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G. J. PHILLIPS, Editors.

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WHOLE NO. 121.

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I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions 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 Green Mossy Banks, where the
Buttercups grew.

Oh, my thoughts are away where my infancy grew,
Near the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew.

Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine then singing in shade.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Plunging up the cool drops in a shower of spray;
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew.

As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

How softly the green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipped in the wave!

And then each pale lily that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the wave as if stirred by a dream.
While my home 'mid the vine leaves rose soft on
my view.

As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

The beautiful things! how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold.
Oh! never a spot since those days have I seen,
With leaves of such freshness, and flowers of such
sheen.

How glad was my spirit! for then there was naught
To burthen its wing, save some beautiful thought,
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that
blew.

O'er the green mossy bank where the buttercups
grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the gladness that looked from my
face.

As I cooled my warm lip in that fountain I love,
Which gushed from a rock on the mountain above,
—Could I wander again where my forehead was starred
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unshar'd;
And, calm as a child, in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

THE TEMPTING LIP.

The tempting lip I never kissed,
Or kissing, may not tell,
Was like a flashing methuselah,
On which a tear has fell,
Or rose-leaves blushing through a mist,
Or the tinting of a shell.

I gazed upon that lip the while
Her honied words did flow,
And wondered at the hidden wile
That made my feelings glow,
And wished my sister could beguile
My weary spirit so.

Her eye was bluer than the sky,
And holier by far;
Now it was flashing vividly,
Now tranquil as a star;
And her lashes were bent droopingly,
As the Madonna's are.

The carpet scarcely took a point
Of her elastic foot,
And every step had meaning in't,
Like moving to a lute,
And fell like snoring upon a flint—
As treacled and as mute.

She was a woman, and a child,
Capricious and mature;
At times the wildest of the wild,
Then saintly and demure.
The silver moon was not so mild,
Nor her silver light as pure.

I loved her like a fervent boy,
Too well to eat or sleep;
And I grieved serious of joy,
Till I could almost weep;
And feared my visits would annoy,
And asked a curl to keep.

That pleasant eve! That moonlight eve!
The honey-suckle low!
The trellis bars that seemed to weave
The light and shadow so!
And the half-blown rose that made her grieve,
That it should ever blow!

It seemed the beauty of a spell,
And she the spirit fair!
I never loved the eve so well,
Or breathed such balmy air;
And Marion—but I must not tell
The things that happened there.

There is no heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pratt good, whether true or not.—The following is vouched for by the Baltimore Clipper:

A Dutchman from the West went to pay his Excellency, the President of the U. States a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, and at the same time inquiring if there was any thing new or strange in his country?

"No, I think not, except that one of my cows has five calves."

"Ah! indeed—and do they all suck at one time?"

"No, sir," replied the Dutchman; "four on em sucks while de tudder looks on, shust as I tuck."

The hint was so significant, that a clean plate was immediately ordered, and the Dutchman seated at the table, where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his Excellency the President.

Gold a Preserver of Beauty.—At a late meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Baron Larrey, one of the Surgeons of Napoleon, mentioned an experiment made by himself, by which it was found that golden leaf could be used in preserving beauty. During the campaign in Egypt, he had observed that when the higher classes of the country were attacked by the confluent small pox, which, not being modified by vaccination, leaves deep marks on the skin, the leeches applied gold leaf to the surface of the body, where pustules appeared. At the suggestion of Larrey, M. Legendre, a French physician, tried the experiment upon a beautiful young English girl, suffering under one of the worst forms of the disease. A coating of gold leaf was applied to the face by the medium of a little gum to make it adhere.—The lady recovered from her disease without marks, except on the extremities and the central portion of the body, where the gold leaf had not been applied.

What consummate folly! Half a dozen brothers, four uncles, and a gray-headed father, trying to stop a young girl's getting married to the man she loves, and who loves her. Just as if rope ladders were out of date and all the horses in the world spavined!

Adaptation.—Those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

An Ohio paper advertises for a good practical printer, who would take charge of the mechanical department of a newspaper office, read proof, make selections, scribble a paragraph when necessary, rock the cradle, dig potatoes, cut wood, and go with the oats to singing school and neighboring quiltings.

The Florian Printer's Devil, of the 5th ult, has the following:—"The Tallahassee Guard, were ordered out last night on an Indian alarm, have gone into the country and have not got back.—Boss is with 'em, expected back to-day, and he will be tired, hungry and in a bad humor."

WONT STAY KILLED.
A green horn was so well pleased with the performance of a tragedy at one of our theatres, that he was induced to spend fifty cents more for the theatricals the next evening. As the hero of the play made his appearance on the stage, Jonathan left off his surprise thus:—"By the great never lick'd jumping Moses! They killed that fellow last night, as dead as a nit—and I'm blowed if here he ain't agin'!"

TOE SALLY.
BY SEPHARIA STABLES.
Sally Bumpkins is the gal
What I do most add mire;
I kol her a sweet charming gal,
And one hot Zephaniah.

Sally's cheeks are like the rose,
Her lips air like the cherry,
Her eye air luffen stars of life,
Her hair is allers merry.

Her voice is like an angel's note;
Upon the breezes bloom,
Her steps is like a farre—lite,
Her graces air her own.

By golly, tho', she are the gal
What's got mi hart kumplety,
And when I hung hur to mi breast,
She kisses me so sweetly!

A BANK WORTH HAVING.—It is a cry often heard in these times that the banks wont discount. We know a bank whose vault is well stored with richest treasures, which is open to all who are disposed to apply, and which, through all the pressure, has been as ready to discount as in the most prosperous times. Gentle reader! if you are content to quit speculation, and are willing simply to make your bank, you can be accommodated.—This bank has a perpetual charter, and is known as the Grand Bank of Terra Firma; an entrance may be found upon the sunny side of most of our hills. Its keys, which you must grasp without gloves, are the plough, the spade, and the hoe.—The only security it requires is industry endorsed by temperance, and it seldom offers anything but substantial currency. Those who have made themselves lean by complaining of hard times and the scarcity of money, need only try one experiment, and the sooner they take the responsibility the better. Application will be made this month.

RECIPIES, &c.
These who make Candles, will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lino-water and saltpetre, and dry them. The flame is clearer, and the tallow will not "run."

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke-warm water shrinks them. If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

ADDRESS Of the Democratic Anti-Van Buren Convention of Penn- sylvania.

To the Freemen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The undersigned committee, appointed by the Democratic Anti Van Buren State Convention, which assembled in Harrisburg in September last, to prepare and publish an address to the people, on the subject of the approaching Presidential election, proceed to the discharge of this important duty.

It is unnecessary to explain or apologize for the delay which has occurred, but it is obvious that intervening political events, to which we may properly refer, fortify the position taken by the convention of which we are the organ, and demonstrate its perfect propriety.

Our country, by every true patriot, "best loved when worst governed," now demands, indeed, our utmost affection, our most anxious care. We have reached a crisis in which we solemnly believe the fate of free government itself is to be decided.

We, as a nation, shall emerge from it, either regenerated, and with the resolution and the ability to restore the republic to its former simplicity, purity and peace; or with the prevailing evils so fixed upon us, that intelligent patriotism will be obliged to deplore the early prospect of the destruction of the best interests, and the dearest rights of the people.

It would not be out of place to discuss these evils, so numerous, that your patience as well as ours would be exhausted in the disgusting task; but we shall content ourselves with a glance at them, and pass on to what we consider of far more importance; the remedy for them; and which, we believe, is within the grasp of the people who feel and know them.

In glancing at these evils, we can not do better than to use the eloquent language adopted by the convention, of the ablest of our statesmen, and the most brilliant of our orators:

We believe that there is a radical maladministration of the government; that the great interests of the country are trodden down; that new and dangerous principles and practices have been introduced and continued; that a fearful conjunction of the purse and the sword in the same hands, already alarmingly strong, is perseveringly attempted; that the constitution has been grossly violated; and that, by the vast accumulation of executive power, actual and meditated, our system is rapidly tending towards a retroactive monarchy. These are our convictions, honestly and sincerely entertained.

There is, indeed, a "radical maladministration of the government." From a state of unclouded prosperity, which prevailed, ten years ago, throughout the length and breadth of this fair country, we find ourselves reduced, as a nation to a condition of abject wretchedness. Then peace and order were in all our borders—then busy industry pursued the noiseless tenor of her way with sure reward—contentment and abundance reigned on all sides—then the credit of the government was sound and unimpaired, with ample revenues to meet her current expenses—with an annual and growing surplus—a full treasury, honestly and vigorously guarded, and kept—the nation was prosperous and happy. Then the officers of the general government were truly the servants of the people, and not their masters; and they were faithful servants. Devoting themselves to the honest discharge of their official duties, they did not presume to meddle themselves with the elections by the people, to instruct and dictate to them—then freedom of opinion was tolerated, and rational liberty prevailed.

But how are we changed? Instead of peace and order, we have agitation and turbulence. Disorder is exhibited, a disregard of the laws and constitution of the country, in the most frightful forms, and an abject submission to the varying and capricious will of the general government, prevails in all parts of the country. The will of party is substituted for the judgments of the law, and infamy and dishonor have become, if not a passport to office, certainly no barrier in the way of obtaining it.—The eyes of the understanding are blinded, and the dictates of conscience and morality stifled by the blighting influence of party spirit.

Instead of the sure rewards of honest industry—uncertainty hangs over the working man, and ruin is often brought upon him without any fault of his own. Hazardous speculations are substituted for regular pursuits, and the mechanic and the merchant, the farmer and the manufacturer, is each in turn made to feel the heavy hand of evil government.

Our currency, without which no class in the community can be prosperous, is totally deranged—and from having been, as it was ten years ago, the best, has become almost the worst in the world; while they who bro't these evils upon us, are making desperate efforts to aggravate them, by inflaming the public mind, and driving us upon fresh and more dangerous experiments—contented to enjoy their ill gotten power amidst the expiring groans of a suffering and betrayed people. The government itself is bankrupt—its treasury is exhausted—the revenues of the country are wholly insufficient to appease the insatiable appetite of our rulers for the wanton expenditure of the people's money, and while these rulers use the stale and miserable artifice of pretended hostility to paper money, they are constantly increasing its quantity, by the issue of treasury

notes; without which their profligate expenditure of public money could not be met.

Instead of a modest attention to the duties of office, the officers of the general government, swollen to an army as formidable as the Roman Cohorts, who bought and sold the empire, boldly proclaim the right to interfere in elections—to dictate to the people, and to control existing majorities in particular districts, by the introduction of purchased voters in the employ and pay of the government—and to use their money and influence, if not the money of the government, in controlling the action of the people.

Such oppression and tyranny would be intolerable from men in other respects irreproachable—men faithful and honest in the discharge of their duties. But under such a system honesty and fidelity is not to be expected. Coming into power with the robber principle avowed, "that to the victors belongs the spoils," the transition to a loose official morality is but too easy. Not satisfied with "the spoils" legitimated by easy legislation for party purposes, they have come to consider the public money as their own, and among "the spoils of victory" which belong to them. Many of them living in luxurious debauchery, and engaged in plundering speculations, have found their ample salaries insufficient for their wants, have robbed to meet these wants, the public money committed to their care; not satisfied with the plunder of the past, they are actually engaged in urging upon the people, by false pretenses, by delusive arguments, the adoption of a system, which shall commit to their safe keeping the entire money of the nation.

Such is the truly deplorable but faithfully drawn picture of the times—such the melancholy condition of the country.

Is there a remedy? and what is that remedy? The questions are momentous, and we do beseech you, by every consideration which you hold dear, to awake to their importance.

We see no effectual remedy, but in a change of our rulers; which will bring with it a change in the policy of the government. We ask you to give this subject your sober thoughts. We appeal to you as men of sense, as honest men, loving morality, loving your country. It was we were prosperous and happy ten years ago, and we are now the reverse; if we have fallen from one calamity to another, what, as wise men, what, as honest men, ought we to do? Ought we not to acknowledge our errors, and retrace our steps? Ought we not to go back to the period of our prosperity, ascertain what was then the condition of our affairs, and when we have found it, to re-establish, as fast as possible, the same state of things?

Do not suffer yourselves longer to be deceived by mere party names. They are worse than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Washington warned you against them, as your worst enemies, and your own sad experience has proved the justice of his advice.

When your liberties shall have been trodden down—when your rights have been taken from you—when a corrupt and fraudulent monarchy is established on the ruins of your republican government—when your property is destroyed, and you become the slaves of corrupt office holders—what consolation will it be to you to be called democrats, and to be told that your government is a democracy. Think you that the despotism of Russia or Turkey would be less a despotism, if it were called a democracy; or that the serfs and vassals of the tyrants who govern, would be more free or tolerable if you were to call them federalists, or democrats?

Names are not in truth things, although the folly of mankind often makes them so. But how are we to effect this desirable change of rulers? Fortunately, it is not yet too late—it is yet in your power to be independent. The right of suffrage is yet yours, and if those who agree in opinion as to the existance of the evils to which we have referred, will rouse themselves to the importance of the duty they owe to their country, and discard every other consideration but the good of that suffering country; if they will learn from experience; if they will act wisely and prudently, and choose the best instrument to attain their object, our country can and will be saved.

A heavy responsibility rests upon those who are opposed to existing evils. They have a country to save; and they have the ability to save it if they will.

We do not, however, desire to be understood as undervaluing the magnitude of the work which they have to do. Under the most favorable circumstances, the contest must be arduous; without prudence, without energy, it will be hopeless.

The men in office are sustained by a powerful party, the more formidable from the very evils of which we complain. Their discipline is the discipline of implicit obedience; their organization—their consummate address—their wily management to divide and conquer—all make them formidable, more formidable than for their numbers.

They have a regular corps of some forty thousand office-holders, whose interests and feelings separate them from the people, and who are so many sentinels stationed in every part of the country, to watch and control the movements of the people. They are fired with zeal to preserve the spoils of office, and to extend the power and influence of their order over the people.

But in proportion to the difficulties, will be the honor of those who signalize themselves in the struggle, and the darker infamy will rest upon the head of the Whig, who, preferring ignominious ease, shrinks from his duty to his country.

If we are defeated, we shall be defeated by criminal supineness, and if possible, worse than criminal divisions among ourselves.—These divisions have been at once our weakness, and the strength of our adversaries.

It will be a reproach, a perpetual reproach, if we permit these divisions again to occur among us. We must not be divided.

That distinguished patriot, Henry Clay, with characteristic magnanimity, has said, that if his name would not unite "all the branches of the opposition party," it should be withdrawn.

This question engaged the anxious deliberations of the convention, and however they felt the highest regard and the greatest respect for this distinguished Statesman, (and many yielded personal preferences to the higher obligations of patriotism) they were constrained to admit that the evidence of popular sentiment, which can never be safely disregarded, forbade the expectation of uniting "all branches of the opposition" upon Mr. Clay.

Calm and prudent enquiry, independent of political results, to which we shall presently refer, show the justice of this conclusion.

Mr. Clay himself has candidly referred to the fact that there are "branches" in the opposition party.

It is wise, as well as honest, to admit this truth, and we may say it is equally true, that there are like branches in the Van Buren party—the difference between the two parties being, that in the latter, these branches more readily submit to the control of the parent stem, than they do in the former.

Without noticing minor differences of opinion, we may refer to the known fact, that there are in these branches abolitionists, anti-masons, democrats and Whigs, and that among these, there are very many who were prompted by the glowing feelings of gratitude for arduous military services, which the history of mankind in all ages, proves to have been common to all nations, to support Gen. Jackson for the Presidency.

We do not pretend to say that Mr. Van Buren and his friends have been without the support of many abolitionists and anti-masons in some of the different parts of our country, where they exist.

On the contrary, it is notorious, that he and his friends, while they affect decided hostility, where such profession accords with popular feeling, against abolitionists and anti-masons, in other quarters of the country as industriously court the support of abolitionists and anti-masons; and unfortunately in many instances with too much success.

"Decentful above all things, and desperately wicked"—they change their form and shape, and profess opposite and contradictory opinions to obtain and secure power. To the south, and among southern men, they signalize their zeal against the mad fanaticism of the abolitionists, as they term it; while to the north, when it is important to obtain their votes, they chose as their candidates for office, known abolitionists. Deceptive alike to the North and the South, and totally unworthy of the confidence of either.

But candor requires us to admit that among those who entertain peculiar views on the subject of slavery, although there are many who lend themselves directly or indirectly to the re-election of Martin Van Buren, there are a vast number who are decidedly opposed to his maladministration of the government, and who are willing to aid their Whig brethren in all parts of the country to rescue it from misrule. It can not be concealed however that the position taken by Mr. Clay on a recent occasion has created in this branch of the Whig party a prejudice which can not be overcome.

The corresponding branch in the Van Buren party are more readily moulded to party support.

A similar difficulty exists with the anti-masons. This portion of the Whig party, particularly in Pennsylvania, although unwilling to support Mr. Clay, have nevertheless discovered a decided willingness to make concessions to their Whig brethren, by evincing a determination to support another distinguished Whig, Gen. Harrison, and have not insisted on a candidate who had adopted their peculiar views on the subject of masonry.

Among the Jackson men now attached to the Whig party, there are not wanting those who retain a lingering recollection of their opposition to Mr. Clay, which there is reason to fear might operate on their suffrage, if he were the candidate of the Whig party.

When the convention remembered that these "branches of the opposition party" formed so large a portion of the voters in Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, not to speak of other states, or other questions, it was plain to them that if they regarded the welfare of the country as identified with a change of rulers, it would not do to choose for a candidate any one, however eminent, who was not acceptable to these branches; well knowing that a union of the opposition party was essential to success.

To Gen. Harrison no such objections exist.—Born in Virginia—the son of one of that illustrious race of patriots with whom she adorned the annals of the revolution, and whom she delighted to honor, he possessed her love and confidence, as he did that of our brethren in the south generally, while his long residence in Ohio, and his eminent public services had endeared him to all classes of his fellow citizens in the Northern and Western States. His name subdues all prejudices, and encounters none.

This reasoning was sustained by political results which had taken place in different States, and were fresh in the recollection of every observing and careful politician.

Mr. Clay had been a candidate for the Presidency in 1825, and Gen. Harrison in some States only, in 1836. The former was regularly nominated and generally supported by the party opposed to Gen. Jackson. The latter, within a few months before the election, was made a candidate in several of the "later," rather by an impulse among the people, than by any regular nomination.

Let us then look to these elections for evidence of the relative strength of the candidates; although in doing so we are aware, that, in regard to Gen. Harrison, there was the disadvantage of a want of time—the want of concert of action, and the depression produced by the recollection of repeated disasters previously incurred by the Whig party, many of them fresh and recent.

In 1825 Mr. Clay was beaten in Ohio by a majority of 4,767—in New Jersey by 360—in Indiana by 6,310, while his popular majority in Maryland was but 92, and in Delaware 166. Gen. Jackson obtained at that election in Pennsylvania a majority of 24,269, in Virginia of 18,820, in North Carolina of 21,124, in Tennessee of 25,000.

Gen. Harrison at the Presidential election of 1836, carried Ohio by a majority of 8,720, a greater majority by nearly one half, than Gen. Jackson had in that State. He carried Maryland by a majority of 3,074, New Jersey by 545, Delaware by 50, and Indiana by 8,703. He was beaten in Pennsylvania by but 4,300, in Connecticut by 635, in Rhode Island by 254, which States had been Jackson States for several years.

The brilliant success of General Harrison in the Presidential election of 1836, surprised the whole country. It was unexpected, as it was delightful to the Whig party. The party had been dispirited by repeated and overwhelming defeats. And never did a party go into an important political contest, with so little hope, with so little spirit as they did in 1836, and we may add that no party ever came out of a contest more surprised and delighted at their unexpected strength. Mr. Van Buren was elected, to be sure, but by meagre majorities, and with an aggregate popular vote against him.

It was then acknowledged on all hands that the great popularity of Gen. Harrison had imparted much of this unexpected strength to the Whig party, and it was generally conceded, that if he had been the candidate of the party in the whole country at an earlier period, and with a knowledge of his strength, which was disclosed by the result, he would have been triumphantly elected.

This result animated the drooping spirits of the Whig party in all parts of the country. They set to work in earnest, and a succession of brilliant victories tore from the arms of the Van Buren party, State after State, and placed against them a sufficient number of States, which could give a large majority of presidential electors against Mr. Van Buren.

Intoxicated by these successes, in an evil hour, the party, looking to other causes, which no doubt had a share of influence in them, was induced to forget the main source, and principal cause of their good fortune.—They laid aside the powerful name which had given them the victory, and again has disaster upon disaster pressed upon their standard, until many have given themselves over to the despondency, and seem to be ready, in despair, to surrender the country to the most miserable despotism which threatens it.

If it were unwise in the hey-day of prosperity to forget the veteran patriot to whom we were indebted for it, it is still more unwise, nay, we should say, it is criminal to give ourselves up to the despondency now.

The Whigs have discovered their error, we believe, in time to repair it. They have but to retrace their steps, raise the invincible standard of William Henry Harrison, and the enemies of the people will be put to rout.

In 1836 Mr. Van Buren had the advantage which the halo of General Jackson's popularity imparted, and the fact that the party to which he belonged had been in the ascendancy, and victorious in almost every State in the Union.

But how is it now? The evils of his administration, a bankrupt treasury, a wretched currency, the extravagant expenditure, and the profligate use of the public money—the insolent interference of the officers of the general government, are all known and have been, and are severely felt by the people.

And although for the reason which we have assigned, Mr. Van Buren and his party may have obtained doubtful victories, by small majorities, in some of the States which had been conquered by his party; yet how much better is the condition of the Whig party now than it was in 1836.

Let the careful observer compare the political condition of the country then, and now, and he will be struck with this truth; and satisfied that we have no reason if we are woe, to despair. Nay it is positively encouraging, notwithstanding our reverses, which will be readily repaired, if we profit by the lessons of experience.

Without doing more than invite attention to this subject, and refer to the striking fact that the Whig party will have a majority in the next house of representatives of the United States, the best evidence of our strength, we will pass on to a consideration of this question especially with reference to Pennsylvania. And here we shall find the most remarkable evidence of the great popularity of Gen. Harrison, and the