

Star & Republican Banner.

BE FEARLESS AND FREE. 43

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 10, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 492.]

VOL. X--NO. 24.]

SHERIFF CANDIDATES.

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. te-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. } te-51

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

To the Freeman of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration for the office of PROTHONOTARY, at the ensuing election—should I be so fortunate as to receive a majority of your votes, I pledge myself to discharge the duties to the best of my ability.

JOEL B. DANNER.

Gettysburg, June 24, 1839. te-13

A CARD.

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

AMOS MAGINLY.

Fairfield, April 2, 1839. te-1

FOR REGISTER & RECORDER.

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 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:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register and Recorder, at the ensuing election.

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

WILLIAM KING.

Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts, at the ensuing election, being well acquainted with the business of said offices, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties thereof with fidelity.

S. R. RUSSELL.

Gettysburg, July 23, 1839. te-17

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of Clerks of the several Courts at the next General Election. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the Office faithfully.

THOMAS MC'REARY.

Straban Township, July 30, 1839. te-10

LAW NOTICE.

C. BAKER,
WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Adams County—office in Chambersburg Street, one door west of Mr. Buehler's Store.
Gettysburg, April 30, 1839. 1y-5

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance, or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of 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 garlands 'd with care."

THE WIFE.

She flung her white arms around him—Thou art all that this poor heart can cling to.
I could have steamed 'mid fortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the brightly glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not be "alone."

But thus to see from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bliss,
And feel, I'll be "alone."

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer."
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRONTIER INCIDENT.

Col. James Clark, Sen. of this township—a man of the days of '70—has promised to furnish us with some sketches of the exploits of the frontier men. The incident given below is very nearly in the words of Col. Clark, and may be relied on as strictly true. We trust our aged friend will make frequent drafts upon the storehouse of his memory—and that his example in thus furnishing legendary matter for the amusement and instruction of the readers of the Mail, may be imitated by others of the pioneers.—*Middletown (Ohio) Mail.*

SAVAGE MORGAN.—In the spring of the year 1778 or '79, while posted at a place called Martin's fort, on the Monongahela river, near where Morgantown now stands, Colonel Clark became acquainted with Captain David Morgan then about sixty years of age. Morgan resided with his family in the fort, but cultivated a farm on the opposite side of the river.

Having one day sent a couple of his children over the river to work in the field, he soon became alarmed, lest they should be assaulted by Indians, who at that time prowled through the forest, striking at the settlers as opportunity offered. Morgan took his rifle and crossed the river, mounted the fence, where he sat looking at the boys at work. He had not long been in that position when, to his extreme surprise, he discovered two brawny savages running across the field towards the children. He quite deliberately picked the flint of his rifle, newly primed it, and then started (at a run) to throw himself between the Indians & his unprotected children—at the same time giving the latter an alarm that sent them scampering towards the fort.

Morgan followed his boys at full speed both the Indians in chase, until he came to a large walnut, behind which he took refuge, and prepared for a rough tussle with the approaching savages. The Indians, observing Morgan's caution, also tread.—Then it was that the aged father and expert warrior put in practice a stratagem worthy of a Whetzel, a Simon Kenton, or the most crafty savage. He placed his hat on his ramrod and projected it on one side of the tree, so as to catch the eye of the Indians.

In an instant the sharp crack of both their rifles was heard—a brace of bullets whistled through the hat—down fell the *mock Morgan*—the Indians shouted and rushed towards what they supposed to be a dead enemy.

But Morgan's gray scalp was not yet ripe for the knife. He took quick, deliberate aim at the foremost of the advancing savages—fired—the Indian sprang upward and fell toward a dead man. On came the remaining red skin. As he approached, he flung his tomahawk at Morgan's head.—Morgan threw up the hand in which he held his rifle, and saved his head, but lost his little finger. In a moment the savage was upon him. They clinched and a fierce struggle followed.

The old man stripped his antagonist and threw him on the ground—but in an instant the Indian turned him, and yelled for victory.
Morgan says he laid still a moment to get his breath, expecting the death-blow to be struck. He succeeded, however, in getting one of the fingers of the right hand of the Indian in his mouth, where he held it with a death-grip. The savage attempted to draw his hunting knife with his left hand—but it drew hard, and gave Morgan a chance for his life.

Observing every movement of the Indian with a hawk's eye, he saw the handle of the knife extending above the head of the savage and in an instant seized and drew it through the grasp of his enemy, nearly severing the hand of the latter. The knife was soon deep in the side of the savage, who rolled over with a grievous death-groan.

When Captain Morgan rose upon his feet, he found himself covered with blood, fainting and dizzy. He knew not whence the blood came, nor whence the weakness, until, for the first time, he observed the loss of his little finger.

Re loading his rifle and ascertaining that there were no more enemies abroad, he went to the fort, and procuring assistance, returned, so aided the two Indians, *skinned them*, and afterwards tanned their skins—of which he made a drum's head, razor straps, &c. &c. &c. Colonel Clark has often seen him wearing a belt wrought out of this human leather.—"Ever after," says the Col. in conclusion, "the neighbors called him 'Savage Morgan.'"

UNFORTUNATE AND AFFECTING INSTANCE OF LOVE.—The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going in the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emelia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, & of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emelia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress; and, having the same opportunity of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer or die, rather than give way to an attachment that increased in spite of her, she relaxed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her danger. Her afflicted mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret, and to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in; and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion, begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with the resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They agreed to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emelia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented—asked to see her, (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress,) entered into conversation with her health re-established; and even went so far as to say that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her. "Marry me?" cried she, raising her arms and fixing her eyes upon him, "marry! and, throwing her head back, she instantly expired.

CONJUGAL BLISS.—A French woman in Philadelphia, the other day, gave the public a gratuitous exhibition of wedded felicity, in the person of her husband, whom she pelted with stones and apples, and deluged with water. What an inducement to bachelors, to change their "free unhusb'd condition!"

CAN'T BE GOT OFF.—The Albany Microscope says that the "Wild Cat" money is so internal bad in Michigan, that the military refused to take it for wadding on the Fourth, for fear their muskets wouldn't go off.

DANDIES.—As I was passing up Westminster street the other day, I was very much amused at a few remarks made by two little urchins who were rolling on before me. They had just met one of our modern dandies, whose upper lip was pretty considerably shaded with dark, grizzly looking hair.

"What's that?" asked the younger lad.
"That," replied the other, "why that—that is—I don't know what they call it, but it belongs to the caravan."

"To the caravan—why I wonder how it got lost! Perhaps it will bite!"
"No, I guess not; poke a stick at it and see."

Not at all afraid, the younger did run after it, and coolly *poked a stick at it*. "You impudent little rascal," exclaimed the exulting, turning suddenly around, "desist, or I'll chastise you, dam me if I will not."
"Hey!" cried the astonished urchin.

"Hey!"—yes, you low, vulgar, ill-born, ill-torated scamp; I'll obsequiate you in an instant!—and raising his foot too suddenly to effect his purpose, as it luck would have it, a seam gave way, and one leg of his pantaloons was ripped apart.
"Burst his boiler! burst his boiler!" screamed the lads, and away they scampered.

The best of the joke was, three ladies stopped by the way and witnessed the whole affair apparently with much gratification.
Providence Journal.

GHOSTS.—By T. S. Colbridge.—Define a vulgar ghost with reference to all that is called Ghostlike. It is visibility without tangibility; which is also the definition of a shadow. Therefore, a vulgar ghost and a shadow would be the same; because two different things cannot have the same definition. A visible substance without susceptibility of impact I maintain to be an absurdity. Unless there be an external substance, the bodily eye cannot see it; therefore, in all such cases, that which is supposed to be seen, is, in fact, not seen, but is an image of the brain. External objects naturally produce sensation, but here, in truth, sensation produces as it were, the external object.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow. Those visible and intangible shadows without substances to cause them are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears, by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another, if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—convulsion, idiocy, madness or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories, you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps he may have a headache, but that is the outside of the effect produced.

Allston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England, told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. I was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert a Tom Painsian companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awakening, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, I know you, this is a good joke, but you see, I am not frightened. Now you may vanish! The ghost stood still. "Come," said A., that is enough. I shall not get angry, away! Still the ghost moved not. "By—ejaculated A., 'if you do not in three minutes, go away, I'll shoot you.' He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it to be a ghost, his human nature fell before it.

Changing one's mind.—Main't I see you hum from meeting, Eunice!" said a Yankee to a girl who he 'kinder, sorter' had a feeling for. "No you shan't do no such thing. I'm otherwise engaged."
"Well, I guess you've missed it once—I've got my pockets chuck full of gingerbread and amons." "You may take my arm, Reuben."

Let every mother and nurse read the following:
Attention to the Sight in Childhood.—In order to see well, it is necessary to begin early in life to take care of the eyes. Many children have their sight permanently weakened by the carelessness of nurses, in exposing them soon after birth to a strong light, or to the bright glare of a fire, &c. These cannot, therefore, be too strongly impressed on nurses and servants by those who regard the welfare of their offspring. The eyes of infants should be gradually accustomed to exercise themselves in scrutinizing distant objects; but this should be done in the most careful manner without inducing them to strain their tender sight on such things as are too remote or dazzling for them to see without causing a forcible contraction of their immature organs which may be the foundation of permanent or irremediable debility.—*Curtis on the Preservation of Sight.*

ASPIRATIONS OF MIND.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

Fix thine eye upon a star in the indefinite distance and depth of heaven. What beam is that which visiteth thee from afar? If I were to pause now, for the brief space of only eight minutes, a ray from the sun would, in that brief interval, have traversed about a hundred millions of miles to reach us! What beam, then, is that which visiteth thee from far beyond the precincts of solar day? Through the slow revolutions of years—I speak the astronomical fact, for aught thou knowest before the world was created, that ray of light left its native sphere, and through distances awful and inconceivable—the silent lapse and slow revolution of years unknown, that ray of light has been travelling onward and onward, till it has fallen upon my poor weak sense. Now follow it back, on the line of its immeasurable progress to its original sphere, its home, which it hath left to reach thee; and does my mind stop there? no, not there, nor any where does it stop, but beyond, and beyond, to infinity, to eternity, it wanders; and can that mind say, that it is "well enough" in a little earthly comfort, and a few worldly possessions? Can the soul, that spans the universe, and measures ages, be content with a grain of sand upon this shore of time? No: had thou the measureless ocean in the hollow of thy hand, and then mayest thou curb the dwelling of thought, passion, and desire, to that narrow compass? Garner up treasures of infinite worlds in this coffer, and then mayest thou lock up in that coffer the affections that are expanding to the grasp of infinity? No, mistaken soul! thine eye spans the arch of heaven—thy soaring thought rises to the eternal stars; thine own aim must be broad & boundless as those pathways of heaven. As surely as thou livest, thou must live religiously, virtuously, wisely.—Life is an argument for piety. Sense is a good guide to faith. Time should bear our thoughts, as it is bearing our souls, to eternity!

PRECOCITY.—"Ma," said a little girl the other day, who has scarcely entered her teens, "Ma, want I get married?"
"Why, child!" said the anxious mother, "what upon earth ever put this notion in your head?"
"Ma, all the other girls are getting married as fast as they can, and I want to too."

"Well you must not think of such a thing. Don't you ever ask me such a foolish question again—married! indeed! I never heard the like."
"Well, Ma, if I can't have a husband, *maint I have a piece of bread and butter?*"
Certainly. Now you begin to talk rationally, and you may have as much as you want. When you have done, put on your bonnet, and go to school."

Another Presentment.—At the Queen's last drawing room, (says the Court Journal) Miss Henrietta Euphonia Onion, a blooming American beauty, daughter of Ichabod Onion, Esq. of Ellsworth, in Massachusetts, had the honor of being presented to her majesty. Her dress was much admired.—Chausure, flesh colored hose of American silk, with moccasins. Jupe (petticoat) of fig-leaves. She wore a profusion of diamonds, which wore, as usual, hired for the occasion; Mr. B., the banker, kindly becoming responsible for their return. The only thing remarkable, which occurred at the presentation, was, that when Miss Onion's name was announced, her majesty's royal nose sympathetically assumed a slight appearance of a *turnup*, as if suddenly affected with some unpleasant odor.
Boston Post.

A Good One.—A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this country, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said, that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated there, his gravity had never but once been disturbed in the pulpit.—On that occasion, while engaged in his discourse, he noticed a man, directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge quid of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man who was in the constant habit of sleeping at meeting, with his head thrown back and mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was engaged in raising and lowering his hand, and taking an exact observation, till at last, having got it right, he let fall the quid of tobacco, and it fell plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indelicately ludicrous, that, for the first and last time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher. The unexpected intrusion of so unpalatable a morsel awoke the sleeper, and he was never known to indulge in the practice afterwards.

Mr. CLAY.—A good thing is told in the Vergennes Vermont, about Mr. Clay's arrival at Burlington. The piles of lumber in the vicinage of the wharf were covered with spectators, one of whom, being anxious to present his respects to the great Statesman, while the carriage which conveyed him was detained by the rush, extended his hand so far as to lose his equilibrium, and would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for the timely interposition of Mr. C. The Green Mountaineer retained his position, and exclaimed to the surrounding multitude—"Henry Clay, of Kentucky—he saved his country twice, and Louis Higby once!" It scarcely need be said that this sentiment elicited hearty cheers.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

ADDRESS OF THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY OF GETTYSBURG AND VICINITY.

To the Distillers, Tavern-keepers, and retailers of ardent spirits of Adams county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:
We make no apology for addressing you upon a subject in which we have a common interest. It is alike the duty and the privilege of the members of a republican community mutually to consult and advise upon all matters pertaining to the general welfare. The subject which we now present for your consideration we believe to come fully within this class. The use of intoxicating drinks has, during the last half a century, spread over our whole country, and the consequences of this use are as notorious as the ravages of war or pestilence. When the Asiatic Cholera appeared in our midst, the citizens of nearly every city and village in the land came together to inquire, What shall we do to arrest the progress of this minister of death? Yet the few thousands that he swept away are not to be compared to the numbers whom drunkenness annually consigns to a premature grave. Obviously then, this is a matter in which we as a community are interested, and upon the proper remedy for which we not only may, but ought to express an opinion.

Having thoroughly investigated the facts of the case in view of the accumulated evidence of twelve years, during which time Temperance Societies have been organized in nearly every state of the union, we have been irresistibly brought to the conclusion that the use of intoxicating drinks is not only unnecessary, but highly injurious both to the individual and to the community, and that its abandonment would promote the health, wealth, happiness, virtue, and religion of every one who makes the experiment, as well as increase the prosperity, good order, and security of society, diminish its burden of taxation, and connect numbers who are at present the most dangerous elements into a right arm of defence by making them peaceful and loyal citizens.

For the corroboration of each particular of this general statement we can fearlessly appeal to you who are daily conversant with the subject, as it cannot be possible for you to avoid seeing the effects of the drug which you make and sell. We need not refer the tavern-keeper to a physician in order to convince him that the habitual use of the liquors he sells undermines the health, brings on premature old age, and in numberless instances, prevents men from living out half their days. We refer him to his own personal knowledge, or if that is not very extensive, (if he have not had long experience in the business) in which he is engaged, he may consult those who are more familiar with its details. And we could wish that you would all meet with us that you might yourselves give evidence and consult with each other upon the past history, the present state, and the probable influence of your business.—Suppose this to be the case, and one of the oldest and most trustworthy of your number were asked the question above intimated, viz. What can you say, from your own observation of the influence of intoxicating liquors upon the health? How many instances do you think he would give you of those who when they first visited his tavern and stood before his bar were perfect pictures of health—men that could endure as much fatigue, and do so much work in the workshop or the harvest field as the most robust of their companions? But as the habit grew upon them, some in a few years, and others in a few months, from no other disease than that of which the first symptoms are a staggering walk, a flushed face, and foolish talking, became first bloated in their frames and bloodshot in their eyes, and then emaciated, pale and haggard; they next lost their appetite and digestive powers, so that their system could receive no substantial food and craved only for additional stimulants. By this time, as will be readily supposed their constitution was undermined, their strength prostrated, no one would give them a boy's wages as day-laborers, and after repeated fits of *delirium tremens* they were consigned to the charity of "the friends whom they burthened, or increased the number of inmates in some poor-house or lunatic asylum. If you were not satisfied with one, he could give you another, and another instance with all the particulars of name, age and circumstances, until the accumulating instances seemed only to be repetitions of those previously mentioned.

It would then be superfluous to ask about the worldly prosperity of the miserable victims of this appetite. He would already have told you that in most cases they ruined themselves long before the close of their career, brief as that might be. If, however the question were proposed, How much do your customers drink, and what is its value in specie? you all anticipate his answer, for you are well aware of the amount usually dealt out to regular drinkers. But he could tell you many a tale of wonderful feats performed in his bar-room, by individuals drawing pint after pint and gallon after gallon, and these have even been instances of companies extending their midnight orgies to the break of day. He would tell you of many a day laborer whose weekly earnings at a dollar a day just sufficed to balance his tavern scores, after his lost time and board and clothing had been deducted, whilst many others with wife and family was becoming independent from a similar beginning. But still more notorious would be those other cases of men whose extravagance, changed into madness by a drunken frolic, had squandered first the interest of their money, or the rent and income of their farm, and then