

Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 17, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 493.]

VOL. X.-NO. 25.]

SHERIFF CANDIDATES.

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. } 16-51

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 10, 1839. } 16-51

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

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. } 16-1

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. } 16-13

FOR REGISTER & RECORDER.

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

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.

The Public's Humble Servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. } 16-48

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 10, 1839. } 16-51

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of Clerk 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 MCCREARY.

Straban Township, July 30. } 18-10

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. } 16-17

LAW NOTICE.

G. 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. } 17-5

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 gardens culled with care.

The Slumber of Death.

Peaceful and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast cradled slumber of infancy knows;
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn.

Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth,
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth;
Yet child, pilgrim, you shall awaken again
To the journey of toil and the trials of pain.

But oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm and the stillness, the long and the deep;
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart;
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throbs to the heart;
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold and the death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast;
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave.

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

"Pique her and soothe by turns, soon passion crowns thy hopes." BRAUN.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.

I told her 'twas oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fight with a growl,
But she answer'd she wasn't brought up in the woods,
To be scared with the shade of an owl.

I called her a baggage and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form,
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like the sea in a storm;
And then in a moment I turned and smil'd,
And I call'd her my angel and all,
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed—"We will marry next fall."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Whig.

MY PRETTY COUSIN.

My pretty Cousin is not like other cousins.
She is the queen of cousins, being at once the most agreeable, cruel, and unmanageable of all, the prettiest and most dangerous; the liveliest and most witty; and, besides, such a concealed little prude as never lived before, whose fanciful, mischievous disposition, has intimidated and subdued the country beaux for miles round. She is, moreover, a capricious tyrant, willful and obstinate, and always the sceptre of her power with no unparading hand. Her admirers—slaves I would say—though their ribs have ached and smarted with the thump of more than one of Cupid's shafts, though their hearts, bristling with his barred arrows, pierced and riddled in every direction, still flutter round the light that scorches them, attracted, enchained by eyes that melt with gazing and fire you with their fire.

See, how fond the envy elf is of teasing with such show of mellow lips, that hang like golden fruit to be plucked by the first bold hand; putting to you temptingly; wooing, inviting; and when you would hasten to press them to your own, they arrest you with such an air of offended delicacy, that you dare go no further, lest the Puritan box your ears.

All cousins are not so. While they hang their heads in delicious confusion and suffer one to do what he will with their lips, she will be tugging at your whiskers, or what is more to be dreaded, will, with one fell swoop, smash the spotless unwrinkled bosom, that is so snugly arrayed behind the vest that gives it protection. None of that devoted train yet had sufficient audacity to steal a kiss. Poor souls! Was it that they feared they might disarrange the hair that they had spent so much time in brushing and torturing into sleekness? Or, were they content to plod along in the same every-day employment of sighing for paradise, and, though they gazed on it through their eyes, dared not reach forth a hand and enter with the seal upon her lips?

So stood the besieged and besieging, when a city cousin arrived; and thus found Harry Hosmer the petty kingdom my pretty Cousin had founded. He was worth winning; he was a fine appearing fellow; was a true gentleman; could dance, ride, sing, and make love sonnets to admiration; and was, all in all, what a handsome lady of eighteen would love to see at her feet. Will we be justified in saying that the same motive, that influenced her actions towards others, moved her to the concentration of all her art, cunning and powers, to batter the heart of the city cousin? No. There was a more powerful inducement here. It was not love, but something very akin to it, for what country belle can see such a Harry, one so superior to the rest of the throng that surrounds her, and not feel a greater emotion, a more than common flutter when he approaches her?

Her plans were laid. His heart was mined, assaulted, and attacked in every possible shape. He remained firm, unconquered, nor did any subsequent movement dislodge him from his situation. His department was always the same, and not all her skill at man-subjection could draw from him more than that familiar, gentlemanly carriage, which acquainted her with the freedom of his heart and the failure of her plans.—She was piqued. What a cold, senseless thing this cousin is! Pshaw! I won't trouble myself more with the ill-mannered bear. He isn't worth the pains one takes to make him like people.

She, however, did not adhere to this very wise conclusion. The next day another attack, a general assault was directed against the citadel, and she endeavored to carry it long before by storm; but he, that had so long been impregnable to many city war-fares, led on too, by the brightest eyes that flashed in our land, was still the same cousin Harry Hosmer from the city. And the only fool he used, and that which he played with surprising advantage, was the name of another city cousin, a defence that surprised, while it was a counter-attack that disconcerted her.

My pretty cousin had failed. In her endeavors to subdue the heart of her cousin, she had forgot to guard her own, nor did she know that it was already in the possession of another. She was cross. She could hardly bear that he should be in her presence, and was unhappy when he was out of sight. If he was pleasant or laughed, he was ridiculing her unhappiness and rejecting over her discomfiture. If he was sad and sober, he was thinking of the hated cousin he left behind in the city.

"My dear Cousin, you cannot imagine with what feelings of pleasure I shall present your beautiful cousin to you. She is such a divine creature," exclaimed he, one day, after dwelling unusually long upon her beauty and learning. "She is perfection!"

Clara pouted and picked the leaves of a rose he had just plucked for her, and crushed them with her foot.

"You will be delighted to see her, she is so kind and gentle. It will be impossible to be near her and not like her."

"And do you like her, cousin Harry?" asked she in a low, hesitating voice, as if afraid to ask what might be unpleasant to her.

"Like her!—we love her—every body does."

The rose was suddenly dashed on the floor, her indignant foot stamped upon it, and she arose and hastily walked to the window.

"Why, coz, what ails thee?" said Harry without rising, as he swung a chair carelessly round on one leg, while he commenced whistling a lively air.

She was leaning against the side of the window with her forehead pressed against the glass. She did not answer. Nothing is more galling to a woman, than to hear the praises of a rival from the lips of one she loves. Clara was piqued; she was of fended, angry. She could hardly bear her feelings, for she pictured her happy cousin basking in the sunshine of his love, and then she thought of herself, neglected and unloved, and her breast heaved with feelings she ill could bear.

"Is my cousin unwell?"

She was silent.

"Bless me! you have not forgot the use of that tongue that used to wag so gaily?"

No answer.

Harry arose and walked to the window. He gently pulled the hand that supported her head, from her face. She was weeping.

The day after he departed for New York. His horse was at the door, his foot was in the stirrup, and he had thrice bid "good bye" to his friends, but he lingered, for their ought to be another among them. He scanned their faces, he watched each window; she was not there. Once more he took leave, and stopped again to see if Clara was there. He turned disappointed, and laid his hand upon the saddle. A hand touched his shoulder, and a low voice whispered, "Cousin Harry, good bye!"

He turned and met the gaze of Clara.—She was pale. She held her hand to him, and drew her too him, and pressed his lips to hers. There was perhaps too much warmth in that kiss, that mingled its fire with the palor of her cheek. Or, was it that his hand held her's too closely locked?

"Good bye, my sweet cousin," said he, gaily, as he vaulted in the saddle. "Remember my promise of coming again this fall with your cousin Julia, whom I intend you shall be so delighted with that you will not care to part with her. And I give you warning, take care lest you are taken by surprise; she carries all before her."

"I will not promise to like her, Harry," said she.

I will not say what image was ever present to her mind until he returned, because the reader already knows. Neither do we love to speculate upon the state of Harry's heart. We don't know much about this city cousin yet, further than it appears that he is very fond of talking about her, and that is not proof positive that he is in love with her. People do not talk most of those they love. My pretty Cousin's beauty had certainly struck him at first; he was pleased with her lively humor and wit; he felt the influence of her eyes; but he was determined to curb that proud spirit that marred all her better qualities, and exterminate her petty passion for coquetry.

She had failed once in her long career of warring against hearts. It was a signal defeat. Was it her fault? Was she growing old? The thought flashed her—she flew to the glass. Not! This face is fresh as ever; these eyes are as bright; this neck as white; this bust as full and rounded; this waist as taper, and this form has lost none of its fulness.

"She—who is she? This Phoenix, this divinity. Some city Miss with enough gold to make a dash and dazzle his eyes; crooked, perhaps—yes, crooked and well padded too; tall and lean—humph, lame and deceitful." 'Tis strange, 'tis very strange," said she, as she stood and surveyed herself before the faithful mirror.

Fall came, and with it Harry and the city cousin. They arrived late one evening, and stopped at the village hotel. It was too late to see their friends that night, added to which the inhabitants still adhered to that good old custom of keeping Saturday night. Next day, arm in arm, they went to church and sat in a pew where Clara could see them. She was pretty; Clara confessed it to herself. Indeed she might be called beautiful, but that she was too pale. How tall! how majestic she is! But look! How confidently she bears upon her arm! Would that be right for cousins?

She forgot how often she leaned just so.—They sing out of the same book, their hands touch, and their breath does mingle. How tenderly he folds the shawl around her neck! The jewel she smiles on him. No wonder he should be so fond of her, when she can smile so sweetly. Poor Clara! she sought her bed that night with an aching head, and dreamed of daggers the whole night long.

If she had been engaged with her outward clothing, how much more was she with her inward qualities. Though she looked upon Julia as a rival, it was impossible to approach her and not feel interested. Her sweet disposition, and her engaging manners secured the attention and respect, but not the love of Clara. She was a successful rival; Clara could not brook that. Where rivalry exists, there is no love.

One evening Harry was alone with her. Julia had just been with them. Clara sat pensive and thoughtful.

"I think Clara's thoughts, like her heart, is with some favored lover, whom adversity has parted from her 'lady love,' and cast into other lands. Or, perhaps the little plaintive song Julia has just sung, awakens sad feelings. How is it, Clara?"

"I think, if you remember any thing till you die, it will be the name of Julia. You are forever talking about her and her singing—such divine music! Pshaw!"

"And why not? Who can listen to such an angelic being, and not break into raptures with her heavenly music?"

"Sure, I have heard better," said she pettishly.

"And then to think of her sweetness of disposition, her kindness, her benevolence, her beauty—"

Clara sat uneasy.

"Her sparkling wit, her learning—all these joined in one person, in Julia, she whom all love—"

She hunched away her chair and looked hard, very hard at the well post through the window. What could be so very attractive in that old ricketty piece of wood?

"She whom we adore—"

He stopped. He heard a sob.

"Clara, cousin Clara!" said he, going to her and seating himself by her.

"Stand off, sir!" exclaimed she, suddenly rising and stepping into the middle of the room. Her eyes, though wet with tears, flashed with excitement. Her bosom heaved and swelled with offended pride.

"You are a cold, heartless man. You ask others to sing, but me never; you walk and laugh and ride with that Julia, but never ask me; you dance all night with her, while I sit alone in a corner; you sing with her, go to church with her, and I am left at home. You may go back to New York with your beautiful cousin—I'll never speak to you again. You are no cousin of mine—you are a senseless, rude, good-for-nothing brute. You are the worst, the ugliest, the most hated—ugh! you beast!"

She flung out of the room, leaving Harry transfixed with astonishment. He went away with a serious face.

That afternoon Clara sat in a rustic bow in her father's garden. She was pale and unhappy. She did not observe two persons walking that way until they entered where she was. Harry advanced leading the smiling Julia by the hand.

"You knew this lady only as your cousin. I come now to acquaint you with the relation she bears to me. In Julia Hosmer, you see your cousin, and my sister."

"Your sister!" cried she, eagerly springing forward.

"Your cousin and my sister, sweet coz."

"You won't go back to-morrow, will you?" asked she, slipping an arm around Julia.

"Ask my brother," replied she smiling.

Clara paused a moment. Then, with a crimson check and faltering step, she ap-

proached Harry, and, passing her arm around his neck, looked up into his face with those melting eyes, that flashed so sure of victory.

"Cousin!" said she. "You will not go so soon?"

We are informed by his sister, that Harry hung long over her, looking into her deep eyes as though he would fill his soul with their beaming glances of love and confidence, and did not offer to disturb the arm that rested on his neck, for fear those glowing lips beneath his own should be removed.

"Clara, you have conquered. I should indeed be a senseless piece of mortality to go, when such eyes as yours coax me to stay and taste such tempting fruit as this."

He did stay and long. When next he left the village, Julia was not the only one that went with him, nor Harry all that called her sister.

A THUNDER STORM.

BY G. F. R. JAMES.

Abstractedly speaking, there are few things, if any, in all that portion of the universe which is exposed to the eyes of man, so grand, so mighty in beauty, so magnificent in splendor, as a great thunder storm. The feeble and impotent contention of man with man, even upon the grandest scale, is vain to borrow the cloudy war of the storm, and give it grandeur. We hear the thunder of the cannon, and the lightning flash of the artillery. But what is it all to the reality? When, with the storm upon the ear, and upon the eye blazes—blinding flash of the leaven bolt of heaven? Who shall we produce lights like that, casting their splendor from one verge of heaven to the other? who shall we find sounds so magnificent, so grand, rolling along the whole vault from the zenith to the horizon? Yet there are few persons who view a thunder storm with the same feelings; and, indeed, the differences of human character are tried by scarcely anything more finely, than by the sensations produced upon the mind by that phenomenon. There are many who are terrified, and that terror may proceed from a thousand other causes than mental weakness. There are some who have been taught fear intemperately in their youth. There are some, scarcely afraid, but awe-struck and overpowered. There are others, again, who have neither fear, nor awe, nor admiration, the dull fabric of whose minds is incapable of any fine sensation. There are some who do more, and admire it simply for its grandeur; there are others who do so likewise, but go far beyond; who combine it with visions of bright things, who hear tongues like those of angels in the voice of the thunder, and who gaze upon the blaze of the lightning, lighted by its splendor to far faint visions of Almighty power and majesty.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.—We heard the late General Ripley relate the following anecdote in the course of a speech which he made at a public meeting in this city some years ago. While the British army was besieging Fort Erie, during the last war, it occurred to General Brown, who commanded the garrison, that a story might be made to advantage and the enemy assailed behind his works. The garrison accordingly marched out with the gallant Brown at their head, and drove the enemy from their batteries with dreadful slaughter, and with considerable loss on their own side.—Ripley, while bravely leading his brigade to the assault, received a musket ball thro' the neck, which struck him to the earth, and he thought himself mortally wounded. He soon became insensible. When he came to, he found himself proceeding towards the fort in a litter, carried on the shoulders of some of his own soldiers. On the way they decreed a party of the enemy approaching. One of the party who was an Irishman, cried out "Yonder are the red coats!—our general shall not be taken—let us put him down and form at his side to protect him!"

The noble suggestion of this brave Irishman was instantly adopted and executed.—They presented a front, and waited for the enemy to come up. Fortunately it turned out that the latter were a detachment who had become bewildered, and were endeavoring to find their way to their own corps.—Though much more numerous than the small squad that accompanied General Ripley, that had no notion of acting on the offensive, and after stopping a moment to reconnoitre, they fled off in an opposite direction. General Ripley declared that the tone and bearing of the Irish soldier made an impression upon his mind which never could be effaced. It was in all probability to the manly and daring measure which he recommended to his comrades that the general owed his being saved from captivity.

N. Orleans Lou.

READ! MESSRS. STRAHLE & WINKERHAND.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, from Cape Island's fashionable place of great resort for the Philadelphians, says that the vehicles used there, for the purpose of riding out are Jersey waggons, and that the farmers there turn hackmen. The writer remarks his party had observed a silly, upstart fellow, a passenger in a neighboring vehicle, whom he knew to be illy able to afford, honestly, his board charges at the hotel, be-rating his driver in a rude manner, for some slight of disrespect—remarked, "That young man little thinks that his driver, instead of hacking a bout here, could give his team away, and set off on a year's tour in Europe, without feeling the expense."

How often is it the case, that a young upstart whose tailor's bill remains unpaid, when away from home, puts on the most

consequential airs, and almost quarrels with those who could buy him, both body and soul, (to use a strong expression,) because they will not bow down to him as a superior being. A rough exterior often conceals a noble heart, as a plain coat often conceals a heavy purse. An anecdote in point: The late Wm. Gray, of Boston, one of the richest men in the country dressed very plain, and on going into the market one morning, a young merchant asked him to carry home some meat, which Mr. Gray readily agreed to do. On delivering it, the young merchant tendered him a piece of silver which he accepted with a thank'e telling him when he wanted any more brought home to call on "Billy Gray!" The young merchant felt humbled, and resolved to take marketing home himself hereafter.

Sentinel and Witness.

Mr. Duncan is either an abolitionist or a hypocrite—he may take either horn of the dilemma.—Newbern Sentinel.

Let him take both. He is never satisfied with taking one "horn" when he can get two.—Prentice.

A military chaplain had become so shamefully drunk at the mess on a Saturday night, that three or four of those remaining, were obliged to carry him home. On the following morning, to the astonishment of his dear companions, he took the following text:—

"A drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven;" and handled the subject with all the eloquence and pathos of a saint. During the oration, some of the young ones had the greatest difficulty to restrain their risible impulses, and, meeting the reverend gentleman after the sermon, one of them said:

"My dear doctor, you have astonished the whole regiment this morning by the beautiful sermon on drunkenness, the last sermon in the world we should have supposed you would have touched upon."

"My dear fellow," calmly replied the divine, if you had such a d—d headache as I have, you would preach against it too."

OLD MAIDS.

We are inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkable neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex, "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic arrangements, "she is out for an old maid."

And is she in kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "an old maid." In short we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humility, are the never failing characteristics of that terrible creature an old maid.

"DEATH IS DANGEROUS."—May is considered by the superstitious as an unlucky month to marry, or, as the Scotch say, "un-cannic." A lady who was courted in April, being solicited by her lover to name the day of the following month for the wedding, replied that May was an unfortunate month, and on being asked to name it in June, asked if April would not suit just as well!

Flirtation in a woman is equal to libertinism in a man: it manifests the same loose principles, only restrained by the usages of the world from devolving itself in a similar way.

SELF-TORMENT.—More than half the suffering in this world is self-inflicted. People raise owls until they lash themselves into bona fide despair.

It is bad enough when men agree to cheat each other, but to call in the lawyers to cheat both parties is a great deal worse.

A western editor, after announcing his own marriage, says that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

We once knew a man, who, on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in a rage, upset his children, kicked his dog, hurled his hat behind the grate, and paced the apartment back and forth like a chained tiger. "What is the matter, my dear?" said his wondering wife.

"Matter!" roared the angry husband, "matter enough! Neighbor B. has publicly called me a liar!"

"Oh, never mind that my dear," replied the good woman, "he can't prove it, and you know nobody will believe him."

"Prove it, you fool!" roared the mad man more furiously than before, he did prove it! He brought witnesses, and proved it on the spot! Else how could I be in such a height of passion?" The argument was a poser.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS are sometimes very amusing. We once read, in an English paper, an account of a fashionable party, at which one of the most distinguished persons present was the "Duke of Pork."

A city paper reports the "Court of Common Fleas," and a Southern paper contains an account of an "Atrocious Robbery."

A Teacher.—A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of the passive verb, said to him, "A passive verb expresses the receiving of action, as Peter is beaten; now what did Peter do?" The unaccustomed pupil, after a moment, and scratching his head by way of aiding thought, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well I don't know, without he got whopped!"