

Star & Republican Banner.

FORRELLS J. D. FREE.

ROBERT S. PATTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X--NO. 9.]

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY MAY 23, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 477.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

SHERIFFALTY.

GEORGE W. M'CLELLAN,

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.

FELLOW CITIZENS:
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.

The Public's Humble Servant,
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, (provide 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 Independent 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*; and pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.

JACOB LEFEVER.
March 10, 1839. te-51

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.

The Public's Humble Servant,
WILLIAM KING.
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, 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.

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

Office of the Star & Banner:

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

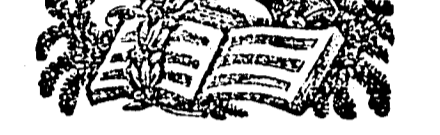
I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in Advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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 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 enriched,
From various gardens culled with care—

From the U. S. Magazine and Review.

The Worth of Woman.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Careful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her whenever she strays,
Roses of Bliss o'er our thorn covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above.
To be gathered and twined in a garland of Love.

Man on Passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountains high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Sports at Reason's feeble cry,
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Loud still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil, and be happy awhile;
Whispering sweetly—come to my bosom—
Go not in search of a phantom of power—
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!
Happiness dwells in the temple of Home.

Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man;
Reckless if he bless or ravage,
Action—action—still his plan,
Now creating—now destroying—
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast
Ever seeking—ne'er enjoying—
Still to be—but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,
Enjoys, in its beauty, life's flow'r as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent care;
Far richer than man with his treasures of Art,
And wiser, by far, in her circle confined,
Than he with his science and flights of the mind.

Coldly to himself suffering,
Man disdain the gentler arts;
Known not the bliss arising,
From an interchange of hearts,
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She like the harp, that instinctively rings,
As the night-breaking zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sunshine and showers of a morning of May.

Through the range of men's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word—
And the standing of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exalts, and Pity blushing,
From the scene despairing flies,
Where, the battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control,
She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passions is hushed for a while—
And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes, entranced, on the pillows of peace.

THE REPOSITORY.

MRS. JUDSON.

A British officer, Major Calder Campbell, describing an "adventure in Ava" in the year 1826, gives a beautiful and affecting description of Mrs. Judson, the wife of the celebrated Baptist Missionary in the East Indies. Major Campbell then a Lieutenant, when descending the Inwaddi river, in a canoe manned by Burmese, was attacked in the night while asleep, by his faithless boatmen, and severely wounded and robbed. When waiting on the beach with much anxiety and distress for the passage of some friendly bark, a row-boat was seen approaching. Signals of distress were made, and a skiff sent to his assistance. The following is the language of the writer: "We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin attenuated form of a lady—a white lady! The first white woman I had seen for more than a year! she was standing on the little deck of the row boat, leaning on the arm of a sickly looking gentleman, with an intellect of cast of countenance—in which I at once recognized the husband or the brother.

His dress and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said, that I had not beheld a white female for many days; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears like a household hymn of my youth. My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Samaritans! with what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that 'beverage which cheers not inebriates!' She was seated in a large sort of swiveling chair, of American construction, in which her light, emaciated, but graceful form, appeared almost ethereal. Yet with much of heaven, there was still the breathings of earthly feelings about her, for at her feet rested a babe, a little wren baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently on her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek Missionary, her husband! Her face was pale, very pale; with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands, those small, lily hands were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very warm; for ah! they told of disease—of death—in all its transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright point lights up the Venetian glass which is about to shatter! That lady was Mrs. Judson, who—long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese, have since been detailed in her published journals.

I remained two days with her; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage—of their struggles in the cause of religion—and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful energetic simplicity of her language, as well from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in every truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth! Why is it that we grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the virtuous, the ready? Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature that would keep to the part and sweetest gifts of Heaven—no encounter the blunts and blights of a world when we see them, rather than that they should be transplanted to a happier region, where we see them rest!

When I left the kind Judsons, I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to our new set of boatmen, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived; we parted, and we never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded subaltern was ever again thought of by those who had succeeded him. Mrs. Judson and her child, died soon after the cessation of hostilities.

Anecdote—Original & True.

Mr. Franky A., who was a gentleman of good parts and infinite humor, used with much pleasantry to relate the following anecdote, as having occurred to himself when a young man. A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections and he had commenced paying her his addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of milk and mush, and being of a serious turn, was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper, Franky did not take amiss, as the family of the fair one was in but moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he admired such domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied, provided he could obtain the affections of his dulcinea. "The course of true love," it is said never runs smooth, and Franky chanced to have a rival who was much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spread with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seats at the table, some one espied Franky's rival riding up. Immediately a change came over the substance of the meal. As if by magic, the table was cleared of its food, and naught remained to tell the tale, but the clean white cloth, in the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished not as before, but with the suitable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance, called 'short cake.' When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A. was invited to say grace, who with due solemnity, hands folded, and eyes closed pronounced the following unpropitious benediction. "The Lord be praised,
How I'm amazed,
To see how things have mended;
Here's short cake and tea,
For supper I see,
Where mush and milk was intended.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this grace, Franky cover returned to his fady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.—Cecil Gas.

OUTRAGEOUS.—A southern editor asks in talking of Poetry and Matrimony, 'who would invite sonnets to a woman, whom he saw every morning in her car, and every day at dinner swallowing meat and mustard?'

Life is an opium, it excites us a little at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and dispirited.

We understand, that a family in this city last week, immediately after eating dinner, found themselves dreadfully poisoned. The were restored by the efforts of a skillful physician, but not till they had vomited themselves nearly to death. Upon an investigation of the cause of the poison, it was found that a copy of the Louisville Advertiser was in the pot in which the dinner had been boiled.

"'Tis no wonder there was 'death in the pot.'—Louisville Journal.

FASCINATING POWER OF THE BLACK SNAKE.—The following is a story authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance upon a large black snake; upon which one of them, an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain, by experiment, whether the snake so celebrated for his powers, could charm or fascinate him; he requested his companion to take up a stick, and keep a good eye upon the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made the trial of its powers. "This," says Mr. Beach, "the other agreed to do; when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake and made a stand looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion; and he says that at that instant there appeared something to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown by a glass or mirror when turned to the sunshine. He said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colors appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings, circles or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him everywhere else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over with running water. He then says he thought he would go from the snake; and as it was dark every where but in the circles, he was fearful of treading any where else; and as they still grew less in circumference, he could not see where to step, but the dizziness in his head still increased, and he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak; it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the centre. His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approaching nearer the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the night mare, he said he could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. The lad that had been charmed was much terrified, and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat; he complained much of a dizziness in his head, attended with pain, and appeared to be in a melancholy, stupid situation for some days."

Picture of War.

I shall select but one description of a battle scene amongst the myriads which present themselves on every hand. It is from "Napier's History of the Peninsula War," and relates to the scene after the storming of Badajoz: "Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intolerance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the creaking of doors and windows and the reports of muskets used in violence resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz. On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by the excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled, the wounded were then looked to, the dead disposed of. Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, and of those, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred were slain or stricken in the assault. Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in less than a hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death: that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power." I may fairly ask, did Christianity ever contemplate such a scene as this? The wounded were three days and nights bleeding to death—and as were they at Waterloo; and I am entitled to ask, where was it not so?

"Cold was the bed where many a graceful form
That day was stretched by Death's relentless storm;

In heaps they lay, and agonized with pain,
Piled with the corpses of their comrades slain,
No heart, affectionate and kind, was there,
To soothe their spirits with a parting prayer;
No watchful eye beheld their final hour,
Save that All-seeing and Almighty Power,
Before whose judgment seat they took their stand,
War in their hearts and vengeance in their hands."

Happiness.—(a new definition)—"A soft couch by the fire, a new novel, a pretty wife a dozen cigars, a bottle of port, a loose gown, easy slippers, a good conscience, and a squalling baby."

A man without money and a heart full of philanthropy, whose coat is a little thread bare, is humbled like a thief; a man with a pocket full of money, and a heart full of villainy, is courted for his virtue!

The Traitor's Grave!

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald.
Around the TRAITOR'S narrow tomb,
No wild-flowers shed a sweet perfume;
No modest lily droops its head
O'er the dishonour'd living—dead!
No blushing roses there unfold
Their native beauties to the world;
But blasted ivy—blighted leaf—
And anxious night-shade, from the wreath
That binds the brow of him who sold
His country's friends, for filthy gold!
For him, no nation's thunder flies,
As when an honest patriot dies;
Nor clad in melancholy gloom,
Droops her fair standard o'er his tomb,
No country, friends, or kindred clains
Connection with the false one's name;
By wife despaired, by children curs'd,
He sleeps in death, by adverse nurs'd
The sweet ring toad avoids the place
That cur'd with so much black disgrace;
And e'en the worm that on him feeds,
Dies from the poison that he breeds!
No blessings on his name e'er fall,
No friends lament around his pall;
But execrations deep and loud,
Around his memory thickly crowd;
Whilst every patriot freeman—brave—
Shuns the dark place—Tus Traitor's
Grave!
LANGASTER, PA. HOFFER.

A HAPPY LOOKIN' CRITTER.

A happy lookin' critter, ain't he, with that little short, black pipe in his mouth. The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes a pipe, he becomes a philosopher; it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made much more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest tellers, than any other blessed thing in this universal world. The lingsins always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their friends in case smokin' should be in fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go unprovided. Gist look at him, his hat has no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flying in tatters of different colored patches. He has an old shoe on one foot, and an untanned moccasin on 't'other. Ho haint had his beard cut since last sheep shearin', and looks as shabby as a yearlin' colt. And yet, you see the old critter has a rakish look too. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin'ly, he has both hands in his trousers' pocket, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there; while one eye is shut, on account of the snake, and the other stancin' out of the way of it as much as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that did'n't smoke couldn't do that squire. You may talk about fortitude and patience, and Christian resignation, and all that sort of thing till your tired; I've seen it and heard tell of it too, but I never knew an instance yet where it did'n't come a little grain heavy or sour out of the oven.—Sam Slick's Sayings and Doings.

Marriage.

No vulgar maxim has proved more detrimental to female happiness than that a reformer rakes makes the best of husbands; in almost every instance, the direct contrary has happened. For in the first place, if the maxim were true, it is far from certain that matrimony will produce a reformer. The vanity of an enamoured female may flatter her that her amiable qualities will effect a reformation; but experience tells us that the reformation must go deeper than that which is only the momentary effect of an impetuous passion; it must extend to the moral principle; to the whole mode of thinking. A rake is but another term for a sensualist, which in itself implies the quality selfish; he has been accustomed to sacrifice the best interest of others to his personal gratification; and there are more ways than one in trifling with the happiness of a fellow creature. Further the libertine has acquired a despicable opinion of the sex; and we know that matrimonial tyranny usually originates from a contemptible opinion of the female sex.—Lastly, in marrying a rake there are many chances to one that a woman marries a drunkard or a gambler; and the are, perhaps the only vices that are never to be reformed. We might add, that without some notion of religion, morality has but an uncertain basis—and what rake would be thought to entertain any respect for religion?

IN SPIRIT OF YOUR TEXT.—Judge Brackbridge, who has lately made some stir in the political world, and who is a comical son of a comical father, resided some years in Florida, it is said, after he was engaged to be married to a lady in one of the middle states. During this time her beauty was somewhat impaired by the loss of one or two of her front teeth. This circumstance gave her some uneasiness; and when she appeared in the presence of her lovers after her return from Florida, she asked him if he thought her much altered. He replied that he saw no alteration, except in her front teeth, but said he, I do not regard that, I'll marry you in spite of your teeth.

A country pedagogue once having the misfortune to have his school house burnt down, was obliged to remove to a new one where he reprimanded one of his boys who misspelled a number of words, by telling that he did not spell as well as when in the old school house. "Well, thum how or wher," said the urchin, with a scowl. "I can't etchally get the hang of thith ere new school house."

PAGANINI.—The great violinist, has been given up by the physicians. He has been in a dying condition for some time, and will leave a fortune of about \$2,000,000.

"I hate to hear people talk 't bind one's back," said the robber sud'v'n the constables was chasing him and crying, "stop thier!"

LAWFUL REVENGE.

Many years since, a gentleman of Newington, a parish of Wetherfield, Conn., who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill natured and troublesome women which could be found in the vicinity. This occasioned a universal surprise wherever he was known; and one of his neighbors ventured to ask him the reasons which governed his choice. He replied, that having had but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things of time and sense, and he thought by experiencing some afflictions, he should become more weaned from the world, and that he married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object.

The best part of the story is, that the wife hearing the reasons why he married her, was much offended, and, out of revenge, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in town; declaring that she was not going to be made pack horse of to carry her husband to heaven.

Extracts from the Journal of a Balloonist.
Passing a cloud, I put out my hand and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white swan sitting on the corner of a cloud. "If we had a gun, we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid, but we told him we had not come to buy lands in the moon. We came across a comet; it was asleep. It looked like a terrapin, but had a tale like a fox.

We came near a hail bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hailstones were about as large as a pigeon's egg.

A thousand miles above the earth, we passed through a field of turkey-buzzards. This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance, that no one has ever found a nest of these. These roncories are out of sight in the atmosphere.

As we approached one of the heavenly bodies it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet, but Blanchard got out and pushed off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing, and a multitude of tongues.

There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat.

In Jupiter we heard swearing—O Jupiter! by Jupiter, etc.

We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschel. Provisions failing, thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again.

The first thing we saw was the forest of Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrenian mountains seemed like a bed of parsley; and the Atlantic Ocean about a large Loch Swilly.

Within a furlong of the earth, Blanchard gave me the parachute, and I came down.

An amusing incident is given in the Natchez Free Trader, as accompanying the catastrophe of one steamboat running into another. The impression of the officer of each boat was that his boat would go down, and they called each to the other, right lustily for relief. The passengers, too, conceiving there was no safety in remaining upon the boat on which they then were, immediately changed places, and after five minutes of confusion, those of each found themselves in the undisturbed possession of the deck of the other. By this time the dust had cleared away a little, and it was found that nothing serious had occurred to either boat.—Balt. Sun.

A man's house should be his earthly paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he turns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily study to provide every thing convenient and comfortable for his wife.

With every provision he can possibly make, her's will be a life of care and toil. She is the sentinel which can seldom, if ever, be relieved. Others may sleep, but if there be one who must watch, it is she. She ought, therefore, to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband. And if furnished to the extent of his means—and she is generally eagle-eyed enough to discern the point at which his ability ends—she is contented. Generally, every shilling expended by the husband for the accommodation of his wife in her domestic operations is returned upon him four-fold—if not precisely in pecuniary advantage, though this is often true, it will be in the order, peace, and happiness of his family. Where conveniences are found in a family, there are generally bright looks, happy feelings, and industrious habits; and where these are found, it there be not more virtue, there certainly will be less of its opposite.

It is a common remark that those men talk most who think least; just as frogs chase their quacking when a person brings a light to the water side.

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