

Star & Republican Banner.

R. S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

VOL. IV.—NO. 14.

GETTYSBURG, PA. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1840.

WHOLE NO. 500.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.



Corner of Market Street and Market Square,
HARRISBURG, PA.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the WASHINGTON HOTEL—that well known tavern stand situated at the corner of Market Street and Market Square, Harrisburg, lately occupied by Maj. George W. Johnson, which he has fitted up in a superior manner, with entire new furniture of the newest fashion and best quality, from garret to cellar. The house has also undergone a thorough repair, and is put in the best condition for the accommodation of customers.

He takes the liberty to state that the Washington Hotel shall be kept in the best manner. His Table will always be furnished by the best of the market affords, and so served as to suit his guests. His Bar will be supplied with the best of wines and liquors of all kinds. His Stable, (the largest in Harrisburg,) will be attended by faithful ostlers, and every attention given that can be desired. As he is desirous of proving that he is determined to keep a house not excelled in Harrisburg, he respectfully invites travellers, members of the Legislature and others, to call and judge for themselves, as he will be happy at any and all times to see them.

WM. E. CAMP.

Oct. 5. 6m

INDIAN QUEEN HOTEL



South Fourth st. between Market & Chesnut st.
PHILADELPHIA.

DAVID MILLER.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from the Western Hotel in Market Street, to that large and commodious Hotel formerly held by B. Duke, sign of the

INDIAN QUEEN.

This Hotel is situated in South Fourth st. between Market and Chesnut streets, in the very centre of the business part of the city, and will therefore be found very convenient for Merchants and business men generally. The buildings have been completely and thoroughly repaired by the subscriber, and no expense has been spared in arranging and furnishing the rooms so as to promote the comfort and convenience of those who may favor the house with their custom. Gentlemen travelling with their families, can have private parlors furnished in the best manner, with chambers attached to them, where they can enjoy privacy and seclusion, or the companionship of their friends, as may be most desirable.

The Bar and Cellars have been provided with the best Liqueurs and the choicest Wines of every description. The Table will at all times be supplied with every delicacy which the season and market can afford, and every exertion made to please the palate of customers.

The Reading Rooms are well supplied with the leading journals of different cities as well as with a great variety of the country Journals of the State.

The Servants will be found careful and trust worthy. Attached to the Hotel are very extensive STABLES, calculated to accommodate one hundred horses, and under the superintendence of careful and attentive hostlers.

D. M. returns his sincere acknowledgments for the very liberal encouragement heretofore received, and feeling confident that he can furnish his guests with fare which will lose nothing by a comparison with other houses, and that his apartments and their furniture are fully equal to those of any other hotel in the city, he respectfully solicits a further share of public patronage.

Nov. 4. 1y

PLOUGH, PLOUGHS.

HAVING been appointed agent for selling Witherow & Peirce's Patent Cycloidal Self-sharpening PLOUGHS, and the same with WROUGHT IRON SHEARS, would here invite the attention of Farmers generally to those newly invented ploughs, as being an improvement on any Self-sharpening Plough that has yet been offered to the public.

On hand and for sale at the Mill of the subscriber in Germany township, and at his store in Gettysburg.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Oct. 2. 4t

WANTED, A FARM HAND.

FROM the 1st of April next, on a small Farm near York Springs. To one who can come well recommended for industry, capability and good moral character, liberal wages will be given. None other need apply. Application to be made to

L. G. CAPITO.

Petersburg, (Y. S.)

Oct. 27. 2t

"The Empire State,"

ENLARGED!

JANUARY 1, 1840.

PROSPECTUS.

DETERMINED to make adequate returns for the liberal and increasing encouragement given to this paper, which bears aloft the name, and defends the honor and interests of the EMPIRE STATE—the publishers propose, on the commencement of the year 1840, to issue this paper in the folio form, on an enlarged sheet of the Mammoth Size, to exceed in size and style of execution, any weekly newspaper published in this city or country. The most ample arrangements are making to give to the paper all those attractions, as well conducted Political, Literary and Miscellaneous Journal, which the intelligence and good taste of the present age require. In its arrangement and execution, and the amount of reading matter it will contain, as well as in its early and faithful record of News, foreign and domestic, local and general, the EMPIRE STATE will be unequalled. It will remain staunch as it ever has been, in support of sound Democratic Whig Principles—an advocate of Public and Private Economy, Public and Private Virtue, Equal Rights and Equal Laws. And in catering for the general reader, we shall spare no pains or expense to render the paper attractive, valuable and useful. The choicest selections will be regularly made from the current Literature of the day, together with ample original contributions from the pens of able and practised writers.

Terms of "The Empire State."

ENLARGED SERIES. The paper will be published on a Mammoth folio sheet, on paper of superior quality and beautiful type. The price will be \$2 50 per annum—in all cases in advance. No paper sent until the money is received; and no subscriptions received for a less term than six months.

Those who are now subscribers, or wish to avail themselves of the privileges of the present terms, may do so by enclosing \$2 at any time prior to the 1st of January, 1840, and the paper will be sent for one year. After that date, the terms will invariably be \$2 50 per annum, in advance. Business letters should be addressed to

J. GREGG WILSON & CO.,

Publishers of the Empire State,

162 Nassau street, N. Y.

Dec. 14. 3t

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

CHAIR FACTORY.

LOOK AT THIS!

NEW GOODS.

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, Mireno Shawls, 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 be a judge for themselves. Lumber of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Oct. 21. 3t.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received and for sale at his old stand, a large stock of

NEW GOODS,

among which is a great variety of cheap Cloth, Coatings, Cassinets, Merinoes, Calicoes, Silks, Domestic Goods—and a very great variety of Fancy Goods—also,

Hardware, Stoves, &c. &c.

Call and see, the above goods will be sold at prices to suit the times, for Cash or produce.

GEO. ARNOLD.

P. S. Old Metal, Copper and Brass, taken in exchange for new Stoves or Goods.

G. A.

Oct. 5.

Gouley's Vegetable Medicines.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!

No medicine has, perhaps, ever met with such decided and general success as Gouley's Vegetable Bitters.

THIS medicine has been but a few years before the public, and the demand for it has already become so great, that the subscriber finds it difficult to supply the numerous orders which he is constantly receiving. Innumerable Certificates in his possession bear testimony to its medicinal virtues and attest the fact of its having preserved the lives of hundreds both in this city and elsewhere.

His VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS, a new article, are also getting into general use, having been productive of the most beneficial effects in hundreds of families of the first respectability in this city and vicinity! and although they have in one instance, but without any foundation or truth, been pronounced poisonous, hundreds of certificates can be produced of their having performed positive and effectual cures in the most obstinate cases, both on young and old, and he now challenges any one to produce satisfactory evidence that there is one particle of any ingredient in their composition that can injure a person in the lowest stage of any disease.

Having administered his medicines in almost all diseases to which the human family are subjected, he never, in a single instance, found them to produce any injurious effects, but, on the contrary, they have been attended with the most complete success.

N. B.—As the Fever and Ague is very prevalent at this season of the year, he can confidently recommend his

VEGETABLE BITTERS

as a CERTAIN CURE, and invites all who may be afflicted with this dreadful disease to make trial of them.

The attention of Masters and Owners of Vessels is called to this medicine; it will be found of great benefit among their crews, and a sure preventative of many of the diseases to which the mariner is subject during long and tempestuous voyages.

LOUIS GOULEY,

No. 213 Baltimore street,

near the Centre Market,

between Harrison and Frederick streets,

Nov. 25. 1y

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 Carlisle street, the house formerly occupied by Dr. Berchuy.

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 Matthias, Alley, Cramp ton, Pearson, Abernethy, Carmichael, &c. affirm that chancres and buboes, ulcerations in the throat, together with diseases of the peritoneum, tendons, cartilages, ligaments, fascia, and eruptions of a highly obstinate 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.

Sept. 17. 1f

NOTICE.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION,

on the estate of

MARTIN HELLER,

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. 6t.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of

Zachariah Luederbach, 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.

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 flowerienrich'd,
From various gardens call'd with care."

Form the New-York Courier.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

I sat within the lighted room,
Beside the lovely, blue-eyed Mary,
And praised her handkerchief's perfume,
And called her love, and dove, and fairy;
I praised her till her heart's low sigh
Bespoke Love's soft, unchecked intrusion.
I praised her, till her downcast eyes
And smiling bosom, spoke confusion.

I told her that Love's flower grew
Alike in princely court and hovel,
I told her I had just read through
Sir E. L. Bulwer's last new novel;
And that the love she here felt,
For her his tender cherub'd blossom
Was not as warm, could never melt,
Like that which warm'd my truer bosom.

I praised Italia's sun and sky,
Its moonlight, songs, and mazy dances,
An told her with a sigh that I
Worshipp'd its war tales and romances;
I spoke of him, the Lesbian knight—
Of Antony, the Roman lover—
Of him, who in the darkest night,
The Hellespont swam three times over.

I praised her form, her grace, her air,
I praised her soul-illumined features,
I told her that such sunny hair,
Was given but to gifted creatures;
I told her with a winning voice,
The first bright beams that stole from heaven,
Were kept till nature made her choice,
And to her eyes their light was given!

I told her that my heart was lone,
It long'd for one it cherish'd dearly,
And hinted in an under tone,
Of stock in banks, and income yearly!
I asked her then when we should be,
Twin bees on opening buds reposing!
And pausing for the soft reply,
I found my blue-eyed girl was dozing!

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms and banners bright,
Arc glowing in the mellow light;
They're lost—and gone; the morn is past,
The wood's dark shades o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The march is rising on the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—they come, they come!
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glistening files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear;
Forth—forth, and meet them on the way;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
The thrilling life and pealing drum,
And clashing horn; they come—they come.

From the New Yorker.

THE WATERFALL.

Oh! for the glorious waterfalls,
Where the rivers are poured out
With a mighty sound—a mighty voice,
And the hills return the shout!
When will you sleep? ye hills around!
Not till the waters cease.
When will your roar be heard no more,
And your billows sleep in peace?

Not till the boundless deep is dry,
And the rains have ceased to pour,
And the clouds to fall from the bounteous sky,
And the dew-drops return no more.
But while the deep is heaving full,
Nor the rains forget to fall—
While the streamlets pour, and the rivers run,
Sing on, thou waterfall!

Though man were mute—as mute he is—
To sing his Maker's praise,
Thy waves shall lift their voice on high
To tell His words and ways.
In Nature's earliest solitude
That hymn of praise begun,
And down the sleepless ages since
Its awful notes have run.

Pour on thy waters, wide and white,
Into the waiting sea,
Till the last stream of Time shall glide
Lift Eternity!

From the Boston Evening Journal.

SALT WATER BUBBLES.

A Thanksgiving Story.

It was a bleak day in the month of November. The north wind mournfully thro' the leafless trees—the broken clouds flitted rapidly across the face of the heavens—and the whole face of nature assumed an aspect, cheerless and uncomfortable—well calculated to remind the moralist of the closing scenes in the great drama of life—as a traveller, with weary steps, wended his solitary way through one of those beautiful hamlets which abound in New England—and which constitute the noble ornaments, emblems of freedom, peace and happiness, of which she is justly proud.

To judge from his costume, the traveller belonged to the humblest ranks of life—or had been singled out as a victim by misfortune. His coarse straw hat, his patched doublet, and his canvas trousers, soiled by tar in many places—while they proclaimed his occupation and his poverty, seemed but poorly calculated to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. His form was cast in a noble mould, denoting great activity and strength. His manly features, bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun, and partly concealed from view by his luxuriant locks of coal black hue, showed that he was still in the dawn of manhood. And his eyes seemed lighted up with an intelligent spirit—by a gleam of expectation and hope, which showed that his noble nature—and that however severely fate had dealt with him, his energies were still unbroken—and that maugre the chill northern blast, and the fatigues which it was evident he had recently undergone, he was resolved to push onward until the object which he had in view was accomplished.

"It is now three years," said he to himself as he plodded along the road, "since I very foolishly left my happy home, urged by a silly pique, and a love for a life of adventure, to brave the hardships and perils of the ocean. Since then my life has been a constant series of misfortunes. I have met with storms on every track. But thank Providence, although my canvass is sadly reduced and pretty well worn out—and my pockets are destitute of ballast—my hull is unimpaired and my spirits are unbroken and buoyant as ever. I hope my parents are still living, and prosperous and happy—I was a fool to leave them. And my brothers—and sisters—how happy we were together—and cousin Mary, that bright little fairy, whom I loved with a love surpassing that of a cousin—and I whose company I have passed so many rapturous hours! Oh, I was a great fool to leave such blissful scenes. And I believe, after all, that the little fairy loved me! I know she did—she all but told me so. But it is too late to retrace my steps—I can only regret my folly. I dare say the bright and joyous young thing has forgotten Ned Willis, and was married to some worthier fellow than I am long since. For her rosy and laughing eyes, and sweet disposition to say nothing of the property she was to inherit when she came of age, attracted many admirers—and made sad havoc among the hearts of the youths of the village. Well, if she is married, there is no more to be said—I have no right to complain. But I hope she has chosen a good husband. I will see her once more—wish her a long life and a happy one—and away to sea again. But if she is not married—"

He did not finish the sentence, but a change came over the countenance of the ill-clad and weather beaten mariner, as if he was indulging in a vision of rapture—and he involuntarily quickened his pace.

As Edward Willis journeyed onward toward his home—anticipating by turns happy and adverse fortune, he was surprised to find that although it was in the middle of the week, there were no signs of labor among the inhabitants. All was quiet; even the oxen were browsing contentedly in the pastures—the school houses were closed, and the meeting houses were open—the people whom he met with were neatly arrayed in their Sunday clothes—and their countenances were wreathed with smiles of gratitude and joy. On inquiry, he learned that it was Thanksgiving Day. He hailed the information as a glad omen.

On the day when this poor, forlorn looking traveller, after years of wandering, was pursuing his way towards his native village, the fire burned brightly on the hearth stone of his parents. Deacon Willis was a New England farmer, a man who, by cherishing the virtues of industry and frugality, became possessed of a handsome property, and who, enjoying a competence in a free country, protected by a wise government, surrounded by kind and intelligent neighbors, and in the midst of a happy and virtuous family, envied neither nobles their riches, nor monarchs their power.

It was Thanksgiving day—and great had been the bustle in Deacon Willis's family for the previous week. Descended in a direct line from one of the earliest settlers of New England, no consideration could have induced the worthy Deacon to abate one jot of the pomp and pride and circumstance of the Thanksgivings of the Puritans. Thanksgiving was religiously observed by him, as it had been by his father before him—and the gratitude which he expressed to his Creator for the mercies he had received, was not a mere formula of unmeaning words, but came directly from the heart.

On this day his children were collected around him—and all anticipated a joyous Thanksgiving. Several of his distant relations, who were not so well provided with

the good things of this life as the worthy deacon, also accepted an invitation to be present. Among those who were sheltered by his hospitable roof on this occasion, the greatest favorite seemed to be Mary Wade, a blue-eyed damsel, whose lovely and expressively face told more about sweetness and purity than I could describe in a folio volume. She was the only daughter of a cousin of the worthy Deacon's, and at an early age was deprived of her parents, by death. But Deacon Willis had been her parent—his house had been her home—his wife had treated her with a mother's kindness—and his children regarded her as a sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis's situation as a mistress of the family, was no sinecure on that day. Her duties were various and important—for it was the New England Holiday—and all her skill as a housewife—all her excellence as a manager, was put to test on Thanksgiving Day. After the family returned from meeting, for they were of the good old fashioned sort, who would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving dinner as to be deprived of their Thanksgiving sermon, the table was set in the large front parlor, which was wont to be used only on extraordinary occasions, and serious preparations for the festival commenced. A good fire, made of walnut and yellow oak wood, burned cheerfully in the large open fire-place, and all the females belonging to the house were put in requisition to bear the abundance of the good things from the kitchen to the parlor—and which when deposited in their respective places, made the tables groan again.

At the head of the table was placed a portly turkey, the choicest of a large and pampered family—at the further extremity was deposited a ham of a size and flavor to make a Westphalian's eyes sparkle with joy. On the centre was stationed, plucked, roasted, and ready for the carving-knife, one of those celebrated animals, which whilom saved from the savages of the Gauls the capitol of Rome, and which, in vulgar parlance, are yeelped geese—while here and there, scattered around the table, in apparent disorder, but with deliberate care and precision, were boiled fowls, roasted fowls—jellies, knicknacks, and plates of vegetables of more varieties and excellence than I would willingly undertake to enumerate—while on the kitchen table, arranged apparently as a *corpe de reserve*, might be seen a stately plum pudding, supported by several enormous Thanksgiving pumpkins, with mince pies, apple pies, squash pies, and custard pies, with fruits of various kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples to bring up the rear. As a bravado on this happy occasion, water was the only article provided—water brought from a clear and sparkling spring, which bubbled up a few rods from the house; for Farmer Willis contended that water was the best drink, even so festive occasions—and that hilarity and joy should be promoted, not by wine or strong drink of any kind, but by social communion, by a free interchange of thoughts and ideas, by generous feelings, born and nurtured in a noble bosom.

It was nearly two o'clock, long after their accustomed hour of dinner, before the assembled company were invited into the parlor to partake of the good cheer which had been so bountifully provided. And as the happy company stood around the table waiting for their host to ask the Divine blessing upon the meal which was placed before them, a shade flitted across the good man's brow—for his eldest son, a noble boy, was absent. Among the joyful faces which surrounded him, Edward's was not to be seen. He had left his home, years before, to embrace a seafaring life—and the wanderer had not returned. There was good reason to believe that he was no longer in the land of the living—and although they still strove to cherish hopes in each other's bosoms—many and bitter were the tears of affection, which hid embalmed his memory.

Deacon Willis did not intend to cast a damp over the spirits of the happy group—and his words were but the echoes of his thoughts, as he involuntarily exclaimed, "were Edward here, we should indeed be happy."

"My poor, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis—"Ah, I must fear we shall never see his smiling face again."

Mary Wadsworth said nothing—but a tear started in her eye—and any casual observer would have seen at once that Edward Willis was dearer to her than a cousin or a friend—and that she cherished his memory in the very depth of her heart.

Just then old Bose, the house dog, was heard to make some angry remonstrances to a passing traveller, which attention, inasmuch as it was by no means an ordinary occurrence—for Bose was a well nurtured brute, and seldom accorded a well dressed, gentlemanly personage, in a rude and empty manner, but he entertained the prejudice against the victims of misfortune or imperiousness, who wear the garb of poverty, which is attributed of reason. In truth, Bose, although a faithful dog, was a real aristocrat in his principles. The traveller, from his appearance, moved in the humblest rank of life—and those evidently intended to give him a reception corresponding with his shabby appearance, and was advancing toward him in a surly manner, and with a truculent look, when Deacon Willis, who well knew the peculiarities of his dog, told him son James to go out and protect the stranger from violence. "He seems a sailor, too," said he, "and on a day like this he should not refuse the rites of hospitality to the humblest being who passes along the road. On Thanksgiving day, no individual, rich or poor, sailor or landman, should want for a plentiful meal. Ah, him is, my