

Star & Republican Banner.

R. S. FAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

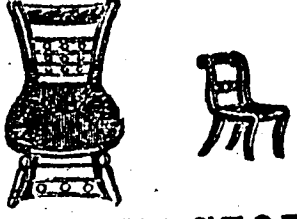
"FEARLESS AND FREE."

Vol. 10. No. 15.

GETTYSBURG, PA. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1840.

WHOLE NO. 510.

ADVERTISEMENTS. NEW ESTABLISHMENT.



CHAIR FACTORY.

The subscribers beg 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 dispatch; 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.

NEW STORE.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has taken that stand formerly occupied by Wm. Gillespie, in Baltimore street, directly opposite Yeatt's Hotel, where he is now prepared to offer an entire, new, large and splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware & Queensware.

Selected with great care and bought upon the very best terms for Cash. Among his very general assortment are the following articles:

- Blue, Black, and Brown Cloths,
- Polish and Invisible Green Cloths,
- Black, Ribbed and Plain Cassimeres,
- Fancy Melbourn Ribbed, do
- Plain Fancy Colored, do
- Superior Black Satin Vestings Fig. & Plain,
- Black Silk Velvet,
- Superior Tabby Velvet,
- White Linen Drillings, Ribbed and Plain,
- Brown do do do do.
- Black Summer Cloths,
- Melbourn Ribbed do.
- Elephant and Bang-up Corde,
- rich Linens,
- 10-4 Table Diapers,
- 10-4 Irish Sheetings,
- Russia and Scottish do.
- Black Mattonia Lustring,
- Blue Black, do.
- Figured and Plain Gro de Naps,
- Plain Gro de Berlines,
- Fancy Gause, Satin & Lace Bordered Shawls,
- White and Black Silk Gloves,
- 1/2 and 3/4 Pic Nic, do.
- Kid and Beaver, do.
- Gentleman's Silk Kid and Beaver
- White and Black Silk Hoses,
- White and Black Silk 1-2 do.
- White and Black Colored do.

ALSO—A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF Bonnet Ribbons, Lawns, Calicoes, (as low as 6¢) Mouseline de Laines.

With a great variety of almost every other description of GOODS; to all of which he would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Gettysburg and neighborhood, as from the "unusual" terms upon which they were bought, he will be enabled—as he is determined to sell them at very reduced and unusual prices.

D. H. SWOPE.
Gettysburg, April 23, 1839. 1f-4
N. B. Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.



26 West 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 Waj. 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 with the best market affords, and as 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. 8. 6m

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 62 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year. 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 forbidden 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 will care."

From the Sussex (N. J.) Register.

THE HARRISON CAUSE.

TYPE—BUNNETS OF BLUE.

Here's a health to him that is just,
Here's a health to him that is true,
And who could not wish success to the man
Who conquers'd at Tippecanoe!
It is good to be noble and firm,
It is good to be honest and true,
It is good to support our Harrison's cause,
Who stuck to the red, white and blue.
Huzzas for the brave and true,
Who battled at Tippecanoe,
And the heroes whose names
On the banks of the Thames
Were written in red, white and blue.

Here's success to him that is firm,
Here's success to him that is wise,
And though aged and poor,
Will give from his store
When misery ever applies.
Here's a health to the sage of North Bend,
Here's success to the man of the plough,
Here's a health to the man who sticks to his
friend.
And lives by the sword of his brow.
Huzzas for the just and the true,
And the hero of Tippecanoe,
It is good to support the Harrison cause,
And the star spangled red, white and blue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANAGEMENT.

A YANKEE STORY.

I have heard folk say, that the wimmen was contrary; well they is a teele so, but if you manage em rite, hawl in here, and let em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, just which way you want em to go.

When I lived down to E'torn there was a good many fust-rate gals down there, but I didn't take a like to any one on 'em, till Squire Cummins cum down there to live.

The squire had a mighty purty darter. I sed some of the gals was fust rate, but Nancy Cummins was fust rate and a teele more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was some thin jam about Nance that they couldnt hold a candle to.

If a feller sed her wance, he couldnt look at another gal for a week. I took a like to her right off, and we got as thick as thieves. We had used to go to the same meetin, and sot in the same pew. It took me to find the sarms and him for her, and we'd evel em out in a manner shocking to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers take a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she cood make injun cakes, and the way I cood slick em over with molasses, and put em away was nothing to nobody.

She was dreadful civil too, always gettin somethin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was gon for it like a leky-native. Well, things went on this way for a spell, till she thought she had me tight enough. Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew; when she'd come out, she'd sneak off with another chap, and leave me suck in my fingers at the door. Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she got cuttin round with all the fellers just as if she cared nothing about me no more, none whatsoever. I got considerably riled, and that I mite as well cum to the end of it at wance; so down I went to have it out with her; there was a hill grier of fillars there. They seemed mity quiet till I went in, then she got talkin all manner of nonsense, sed nothing to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it warn't no use—I kept movin about as if I had a pin in my trousers. I swart as if I had been thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldnt stand it, so I cleared out as quick as I could, for I sed 'twas no use to say nothin to her. I went strait to bed, and thought 'e matter over a spell; thinks I, that gal is jest tryin' to get me to use of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fetch her out of that high grass use me for as sage meat. I hear tell of a boy wance, that got to skool late on Sunday mornin;

master see, you tarnd sleepin cretur, what kept you so late? Why, ses the boy it is an everlastin slipper out, I couldnt get a long no how—every step I took farrad, I went two steps backward, and I couldnt get a got here at all, if I hadnt turned back to go tother waw. Now, that's just my case. I have been puttin after that gal for a consid'erable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go tother waw—she's been slatin of me, now I'll slite her—what's sars for the goos is sars for the gander. Well, I went no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath, I sjicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shirt-tail clean off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About meetin time off I put to Eltham Dodge's—Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she was nor like Nancy Cummins. Ephraim Mawsee had used to go and see her; he was a clever feller, but he was drefful jelous. Well I went to meetin with Patience, and sot right afore Nancy; I didnt set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a fellow with her who had a blazen red head, and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a grace afore a thanksgiving dinner. I know'd who she was thinkin a heur, and 'twasnt the chap with the red hair neither. Well, I got hooin Patience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, sed how the cat was jumpin; she didnt cut about like she did, and look'd rather solemnly; she'd grin her tew eyes to kiss and make-up. I kept it up till I liked to have got into a mess about Patience. The critter that I was going after her for good, and got as proud as a lime turkey. Won day Elie cum down to our place lookin as rathy as a m-lshy offer on a trainin day; look here, ses he, Seth Stokes, ses loud as a small thunder-clap, I'll be durned. Hallo! ses I, what's broke? Why, ses he, I come down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge; here I've been cortin her ever since last grass a year, and she was just as good a mite till you came a gain arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole. Why, ses I, what on earth are you talkin about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spose I had, there's nothin for you to get wofly about. If the gal has taken a like to me, taint my fault; if I've taken a like to her taint her fault; and if we've taken a like to one another, taint your fault, as you may suppose it is; but I aint so almighty taken with her, and you may get her for me; so you hadnt ought to get savage about nothin. Well, ses he, (rather cooled down.) I am the unluckiest thing in creation. I went tother day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or some such disease, and they were sellin out her things. Well, ses he, there was a thundering big chest of drawers, full of all sorts of truck; so I but it, and that I made a spec, but when I cum to look at 'em, there warn't nothin in it worth a cent except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up; so I sold it for less than I give for it; well, then the chap that he tuck it home, he heerd something rattle, broke the old chest, and found lots of gold and silver in 'n, a false bottom I hadnt seen. Now, if I'd tuck that chest hum, I'd never humo that money, or if I did, they'd been all counterfeits, and I'd been tuck up for passin on 'em. Well, I jest told Patience about it, she looked sort a strange, an my heart felt queer all around the edges. Arter a while, ses she, air you gon down to Betsey Masin's quilin? Sed I reckoned I woad; ses she, I spose you'd take Patience Dodge; sed I mite, and agin I mite not. Ses she, I hearn you're going to get married; ses I shouldnt wonder a bit. Patience is a nice gal, ses I. I looked at her. I sed the tears a comin; ses I, maybe she'll exs you to be the bridesmaid; she riz rite up, and she did, her face as red as a bilrd bet. Seth Stokes, ses she, and she couldnt say any more she was so full; wou you be the bridesmaid? ses I; No I ses she, and she brided rite out; well, then, ses I, if you wnt be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride? She look'd up at me—I swan to man I never sed any thing so awful purty; I tuck rite hold of her then—yes or no? ses I, right off. Yes! ses she; that's your sort, ses I. A gin her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched trices to trot in double harness for life, and never had cause to repent of my bargain.

THE MURDERER'S DREAM.

I slept I yes slept—though a few hours more would see me before my great and wo-lusting Judge—still did I sleep! calm and sweet as an infant. Again was I a child, a careless, happy boy, alike unknown to sorrow, shame and sin—again was I seated at my fond mother's feet coming, the appointed time searched by a mother's zeal, for my improvement? and her eye was lit with maternal pride as she gazed upon her darling, only. Oh that look!—though I'd seen it repeatedly in childhood, yet never had it appeared so pure and holy—it seemed to cast a halo round me—and surely had I died in the full radiance of that look, it would have lit my path to endless heaven. I gazed upon her, but her expression changed, as images of the future seemed crowding upon her mind's eye; to her the veil of the future was rent aside, and she gazed with sorrow, joy and pain, as the varied scenes it opposed came to her mind; at last, 'er my mother's mild face there came a soul-thrilling change, a fierce convulsion wrung her pale lip, as if in mortal agony; slowly, at length, every muscle unbended, and she remained in a voice that sent the freeze current to my heart—"Beware of a false friend!" "Beware of MURDER!"—then starting up to clasp me to her breast, she fell and expired at my feet. I started and awoke. My prison walls were cold and hard, but my heart was softened by a dream of childhood, and I thought as I viewed the scaffold that was to end my wild career of crime, had but this dream occurred in early youth, I never would have dyed my hands in blood—in the life circling blood of an accused false friend.

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A MARRIED BACHELOR.

A thirsty mortal of the name Dick, a few evenings since, in Philadelphia, popped the question to a young girl and was accepted. Mr. Dick, in his joy, got drunk on the eve of the wedding, and, when before the parson, would answer to the riveting question neither yes nor no. At the proper time, the bride vanished in the mysterious manner that the bridesmaids managed with such extraordinary tact, and the groom in a short time staggered to the nuptial chamber, but lo! no bride was there, and he was compelled to repose "solitary and alone." He the next morning found his espoused at the house of the friend with whom she formerly lived, and failing to persuade her to return with him, he applied to the District Court and obtained a writ of habeas corpus, directed to the person in whose house she was, demanding that the gentleman should give up his wife. The gentleman and the maiden bride appeared. The bachelor groom said he did not care so much about the girl but he wanted to know whether he was a married man or not. The court would not decide this knotty question as it was not the one before them, and as the girl declared that she was not detained against her consent, the case was dismissed.

YER NEED'NT COME HERE AGIN.

The editor of the Claremont Eagle is a good natured gentleman. He says that some benevolent individuals, with a couple of horses and a scraper, drove round the village early the other morning, to dig people out who were blocked up by the snow.—They had made a path through a friend's yard, up to his barn, when he thrust his head out of the house and saluted them with—"Hallo, you there—get out of my snow—I wont have it trampled down in that fashion, and yer feet'll come here agin with that old thing, unless yer mind to." Finding it impossible to leave the snow in as good condition as even as they found it, they beat a retreat, musing on "the ingratitude of republicans."

A FRENCH COUNTRYMAN EMPLOYED A LAWYER TO CONDUCT A CAUSE, BUT DID NOT SEEM IN A HURRY TO GIVE HIM HIS FEE.

"Friend," said the attorney, "your business is so confused that I cannot see my way into it." The countryman, who was aware of his meaning, drew two pieces of gold from his pocket, and giving them to the limb of the law, said, "Well, then, Sir, here is an excellent pair of spectacles for you."

THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, WHO HAS NO WIFE, AND, IT IS SAID, NEVER WILL HAVE, SAYS: "IF YOUNG LADIES NOW-A-DAYS DID NOT BECOME WOMEN AT THIRTEEN, MEN WOULD HAVE BETTER WIVES."

THE RE-ELECTION OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WAS OPPOSED BY THE PRESENT VAN BUREN PARTY, ON THE GROUND THAT THE PURITY OF THE ELECTIONS AND THE WELFARE OF THE COUNTRY REQUIRED THAT A PRESIDENT SHOULD ONLY SERVE ONE TERM.

Gen. Jackson was elected with the universal expectation that he would set this example. But he proved false to that as to all his professions.

Mr. Van Buren is equally false to the professions of his friends. The moment he was seated in the Executive Mansion, the campaign for a re-election was opened, and it has been pushed thus far with an unscrupulousness and profigacy heretofore unknown. Every duty to the People has been disregarded. All the interests of the country have been sacrificed, and all the powers of the Government prostituted. The President, himself, lost to all that gave dignity and counterbalanced upon the station, had devoted an entire summer to a degrading personal electioneering tour.

The public welfare, the integrity of our Government, and the safety of its institutions, equally demand that a President should serve but ONE TERM. If such an amendment of the Constitution cannot be effected, let public opinion, the paramount law of a Free People, accomplish the object.—While two terms of service are allowed, to use the language upon which Gen. Jackson refused to act, "corruption will be the order of the day." The moment a President is elected, he begins to intrigue for a re-election. The power and patronage of the Government are employed, not to protect the rights and interests of the People, or to advance the prosperity of the Country, but to secure the re-election of the President.

These scenes of corruption and profligacy are sapping the foundations of the Republic. They will surely and too speedily overthrow our Government. Let the People look to it! It is time! The election of Gen. HARRISON will be the means of erecting this barrier against the progress of corruption. He is truly and frankly in favor ONE TERM. His sentiments are upon record. The National Convention and his friends throughout the Union, respond to them. When elected, his first act will be A PEREMPTORY REFUSAL TO BE A CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION.

ONE TERM!

From the Albany Evening Journal.

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A VENERABLE PATRIOT

In the report of the (N. Y. Herald's) proceedings of the Whig national convention, we find the following admirable address from an aged patriot, who bidding defiance to storm and weather, amidst the infirmities of old age, made his way to the capital of our state, reckless of all consequences that might ensue or befall him. He was a Democrat.

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'Tis said that elsenoe conquers love, but I believe it not; as the loufer said when looking into the empty rum jug.

A MARRIED BACHELOR.

A thirsty mortal of the name Dick, a few evenings since, in Philadelphia, popped the question to a young girl and was accepted. Mr. Dick, in his joy, got drunk on the eve of the wedding, and, when before the parson, would answer to the riveting question neither yes nor no. At the proper time, the bride vanished in the mysterious manner that the bridesmaids managed with such extraordinary tact, and the groom in a short time staggered to the nuptial chamber, but lo! no bride was there, and he was compelled to repose "solitary and alone." He the next morning found his espoused at the house of the friend with whom she formerly lived, and failing to persuade her to return with him, he applied to the District Court and obtained a writ of habeas corpus, directed to the person in whose house she was, demanding that the gentleman should give up his wife. The gentleman and the maiden bride appeared. The bachelor groom said he did not care so much about the girl but he wanted to know whether he was a married man or not. The court would not decide this knotty question as it was not the one before them, and as the girl declared that she was not detained against her consent, the case was dismissed.

YER NEED'NT COME HERE AGIN.

The editor of the Claremont Eagle is a good natured gentleman. He says that some benevolent individuals, with a couple of horses and a scraper, drove round the village early the other morning, to dig people out who were blocked up by the snow.—They had made a path through a friend's yard, up to his barn, when he thrust his head out of the house and saluted them with—"Hallo, you there—get out of my snow—I wont have it trampled down in that fashion, and yer feet'll come here agin with that old thing, unless yer mind to." Finding it impossible to leave the snow in as good condition as even as they found it, they beat a retreat, musing on "the ingratitude of republicans."

A FRENCH COUNTRYMAN EMPLOYED A LAWYER TO CONDUCT A CAUSE, BUT DID NOT SEEM IN A HURRY TO GIVE HIM HIS FEE.

"Friend," said the attorney, "your business is so confused that I cannot see my way into it." The countryman, who was aware of his meaning, drew two pieces of gold from his pocket, and giving them to the limb of the law, said, "Well, then, Sir, here is an excellent pair of spectacles for you."