of one who loved thee far better than we could love thee. Thou hast bade adieu to the world, and flown to his bosom, and has left nothing behind thee for thy disconsolate and lonely sister, but the cold, cold sod!" She remained silent for a few minutes, as though her bosom was too full for expression.

The sun had now set, and the moon was just beginning to climb over the tops of the trees, and as she stooped down to take another kiss of the green turf that covered the grave of her brother, I saw the tears as they flowed fast from her eyes. "Oh! dear brother Francisco, thou hast left me here alone," cried she, raising her face from the grave, and clasping her hands in agonizing grief; "but we will meet again, and then we will part no more." She then rose, comparatively calm, and retired. Never did I behold a sweeter or more lovely being. One might have read the very sentence in her face, "Thou hast for ever left me."

A GOOD IDEA.—The Baltimore Sun gives the account of an old woman in Connecticut who is collecting all the Loco Foco papers she can lay her hands on to make soap of. She says they are a "disput sight better than ashes—they are most as good as clear lye."

"I would barely ask the gentleman who spoke last," said an orator rising at a public meeting and throwing off his coat.
"Suffer the ladies to withdraw first," cried a deacon, rising with great concern in his countenance.

OVER-FEEDING.—Mr. Abernethy agreed with the opinion entertained by Franklin, who said that nine-tenths of the diseases were caused by over-feeding. The learned surgeon, in one of his lectures in 1827, thus addressed his hearers; "I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race: it is their gourmandising and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation."

CALVARY.

From Buckingham's lectures, reported in the New York Observer:

"I had supposed that Calvary was a high hill, I always heard it called 'Mount Calvary,' and I had seen the pictures of the ancient masters, where it is always delineated. So impressed was my mind with the notion, that nothing could remove it but an actual inspection of the place itself. I found no mountain, and felt some uneasiness, until I returned to review the Scriptures which describes the place, and then for the first time observed that there was no 'Mount Calvary,' in the Bible. The supposition is altogether gratuitous; and it seems strange that it should have become so universal. The Gospel speaks of the spot as 'the place of Calvary,' or 'the place that was called Golgotha.' Matthew was the most particular. He says 'a place called Golgotha, that is to say the place of a skull. Luke uses nearly the same word. 'The place Golgotha, which is being interpreted the place of a skull. Luke simply says, 'They came to a place called Calvary.' John's words are, 'And he bearing his cross, went forth, into a place called in the Hebrew, Golgotha.' He adds, 'The place where Jesus was crucified was near to the city.' Here is no mention of any mountain or hill. It is simply called 'a place.' The spot is a naked rock, from 4 to 500 feet broad at the base, and not over 25 feet in perpendicular elevation; but as it rises in an oblique direction, its height does not appear to be more than from 15 to 20 feet.

The Man of Sorrows.

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

The gorgeous skies of Palestine
In evening splendor glow,
And twilight's lingering rays recline
On Carmel's verdant brow,
And Jordan's plain, and Elah's vale
In gathering darkness lie,
And famo'd wild beasts fiercely hail
Night's gloomy canopy."

The birds of day, from East and air,
To chosen covert fly,
And forth from burrowed hole and lair
The roaming fowls lie;
The flocks to fold the herds to stall,
On plain and mountain side,
And men in cottage tent, and hall,
From deadly night-dews hide.

O'er Kedron's brook with fainting tread,
The "Man of Sorrows" went—
No roe to hide his care-worn head,
In deeds of mercy spent;
The Son of Man no dwelling hath,
As unto others given—
For him there lies no onward path,
Save to his native heaven!

And up the shady Olivet
His languid footsteps tread—
No couch to rest his wearied feet,
Save the mere mountain sod!
And there he slept the skies above,
The cold hard earth beneath—
And such the suffering Saviour's love,
While travelling unto death.

REV. J. D. TYLER.

BRILLIANT METEOR.

On Saturday night last, between 10 and 11 o'clock, while walking alone East-Bay Street, our attention was attracted by an extraordinary flash of light, as brilliant and intense, as the most vivid lightning, casting a broad but momentary illumination over the scene. We were at first too much startled and dazzled to detect the cause of the brilliant phenomenon, but on turning round we saw a luminous streak of serpentine form, skirting the north eastern part of the heavens, some thirty feet in length, and five or six inches in width, fading from the view, and changing from a bright flame-like color to a dull yellow, and assuming the form of a comet before its entire disappearance. Not facing the proper direction, we did not see the meteor as it shot through the firmament, but from its volume of light it must have been of immense size. The streak of light was visible for at least a minute.—*Charlestown Courier.*

A FEEBLE.—A surgeon and a lawyer had very little good feeling for each other, and the following dialogue took place:—"I" asked the surgeon, a neighbor's dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer; "pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, sir, your dog last night destroyed two of my ducks." "Indeed! then you certainly can recover the damages; what is the amount?" "I'll instantly discharge it." "Four shillings and six-pence," chuckled the surgeon. "And my fee for attending and advising you is six and eight-pence," responded the attorney; "and unless you immediately pay the same, my conduct will be suitable."

Say what you will about old maids, their love is generally more strong than that of the young milk and water creatures, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipation of the ball-room. Until the heart of woman is capable of settling down firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.—*Boston Galaxy.*

NORMO.—An Irishman has defined nothing to be "a footless stocking without a leg." A description by another Emerald is better. "What is nothing?" he was asked. "Shut your eyes and you'll see it," said Pat.

KISSING.—A writer in the New York Spirit of the Times calls the ceremony of young ladies kissing each other, "a dreadful wasteful of the raw material."

Many persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come these exceedingly useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the countries of Europe. The tree is generally devoted to stork about fifteen years old. It is taken while the tree is growing; and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year, the quality of the cork continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flame of a strong fire; and, after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it may be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties peculiar to this substance, that no sufficient substitute has yet been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples; the ancients mostly employed cement for closing the mouth of bottles or of vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the 17th century, being till then chiefly in use for that purpose. The cork imported into America, is brought principally from Italy, Spain and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed amounts to several thousand tons.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

BY T. H. DAYLEY.

Never look sad—nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow,
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but weep
At the brightside of every trial!
Fortune you'll find is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wrecked, pause and reflect
If error occasioned your sadness;
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to a harbor of gladness.

LONGEVITY.—We are somewhat puzzled to understand a very excellent and valued correspondent, touching the cause of the death of the late Dr. Holyoke, of Salem.—Although he arrived at the great age of one hundred and one years, and sat at a public table by invitation of his brother physicians on his one hundredth birthday day, it is now gravely asserted that he did not die of old age. It was ascertained that it was a cancer of the stomach which hastened the melancholy exit of the patriarch of physic in New-England. But our friend would fain have us believe that the use of ardent spirits produced the disease. How old must a man be to die, actually, of old age? We were personally acquainted with the late Donald McDonald, of quarrelsome memory, who was sent to the House of Correction, by the Police Court, for a street brawl, when about one hundred and five years old. At the age of one hundred and eight he enjoyed excellent health, notwithstanding an immoderate use of tobacco, and a proneness to get absolutely drunk whenever he had an opportunity. The father of Donald lived to be one hundred and thirty-seven, in Scotland, and no one knows when he would have died, had he not been accidentally killed.—*Medical Intelligencer.*

COURAGE.—A Revolutionary patriot used to relate an anecdote of a man he knew when a boy, who had been a soldier in the French war. On one occasion, the English, aided by the colonial militia, of which he was one, were besieging a French fort some where in or near Canada. In front was a space of forest levelled by a tornado, and beneath the fallen trunks the besiegers sought shelter from the sharp fire from the fort; all save one man. Like another Ethan Allen, he stood upon a tree elevated above the rest, returning the enemy's fire. His companion below hailed him to know if he had any bullets to spare, as he was out; the reply was "Hang you, come up here; you can catch a handful of bullets."

AN IRISH DEEL.—Mr. O'Connor relates an instance where the parties in an affair of honor had actually agreed to put the muzzled of their pistols (so inoperative were they) into each other's mouths; and yet, would you believe it? said he "one of them escaped." * * * * * Just as the second was about to give the signal, the other said to his principal "Jack, look hither."—Jack turned his head, and just in time for the ball passed out through his left cheek, doing him little hurt, while his opponent was killed.

SMOKING.—The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal takes ground in favor of smoking tobacco, by clergymen, as a preventive of the ministers' ail, or malady of the throat. It says "the clergy of olden times smoked, and chewed very universally. The leading lawyers are very great smokers, and whoever heard of a lawyer who had lost his voice?"

There is a man at Holly Springs so tall that he pays no poll tax. Because why? his head is out of the county.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

Man Overboard.

No one who has ever heard this startling cry at sea, can forget the scene of excitement that immediately ensues; the shout, the rush, the flinging overboard of ropes and casks, and the intense anxiety with which every one watches the result of the means used to save a fellow creature from the waves.

The scene I am about to describe occurred during a voyage from a southern port to New York, and furnishes one of the multiplied and appalling illustrations of the ruin caused by intemperate habits.

Early in May of the last year, I embarked at Savannah in the packet brig Madison, Capt. Bulkley, a vessel which for her own good qualities and for those of her Captain and Mate, I would confidently recommend to any taking the voyage. To thorough seamanship, Captain B. joins one of the kindest hearts, refined by true piety. He is an exemplary member of the Episcopal Church. There were on board about a dozen cabin passengers and fifty or sixty in the steerage. On the evening of the second day out, (I think it was,) we were off Cape Hatteras; it was a mild and brilliant night, and the brig was making about six knots under a moderate breeze. The Captain and myself were standing on deck together, when he mentioned to me that one of the steerage passengers was suffering under a paroxysm of *deltium tremens*, and suggested the propriety of my seeing him.

I immediately went forward for the purpose, but finding that he had just gone below I waited until he should come on deck again. He shortly came up, and being somewhat disheveled, said that he had been ordered to go below. The light at once by the side of a settee and began to pray in the most piteous manner. His groans seemed the expressions of extreme agony, and he trembled like one under the influence of an awful fit. Among other incoherent ravings he said that his wife was in hell—that he himself had been summoned to appear there and that the devil was coming to fetch him at four o'clock next morning.

The mate hearing the noise he made, came in, and grasping him rather roughly by the shoulder, told him to leave the cabin, and that unless he could behave better he might as well go overboard. About eight in the morning I was walking the deck, the moon nearly at full and laying a long irregular column of light right in the wake of the brig, when I heard a noise and scuffle in the waste of the vessel, and directly the cry a man overboard! The drunkard had leaped from the fort of the main mast upon the larboard bulwarks, and breaking from the grasp of the mate who attempted to hold him, had plunged over the side. The Mate sprang at the same instant up the ladder, and rushing past me, seized a lead line lying upon deck with which we had been taking soundings, threw over a large coil of it, and then at once leaped with three or four of the crew into the boat hanging at the davits. The Captain was on deck in a moment, and throwing aside his coat, and with it the quiet, easy, almost indolent manner he usually wore, issued his orders with an energy I had not before seen him display, and at the same time with the self-possession which no one else on board seemed at the moment to retain. He ordered the helm to be put down and checked the immaturity of the Mate and crew who were for lowering the stern boat at the hazard of swamping her, before the brig's headway had been stopped. Stead! Mr. Hubbard, sung the Captain—don't hurry! stand by men to clear the tackles lower away! handsomely there! handsomely! In a moment more the boat was pulling for into back on the brigs wake, and full in the line of the moonlight. He watched her with intense eagerness until the Captain called out to pull more to the right, when they became hidden from us in the dark mass of tossing waves. But we still heard the sound of oars; for a short time this was suspended; again it commenced, and we soon distinguished the boat pulling rapidly on board. It had been the general opinion that there was no chance of picking the man up. I had seen during the day several large sharks cutting around the vessel, with their backs fins out of the water, and between them and the probability of his sinking helplessly at once, I took it for granted there was no hope of saving him. The quick return of the boat however, seemed to show that their search had been successful. The man lay motionless across the thwart. Shortly after leaving the line of moonlight, the boat came right upon him. He had never uttered a shout nor given any signal whatever, but still as if mechanically and unconsciously, he was battling with the waves, and keeping his head above water. He was hoisted on board and taken by some of the crew into the steerage, where his wet clothes were removed and replaced by others from his own trunk, and the Captain directed some of them to keep an eye on him and prevent his coming on deck.

I fell a sleep thinking of this wretched victim of intemperance and rejoiced that he had been saved from such a death, so unfit as he was, to enter the presence of his Maker. I had slept some hours when I was awakened by the same startling cry *Man overboard!* I sprang from my berth and rushed out of the cabin door in my night dress only. The moon had gone down and the wind risen. The brig under reefed topsails, was bending and plunging in the waves, burying herself to the hawse holes at every pitch, while the spray flew over