

# Star & Republican Banner.

NO. 1000 AND FREE. 47

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 1, 1839.

[WHOLE NO. 495.]

VOL. X.—NO. 27.]

## 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. } te-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

GEORGE W. McCLELLAN 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

### 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. te-1

To the Freemen 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

### 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. te-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 19, 1839. te-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 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 M'CREARY.  
Straban Township, July 30. te-18

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 office, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties thereof with fidelity.

S. R. RUSSELL.  
Gettysburg, July 23, 1839. te-17

### LAW NOTICE.

C. BAKER, WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Adams County—office in Chambersburg Street, one door west of Mr. Baehler'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 gardens culled with care.

### I WONDER WHO HE'LL MARRY.

To save my life I can't tell why  
I feel so fond of Harry;  
He's handsome and he's rich 'tis true—  
I wonder who he'll marry!

He sometimes goes to see Jane Smith,  
But she's so light and airy,  
I know he does not think of her—  
I wonder who he'll marry!

And there is lovely Annetta Lyle,  
Who waltzes like a fairy,  
At balls he seems so fond of her—  
I wonder who he'll marry!

And then he seems so intimate,  
And likes his friends to carry,  
And introduce to Detsy Jones—  
I wonder who he'll marry!

And then again I hear it hinted,  
He loves Miss Emmy Barry,  
Who's old enough to be his Ma—  
I wonder who he'll marry!

And then when he gallants me home,  
He never fails to tarry,  
And acts so like a lover does—  
I wonder who he'll marry!

### THE DANDY.

Give me a demijohn of gall,  
A pen of cane red, split with a broad axe,  
A sheet of paper broad as Congress Hall,  
And vigorous nerves as tough as cobler's wax;  
Let me be starved, and poor and meanly clad,  
Encircle me with duns to make me mad,  
Coddle my scullip with the flames of brandy,  
Then let me write how much I hate a dandy.

Ye mincing, squinting, smoke-faced prettifiers,  
With corsets laced as tight as fiddle strings,  
Crook 'd as a toad, and supple as a cat—  
About the waist D sharp, the PATE B flat.

Ye cringing supercilious slaves,  
Ye self-complacent, brainless, heartless knaves;  
Ye lizard-looking apes with cat-fish gills,  
Ye scoundrels, go and pay your TAILOR'S BILLS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### AN UNCOMMON ESCAPE.

In Heath's Book of Beauty, for 1839, is a very clever tale by George Irvine, Esq., entitled "The Lady of the Lattice." The hero of this tale is the Chevalier de Vevecourt, who finds himself a political prisoner in the chateau of an old jealous governor, who has a wife. His escape is singular enough.  
In this present abode, Vevecourt underwent the proper formula of fetters, black bread, dirty water, &c., according to the most approved receipts used in such cases. His cell, which was situated under the platform of the keep, was vaulted with solid masonry, the walls were of most despairing thickness, and the tower itself hung apparently over a precipice. Escape seemed totally out of the question.  
One morning, the turnkey, whose office it was to bring the prisoner his daily miserable pittance, instead of leaving, after having deposited it on his wooden table, remained standing before him with his arms folded, and regarded him with a singular expression. Their conversation was in general confined to a very few words, and was never commenced by his keeper. Vevecourt was, therefore, not a little surprised, when the man said to him,  
"Sir, you no doubt have your reasons for calling yourself Mons. Later. I have nothing to do with that; it is not my business to verify your title. You may call yourself Peter or Paul, for all I care, but I know (here he gave a most knowing wink with his left eye), that you are M. Theodore Aman-de-Francois, Chevalier de Vevecourt, and cousin of Madame la Duchesse de Maillewell." added he with an air of triumph, after a moment of silence, and looking fiendishly at his prisoner.  
"And," said Vevecourt, who thought that his position could not be made much worse than it was already, by the avowal of his proper name, "suppose I am the Chevalier de Vevecourt; what good will that do you?"  
"All the good in the world," answered the turnkey in a low voice. "Hark ye! I have been handsomely tipped to assist your

escape. Stop a minute—as I shall be shot if I am suspected of the least thing, I have declared that I would not meddle with the business one jot further than just sufficient to gain my money. Look you, sir, here is the key." At these words, he produced a small file. "With this," continued he, "you can cut through one of those bars; the door will not be over wide, to be sure." He pointed as he spoke to one of the narrow apertures by which the light was admitted to the dungeon. "Now, you see, you must saw off one of those bars near the top, to allow you to pass."  
"Oh, never mind," said Vevecourt, "I'll manage to get through."  
"But you must leave enough of the iron to tie the rope to."  
"Where is it?"  
"Here," answered the turnkey, producing a rope knotted at intervals. "It is composed of linen, as you see, that it may be thought you made it yourself out of your sheets; it is of the proper length. When you get to the last knot, let yourself fall gently down; the rest is your own lookout. I have some reason to believe you will find near the spot a carriage with horses to put to, and friends who expect you. That I know nothing about, of course. By-the-by, I forgot to mention that there is a sentinel just on the right of the tower, who will send a musket ball through your head to a dead certainty; if he sees you. However, you will choose a good dark night, and watch the moment when the soldier is napping. You run some risk, but—"  
"Good, good," cried the Chevalier, "at all events, I shall not die here. Like a dog."  
"Why I don't know," brawled the jailer, with a stupid look, "that may happen, nevertheless."  
Vevecourt, in his joy at the prospect of escape, had no time to pay attention to this silly sounding observation of one who appeared to be a mere rustic boor; he instantly set to work, and spent the whole night in filing through the bar.  
Thinking, however, that the commander might pay a visit in person, he took care to conceal the effects of his labor by filling the incision with the crumbs of bread rolled in the rust, so as to give it the color of iron, and then waited for a night that should suit his purpose, with concentrated impatience of mind.  
At length, during a dark and lurid autumnal night, he completed his operations. The bar was sawed through, the cord firmly attached to it, and Vevecourt, having with some difficulty squeezed himself through the narrow opening, waited, with his feet on the masonry which projected beneath the window, and his hands tightly grasping the end of the bar which remained for the most obscure part of the night, and that hour in which your watchful sentinel is generally fast asleep, that is to say, two hours before daybreak. Being well acquainted with the duration of the different watches, and the times at which the guard went its rounds, circumstances which prisoners even involuntarily chiefly occupy themselves in ascertaining, he watched the moment, when about three quarters of the duty of the sentinel was expired, and the man himself snug in his box to avoid the fog, feeling certain that he had united all the chances most favorable for his evasion, he began to descend knot by knot, suspended between heaven and earth, but clutching his cord with the strength of a giant.  
All appeared to be going on prosperously; he had already arrived in safety at the last knot but one; when, just as he was about to let himself slide off on to the earth, he thought it would be more prudent to feel for the ground with his feet, but no ground was to be felt.  
This was not altogether encouraging; he was bathed in sweat, fatigued, perplexed, and in a situation where his life depended on a mere toss up; he was on the point of taking all chances and leaping down, when a gust of wind blew off his hat; luckily he listened for the noise he expected it to make in falling, and hearing nothing, a vague suspicion of his situation struck him, and he began to think it possible that some snare had been laid for him, though why or wherefore, he was unable to conjecture.  
In this uncertainty he almost determined to defer the attempt to some other night, and in the meantime resolved at least to wait for the first uncertain glimpse of light, which moment might be almost as favorable for his flight as the present. His uncommon strength enabled him to climb back to his dungeon, but he was almost exhausted as he arrived at the projecting stone under the window, where he remained watching like a cat at the end of a gutter. In a short time the first dim beams of the morning broke, and he then perceived, as he moved the floating cord backwards and forward, a trifling interval of some hundred and fifty feet between the last knot of it and the pointed rocks of the precipice.  
"Oh ho, M. le Commandant!" said the Chevalier, with the coolness that characterized him, "I have the honor to be your most obedient very humble servant." Having reflected some minutes on this adroitly intended plan of revenge, he thought it best to re-enter his cell. He placed all his clothes on his bed, left the cords outside attached to the bar, to encourage the idea of his fall, and quietly ensconcing himself behind the door, he waited for the arrival of the treacherous jailer, with one of the iron bars he had sawed off in his hand.  
The turnkey appeared in due season, rather sooner than was his usual custom, impatient to enter into possession of the property of the defunct. He opened the door with a careless whistle, but no sooner had he arrived at the proper distance than Vevecourt applied a tap of the iron bar

with such anatomical precision and poetical justice to his organ of acquisitiveness, that the traitor fell as if shot dead, without uttering a word.  
The Chevalier stripped his body with the skill of a camp sutler, dressed himself in the clothes of his victim, imitated his walk, and, thanks to the earliness of the hour, and the drowsy inattention of the unsuspecting sentinels, effected his escape.

### From the Saturday Courier.

#### A SCENE IN OUR VILLAGE.

A stranger alighted from the eastern stage, just arrived at the little inn of our village, and from the accompanying "haul" of trunks by the driver, indicated his intention of stopping for the night. He was young, well-dressed and with gentle though manly features, a physiognomist would have told you of a frank and generous heart there, though weighed down with some secret remorse or misfortune.  
Shortly after supper, the young stranger retired to bed. He was standing in the hall door of the inn, (being a physician and a citizen of the village) when the young man went up stairs; the glance of his restless eye struck me, as I thought it mirrored the workings of a troubled mind. In the morning he did not make his appearance at breakfast. I felt intuitively apprehensive—ran up stairs—called; but the echo in the hall answered me. I burst open the door, and the inanimate form of the young stranger lay before me. He had poisoned himself with laudanum! Upon opening his trunks to discover his relatives, if any, his family were found to be old and respectable. He was a lawyer, young and in the May-spring of life. In one of his trunks, were the letters of a kind old mother!—the warnings, the incentives to the path of virtue! The solicitations, oh! the anxious solicitations—the prayers for his prosperity! and farther down, and preserved with scrupulous care, were the cherished letters of the loved and the loved! No mother's tears moistened the pallid cheek! no bright eye of affection cheered the agony of death! He died and made no sign! Feelings of delicacy for that family, were they not all gone, would even have prevented the penning of this; it is a true narrative, stripped of varnish or color.  
Few knew the motives that induced that young stranger to rush wildly into the presence of his God. What was it, do you ask, young man just launching on the stream of life! It was the bowl—the enchanting, the ruinous bowl—the bowl, whose influence the light of education, the paternal entreaties, the mother's prayers, the burning beacons, could not drive from his lips; that caused him to leave, in a fit of remorse, his newly adopted state, where a lucrative practice ever awaited him, and rushing to a far-off spot, end a life that had made him a slave to a despicable passion.

#### GRANT THORBURN'S OPINION OF BACHELORS.

Those consummate blackheads, the bachelors, they too must join the hue and cry to deface and defame the most beautiful part of creation. Conscious that they are running contrary to all laws, human and divine, they come forth with hard words in place of argument, they are not able, say they, to support a wife; why, it costs you more in six months for the soda water you drink, and the cigars you smoke and give away, (two articles that you can well dispense with, and an article that your fathers never saw) than it would take to support a sensible woman for a twelve-month. He that hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board—he that hears the young ravens when they cry, will never suffer the young Yankees to starve. When you have got money enough to buy furniture, you will then go to house-keeping and marry. Here the fowl of the air will teach you—in the spring he looks out for his mate—he has not got a stick or straw towards house-keeping; together they gather the sticks and the straws; in a few days a dwelling is prepared for the young. But the bachelors in every thing put the cart before the horse, always wrong end foremost with them.—They say as they get a nest they look for a bird, thus running quite cross grained in the face of nature.  
When I was not worth 150 dollars, I married. My wife earned thirty-one and a quarter cents with my hammer; yet I never to this day was without a loaf of bread and a shilling; you have heard how Lawrie Todd began house-keeping; the inventory was true; we had but three chairs, one more than our need; you may have a hundred, but you can only sit on one at a time. Had I my life to begin anew and in the same circumstances, I would just do as I did then; at the age of twenty-two I would rather lodge by the lurch with the woman of my choice, than to strut over a Turkey carpet, gaze on the sofa, yaw by the piano, and dream over the sideboard, in all the dark, gloomy and horrible forboding of a bachelor of forty, for they know the time is past—twenty-five years is never to be recalled.

The heart of a man is said to weigh about nine ounces; that of a woman eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after she is thirty.  
A wag in C—, highly offended a very worthy blacksmith, by reporting him to be the greatest thief in the country, and could prove it. When called upon formally, to explain, he declared it was well known—Mr. H. had been in the habit for the last ten years of stealing all the axes and ploughshares in the neighborhood.

CAUTIOUSNESS WELL DEVELOPED.—A party of engineers on the Eastern Rail Road, who were making their surveys or the route between this town and Portsmouth, finding themselves, a short time since, at some distance from their quarters towards evening, called at a neighboring house to ask permission to leave their level and other instruments for the night. An old lady appeared at the door, and upon hearing the request, "La! not for the world," said she, "I'm afraid they'll go off!" "Oh, no, madam," said the inquirer, "there's no danger of that." "Oh," said she, "I've heard of so many accidents by guns and rail roads, that I should really be afraid to sleep in the house with them;" and notwithstanding their protestations, the good lady persisted in her refusal; and the party were compelled to shoulder their dangerous implements and carry them to their lodgings, at some miles distance to relieve the old lady's apprehensions of their "going off."  
Newburyport Herald.

#### FAMILY PRAYER.

In binding a family together in peace and love, there is no human influence like that of domestic prayer. Uniting them in a common object, it unites their sympathies and their desires. Raising their hearts to heaven it brings them altogether in the presence of God. The family altar is an asylum to which they repair from the cares and toils of life. Reminding them of the rest reserved in heaven, it unites them in efforts of faith and obedience for its attainment. Earth has no holier spot than a house thus sanctified by prayer; where the voice of supplication and thanksgiving consecrates every day, where the word of God is devoutly read, and young and old unite to show forth all his praise. It may be humble; but it is holy, and therefore heavenly. Poverty may be here, and sorrow, but its inmates are rich in faith, and joyous in the Holy Ghost. Sickness may enter it; but they will come as angels of peace and mercy, and the spirit whom they release from the imprisonment of the flesh shall be united, free and happy, to worship for ever, as earth did not permit them, a family in Heaven.

#### THRILLING INCIDENT.

A Poitiers journal gives a singular but interesting account of the effects of a water-spout, which burst recently at Geneva, in the Vienne. It states that the water rushed into a conservatory of the chateau of Moiseau, with such force that it carried away a wall which divided the building in two, and caused the ceiling to fall, bringing down a young woman and her child of six years of age, who slept over the conservatory. The mother had sufficient presence of mind to lay hold of a piece of timber which had not given way, and sustained herself in this manner with her legs in the water, crying out, "my child, my child!" but as it was in the dead of night, her cries were not for a long time heard, except by a young female who slept in a part of the building which had not fallen. The young woman rose hastily, ran in the direction of the cries, but immediately on setting her foot in the room, the floor of which was gone, she fell into the water. The inhabitants of the chateau being at length aroused, proceeded to the spot, when the Count de Beaurepaire rushed into the water, and succeeded in extricating the mother, and almost exhausted state, but the child could not be found. On procuring lights, and the water having run off, the body of the girl was discovered quite dead, but nothing could be seen of the child. At daylight the search was being renewed with the same ill success, when suddenly a plaintive cry was heard, and follow up the direction from which it proceeded, what was their astonishment at perceiving the child suspended from the branch of a cherry tree in a wooden watering pot, into which it had miraculously fallen, and which had been conveyed by the water as it retired to the situation where it had been found.

Breach of Promise.—The Cleveland Herald says: Our readers probably recollect that a Miss Washburn obtained a verdict of \$1000 in the Huron Common Pleas, against an unfaithful swain by the name of Wells, and that the lady offered to relinquish all but \$300 of the judgment. Wells thought even that sum and costs too much for his broken promises, and appealed to the Supreme Court. At the last term in Huron county, the case was disposed of, and a verdict of \$800 and costs awarded to Miss W. Wells is abundantly able to pay, though judgment and costs amount to some \$1,500, and if the lady relents this time, she deserves never to be more than half contented hereafter.

A gloomy Wedding-day.—A short time ago a wedding coach containing eight persons, among whom were the young bridal couple, returning from the church, where they had been married, passed through the village of Elbing. The horses suddenly took flight started off at a furious rate, and fell with the vehicle into the Elbing river. Five of the inmates of the coach found there a watery grave; only the bridegroom, his mother-in-law, and a maid servant escaped. The dead bodies were found crumpled in a convulsive manner to the seats of the carriage.

"What in all creation hurts more than a kick from a pretty girl?"—Miss Democrat. "That is more than you can say, as we have never been kicked by one yet. We got kicked over by a horse once—that hurt most contumeliously."—Piquette.

#### NEW ORLEANS.

We have been kindly permitted to copy the following graphic description of the present condition of this place, contained in a letter by a gentleman there to his friend in this city:

"Bless your stars, my dear—, that you are not in this city of plague, pestilence, yellow fever, cholera and small pox; the heat is suffocating and yet the mid-day is the only comfortable, or rather the least oppressive part of the twenty-four hours; a shower is a curse—for the moment giving relief, but only thickening and spreading the effluvia from gutter to gutter throughout the city. The rats suffer and die, like men; in a shower you will see them slowly and by dozens range themselves under the eaves of a balcony, holding their parched mouths upwards and open to catch the dropping rain. You may see them take their places at the first sound of thunder, and wait fearless and indifferent to the few passers by, to catch the earliest drop; their relief is a temporary one—they crawl back under the stores and houses to die, and by their own decay to quicken the further decay of their species and ours.  
"A heavy bronze cloud, or bed of vapor hangs over the city like a shroud, and seems there to prevent the escape of the faint air below; perhaps three hours of high sun will thin its density and bear it off, but it soon forms again, and every day broader and heavier. The sun has burned the city hot—the brick and granite pavement and sidewalks cannot by night pass off the heat absorbed during the day—the dew, or the rain, they convert into a close and enervating vapor.  
"Men do not walk—they drag themselves along; throw a stone at a dog, and you do not make him break his slow, drooping trot. The hearse are the only vehicles which seem to have life and energy about them—they are made to move quick."

ADVERTISING WIVES.  
This ridiculous practice, originating among the vulgar in a total misapprehension of the social compact, and inability to appreciate the rational enjoyments of association between the sexes, is carried to a length which is totally unpardonable. Persons who have voluntarily entered into matrimonial bonds, can have no right to inflict their private griefs or sufferings upon the public. We have seen several odd specimens of wife-advertising, and husband advertising, but we think the following "beats all nature," in the way of rebulet and rejoinder. It is cut from the Jeffersonville (la.) Journal. The eloquent ex-fluctuations of the gentl<sup>l</sup> Mrs. Flood are a caution to all Hooch<sup>l</sup>s.  
MY WIFE,  
NANCY FLOOD, has for me without cause or provocation. I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting. She is a trifling, good for nothing jade. Any way you can fix it. I warn all "darkers" against her aoring, feeding, or running away with her, under penalty of having their peepers blackened, and their noses mashed until they are as flat as trenchers.  
aug 23  
JESSE M. FLOYD.

VERY CLEAR OF IT.—JESSE M. FLOYD, a fellow who calls me his wife, has wickedly showed me the bottom of his foot, and not satisfied with running away between supper and breakfast, the stab-sided, lantern-jawed rascal has advertised me for a "jade!" What he says about me is as false as he is trifling. He has "clared de kitchen," leaving me his children to feed without a cent of money. I made him a good wife, but he's a sour, ill-natured, reel-footed, and bandy-legged scamp. He can't transmute a particle of syllogistical science, nor can he fumigate the least fenso-constitutiveness from the vulgaratorial mind of an idioticated wife. I caution all transfiguratorial girls from having any thing to do with him, as he has a white liver. Hoping that he will continue to measure dirt, and never show his hatched face in these parts again, I remain,  
aug 29  
NANCY FLOOD.

CHILD SEIZED BY A HOG.—A Mrs. Stone in Louisville, left her child lying upon the floor, while she went a few steps for a bucket of water. Hearing a scream she turned and saw a hog running across the street, dragging the child by its foot. By the assistance of some men who were passing by, the child was rescued without very material injury, but not without difficulty, as the animal seemed little disposed to give up its prize. The child was about eight months old, and entirely within the door, when seized by the hog.—Phil. Sat. Cour.

#### A ROMAN PUN.

"The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us,"  
Shakespeare.  
"I wish to pay the subscription of Mark Antony," said a gentleman last week, stepping up to our business desk.  
"Are you his friend Brutus?" inquired a bystander.  
"No," was the reply, "but here is the Cash-us," (Cassius), as he handed over the "two in advance."

The Affections.—Parental love is the purest of all human affections. Other times or distance may way out, rivalry, jealousy, envy, or interest turn into hatred; but a parent's love can know none of these—it follows its object near or distant unabated, unwavering, through 'good and evil report'—through 'glory and shame.'