

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER

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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I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted twice 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 flowers rich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS.

BY T. G. WHITTIER.

How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty wave,
As bounding and as free!
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast,
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
Their music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low;
The stout of heart will ride it out,
Nor shrink when tempests blow.

With streamers down and canvass furled,
The gallant hull will float,
Securely as on inland lake,
A lily on a sea of blue;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes
Will fearless be of dangers dark,
That roll along the skies.

God keep these cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shattered sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Look on him through his dungeon gate;
Fobly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing around him, dim and late,
As if he loathed the sight;
Reclining on his brawny bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-closed person goes
The frequent age thrill!
Silent, save over and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A CURED HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Of all the evils that beset mankind, hypochondria is the worst. We were once intimately acquainted with one Jedediah Jones, a mechanic in the town of B—, a young man of good talents, doing a fair profitable business, and every prospect in life looking like a summer's day upon him; yet with all these Jed was one of the most miserable beings in creation. He was hypochondriacal to the top notch; every thing to his eyes wore a yellow, bilious, melancholy appearance. Sometimes one complaint, sometimes another afflicted poor Jed, and if you would take his word for it, Job's sufferings were but school-boy's troubles compared with his. We have frequently been compelled to laugh, in spite of our politeness, to hear Jed enumerate his afflictions. Nothing could persuade him out of his notion, at one time, of being dyspeptic.

"No," said he, "you talk till you're tired; but I reckon I know my own complaint best. I am low spirited, my head aches every morning, and though I have a good appetite, my food does me no good; always after eating, it feels like so much lead; and I should like to know if that ain't dyspepsia?"

We knew, from experience, that there was no number of use in reasoning with Jed, after the kind was once fairly fixed; so we left him alone with his dyspepsia. When this fit was on him, he would swallow rhubarb by the ounce, and all the patent medicines in town by the package; he would walk out of town every morning and evening, cutting up all kinds of antics, running

like a greyhound for a while, and jumping every fence in his way. Thus, what with running, jumping, throwing and walking he would finally return, tired, sweating and blowing like a porpoise, and could scarcely raise breath enough to inform us that he had "be-en ex-er-cising" himself. Nor was this all; dieting himself was a favorite remedy with Jed, while the dyspeptic man lasted; a few dry crackers and cold water was all the subsistence he would take, although a good appetite was urging him to partake of the good things provided at his boarding-house.

"No, no," quoth Jed; "don't I know that this ravenous appetite is my worst foe? Aint that one of the greatest signs of dyspepsia? I guess I know."

Jed might know, but we never did, that a good appetite was a sign of any disease; and so Jed would go on dieting himself, until he looked more like a walking skeleton, than a man.

Another time he thought he had the liver complaint, and that his lungs were affected; and that these were caused by his stooping at the bench. Accordingly he set to, and built a bench high enough for him to stand up to work; but this was not enough for Jed; he got some leather straps, two inches wide, one to pass over each shoulder, and another fixed to them to cross his breast and buckle behind.

"You see," said Jed, when describing this to us, "by buckling this pretty tight it draws my shoulders back, throws my breast open, and gives my lungs more room to operate."

"Very true," we replied, though we could not help thinking that he looked more like a trussed turkey than a human being.

But to the sequel. Jed had an apprentice, Tom, a smart, intelligent little fellow; good humored, roguishness gleamed in the twinkle of his grey eyes, and played around the corners of his mouth; and his happy, careless, laughter-loving disposition, made him a favorite with every one. This Tom was unwittingly the cause of Jed's cure.

One night we persuaded Jed to accompany us to an oyster-cellar. We entered a box and sat down, while our steward was preparing. We had been in but a minute or two, when we heard the occupants of the next box laughing at some story one of them had been telling; and among the rest, we could plainly distinguish the hearty catchment of Jed's boy Tom.

"Hist," said Jed, "there's that plagued boy Tom; let us listen a minute."

But listeners, they say, never hear any good of themselves. The event, however, proved, that if Jed did not hear any good of, he certainly did for himself. Shortly we heard Tom's voice.

"Boys," said he, "now we've got through that yarn, suppose we tell some story of ourselves."

"Agreed," cried his companions, "and you begin, Tom."

"Enough said," replied Tom; "no use of being backward, when sport's the go. I never told you how I work it sometimes to get holiday, did I?"

"No I tell us."

"Well, you all know that my boss has rather poor health?"

your sickness was all imaginary; and look ye, Jed don't say any thing to Tom; but next time he undertakes to play that trick on you, let him see that he's found out."

"I guess I'll take your advice," said Jed. A few days after this occurrence, Tom, with his go-to-meeting face, as he called it, accented Jed with—How pale you are, Mr. Jones! Are you unwell?"

"Ah, Tom, you rogue," cried Jed, "you want a resting day, do you?"

Tom changed colour quicker than a chameleon; but at length he honestly said—

"Yes, sir; I should like to go hunting."

"Well, Tom, you can go; but be here early to-morrow, for business is very brisk, and I want you to work lively this week."

"Yes, sir," said Tom; and off he went. As soon as Tom had gone, Jed pulled off his shoulder-bracing machine, knocked down his standing-up bench, went home, threw all his patent medicines out of doors; then to the pantry, and seized a large pumpkin pie, which he began to devour in short metre. The mistress of the boarding house looked at him in alarm; she thought his sickness had at length destroyed his reason, and a lunatic stood before her.

"Why, Mr. Jones," cried the good woman; bless me, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," quoth Jed, digging most industriously into the New England dish before him; "nothing, only I'm most concerned hungry."

The pie being despatched, he went whistling back to his shop, a thing he had not done before for years. Jed was a cured man.

DEATH.—It is not till a friend is taken from us, that we entirely feel his value and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest as it is vanishing away; and we perceive it not, perhaps, till we see the parting wing, that an angel has been with us.

I feel that the dead have conferred a blessing upon me, in helping me to think of the world rightly; in giving a hue of sadness to the scenes of this world, while, at the same time they have clothed it with every glorious and powerful charm of association. This mingled portion of energy and humility of triumph and tenderness, of glorying and sorrowing, is the very spirit of Christianity. It was the spirit of Jesus—the conqueror and the sufferer. Death was before him; and yet his thoughts were of triumph. Victory was in his views, and yet, what a victory! No laurel crown was upon his head—no flush of pride was upon his brow—no exultation flashed from his eyes; for his was a victory to be gained over death, and through death. No laurel crown set upon his head—but crown of thorns; no flush of pride was upon his brow—but meekness was enthroned there; no exultation flashed from his eye—but tears flowed from it: "Jesus wept."

Come then, to us, that spirit, at once of courage and meekness; of fortitude and gentleness; of a life hopeful and happy, but thoughtful of death; of a world bright and beautiful, but passing away! So let us live and act,—and think, and feel; and let us thank the good providence, the good ordination of heaven, that has made the dead our teachers.

I have seen one die; she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, stole in every action; invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing,—a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died! Friendship and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness; stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die! Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion!—bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die, in God's council who live even in frail human memory, forever!—Rev. Orville Dewey.

THE JOCKED FRENCHMAN.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH OF PURCHASING A HORSE.—A Frenchman, in this country, who was little acquainted with horse jockeys or horse flesh, was grievously taken in by a cheat, in the purchase of a steed. He gave one hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare that had been lathered up to sell; and she turned out to be ringbone, spavined, blind, and windbroken. The Frenchman pretty soon discovered that he had been used up in the trade, and went to request the jockey to take back the animal, and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I ave fotch-back de mare-horse vat you sell me, and I want de money in my pocket back."

no travel two mile in three days! Qui sare, he is von grand sheat—you must take him; and fund de money back."

"Refund the money! Oh no, I could not think of such a thing."

"Vat! You no fund me back de money! You sheated me vid one hundred dollairo horse dat not can go at all."

"I never promised you that he would go."

"By gar! vat is von horse good for ven he no go. He is no better as one dead shack-ass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take the mare-horse back, and give me money vot I pay him for!"

"No, sir, I cannot—'twas a fair bargain; your eyes where your own market; as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentlemen, do turf! You be no gentleman at all—you be no turf. Mon Dieu! you be von grand Turk—you scare dam deceptions. You sheat your own born modder—you play von rascalie trick on your own gotten ladder. You have no principalle."

"The interest is what I go in for."

"Yes, sare, your interest is no principalle. You be von grand rascalie sheat. Mon Dieu, vere you die ven you go to, hell! Le diable—he feten you no time quicker by gar."

Failing to obtain redress of the jockey the poor Frenchman sent his "mare-horse" to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer seems to have been as great a rascal as the jockey, for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the prices he got for the steed.

By gar, said the Frenchman, when relating the story. "I be sheaty all round.—De shockey horse, he sheaty mein trade, and de auctioneer, he sheated me in dispose of the hanimal: he sell me de mare-horse for ten dollairo; and and by gar he sharge me 'leven dollairo for sell him. Mon Dieu! so I be take all around in,—loss leven and one hundred dollairo all in my pocket clear, for one scare dam, limp lump, vheeze-vind, no see at all, good for nothing, shape of a mare-horse, vorse as nineteen dead shack-ass, by gar."

A MISSISSIPPI ROMANCE.—A correspondent of the Natchez Courier, writing from the seat of government of Mississippi, gives currency to the following story of adventure:

I turn from the legislature to give an item which smacks of romance and novelty. Today there arrived in the stage, in company with Judge Bodley, a fair-faced and juvenile passenger, in pantalons arrayed, and on stopping at the mansion of Madame Dixon, the said passenger was consigned to a room in company with Senator Thomas B. Rives. In a few minutes suspicions were set afloat that the stranger afraid was a woman, whereupon Mrs. Dixon, in curious trepidation, repaired to the presence of her new guest.

"You are a woman," said Mrs. D. "I know I am," replied the stranger, "but listen to my story." She then related an adventure that far eclipsed the dangers braved of the lover of Orlando. She had been cruelly treated; her husband had died the country, and, resolved to find him, she changed her dress and went to the Mississippi river, where she secured a berth on one of the steamboats as cabin boy.

This life she followed up and down the western waters for eight months. Despairing of the object of her anxious pursuit, she is now on her way to the bosom of her family, in one of the eastern counties of Mississippi.

When her sex was discovered several ladies and gentlemen recalled her acquaintance, and by the kindness of her friends, she was soon transformed and conducted to the parlor glittering in all the splendor of her sex. The stories she told were intensely interesting and all true. While a cabin boy she had two or three fights, in all of which she came off victorious! Who will say the Mississippi ladies are not brave and do not love? We intend to write the history of this lady for one of the annuals; the materials are ample; her beauty, chivalry, devotion and other heroic qualities! Look out for the story of the "cabin boy wife."

How to BECOME A POET.—Do not shave, or indulge too often in clean linen. The moral effect of such habits will be found pernicious to the growth of poetical hallucination. Contrive, by all means, if possible, to "derange your digestive organs; this you may easily accomplish by eating indelicately, and out of season, and carefully refrain from all exercise of an exhilarating kind. Thus you will induce a determination of blood to the brain, by which the intellectual powers will be rendered more active, vivid and subtle in their operation. There are also some other minor points, which, if attended to, will considerably aid the attainment of poetical qualities; as, for instance, a habit of sleeping all day and wandering about all night—taking two or three gin cocktails and smoking cigars before breakfast—drinking whiskey punch before dinner, &c. Also, learn to eat opium, if possible; sleep with your heels higher than your head, and keep your apartments un-aired and in the most perfect confusion. These little eccentricities, if persevered in for a reasonable length of time, must have the effect to disorganize the physical and moral powers, and thus give rise to new and strange associations of ideas—the grand secret of all originality in thought or conception.—N. Y. Evening Signal.

DANGERS OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—I can't look full in a purty gal's face all a flushing so, without being kind a dazzed and scorched. It wakens me up this cold weather, and causes such a pulso in my heart that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had run through a steamboat pipe. And then the all fired things have so many sly ways of coming over a feller with them no crinkums crankums of theirs, that I don't think much of a teller, that can see their purty mouths work and not feel his own mouth work too. If they side up, I can't help sidin too if I died, and when their black eyes fall flash on me, I walt right down under 'em as cut grass in Weathersfield in a hot summer day. It's natur all this, and I can't help it no how.

BENEFITS OF THE SAME.—If women do snarl up a feller's heart strings, they keep him out of other scrapes, and anybody will tell you that. A man that is in love a leetle is not always running into rum holes, and other such places. He don't go a gamblin, and is'ent sneakin round nights.

Jonathan Slick.

SINGULAR LAWSUIT.—An English paper says that a curious lawsuit is now going on in Perth in Hungary, between a butcher and a cattle dealer. The butcher had lent 1000 florins to the dealer, who, sometime afterwards, called on him as he was at dinner and laid down a note for 1000 florins, thanking him at the same time for the loan. The window being open the note was blown by a gust of wind into the soup tureen. The butcher took it out, and holding it by the corner to allow the grease to drain off, it was seized by the dog and swallowed. Perceiving that he had done wrong, the dog absented himself, and did not return until the evening, when he was killed and opened; but the note was, of course, by this time wholly digested. The butcher has brought an action for the 1000 florins, which the dealer refuses to pay twice over, considering that, the note having gone into the hands of the butcher, he alone ought to bear the loss.

GRANDILOQUENCE.—"Fellow citizens," said a stump orator lately in Wisconsin, who was running for office in the territorial legislature; "fellow citizens, if you elect me my opposition to banks shall be so strong that it will break the track of a herd of buffaloes! Volcanoes may pour out their lava, reducing cities to smouldering ruins—earthquakes may engulf in the vortex of premature destruction large and popular islands—cataracts may disgorge their aqueous contents, making nature tremble with the continuous effort—the thunder's stroke may prostrate the mightiest of monuments ever raised by the combined aid of art and labor—the vivid and glaring flash of lightning may rend the sturdy oak of the forest, and make the lion souled and the iron-hearted quake with fear; but do you think, fellow citizens, that all this will make me vote for a bank!—I'd clear off!"

A RIF VAN WINKLE SLEEP.—While some hands in the employ of Mr. Daniel Brengle were removing a bank of straw a few days ago, one of them was not a little frightened by certain indications of some living being, as he approached the interior of the pile. Upon an examination, rather cautious to be sure, for no one knew who or what might be to pay, the monster proved to be a hog who, like a veritable Titan, as he was, had been buried under a mountain of straw for seventy six days. A drove of hogs had been quartered there that long since and one of them having gone beyond his depth in the bank of straw has been ensconced there ever since.—F. Exam.

A Clergyman in a town a few miles east of Hartford, recently in preaching an old sermon, stated to his congregation as a reason for so doing, that "the times were so hard, that he could not get money to buy paper to write new ones upon."

Whiskey drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character—therefore whiskey is a non-conductor, and consequently it is best to be let alone—nevertheless, we can't resist a good whiskey punch of a cold night, if pressed to drink.

NOTHING IN VAIN.—The good people of Michigan think of putting the fever, and ague to a military purpose—such as driving sawmills, grist mills, cider presses, &c. Twenty men, they say, who shake moderately hard, are sufficient to propel a steamboat, and no danger of the "biler's bustin."

GO IT, BOOTS.—A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume that this pair of Boots are rights and tells. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is right, but there's no mistake that Boots himself is left. At the last accounts he was pursuing her with all his might. Go it Boots!

WOOL.—This is a valuable commodity—indeed few persons are aware of its great value. A writer estimates the number of sheep two years ago in the United States, at 12,000,000—and supposes that it is not less now than 15,000,000. Allowing the estimate of three pounds per head, the clip of 1839 would be 45,000,000 pounds, of wool. The average price of wool for a few years past has been 45 cents a pound. At that rate the last clip of wool is worth more than twenty millions of dollars.

FURTHER AND STILL MORE IMPORTANT.—We learn specially, that that piece of wedding cake presented by Victoria, via Great Western, to Miss Rush, whereof we spoke on Monday last, came enclosed in a gold box, upon which was the inscription—"Queen Victoria to Miss—Rush." The box, with the cake enclosed, was brought to the fair hands of the recipient, by that distinguished "indomitable," Jesse Hoyt, Collector of New York, who obtained it from the British Consul, under an injunction to deliver it with his own loco loco hands, which he did, and was rewarded for his pains with a most gracious smile. The box, though not the sweetest part of the compliment, is certainly the most valuable in these loco loco, anti-metallic times. We call the attention of Col. Benton to this recent importation of what may possibly assume the shape of "mint drops," to swell the current that is to "roll up the Mississippi."—Standard.

FROM FLORIDA.—More of the Bloodhounds.—Accounts from St. Augustine to the 5th inst. state, that the bloodhounds are carrying on the war with energy and effect. Information from Middle Florida states that two of the dogs followed up an Indian trail recently, and caught one Indian. They throttled him, threw him down, and secured his perilous situation, told the men who had charge of the dogs, to keep on and they would find more Indians—which it is said they did, and captured four more. The latter is not certain. That one Indian has been caught by means of dogs, is certain.

The last Tallahassee Floridian says: "We regret that Mr. Poinsett has taken the course he has about the dogs. He is mistaken. Those were intended by the people, at whose instance Gov. Call imported them, to 'worry' to 'hunt,' to 'bite,' to 'tear to pieces,' all the red devils they can catch."

NEW POTATOES IN FEBRUARY!—This beats the "best beats."—Col. Edmund Hovey, of this place, has just shown us, his 29th of February, some new Potatoes, of ordinary size, which he has cultivated this winter in his garden. The process is simple, and is an important improvement in horticulture: Dig a trench similar to one usually prepared for celery—cover the bottom with rich manure, and that with a coat of soil, and plant the potatoes, covering them with soil and manure—which nourishes and makes them grow while all the vegetable world shrinks and decays from the frosts of winter.—Urbana Citizen.

There is a 'gal' down east who cuts two cords of wood a day, attends to all the household affairs, drives home the cows, can lift a barrel of cider, occasionally whips the schoolmaster, when none of the boys are able to do it.

NOT BAD.—The Cincinnati Daily News tells the story of an editor who recently got married, and being somewhat confused, he headed the marriage notice "Dreadful Calamity." The next day his wife gave him a proof of the mistake by boxing his ears, and nearly knocking his form into pi.

A French paper tells of a child at Valenciennes who has a distinct watch dial on each pupil of the eye, the figures being marked in one with Arabic, and in the other with Roman characters. These supernatural marks are attributed by the mother to her having had, while enciente, a great desire to be the owner of a watch, and stopping frequently and for a long time, at the window of a shop in which a great number of watches were displayed!

LOCOFOCO BANKING.—The Grand Gulf Advertiser, a loco loco paper, says, that the loco loco Legislature of Alabama, has conferred Banking privileges upon the Centinarian about to be erected in that State.

A NOBLE CHILD.—A little girl aged eight years, named Bosworth was drowned in the canal leading from the Housatonic near Lee, Huddle, Mass. while generously attempting to save the life of a younger brother who had fallen in.

EXCESSIVE MEANNESS.—The Meancent man yet has lately moved out West. A chap who witnessed one of his small acts, said that "Ten thousand just such souls might live in a mustard seed, and keep furnished rooms to let at that!"

"NO TIME TO CHAT."—At a recent Loco Foco meeting in the West one of the leaders alarmed at the ten thousand indications of the overwhelming popularity of Gen. HARRISON, suggested the expediency of dropping Van and taking up a Western Candidate. Another individual immediately arose and related the following striking anecdote, by way of opposing the suggestion:

"An Irishman, in crossing a river in a boat, with his mare and colt, was thrown into the river, and clung to the colt's tail. The colt showing signs of exhaustion, and a man on shore told him to leave the colt and cling to the mare's tail. 'Och, faith honey! 'tis no time to swap horses,' was his reply."—Raleigh Register.

The Louisville Journal says, that a leading Van Buren member of the Illinois Senate was in Louisville on the 22d of February, and openly asserted, that Illinois would most unquestionably go for Geo. Harrison.