

Star & Republican Banner.

R. S. PAXTON'S

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

G. M. PHILLIPS, Editors.

VOL. X.—NO. 35.

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 26, 1839.

[WHOLE NO. 503.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

Call and See!
Latest Fashion of
HATS & CAPS!!

WM. W. PAXTON,
HAS now on hand at his old stand, a new and excellent assortment of Hats and Caps of the latest
PHILADELPHIA FASHION.
Cheap for cash or country produce.
Oct. 21, 1839.



DR. FRANKLIN J. SMITH,
RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of his friends and the public generally, to the important and interesting fact, that he is fully prepared and qualified to cure the most inveterate cases of rheumatism.—The various diseases to which mankind are subject (if curable) can also be effectually and radically cured by him, safely and expeditiously, at moderate and reasonable charges, without subjecting the patient to the poisonous influence of minerals, such as mercury, arsenic, &c.
His remedies are mild, agreeable, and efficient, and operate in accordance with the laws of the animal economy.

Doctor F. Smith is ready at all times to attend patients at their houses. Patients living at a distance can be accommodated with board and medical attendance at moderate prices at his dwelling, in Carlshe street, the house formerly occupied by Dr. Berlichy.

Dr. Smith would also inform the public that his mode of treatment will perfectly remove the bad effects remaining in the system, from the use of mercury or any other poisonous mineral.

Medical men of the highest distinction and talent, such as Matthew, Alley, Cramp ton, Pearson, Abernethy, Carmichael, &c. affirm that chancre and ulcers, ulcerations in the throat, together with diseases of the peritosteum, tendons, cartilages, ligaments, fascia, and eruptions of a highly obnoxious character, are the consequence from the administration or use of mercury. These awful effects of mercury are not novel, for every physician of veracity will acknowledge them to be of frequent and melancholy occurrence.

LOOK AT THIS!
NEW GOODS.

Thos. J. Cooper,
IS just receiving, and offers to the public a large and splendid assortment of goods, suitable for the season, such as
Cloths, Cassimere and Cassinets, Flannels, Mirino Shaws, Calicoes, Muslins, Shoes, &c. &c.

Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, &c.

all of which will be sold at the most reduced prices for cash or produce: all that he wants is for them to call and by a judge for themselves. Lumber of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.
Oct. 21, 1839.

NOTICE.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION, on the estate of

MARTIN MELLAR,
late of Germany township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber residing in Mountjoy township—he hereby requests all persons indebted to the estate to make payment of their respective dues—and all persons having claims to present them, properly authenticated for settlement.
JACOB KELLER,
Adm'r with the Will annexed.
Sept. 17.

TWO FARMS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber, Executor of the Estate of **WM. M'PHERSON,** deceased, offers for sale the following Property, part of the Real Estate of said deceased, viz:

A FARM,
Situate in Cumberland township, Adams county, Pa., near Gettysburg, occupied by Mr. JOHNS, containing about
300 ACRES.
THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE A
LOG HOUSE
A large Double LOG BARN; a well of good water near the door; an Orchard of choice Fruit; a good proportion of Meadow and Timber-land.

—ALSO—
A FARM,
In said township, near the above described Tract, occupied by **SAMUEL GALLAGHER,** containing about

340 ACRES,
THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE A
LOG HOUSE
and LOG BARN, a spring of excellent water near the house. This farm will be divided to suit purchasers, as there is another small improvement on it.
For terms &c. apply to the Subscriber.
J. B. M'PHERSON, Ex'r.
Oct. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber, will sell at Private Sale, his farm of valuable land, consisting of **173 Acres,** fifty of which are Wood LAND with a good proportion of meadow. The improvements are

A DOUBLE LOG HOUSE,
and double Log Barn, with two good wells of water, one at the Barn and the other near the House, also TWO

GOOD ORCHARDS,
The above farm is situate in Latimore township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of George Dearloff, Josiah Bender, and others; the farm is under good repair.

Any further information respecting the same can be obtained by calling on the subscriber residing thereon.
SAMUEL HOLLINGER.
September 3.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

CHAIR FACTORY.
THE Subscriber begs leave, respectfully to inform the citizens of Gettysburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced, the above business, together with HOUSE PAINTING, AND TURNING, &c. &c., in Chambersburg street, nearly opposite the Apothecary and Book store of Mr. S. H. Buchler, where he will at all times be prepared to execute all orders in the above business with neatness and despatch; he will also keep a supply of Chairs of every description constantly on hand, which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed by any manufactured in this section of country. He hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to please to merit and receive a share of public patronage.
ADAM KITZMILLER.
Gettysburg, Aug. 13, 1839. 6m20.

Stoves! Stoves!!

500 FOUNDRY STOVES.
THE subscriber is now getting in readiness for the Fall Sales from 4 to 500 Stoves all trimmed in the neatest and best manner. Comprising the greatest variety ever offered to the public in this place, among which are:
20 Different sizes and patterns, 9 plate.
6 Do. Do. Parlour. Do. a new and very neat article.
6 Do. Do. Cook. Do. among which is the Premium Stove.
2 Do. Do. Franklin. Do.
1. Millers Patent. Do. for heating two rooms at the same time. Among the above Stoves are many new and handsome patterns.
Public attention is invited, as I will be able to furnish any kind or size of Stoves that may be desired.
The above Stoves are of my own manufacturing at the Foundry.
Will be sold Cheap and all warranted. Persons wishing to purchase Stoves will find it to be their interest to give me a call.
Old Stoves, Metal, Copper and Brass taken in exchange for new Stoves.
GEO. ARNOLD.
July 23, 1839. 4f-17

INTEREST TABLES

CALCULATED by **CHARLES KETTLER,** Esq., (of Petersburg) York Springs, to be had at the Store of **SAMUEL FARNESFOCK,** Gettysburg, August 6, 1839. 4f-19

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of **Zachariah Lauderbach,** late of Germany township deceased, have issued to the subscriber residing in Germany township: All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to call and settle; those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
DANIEL CRAUSE.
Oct. 5.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers having this day associated themselves, will continue, as successors and co-partners in the business heretofore conducted by **Wm. Ickes,** under the firm and style of **ICKES & BRIDGES,** and respectfully invite the friends and customers of the old concern to renew the favor and patronage so liberally bestowed; assuring them that the most advantageous terms will be extended.
All those indebted to the old concern are requested to take notice that the Books have been left with the undersigned for settlement.
JOHN C. BRIDGES,
WM. ICKES.
Petersburg, (Y. Springs,)
Nov. 7, 1839.

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 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 sweet flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care.

We did not write the following verses, as will be seen, but on coming across them in the Saturday Evening Post, we were forcibly reminded of a particular occasion, when our thoughts were a good deal mixed with such musings as Chatham has made to judge. We doubt whether the occasion referred to has a counterpart in the experience of any other person, as it was the walking up the west side of the Cove Mountain, "solitary and alone" at midnight's solemn hour, when the tread of the toiling horses, the patter of the slowly-moving stage coach and the audible yawning of its stowey tenants, was lost in the distance.—Chambersburg Whig.

MIDNIGHT.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. [Milton]
'Tis midnight—on the mountain's breast,
Along the verdant lawn and glen,
The mellow moon-beams sweetly rest,
Like gems upon a dial,
And the diamond drops of the dewy night
Are glistening lovely, purely, bright.

'Tis Midnight, from its azure home,
The evening star shines meekly bright,
Shedding its silvery radiance down
From the pure, lovely bow of night,
And beaming gladness on the eye
Of the gazer, with its brilliancy.

'Tis Midnight, and the silent earth
Is robed in a deep and sombre hue,
And the glad sounds of joyous mirth
Are hushed; and noisy revelry,
Nor sight is heard save the night bird's call,
The bounding brook and waterfall.

'Tis Midnight—and the zephyr's breath
Floats sweetly o'er the calm blue sea,
And gently fans the bending heath.
As it silently sweeps o'er the upland lea,
And sacred notes to the listening ear,
Seem floating on the balmy air.

'Tis Midnight, on their fragile stem
The blushing rose and ivy blue
Are gracefully bending, sweetly gemmed
With the gently drooping falling dew,
And on the gentle zephyr's wings
The lotus its sweet perfume flings.

'Tis Midnight, and a lovely scene,
Is now presented to the view,
The heavens are breathless and serene,
And gems upon the concave blue,
And the bright Empress of the sky
Shines forth in cloudless majesty.

'Tis Midnight—and a silvery ray
Beams on the foam-capped ocean wave
And rock-bound cliff where billows play,
In echoes deep from sunless caves,
And gilds the hall of the sylvan power,
In the silent depths of the Midnight Hour.

From the Corsair
A BROTHER'S LOVE.
Though many a year has o'er me past
And none from bitter change was free
Yet lives one thought—'twill die the last—
Sweet sister! 'twas the thought of thee!
Earth, and the loves of earth, are vain,
But ours was registered above;
And Agnes, neither time nor pain
Have shook thy brother's early love.

I see the parting moment yet,
I hear thy gentle voice decay—
Oh! how shall I the tear forget
That from thy cheek I kissed away!
We parted—many a look I cast
To see thee lingering on the hill;
Then far from home and thee I part,
Yet staid in spirit with thee still.

We loved, when hearts were holy things;
And though my locks are scattered now,
And Time, yet on its softest wings,
Has touched thy crimson cheek with snow;
And though our early hopes are gone,
And life with slower pulses move,
Come to my heart, till life is done,
Thou idol of a brother's love!

From a Lady's Album.
TO
BY GUY TELER.
Lady! I've seen thee as a dream,
Which fancy wakes at morning's hour,
And thou art pure as morn's first beam,
And lovely as its loveliest flower.

'Twas such a vision, bright but brief,
In early life my young heart tried,
Then left it as a withered leaf
On life's most rugged thorn supported.

Yet ere we part accept my prayer,
That He who rules the earth and sky,
May guard thee with a parent's care,
And crown thy life with endless joy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Fitchburg Spectator.
MONEY NOT RICHES.

"I know thee rich, what wouldst thou more,
Of all might Heaven impart!
I know thee rich in mental force,
And doubtly rich in wealth of heart."

"Oh, mother, dear mother," cried Mary Cleveland, entering the room much excited, "if we were only rich!"

"Rich my dear!" returned Mrs. Cleveland quietly, "I thought we were very rich."

"We rich, mother! Now don't fust; for I really wish I was as rich as Virginia Mason."

And Mary looked half surprised and half fretful, either at what her mother said or something else.

"I was not fusting; to use your word, Mary, for I certainly think we ARE rich."

Mary did not speak but she looked round on the plain floor, and the old oak chairs and table, almost with contempt.

"Are they not very comfortable, my child and all quite clean?"

"O yes, mother, but—"
"Well then we are rich in CLEANLINESS,"
Mary laughed—
"I don't call that riches."

"I do, Mary, and it is a kind that I think Virginia Mason is rather poor in. And look at that geranium, that you are handling so roughly; is it not very beautiful!—and those delicate shells your uncle brought from sea; observe the grace of their forms and the perfection of their colors—and then think how beauty is lavished on every side of us, if we have but the power to perceive it. Did you ever see Virginia pause to admire a flower, an insect, or a shell?"

"Oh no, mother; why she, when she has things so much richer!"

"I don't agree with you Mary. Suppose you could have pearls and diamonds, gold and silver, as abundantly as if you had Aladdin's lamp; would you be willing to be so placed that you could never see the green earth, and the bright flowers, and hear the music of the birds, but only behold the glitter of jewels, while you live?"

"Oh no, indeed, no; I should be very wretched;" and the tears started to the eyes of the little girl.

"Then you think the trees, flowers, and birds would yield you the most pleasure. They are then the most valuable—and yet they cost us nothing. They are to be found in every green grove, and by every way side, filling the air with music and perfume, and the hearts of intelligent creatures with happiness. Now Virginia has no eyes or heart for these things—and I think my own little girl is richer in that respect, for she has a taste to enjoy all the beautiful things that our Heavenly Father has made—and that is a part of her riches. Virginia appears like a well-disposed little Miss, if she were properly instructed."

Mary put her arms about her mother's neck and whispered gently—
"I am rich, too, in such a mother."

Mrs. Cleveland knew the tears were in Mary's eyes and she kissed her tenderly, but did not speak. At this moment the babe in the cradle pulled down the muslin screen with a quick motion, and lifted up his head, his eyes bright with health, and hair curling with moisture—and George came in from the fields with his hands full of wild flowers.

The children proceeded to place them in a glass of water, while Mrs. Cleveland instructed them as to their names and properties, and taught them to observe the minutest shade of grace and loveliness. Mary selected some of the delicate blossoms of the blue-eyed grass, to crown the infant with, till her mother could finish a coat she was mending for her husband. When it was done, the baby was duly crowned, to the great delight of George and Mary, who were close by.

"Mary, there is another kind of wealth, of which I would speak. Your father is intelligent, virtuous, and affectionate—are we not rich in him?"

"You, my dears, are treasures, richer than all the gold and silver jewels on earth. I feel that I am rich, very rich, while you are spared to me. And we are rich in love for each other."

"But, mother," said Mary, when I spoke of riches, I was thinking of the beautiful dresses of Virginia Mason, and the grand party she told me she was going to give.—She is to have a satin frock, with lace and cash, on purpose to wear—and wine and cakes and nuts—and George and I are to be invited. When I wished we were rich, I was thinking I should have to stay at home, because I had no frock to wear."

Mary uttered all this with great rapidity, and with a look of great anxiety, totally different from her usual manner.

"A plain white muslin frock, Mary, is quite as pretty, and far more proper for a little girl like you, than silks and satins could possibly be. I should feel, my dear, that you were poor indeed, should I detect in you a passion for finery. Did you ever think, Mary, why you like to visit Virginia?"

Mary shook her head silently.

"I know," said George. "It is because she is rich and has fine things; and Mary will put up with her airs, because she has more money than we have."

Mary looked hurt!

"You are too severe George," said Mrs. Cleveland. "Your mind is two years older than Mary's, and you ought to think more justly."

"But, Mary, do you find yourself happier for being with Virginia?"

"Oh no, indeed, mother. She talks so much of their grand company and fine dress-

and rich furniture, that it makes me feel very poor and little. Now Jane Gould is gentle, and talks of dolls and and bird-flowers—and whenever I come home from there, I always feel quite cheerful and happy."

"Then she is the better playmate. I should be sorry to see you willing to go most with a girl of vulgar taste, only because it happens to have a little more yellow dust than yourself, when you might have associates so much more agreeable."

Mr. Cleveland now entered, and the conversation was interrupted. While partaking of their evening meal, the father observed Mary was quite silent and thoughtful.

"Well, Mary," said he, "what wise project have you in your head? Let us know; perhaps we can help you a little."

Mary blushed.

"You can, indeed, but—"
George looked mischievous, and his sister for a moment was vexed.

"Let us know all, my daughter," said her father kindly.

"I was wanting to ask you, father, if I might have a party. Mother is quite willing."

"Certainly, then," said Mr. Cleveland, with some surprise.

"And what shall I have for a treat?" Mary continued.

"Oh you must arrange that with your mother. She knows more about such matters than I do." Here George laughed outright.

"Why, Mary, one would think you were arranging the affairs of an empire, you look so serious."

"Mary," said Mrs. Cleveland, gravely, "let us defer this conversation till you feel more happy. I thought you had more strength of mind than to let the vulgar pride of Virginia offend your spirits."

"I observed, this morning, the sweet peas were trailing on the ground after the shower. You and George had better lead them over the trellis."

The children obeyed with alacrity. As Mr. Cleveland caressed the infant, while his wife removed the tea table, he remarked—
"You better not let Mary go so much with Virginia—her influence is bad upon one so simple as Mary."

That evening, when Mary was in bed, Mrs. Cleveland went into the room to offer up her prayers by the bedside of her daughter. As the excellent mother, in the fervency of a grateful and pious heart, enumerated the many blessings of her life, and poured out the heartfelt offering of thanks and praise, Mary listened with tears; and when her mother stopped to give her parting kiss, she whispered gently, "Mother I am very rich, I will try to want only the true riches."

"DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP."

"Away out to Missouri," they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of these cavernous inns by the roadside. After stopping in the bar-room, and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the recommending landlady to this interrogatory:

"I say, ma'am have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I rather reckon we have."

"How many have you about this time that ain't always engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take that room, and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived, and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them, she was very sorry—but all her rooms were engaged; "true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman."

"We must go there, then; we must have beds there." The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds, and rapped; no answer was returned. They insisted to open the door; it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last, driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty and all the eleven beds piled up in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top.—I have aroused him with some difficulty, and demanded "what in the world he wanted of all those beds?"

"Why, look here, strangers," said he, "I ain't had sleep these here eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once, and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleep;—I've hired all these here beds, and paid for 'em; and hang me, if I don't mean to have eleven nights' sleep on 'em, before mornin'!"—N. Y. Even. Signal.

The other Sunday, a clerk of one of the dissenting chapels, in the city of London, previous to the commencement of the service, dirtied his hands by placing them accidentally upon some new black paint, and unconsciously rubbing his face, besmeared it so as to resemble a son of Vulcan. He turned into the singing desk, where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased when he gave out the first line of the hymn, "Behold the brightness of my face." The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and burst forth into an involuntary laugh.

FARMERS DEPARTMENT.

The Sunflower.—It is said by experienced agriculturists, that this plant properly cultivated is probably the most profitable of any ever cultivated. The oil extracted from its seed, which are more oleaginous than those of any other plant known to us, combines the qualities, for eating, of the olive or sweet; for burning of the best sperm oil, without the smoke of the latter; and for painting, of flax-seed oil. The young flower or cups of this plant are very excellent and agreeable to the taste, when prepared and eaten as artichokes.—The stalks are an excellent substitute for hemp in manufacturing pack thread. From its flowers, the most luscious and highly flavoured honey is extracted. It is estimated that the plant will yield between 20 and 100 bushels of seed to the acre which will furnish from five to seven quarts of oil to the bushel. We think it would be an object for some of our agriculturists to make the experiment. The flower will flourish on ground unfit for any thing else.

FATTENING PORK—CURING HAMS.

I am satisfied it is not "good economy" to endeavor to make manure from hogs by keeping them in a pen. I am convinced that 10 bushels of corn, fed on a clean board, will make as much good solid pork, as 15 fed on a dung heap; and with this additional recommendation, that the pork is perfectly free from that nauseous flavor which is so peculiar to pork in a filthy state, and having their food administered to them in dung or litter. The greatest care must be observed. The hog is not by any means naturally a dirty animal.

I have noticed frequent inquiries in the Cabinet as to the best method of curing pork and hams. I would inform all inquirers that they cannot have good sweet meat unless it is both good and sweet before it goes into the tub. The best salt cannot make bad meat good; but will prevent good meat from becoming bad. In some part of the country where I have dined, the pork served up at table has tasted so strongly of the pen that I could not eat it. So much for making manure from hogs. I have always had good pork and hams since I fed my hogs on a board floor, which is well cleaned.

On one occasion I purchased a lot of Jersey pork, 2,000 pounds. It was fat and very handsomely dressed, but it lacked one essential requisite; that good flavor which characterizes all good pork. Subsequently, I bought a lot of 2,500 lbs., raised in Bucks county. The hogs were fed on a clean board floor, with Indian meal; they had an abundance of water. No one could desire finer or sweeter meat. A few weeks since, I put up some pork fattened on sweet apples, with the exception of the last two weeks during which time they were corn fed; and the pork was as sweet, solid, and fine as any I ever saw.

STEAMING FOOD FOR STOCK.

Those farmers who intend to save from one-third to one-half in feeding their stock the coming autumn and winter, should look out in time, and procure and put up a proper apparatus for boiling or steaming grain, roots, and cut hay and cornstalk. It will take some time to think and talk about this very important, though not expensive fixture; the place where it should stand, and the particular manner of its construction, will claim due consideration; and after these matters are determined on, the materials must be got together, and a workman engaged to put it up; and by the time all this is done, I fear it will be needed for preparing the food for the hogs; so that you had better begin to think it over soon, and not leave till another year what had better be accomplished this season. A farmer who put up a very simple and cheap affair for this purpose, last fall, thinks it saved him the whole expense incurred, in fattening his hogs along. He had given them no grain that was not first boiled.

FILES OF NEWSPAPERS.

There are few who deem it worth while to keep a file of their newspapers. Those who subscribe for them most liberally, rarely preserve them. This is wrong. If a newspaper is worth taking, it is certainly worth preserving. A complete file of a newspaper is far more valuable at the end of the year than the money it costs. Newspapers are transcripts of the history of the times, not always entirely faithful or accurate in all respects, yet even in their fictitious colorings and party attributes, they furnish matter of interest for future speculation and reference. As years pass away, these files will continually enhance in value. What would the oldest inhabitant of our city now give for a file of newspapers published 60 or 70 years ago? What more interesting legacy can these living bequeath to their children and grandchildren, than a file of newspapers of the present time? Admit that much contained in newspapers is pertinent; still that is a part of human life; deduct from existence its shades and colorings—how little, how very little is left. Every family ought to keep a file of their newspapers. As children grow up they will become interested in examining them; and the fund of general information thus acquired will be by no means inconsiderable. The pains necessary to preserve them if attended to weekly, would be trifling.

We have mentioned before that sprinkling with water and ironing your newspaper, will make it smooth and delightful.

The wool raised this year in Vermont, is worth \$3,000,000, estimating it at an average price of 50 cents a pound.