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ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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 and rich,
From various gardens culled and cared.

FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.

WHY DOES PENNSYLVANIA WEEP?

Oh why does Pennsylvania weep?
Why droops her queenly crest?
Why burns the blush upon her cheek;
The shame within her breast?

Why is her brilliant buckler stain'd
With vile corroding rust?
Why is her sword a broken blade?
Her honour in the dust?

What hand has torn her laurels thus,
And dash'd her ancient fame?
For so upon the brilliant scroll
How blotted is her name.

Who has defac'd and torn to shreds
The volume of her laws?
Who tramples on the noble hearts
That would defend her cause?

Go to the Legislative halls
Where once her honour dwelt;
And where oppressions iron hand
Till now was never felt.

Go scan the Power that triumphs there
While hoodwink'd Justice sleeps;
Go read their acts, and you will feel
Why Pennsylvania weeps.

The few who still support her rights
Are holden under ban;
'Tis there 'th' unpardonable sin
To be an honest man!

Yet there are some who dare be just
Through demons grin around;
Our Powers faithful to his trust
With honor keeps his ground.

While some though trodden under foot,
Are well content to stay,
Because they cannot bear to lose
Their honors and their pay;

One man of loftiest holiest soul
Turn'd from that hall with scorn;
He would not herd among the swine
That he might share the corn!

But when his country bade him 'turn
To curb that herd possess'd;
Opposing to their demon pranks,
His dauntless brow and breast;

Least as they rush a down the steep;
Into predictions woe
They plunge the country in the flood
While there is none to save.

He went as Daniel went of old
Into the lions den;
And God who shut the wild beasts mouths
Has power o'er lawless men.

Meantime though calumny, and wrong,
Fall heavy on his head,
He only feels his country's woes,
For her his tears are shed.

And she while on his mighty arm
She leans in time of need,
Obscures, and treasures every drop,
And promises a meed.

Oh bid him not forsake her side
In this tempestuous night,
But bid her patriots to guard
Her honor and her rights.

This torrent tyranny shall pass
Like flood of hasty rain,
And the bright stream of Equal Rights
Roll in its course again.

Then honor shall be given to Him
To whom 'tis justly due;
And all time serving traitors writhe
Expos'd to public view.

THE REPOSITORY

"I have been with thee in thy hour
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not thy memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!"

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her.
She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood played upon his cheek, shadowing at intervals his manly forehead and melting into beauty on his lip.

"He stood in the pride of his youth—a fair form,
With his feelings yet noble, his spirit yet warm,
An eagle to shelter the dove with his wing,
An elm where the light twining tendrils might cling."

And they gave themselves to one another, in the presence of Heaven; and every heart blessed them, as they went on their way, rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of a summer sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girl's buoyancy of the young wife had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was faintly perceptible upon her beautiful brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his years might warrant—

"Edward, you are ill to night," said his wife, as she laid his hands upon her own. The husband roused himself from his attitude slowly, and a slight frown knit his brow. "I am not ill," he said somewhat abruptly, and he folded his arms upon his bosom, as if he wished no interruption of his evidently bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of cheerfulness, had glared down upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsing feature and the gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntary signs of a sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed him once more, "Edward," she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled and yet you refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomily and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed Ambition as his God, and failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed; he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, which had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—miserably fallen—and had been doomed to die the death of a traitor.

It was his last night of life. The morrow was the day appointed for his execution. He saw the sun sink behind the green hills of the west, as he sat by the dim grate of his dungeon, with a feeling of unutterable horror. He felt that it was the last sun that would set to him. It would cast its next level and sunset rays upon his grave—upon the grave of a dishonored traitor.

The door of his dungeon opened, and a

light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God that my purpose is nearly accomplished."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed the pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye-lash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of convulsive agony.

"Edward," said his wife in an earnest but faint and low voice which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband, who is dearer than life itself."

"But, Margaret," said the husband, you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure every thing for your sake. Haste, Edward—haste, and all will be well, and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

"Farewell my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted for her visit had expired. "Farewell—we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—that wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communion of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guard's found wrapp'd in the habiliments of their destined victim the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

William Penn's way of getting what Land he wanted.

Penn learned, in 1689, that there was some very choice land not included in his first purchase, and he sent to inquire of the Indians if they would sell it. They replied that they did not wish to part with the land where their fathers were resting; but, to please their father Onas—the name they gave the good man—they would sell him some of it. Accordingly, they agreed for a certain quantity of English Goods, to sell as much land as one of the young man could walk round in a day, beginning at the great river Coaquanco, (now Kensington,) and ending at the great river Kallapungo, (now Bristol.) This mode of measurement, though their own choice, did not, in the end satisfy the Indians; for the young Englishman, fasten to walk off the tract of land, walked so close and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed the dissatisfaction, and asked the cause.

"The walker cheat us," said Penn; "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians, "but white brother make too big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not should be compelled to it.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" The turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well brothers if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth, and the number of fishhooks, with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you speak just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain; that is in plain English, to fight and kill them and all about a little piece of land!"

If William Penn had been governor of Maine in 1830, would there have been any danger of war about our north eastern boundary? If the ruler of that State, and of the nation, had breathed only a small portion of his spirit, there would have been little, if any, difficulty in bringing the whole controversy to a result with which both parties would now be satisfied.—*Advertiser of Peace.*

WOMAN'S VOICE.—How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, as a gentle zephyr refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and melodious tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe, but the angel voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure which the mind had never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.

Further Reminiscences.

Prepared for the New York Express.
A peep at the illustrious Predecessors of
Slam, Bang, Ming, and the other four
Rioters.

From the New York Gazette, June 22d. 1779.

The following was put up in a public part of Philadelphia streets about the 28th May 1779:

"FOR OUR COUNTRY'S GOOD."
"The depreciation of our money, and the high prices what every thing has got to, is one and the same thing. We ask not who introduced the evil, how it arose, or who encouraged it. In the midst of money we are in poverty and exposed to want in a land of plenty. You that have money and you that have none, down with your prices or down with yourselves. For by the living and eternal—, we will bring every article down to what it was last Christmas, or we will down with those who oppose it. We have turned out against the enemy, and we will not be eaten up by monopolizers and forestallers.

COME ON COOLLY.
"The sweets of life are nothing without the bitter," as the man said when he called for his morning dram.

"Black stockings of ALL colors," are advertised in an Ohio paper.
A REMEDY.—A person choked with a potato, will find instant relief by swallowing a pumpkin.

DECIDEDLY MAD.—A northern editor says that he entertains hopes of getting all that is owed him by his subscribers!
"Teddy, my boy, jist guess, how many cheese there is in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give ye the whole five." "Five, to be sure," says Teddy. "Arrah by me soul, bad luck to the man that could you."

"The sober second thought," as Speaker Hopkins looked when he swore in Thad. Stevens.
"No evil lasts for ever," as the people said when the Legislature adjourned.—*Montrose Spectator.*

A Description of the Person of Jesus Christ.

It was found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judaea, to the Senate of Rome.

There lives at this time in Judaea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtues as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable and serene. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which unadorned colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, gracefully couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheek without spot save of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin; and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, coincide with mildness, and invites with the most persuasive language. His whole address whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a Being! No man has seen him laugh; but the whole world beholds him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the whole multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

A Character of the Olden Time.

The Nashua (New Hampshire) Telegraph, gives the following in the neat and factious way the editor of that paper always does up his paragraphs:
AN OLD HERO.

Every body in the south part of Cheshire county, has heard of "Uncle Ben." He is a strange creature; and has made a deal of fun, for those who did not have to pay the fiddler's matrimonial exploits. But Uncle Ben has figured in less pleasing scenes than even a pauper wedding.—He was in the fight of Bunker Hill, and for years he has lived for the day which commemorates that event alone—all other days are to him as nothing. On each anniversary he procures a sufficient quantity of his favorite beverage, "black strap"—for Uncle Ben was brought up in times when "cold water societies" were less fashionable than now—and somehow or other he never fell in with the teetotalers afterwards,—and gunpowder enough to suit his purpose, and with his old "Queen's Arms," as he calls it, he fires and drinks and drinks and fires as long as he has the power! If he is now in the land of the living, we dare say the hills of Troy reverberated to the sound of his old tubbe on Monday, and his patriotism found vent in proportion to the vent of his rum jug.

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where my days don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

THE PATRIOTS GRAVE.

From the Lancaster Examiner & Herald.

Bask in, yon clustering Yew tree's shade,
The Patriot's mianes in peace are laid;
Whilst o'er his grave, the verdant sod
By guardian angels lightly trod,
Grows fresh, and strong, and ever fair,
Nurtur'd by flions attentive care.

He needs no monument of stone,
To tell his deeds of worth well done;
Nor statue of gigantic mould,
His form and image to unfold;
Nor brazen trump loud to proclaim;
The deathless honours of his name;
For prompt o'er him each friend repeats,
The story of his gallant feats;

His battles fought, his triumphs won,
And the brave course through life he run.
No present praise the patriot seeks,
From rebel lips which falsely rook,
With empty pans of wicked men,
Who basely sell their friends for gain.
Not these for him;—The patriots hope
Claims for itself a wider scope;

His country reigns supreme in thought,
And other feelings sink to naught,
Or if a traitor seeks its fall,
He labours not for one—but all;
And when he dies, he lays him down,
Embalmd with names of high renown.
As breaks the oak with mighty dread,
In the still forest's gath'ring shade,
So goes the patriot down to rest,
By freedom honour'd, and in virtue blest.

Though dead to life, its hopes and fears,
Yet shall he live through unborn years;
And widely shall his praise be sung,
By Freedom's children, old and young;
His life shall be a glowing light,
To guide his country's youth aright;
Though fun'ral bands have laid the brave,
To slumber in his—PATRIOT GRAVE!
LANCASTER, PA. HOFER.

Arkansas Eloquence.

"Gentleman of the jury, the whole of you, there you set. You have all heard what these witnesses have said and of course you agree with me that my client didn't steal that mule. Do you s'pose, for one second, that he would steal a mule? A low-lived mule! What does he want of a mule when he has got a bangup pony like that tied to you tree! (pointing to a fine looking Mustang, opposite the court house.) What I say, in the name of General Jackson, does he want of a mule? Nothing, exactly nothing. No gentleman of the jury, he didn't steal the mule—he wouldn't be caught stealing one. He never wanted a mule, he never had a mule, nor he never would have a mule about him. He has his antipathies as well as any body, and you couldn't bide him to take a mule. Jury-men, that lawyer on the other side has been trying to spread wool over your eyes, and stuff you up with the notion that my client walked off with the afore-said animal without asking leave; but you ain't such a pack o' fools as to b'ieve him. Listen to me if you want to hear truth and reason—and while you are about it, wake up that fellow who's asleep; I want him to hear too. The other lawyer says too that my client should go to prison. I'd like to see you send him once. But its growing towards dinner time and I want all horn bad, so I give you a closer, and finish. Now you have no idea of sending my client to prison—I can see that fact sticking out. Suppose either of you was in his place—suppose, for instance, I was, and you should undertake to jug me—put me in a log jail without fire, where the wind was blowing in one side and out the other, and the only thing to brag of about the place was perfectly free circulation of air—do you suppose, I say that I should go? I'd see you—first, and then I wouldn't."

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF MADNESS.

I travelled in 1815 through the South of France. Something put it into my head to visit a prison. It contained besides the ordinary prisoners some who were deranged. One of them, whose madness was extremely inoffensive, enjoyed a sort of liberty in the interior of the prison. He had been accustomed to this sort of existence, and never dreamt that it was possible to live any other way. On my entry into the court yard, he came up to me and saluted me with much politeness. "Good day, sir," he said, "How do you do?" "Very well, how are you?" "Ah! you don't know my history. My head, like many others, was cut off; the execution was scarcely finished, when the officer was informed that I had been guillotined by mistake. Immediately he took up a head from a great panier, which unfortunately was not mine, and he placed it on my neck. It is well attached, as you see." And the unfortunate man threw himself about to convince me that his head was solidly fastened to his shoulders. "It holds well sir; it looks perfectly; but nevertheless there is something wrong. How unfortunate that they were mistaken in the head?" And he went off weeping, again to tell his story to the first visitor he should meet. I inquired into his history. He had been condemned to death, and his pardon had arrived at the moment of cutting off his hair. He had felt the coldness of the scissor. That case of madness was explained; but who will account for this? The same prison contained another madman, who had been a sea captain. He passed his life in culling, and eating salad. He commenced as soon as he was awake, and only ended when sleep closed his eyes. He never eat any thing, but salad, culled and seasoned by himself, spoke to no one, and never answered any questions, being always too much hurried to finish a labour which was incessantly renewed. The family of this poor man had placed an old servant with him, whose only occupation con-

sisted in bringing salad and sweeping away the refuse parts.—*Note Book of a French Officer.*

TEMPERANCE.

For the "Star and Banner."

To the Friends of Temperance:

In penning some reflections on the subject of which you are the distinguished advocates, the acknowledgment is due, that the progress of the cause in our land is an unquestionable evidence, that truth, addressed to the understanding and conscience of intelligent beings, is omnipotent in power.

Much has been done, and there is much yet to do. For this a numerous class of our most intelligent citizens are zealously engaged therein. Intemperance is still in a lamentable degree prevalent,—and thousands of bushels of the wholesome productions of the Earth are annually wrested from the hand of the poor and teedy, the widow and the fatherless; and converted into a powerful agent of punery and crime. Is there nothing more you can do, to exterminate so great an enemy of the human family from our land? You have acted nobly in abandoning its use as a drink, and you have influenced others to do so—this is right—but all this has cost you little or no pecuniary sacrifice. If you, whose vocation is ever honorable in an enlightened community, have had to pay 64 or 124 cents more a day to get assistance in taking in your crops, it has perhaps been twice that advantage to you in getting it done in season and in better condition. All who have fairly made the trial of total abstinence, have no doubt found, they can, not only do without it, but their health and mental serenity is increased thereby, and much expense is saved. If then, what you have done has been an advantage to you, where is that sacrifice which is required for the completion of every righteous work?

Many of the professed friends of the cause, are the daily recipients of the profits arising from Intemperance, and I fear they often know that those whom they supply therewith, have not the means to obtain food and clothing for themselves and families. The farmer, whose "firm Resolue," does not pay for the liquor he consumes, and the power of long established custom in its use as a drink, is often the partaker of the gains of Intemperance; by giving the productions of his labors to be converted into the article. It is known there are an industrious frugal, and to a considerable degree temperate class of our citizens engaged in distilling grain. Following the example of their predecessors for many years before, enveloped in the mists of education and interest, they are not easily made to understand, and consequently do not believe, that they manufacture of the article in so immediately connected with the enormous amount of evil which is known to be perpetuated in the family of man by its use, as you assert it to be. This class of our citizens must be brought to abandon their long established practice; and, think you this will be done; while you supply them with the means to carry it on? If you would refuse to furnish them (this) with, you would gain the involuntary assent of their minds to your sincerity; and entitle your opinions to candid discussions, &c. &c. a truth is always elicited by impartial investigation, there is every reason to believe they would be convinced, and consequently conform no longer to a custom, the tendency of which is only evil.

Do you object, that your individual sacrifice of the profits of the manufacture and sale of the article, would not prevent its being done, and your loss would be the advantage of others? In this you err. Your example would operate immediately on the Distiller, and consumer. But, suppose it did not—could this justify your continuance in error? Two wrongs, never made one right.

What would you think of the man who would urge in the extenuation of his crime of robbery, that if he had not done it, some one would, and the money was as good to him as any body. I know you would think his moral preceptions almost annihilated; but the reasoning (if reasoning it may be called) is as good in one case as the other. The difference to us is, we have not been accustomed to view it in such light. What would you think of the professional man at the Bar, who would object to the progress of Temperance reform, because in proportion thereto, crime would diminish, violations of law be less frequent, and consequently his professional services less required? Or the Physician, who would not give up his countenance, because the health of the community would be improved thereby, and his practice inevitably