

# Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.-NO. 10.]

GENTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY JUNE 4, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 478

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### 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 a prompt and correct manner.

Yours, respectfully,  
**JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.**  
March 12, 1839. (f-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.

The Public's Humble Servant,  
**WILLIAM KING.**  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. (f-48)

### 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 *Prothotary 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. (f-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. (f-51)

### 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. } (f-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,  
**W. ALBRIGHT.**  
Conowago Township, April 23, 1839. (f-4)

### 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*, 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.  
Moutjoy township, }  
April 23, 1839. } (f-4)

### SHERIFFALTY.

### GEORGE W. McLELLAN,

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. (f-51)

### 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 and 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.

### The Broken Heart.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,  
And say you left me sleeping;  
But never tell my step mother  
Of all this bitter weeping.  
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,  
Or even a while relieve it;  
For there's a pang at my young heart  
That never more can leave it!

O, let me lie and weep my fill  
O'er wounds that heal can never;  
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will,  
To close these eyes forever:  
For how can maid's affections dear  
Recall her love mistaken?  
Or how can heart of maiden bear,  
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should woe so fondly madd,  
Be broken ere the mornow,  
To one who loved as never maid  
Loved in this world of sorrow!  
Nor pity's eye more dreary;  
A quiet sleep within the grave  
Is all for which I weary!

### THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

I have wander'd on thro' many a clime,  
Where flowers of beauty grew,  
Where all was blissful to the heart,  
And lovely to the view;  
I have seen them in their twilight pride,  
And in the dress of morn!  
But none appeared so sweet to me,  
As the spot where I was born.

I have wander'd on thro' many a clime,  
And gazed on Palace walls;  
Yet never wished that step of mine,  
Should tread these stately halls;  
For midst the pomp that crested me,  
I still should be forlorn;  
Give me, give me lowliest cot  
On the spot where I was born.

### THE REPOSITORY.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

### Fun on Board a Steamboat.

PLAYING A STRONG GAME WITH A POKER PLAYER.

Not long since a gambler had a game played upon him by the deck hands and foremen on board one of our Western steamers; a game even stronger than that played by our Second Municipality on this class of the community in New Orleans.

It seems that he had made out to "strike up a small game" of poker with some of the deck hands, and that, by dint of cheating, putting up the cards, and other tricks known only to those up to and who make a living by "handling the papers," he had transferred nearly all the surplus revenue from their pockets into his own. He "cut and shuffled" to all appearance fair for some time, but was finally caught at some trick, which at once let the honest steamboat men into the secret of "how the thing was done," and proved that they lost their money by any other than the "clean thing."

The game, as a matter of course, was "blocked" at once, and a demonstration immediately made that the gambler should fork over his ill gotten gains. This he flatly refused to do—said that he had won the money fair, and that he was very clear of parting with what he had come honestly by. They still persisted, and he still refused.

The boat at length stopped to wood, when the men, finding it useless to attempt regaining their money by fair means, resorted to a plan which the gambler undoubtedly thought foul. Having gained the consent of the engineer to use the engine for a short time, they forthwith put a plan in execution—a plan rather bordering on that code of laws generally known as coming under the especial jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

They in the first place made one end of the rope fast round the neck of the wondrous gambler, while the other was tied to the end of the piston rod, allowing him only two or three feet slack. They told him that unless he shelled out their money instantly, they would work the engine, and at the same time that they were not responsible for any injuries he might sustain. Both

to give up his gains, the fellow cast one look at the new system of extortion, coolly calculated his chances, and then told them "they might work away and be d—d."

No sooner said than done; and the gambler was immediately seen first chasing the piston rod upon all fours, and then backing out of its way. His eye all the time was as firm set upon the rod as ever that of Herr Clino or Gabriel Ravel was upon the tight rope. After working him forward and back several times, one of his tormentors asked him—

"Don't you think it best to hand over?"  
"Don't bother me," retorted the gambler.  
"You'll get sick of that fun," said another of the boatmen, as he was following the piston rod up in the attitude of a bear.

"Not as you know on," rejoined the gambler, as he backed out of its way.  
In this way they ran upon the poor fellow for some time, he still manifesting an unwillingness to give up his spoils. By this time all the cabin passengers had heard of the fun going on below, and went down to witness it. After a few moments respite the engine was again set in motion, and the gambler along with it. The laugh from the bystanders was boisterous and hearty in the extreme, as the poor fellow, intent upon nothing but his own safety, followed the piston rod up to prevent his neck being jerked off, and then backed out of its way to avoid being fairly ran over and crushed.

We can liken his look and actions to nothing save an old bear being dragged by a chain up to some point against his will, and backing out the moment a foot of slack was given him; or else to a savage and hungry bull dog with a rope round his neck, fiercely endeavoring to get at some prey, and then being dragged back the moment his mouth was opened to secure it.

"Fire and fall back," was heard from an individual in the crowd.  
"Root hog, or die," came from another.  
"Twig him—only look!" says one.

"Here he goes, there he goes," said a second.  
"Ha, ha, he, he, hi, hi, ho, ho," laughs another.

"Aint he in a pretty fix?" cried a third.  
"Serves him right," says the fourth.  
"Good enough for him," said a fifth, the piston rod all the while keeping him in full exercise, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks in streams.

"Aint you most ready to hand over now?" said one of the plucked deck hands.  
"Don't bother me, I say," retorted the gambler, "if you do I'll lose my lick."  
"Wont you give up the money?" said another of those he had fleeced.  
"If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm d—d," cried the companion of the rod. "I've got the hang of this game—understand the principles of this machinery now, and you may work me from one end of the Mississippi to the other before I'll give up the first red cent—that you may."

The gambler was worked in this way until the boat was ready to start, without flinching or showing any disposition to give up. Considering that they had got the worth of their money out of him in the shape of fun, and that he had worked hard, and afforded sufficient amusement to more than compensate for their odd bits and picanines, the engine was stopped and the man let loose.

After puffing, blowing, and wiping the perspiration from his face, the gambler looked at his tormentors with a self-satisfied air, and exclaimed, "You can't come it over this child with any of your common games. I've stood three pluck, once too often to be bluffed off even if there was forty against me. Any time you want to get up another game, and there's any thing to be made by it, I'm your man."

The boat was soon under way, and all hands adjourned to their respective callings.

### Eccentric Incident.

During the late American war, a soldier who had been wounded and honorable discharged—but perhaps not paid—being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued.

Patrick. And who are you, now?  
Soldier. My name is John Wilson?  
P. And where are you going from John Wilson?

S. From the American Army at Erie sir.

P. And what do you want here?  
S. I want shelter to-night. Will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor, and sleep to-night?

P. Devil take me if I do, John Wilson—that's flat.

S. On the kitchen floor, sir.  
P. Not I, by the Hill o' Howth!—that's flat.

S. In your stable, then?  
P. I will not do that either—that's flat.  
S. I am dying with hunger. Give me but a bone and a crust—I ask no more.

P. I will not—that's flat.  
S. Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you.

P. Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing—that's flat.

S. Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you now enjoy. I have assisted in contributing to the glory and welfare of the country which has hospitably received you, and can you so inhospitably reject me from your house?

P. Reject you! Who talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen that you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or my stable. Now, by the powers! I'd think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half

dozed soft feather beds, all empty? No, by the Hill o' Howth! John—that's flat. In the second place, you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat. Now, honey, I'd think I'd feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets and turkeys and pigs? No, by the powers, not I—that's flat. In the third place, you ask'd me for some simple water to quench my thirst. Now, as my water in noce of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else wholesome and cooling. Come into my house, my honey. You shall sleep on a bed, and have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank the Lord, is none of the worst. You shall drink as much water as you choose, provided also you prefer it. Come in, my hearty, come in and feel yourself at home! It shall never be said that Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country that gave him protection—that's flat.

### Waste of Property in War.

It is incalculable, because we can estimate only its expenses, a mere fraction of what it wastes; but these alone are enormous, even in a time of peace. The expenses of the United States in one year or other for war in 1832 were \$30,554,000, and for all other purposes only \$3,702,000. From 1816 to 1834, a period of 18 years, an average of \$25,773,097, a year, all of which, except about three millions and a half, were for the purposes of war! Of the whole sum, more than 398,000,000 were for war, and only about 64,000,000, less than one sixth, for the necessary operations of government! The war debt of Great Britain is nearly 4,000,000,000. From 1719 to 1817, she raised by revenue \$6,192,866,006; an average of 1,143,444 every day for twenty years, and full fifty-nine sixtieths of it all for war.

### LOSS OF LIFE BY WAR.

Julius Caesar once annihilated an army of 303,000; of another he slew 400,000! and on another occasion he massacred more than 430,000! Jenghiz-Kahn once shot 60,000 men in cold blood. At another time he massacred full 200,000, and sold 100,000 for slaves. In a single district he butchered 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,780,000! During the late wars of Europe, no less than 5,800,000 lives are supposed to have been lost in twelve years; and the Spaniards are said to have destroyed in 42 years more than 12,000,000 of the American Indians! How long will Christians connive at such a custom?

### NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF LIFE.

"Never was there a conqueror," says an European paper, "who fought more battles or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory, without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into pay from the rupture of the peace of Amien in 1804 down to his eventual exit. At the time he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men; and from 1804 to 1814 he levied at least 2,965,904. This statement is deficient; but, even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of German, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles, and at a moderate computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then is our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six millions of human lives!"

### LOST OR STOLEN.

By a system of ceaseless deprivations during some years past, the undersigned has lost the following items of property viz:

- An unincumbered estate,
- A vigorous constitution,
- A fair moral character,
- A good standing in society,
- An active healthful conscience,
- And an immortal soul.

Also at the same time, or soon after, the affection of wife, children and friends.

It is supposed that these things were feloniously abstracted from the undersigned by a gang of fellows, whom he had long entertained as friends, and who are known to roam about with fair and alluring pretence for the commission of similar acts; their names are various, such as Rum Brandy, Wine, &c., and they are known to be harboured at certain places in this town. If any person will aid in bringing the culprits to justice, he shall be rewarded with all that is left to the subscriber, a cup of clear, cold water.

### VAGABOND.

There is a manufactory of pins at Derby in Connecticut, which it is said, takes the shine off from all the pewter button manufactories in that state, and will make a new chapter for the clock peddlers. Hitherto John Bull has had nearly a monopoly of the

pin business; and his patient subjects were content to make pin heads for sixpence per diem and go supperless to bed. This Derby manufactory saves more than nine tenths of the labor and makes better pins—inasmuch as the heads are formed out of the same wire with the pin, and therefore cannot come off. Instead of seeing a stalwart John Bull moving the wire with his clumsy fingers, we have a curious machinery by which the pins are manufactured by one process from the wire faster than one person can count them.—Boston Times.

A new vegetable has been introduced in London which bids fair to outdo the Chinese corn, *Morus Multicaulis*, Rohan potato and cotton seed at fifty cents a kernel. It is a species of clover from Bahara, which grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, can be cut every month, and multiplies at the rate of 300,000 seeds for each grain sown.

### From the United States Magazine.

### The Ballot Box.

Freedom's consecrated dower,  
Casket of a princely gem!  
Noble heritage of power  
Than imperial diadem!  
Corner-stone on which was reared  
Liberty's triumphal dome,  
When her glorious form appeared  
Midst our own green mountain home!

Purchased by no noble blood  
As in mortal veins o'er run,  
By the toil of those who stood  
At the side of WARREN,—  
On the heath that met the foe  
On their native battle plain,  
Where the arm that deals the blow  
Never needs to strike again!

Where the craven that would dare  
Mar it with polluted breath?  
Scorned and cursed, be his to share  
The traitor's shame—the traitor's death!  
Let his faithless heart be torn  
From his recent bosom riven,  
And, upon the whirlwind borne,  
To the carrion be given!

Guard it, freemen!—guard it well!  
Spotless as your maiden's fame!  
Never let your children tell  
Of your weakness—of your shame—  
That their fathers basely sold  
What was bought with blood and toil,  
Here on freedom's sacred soil!

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,  
Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,  
Watch when danger hovers nigh,  
From his lofty mountains height;  
While the stifles and stars shall wave  
O'er this treasure, pure and free,  
The land's Palladium, it shall save  
The home and shrine of liberty.

**THE RETORT NOT CORTEOUS.**—Dr. Porson, said a gentleman to the great 'Grecian,' with whom he had been disputing—'Dr. Porson, my opinion of you is most contemptible.' 'Sir,' returned the Doctor, 'I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible.'

The man or woman of peevish temper may be morally and intellectually good in other respects, and none can tell whence an irritable temper may proceed. Disease, adversity, intercourse with mankind, and many other circumstances, give a bias to the temper which it would be unjust to censure, since who can tell but it might be his own case in like circumstances?—Anon.

**BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—Deduct from the calculation of human life the years of helpless infancy and thoughtless childhood, take from it the years of decrepitude and the days of sickness—think of the hours that are unprofitably and idly spent—how few are left for the cultivation of the understanding, for the improvement of the heart and, in a word, for the great purpose for which we are sent into the world.

A GENUINE COMEDY OF ERRORS occurred in New York a day or two since, which is related in the New York Despatch. A foreign gentleman, named Fanigantus, about a year since, paid his addresses to a young lady named Devlin. He was accepted, and led her blushing to the altar, where the matrimonial knot was tied, not sufficiently tight, however, to effectually secure the husband, who, in three weeks time, gathered about eight hundred dollars in money belonging to his wife and her brother, and then ran off. All the means the forsaken fair one had recourse to, failed to discover the place of his retreat. On Sunday last, as she was returning from church, she discovered Mr. Fanigantus standing upon the steps of a hotel, employed in picking his teeth with a quill. Miss Devlin hastened to a magistrate, stated the case, obtained a warrant, and had it served upon the gentleman who was picking his teeth on the hotel steps. He was brought before the justice, and accused of his cruel desertion of her. The gentleman was astonished to find that he led a wife, as he had always suspected himself of being an incorrigible old bachelor, but was still more surprised to hear that his name was Fanigantus—as he had been christened as Cox, and had only been in this country four months from London. As the lady persisted he was her husband, Mr. Fanigantus, and he was equally positive that he was Mr. Cox, the husband of nobody; the magistrate was perplexed how to decide, until the lady recollected that there was a certain mark upon her husband's body by which he could be identified. A committee of investigation was immediately appointed to examine the gentleman's

person, but all their scrutiny was unable to detect the mark described. This settled the magistrate's doubt, half satisfied the lady, and the gentleman departed, with a stronger determination than ever to keep clear of the females.

Mr. Jacob Mino, a loco loco physician, has been appointed a leg treasurer in Michigan. He will no doubt show himself an adept in the healing art.—Prentice.

### TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

### THE CHILDS WARNING.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

The world had gone wrong with Ralph Cecil, a false friend had betrayed and nearly ruined him, and his energies faltered beneath the blow. Moody and depressed in spirit, and without the divine light of religion to cheer his soul, or brighten his path, he neglected his farm, and resorted too frequently to the neighboring and deceptive sign of "the plough."

Ralph was a husband and a father, and bitter and burning were the tears that fell from the tender and sorrow-speaking eyes of his gentle wife. She still loved him, but more in memory of the past, and what he then was, than in virtue and acquittal of his present condition and conduct. Then on each return from market, the smile of contentment and happiness brightened his features—and he urged his horses to a more rapid pace, as the green vines and white-washed fences of his happy home broke upon his gaze, and he saw the bright eyes and chubby cheeks of his little boy, peeping from between the leaves and overshadowing branches. Now the midnight hour frequently passed by, and found him still away!—and his return was often more fearful than his absence, for unkindness was in his heart and madness in his brain. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, and he threw himself upon the floor, ashamed to ask for his child, or worse, unable to shape his thoughts into an intelligible form.

Thus rolled the months away. Ralph was rapidly sinking in morals and in mind—in character and in fortune. His boy was now six years old, a bright intelligent child, who loved his father despite his faults, for in his calm and sober moments, Ralph was still capable of noble and generous impulses, of emotions that do honor to our nature.

The month was April, and Ralph had determined to go to market early, especially as he had, he intended in his return to stop and vote at the plough. His wife prevailed upon him to take the "little George" along—and also expressed a hope that he would return before nightfall.

The market over, Ralph put his horses to the wagon, and hastened homeward. George reminded him of his promises to return before nightfall, and hoped he would not stay long at the "lection."

"No—my son! I'll just get my vote in and hurry on home."

Ralph meant what he said, for he knew his weakness. Besides the child's look was full of meaning. It went to the heart of the father, and called the blood to his sunburnt temples. He saw that his child also knew his infirmity, and desired to hasten him from the scene of temptation. For an instant he determined to avoid "the plough" altogether, and go directly home. But the fiend within was too strong for him.

Arrived at the Tavern, he threw the reins to George, and said he would soon return Alas! how little did he know his own strength! Hour after hour passed, and still the wretched man lingered in the bar room. The election was animated and exciting, and friend after friend invited him to drink, and had the compliment returned. The child saw the sun descending, and his little heart became full of anxiety and apprehension. At last he summoned courage, pressed through the crowd just as his father was about to toss off another glass, and seizing him by the hand said—

Father, dear father, don't drink any more or the horses will runaway and kill us.

The words and the expression of the child, touched the heart of more than one spectator, even in that boisterous moment—but they produced no effect on the wretched Ralph. He saw nothing but the fatal glass all his senses were absorbed in one, and as again put the liquor to his lips, the poor child burst into tears, and hurried to his place in the wagon!

It was near midnight, when the election done—the excitement over—Ralph staggered to his horses, seized the reins, and endeavored to make his way home. Utterly intoxicated, he commenced beating the poor beasts in the most furious manner. They bore it pretty well for a time. The darkness deepened—the blows were redoubled—and the animals dashed off at a fearful pace. The sequel need scarcely be told. The wagon was broken into a thousand pieces, and the body of the wretched drunkard was found gashed and mangled in the most appalling manner. The wheels striking his head made bare the cheek bone, tore across the temporal muscle and arteries, separated them and the integuments from the skull as far as the upper and back regions of the head, and ground them together with the ear, completely to tatters—filling the skull bare with the visible marks of the iron upon it.

A neighbor travelling that way early the next morning saw the bloody and blotted course.

Little George sat beside it, while in an agony of childish grief, he exclaimed, "O, MY FATHER, MY POOR DEAD FATHER."

On my father, my poor dead father.

On my father, my poor dead father.