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G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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THE GARLAND



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

THE FORSAKEN AND THE FALSE ONE.
BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt—
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sailor's bill.
Away! thou'lt feed o'er land and sea;
Go, rush to danger's brink!
But, oh! thou canst not fly from thought;
Thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me—remember all
My long enduring love!
That link'd itself to peridy,
The virtue and the dove!
Remember, in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink;
But clung to thee confidingly!
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Then go! that thought shalt render thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest torn,
Will fill thee with affright!
In some wild dungen may't thou die,
And counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity;
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Go seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom!
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me, false one! Hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The air I used to love, will make
Thy coward conscience shrink!
Aye, every note will have its sting!
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No—that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep;
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks,
That o'erhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—to think!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Hartford Courant.
ALICE, THE RESCUED CAPTIVE.
A TALE OF INDIAN WARFARE.

In one of the pleasantest villages of Connecticut, shortly previous to the Revolutionary War, a gentleman of fortune resided with his two daughters; the eldest of whom had reached her 14th, and the youngest her 10th year. Mr. St. Clare had left England with his wife and eldest child, but after the birth of the little Alice, the mother died and left him desolate. He had no friends in this new land, none to care for but his children, while many near and dear to him at home, were urging his return to them. This, with the thought of his inability to educate or procure proper teachers for his children, induced him to comply with his friends' request. He had accordingly made his arrangements for spending several years in England, hoping eventually to return to a home which he had farmed and beautified, and which, for the sake of her who was laid there, was very dear to him.

It was but a few evenings previous to the time when they were to set out for Boston, from whence the ship in which their passage was already taken was to sail, when little Alice complained of unusual weariness and languor. Her elder sister, Margaret, advised that she should go to bed, although it was still very early in the evening. This advice was joined in by the nurse, who prevailed upon the little girl to retire; and what was still very singular, she had not yet left the sleeping apartment ere the child was asleep. The apartment occupied by Alice joined that of her sister Margaret, who retired several hours after. Feeling too weary to kiss her sister good night, as usual she hastily undressed, and throwing herself upon the bed, fell asleep, nor did she awaken

till the morning sun shone full upon her face. "Strange," thought she, "that the early Alice has not wakened me ere this, when she retired so early, too!" Saying this, she sprang from her bed, and tripped lightly into her sister's room, but Alice was not there. "Ah! she passed through my room, then, and left me undisturbed!" exclaimed Margaret, "but I will soon find her!" She then dressed herself, and ran eagerly in search of her sister, but Alice was no where to be found. Where could she be? She was not wont to leave the grounds at such an hour. Margaret returned to the house and found her father asking for his daughters. She questioned him—he had not seen Alice. The nurse was called—she did not see her young lady since the night before. Each domestic was questioned, but none could answer. Alarm was spread upon every countenance, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Where is the Indian?" "Where is Cenece?" None could answer; Cenece, too, was missing.

The father was filled with anguish—Cenece was an Indian boy who had lived with them for a few months as a servant, and wild and untamed he seemed as one of the wild beasts of the forest; but like them he appeared to have been won by kindness. But Cenece had sworn revenge for the wrongs of his tribe, and the wily Indian knew that nothing could wound the father's heart like parting with his child. Cenece then had administered (so the nurse surmised) the drug which had caused the deep sleep into which Alice had fallen, the better to accomplish his purpose. The window of her room was open.

It is needless to say that the contemplated journey to England was abandoned, and all that human power could do, was done to recover the lost treasure, but in vain. The father was borne down with grief, and Margaret, who had almost idolized her sister, had lost her elastic step, and her formerly happy and cheerful face wore an expression of sadness.

More than a year had passed, and nothing was heard of the darling of their hearts. The nurse, Mrs. Honor, could not bear the idea of tearing herself away from the spot where there was the smallest hope of hearing aught in regard to the fate of little Alice. But Margaret was equally dear to her, and she was convinced that she needed more than ever the voyage, which had been postponed to an indefinite period. She pointed out to Mr. St. Clare her fading cheeks, and sunken eyes, so unnatural in extreme youth, and by her simple eloquence convinced him of the necessity of following her advice. Margaret was unwilling at first to think of leaving home, but the entreaties of her father and nurse caused her to yield, and the voyage was determined upon.

With heavy hearts the father and daughter departed on their journey to Boston, accompanied by the nurse. They embarked, and arrived with safety at Liverpool, after a short but prosperous voyage. At "Ashton Hill," a country seat, remote from the confusion of city life, resided the only remaining sister of Mr. St. Clare. Under her care, Margaret felt happier than she had done for many months before. Mr. St. Clare, during his stay in England, had divided his time between his sister and wife's brother, who resided in the vicinity of London. Three years had passed, and he began to talk of his return in America, at least for a short period. Margaret, he thought, would willingly remain with her aunt, and he would soon return to her, perhaps, to gladden her heart with tidings of her long lost sister.

For the purpose of bidding his brother-in-law, Mr. Clifton, adieu, Mr. St. Clare visited London. He felt regret at leaving his friends again, and lingered from day to day. The day before the one at last fixed for his departure, Mr. Clifton had invited a party of gentlemen to dine, among whom, as the visitor of one of his guests, was a young gentleman, but just arrived from America. From compliment to him the conversation turned on North America, among the savages of which wild country he said he had met with a remarkable and interesting adventure. The company urged him to relate it, which he did in the following words: "I went," said Mr. Apthorp, "a short time before sailing for England, on a hunting expedition, with a large party of companions. One day, weary and in want of food, for we had killed little game, we chanced upon an encampment of friendly Indians, which, however, consisted only of squaws, as the men had gone off to the chase. The women provided us with food, and after eating, I thought, to satisfy my curiosity, that I would examine one of the curious wigwags which surrounded us. What was my surprise to see seated on a mat, a little girl, fair as the most English eye could wish. She was weaving baskets, and humming in a low tone an English air. She started on seeing me, and uttering a cry sprang forward."

"Her name! tell me her name!" cried Mr. St. Clare, starting from his chair.
"They called her 'the white dove,'" answered Apthorp, "but she said her name was—"

"Alice St. Clare!"
"The same."

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Mr. St. Clare—he clasped his hands, and sank powerless to his seat.

"Alice St. Clare," continued Mr. Apthorp, in reply to the hurried questions of those present, "Alice St. Clare told me with many tears the story of her capture by an Indian servant of her father's, and begged

me to take her home. She had been taken from her first foes in battle by the tribe with whom I found her; but though they treated her kindly, she was not happy, but longed to return to her father and sister. The squaws could not resist us, and we brought Alice away. At her father's house we learned of his voyage to England, and hoping to find him, we at once set sail. Meanwhile, I have placed my protegee with an excellent governess in the country, and as I see Mr. Clifton has called a coach, I will at once lead this anxious father to his child."

Mr. St. Clare had by this time regained his composure, and grasping Mr. Apthorp's hand with a look of gratitude, he besought him to make no delay. It was early morning when the coach which contained Mr. St. Clare and Apthorp, arrived at the village of Southwick. They alighted at the inn, and hastened on foot to the cottage of Mrs. Villars, the lady under whose care Alice was placed. She was a middle aged woman, of dignified but very pleasing appearance, and expressed a great interest in her young pupil. Mr. St. Clare was much agitated, but she would not permit him to see his child without gently reminding him that she had been for several years among savages, and had consequently lost much of the polish of civilized life. In short, he must not expect to see her the same that he had lost.

"Only tell me if she remembers her father!" exclaimed Mr. St. Clare; "only let me see my child, and we will forget her misfortunes in the joy of meeting." They met! The father and the long lost daughter were clasped in a close embrace. This scene, which no language could paint, can be easily imagined. Apthorp and Mrs. Villars had withdrawn, but the father sought them in the garden, and earnestly entreated them to return with them to Ashton Hill. "For Alice," said he, "I cannot think of parting her from a lady to whom she is already so much attached; I must entrust Mrs. Villars to continue her care over my little motherless girl."

As he spoke, he looked with tenderness upon his child, who stood meekly by his side, holding his hand in both of hers, and gazing with earnestness into his face. Apthorp, more than interested in the engaging child, at once consented to her father's request, and the whole party were soon on the road to Ashton Hill.

Months had passed, yet still the same parties tarried in "Merry England." Margaret St. Clare had regained her health and beauty; and Alice, her devoted companion, had improved wonderfully, and was the joy of her father's heart. They returned to America, accompanied by Mr. Apthorp, who was shortly after united by marriage to the lovely sister of little Alice, whom he so fortunately rescued from Indian captivity. The treacherous Cenece, who had administered an antidote to Alice to facilitate his revengeful purpose, was never heard of. During the time of war and danger, "Oakwood" was forsaken for the greater security of a city, but when the States of North America were declared free from the yoke of Great Britain, the united families of St. Clare and Apthorp, returned to a tranquil home in the bosom of Connecticut.

The following lines were sent by a young lady to her lover, whose name was Nott, a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was tied immediately upon the discerning lover's deciphering their import:

Why urge, dear Sir, a bashful maid
To change her single lot,
When, well you know, I've often said,
In truth I love you, Nott!

For all your pains I do, Nott, care,
And trust me on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Nott, be your wife!

A MONSTROUS BEAR STORY.

The following fact was given us, on the best authority, as related by an old Vermont farmer, who, for many years past, has been monarch of an extensive farm, situated among the glens of the Green Mountains. Here is the original from his own mouth:

"I'd noticed for a long time, that something or other had played the old Harry in my cornfield, destroying more corn than my family could make way with the whole year. Well, I laid it to the 'coons for a while—but I soon came to the conclusion that all the coons in God's creation could not eat up and break down so much corn, as was every day the case. So I entered all the damages on my account book, against some lawless bear, or bears, unknown—being determined to have a settlement with the scamp, or scamps, as soon as possible. One night, in the early part of winter, a light snow fell; and in the morning I saw a little the biggest bear tracks, round my barn that ever you did see—some were bigger than the top of my hat, and some were smaller—hooked like young ones. I followed the swindlers a good way up the mountains several mornings, and found that they passed between two rocks right under a high ledge. Now, thinks I to myself, I'll have one on ye before long, as sure as my name is Dan Goodrich. So I borrowed one of my neighbors a job-fired big steel trap, and set it exactly between them two rocks. Going out to fodder the cattle the next day, I discovered that fresh tracks had been made from my barn yard up to the mountain. I cut off, full split, to see what the big trap had got for breakfast—never once suspecting that the old bear would be such a fool as to get caught—but expected

to find nothing more than a cub, at most—I crept along towards the top of the ledge, hoping to draw a smashing prize; but, as I said before, I could not, for the life of me, suppose that it would be my luck to catch a black monster of 600 pounds weight.—Well, I ventured to take a peep over the rocks, and, would you believe it, instead of catching a little sily cub, I beheld, to my everlasting astonishment the trap with—nothing at all in it!

The following eloquent passage, describing the progress of Christianity throughout the world, will be read with interest at the festival season:

Christianity herself moves in advance of her own civilization; and does not wait the tardy operation of philosophical causes.—Conscious of her power over universal man, that she holds the world's destiny in her hands she has undertaken, as a specific object, and as her own proper work, the reclamation—not of provinces or of continents, but of all nations;—all the millions of humanity. Possessed by this august idea,—an idea infinitely surpassing, in the grandeur of its conception, every project of ambition, every dream of universal empire,—she has surveyed the enterprise from all its points.

She has marked out with an astonishing boldness and precision her plan of operations and moves to its execution with a fixed and steady eye; with boundless energy, and inextinguishable faith. Already she is in occupation of the state of power in every division of the globe, and speaks to its swarming multitudes in two hundred languages of the many tongued earth. In Africa, she has taken up her line of positions from Cape Palmas to Port Natal and in Asia, from Constantinople to Ceylon, and throws a belt of moral light like a galaxy over either continent. She has touched the iron sceptres of Aram and Mahomed, and they crumble from their hands like ashes. She gathers her school on the Acropolis of Athens, and works her printing presses under the shadow of the Pyramids. She has kindled her lights among the islands of the Southern and Pacific oceans; and the Polynesian cannibals come running from their native woods, and sit at her feet clothed, and in his right mind, eats her sacrament, and worships at her altars.

And wherever she moves over the world, she carries with her all the fruits of that civilization which she has spread over the face of Christendom, its liberty and its literature; its arts and its provisions; its commerce, agriculture, knowledge and philosophy. Thus she is commingling and assimilating all the races of men; and by acting at the fountain of all social improvement, on the interior and moral life of man, she is building up a new order of society, and securing it on deep and imperishable foundations. The Spirit of Him who said "Let there be Light," is moving over the face of the moral chaos, and it will return void. It will bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion; it will summon into being a new world, more beautiful and glorious than that over which angels and the answering stars shouted on the morning of creation;—a world of harmony and love; where humanity will hold fellowship with heaven; in which the Spirit of Truth will preside to guide into all truth, and over which it will reign with a serene and holy dominion for ever.

POLITENESS.—"I am extremely glad to see you."—There are more lies contained in these few words, than in all the written speeches in a lawyer's office; and still the expression on the tip of every one's tongue. Imagine yourself seated in your sanctum sanctorum, wrapped up in the study of some favorite author, or communing with the halcyon nine—when lo! in pops a creditor, and throws a bucket of ice water upon your thoughts! "Ah! my dear friend, I'm extremely glad to see you!" There's a thumper for you to answer for!

Miss is preparing for a party; the carriage is waiting at the door—and still she lingers before the mirror adjusting her rich tresses, when in comes a dear friend biting her lips with vexation, at the same time forcing a smile she exclaims, "ah! I'm extremely glad to see you." There's another thumper.

Madam has pickles or sausages to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles. Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones, all dressed as neat as if they had just been freed from six months imprisonment in a bandbox. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you." It's a thumper; it's a downright lie: in her heart she wished her and all her brood to the —, I'd like to have said it.

When I here a person say, "do call and see me," it sounds very much like "John show the gentleman out."

There is no such thing as sincere politeness; to be what the fashionable world term polite, we must necessarily be hypocritical. The character of sincerity is bluntness, and a sincere man will never have the back ache.

A LARGE FAMILY.—Mr. Thos. Nelson and his worthy wife, of Lower Annapessee, Somerset county, Md., are the living ancestors of nearly, if not more than one hundred industrious and thriving descendants; and what is more remarkable, the whole of this prosperous progeny are happily settled within the sound of their sire's, grand sire's, or great grand sire's voice. His voice, however, is Stentorian, and he is yet vigorous and active in mind and body, and has some twenty or more captains in his family.

"IS HE RICH?"

Many a sigh is heaved—many a heart is broke, many a life rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point of view as virtue is to vice. And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue? How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, "Is he rich?"

Is he rich? Yes he abounds in wealth—but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?

Is he rich? Yes his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day—but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

Is he rich? Yes he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take wings to themselves and fly away!—and will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah! beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not—then "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

Female Wit.—A couple of young ladies having buried their father, who was an old humorist, and had such an aversion to matrimony that he would not allow them to marry, however advantageous might be the offer, conversing on his character, the eldest observed, "He is dead at last, and now we will marry."—"Well," says the youngest, "I am for a rich husband." "Hold sister," said the other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husbands; let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us—for our marriages are registered in heaven's book." "I'm sorry for that," replied the youngest "for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

Antidote against Marriage.—Jog says that if a man feels very much like getting married, yet imagines that he ought not to, the best remedy he knows of, is, to help one of his neighbors move a house full of furniture—borrow about nine of his children for three days, and hear them cry. If that fail, build up a fire of damp wood, and when the smoke in the room's thickest, hire a woman to scold him about four hours. If he can stand all these, he'd better get married the next day—give his wife the pants, and be the "silent partner" in the great firm of matrimony. We think the remedy is severe, but as every man is liable to those things after he yokes himself, it would do no harm to try it before.

YOUNG MECHANICS.

There is no class of the community upon whom the future welfare of the country more essentially depends, than upon the rising generation of young mechanics. If they are intelligent, sober, industrious and consequently independent, able and accustomed to judge for themselves, and governed in their own conduct by an enlightened view of their own best interest—if they are men of this sort, (and it is for their fathers to make them such) the mechanics will form the strongest bulwark of our free institutions, and the best hope of the Republic.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face—wit may raise admiration, judgment may command respect, and knowledge attention. Beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect—it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

A child, eight years of age, and of a devout and pious disposition, was asked by an atheist, "How great it supposed God was?" It replied, "He is so great that he fills heaven and earth, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and yet he dwells in my little heart."

A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put in warm water instead of cold!"

METHODIST COLLEGE.—This enterprising sect of Christians have been endeavoring to establish a college in Mississippi. We see it stated that a subscription of \$70,000 has been made to effect the object, and a committee has been appointed to select a site.

Leap Year.—Our erudite fellow citizens will find, on inspection of the almanac, that the present year, 1840, is bissextile, or leap-year. The child whose hap may be to be born on the 29th of next month, (February,) will hold the recurrence of his birth day but once in four years. Another singular circumstance respecting leap-year is, that ladies, by the ancient custom, may pay their addresses to the gentlemen; so the belle who has an overly bashful admirer may save him from the horrors of popping the question, and bring the period of courtship to a speedy conclusion.

"Rational Amusements."—We learn from a Western paper that a hog race, for a purse of \$50, came off at West Union, O. on the 29th ult. There were five entrancers for the purse; and the coursers had been in training for several weeks. One of the Smiths was the fortunate backer of the winning "rag."

New Organization of the Militia.

The Secretary of War, in his late report, proposes an entire new organization of the militia throughout the Union. The present system, he thinks, was never of much practical benefit, and with the exception of the volunteer companies, is more a matter of burlesque than of sober reality.—The Secretary's plan is to divide the States into eight military districts, each of which are to furnish for enrollment 25,000 men, one half to be actively engaged and receive pay; the rate of compensation and the number of days service in the year to be regulated by law. The other half are to form a body of reserve, to be composed of such as have served four years in the active militia. One fourth of this class are to fall into the reserve every year to supply the place of those who are discharged from the performance of military duty. The deficiency in the active militia to be supplied by fresh recruits. The whole number of the militia under this system, would be 200,000, or about one-seventh of all who are at present enrolled.

We have no doubt but that this plan would be much more efficient than the present one. Whether the General Government intends to take the whole matter, as it regards the appointment of officers under its own immediate control, we are not informed. Bad as the present militia system undoubtedly is, it is far preferable to one which would raise up a standing army to carry out the designs of our present corrupt and ambitious executive.—Lan. Union.

The Baltimore American says:—"The CHAIR in which the President of the Continental Congress sat, during the session of that body, and which was used on the memorable occasion when the Declaration of Independence was signed, cost the Government the round sum of five dollars; whereas, two thousand one hundred and fifty-four dollars, have been expended on the Chair of the Speaker, in the Congressional House of Representatives."

Alarming Intelligence.—A writer in Boston computes that there are 30,000 persons in the United States of the name of John Smith, and proposes that Congress transport all but 5000.

Legal Decision.—In the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, it has been decided, that a grand child born eight months and a half after the decease of the grand-father, is included in a bequest to "grand-children living at his decease."

Origin of the word Tailor.—It is said the tailors derived their name from an old circumstance, as follows: Nine stout fellows were at work one day sitting cross-legged upon a bench in their shop, when an old sow entered, and gobbled up four of them as many mouthfuls! Whereat the boss of the shop denouncing himself with his sheers, cried out—tail her, tail her! when one of the abridged jaws seized the animal by that necessary appendage, the tail, and dragged her out of the shop! Ever after the craft were called tailors, from the circumstance of having tailed the old sow!

A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which, at the time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr. — your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer, "it is here, that I make my bread."

A country girl, attending a Quaker meeting, was asked by a friend how she liked it? "Like it! why I see no sense in sitting for hours without saying a word; it's enough to kill the d—t." "Yes, my dear," replied he, "that is just what we want."

Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hotel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven, as from the most gorgeous palace.

An honest Hibornian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied to the doctor that he had no objections to paying him for his medicine, but his visits he would return.

A man having been capitally convicted, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not pass against him? "Say!" replied he, "why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better."

We find the following in one of our exchange papers. It is good philosophy: "I heard the hammer of a mechanic, that owes me, at 4 o'clock this morning: I'll trust him till April."

I saw another, yesterday afternoon, who has plenty of work on hand, lounging at the door of a grog shop: I'll have him before the squire next week."

New Jersey.—The Madisonian says:—"The rumor is that numbers of Van Buren men in this state, disgusted with the course their party have taken in Congress, are going in for the Hero of Tippecanoe. Some of the papers recommend the withdrawal by N. Jersey of her senators and representatives in Congress, and the repudiation of federal laws in that state, until congress has repaired the injury it has done her."

Dr. Brandreth states that in one year his printing bills amount to \$100,000, and that since 1835 he has sold nine million boxes of pills. "The large sum which he paid for advertising, &c., has not been lost."