

# 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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GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1940.

WHOLE NO. 554.

Office of the Star & Banner  
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF  
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

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

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

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till 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.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Venders of Foreign Merchandize.

**AGREEABLY** to a certificate furnished me by the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the County of Adams, I hereby designate those who have taken out License and those who have not, for one year from the first of May 1840.

Those who have taken out License.

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| Samuel Withrow,       | 8 |
| Isaac Baugher,        | 6 |
| Daniel H. Swopp,      | 8 |
| William Hammill,      | 8 |
| Thomas J. Cooper,     | 8 |
| George Arnold,        | 7 |
| Robert G. McCreary,   | 8 |
| Samuel H. Buchler,    | 8 |
| John Jenkins,         | 8 |
| Jacob A. Winrott,     | 8 |
| Conrad Weaver,        | 8 |
| Henry Wasmus,         | 8 |
| Alex. R. Stovinson,   | 8 |
| Enoch Simpson,        | 8 |
| David White,          | 8 |
| John Tudor,           | 8 |
| J. H. Aulebaugh,      | 8 |
| Eusebius J. Owings,   | 8 |
| A. S. E. Duncan,      | 8 |
| Pat Mickle,           | 8 |
| Thos. McKnight,       | 8 |
| Albert Vandike,       | 8 |
| David Beecher,        | 8 |
| Nicholas Mark,        | 8 |
| Henry Shriver,        | 7 |
| John M'Ilvane,        | 8 |
| Morriz Budy,          | 8 |
| Henry Roberts,        | 8 |
| John M'Knight,        | 8 |
| George Minnigh,       | 8 |
| John Conrad,          | 8 |
| Jesse Houck,          | 8 |
| Abraham Scott,        | 8 |
| George Wilson,        | 8 |
| Joseph Carl,          | 7 |
| Amrose M'Farlane,     | 8 |
| George Bange,         | 8 |
| H. W. Single,         | 8 |
| Wm. Ickes,            | 8 |
| W. B. Gardner,        | 7 |
| Jacob Myers,          | 8 |
| Alexander M'Cosch,    | 8 |
| Jacob Brinkerhoff,    | 8 |
| Abraham King,         | 8 |
| Wm. Alexander,        | 8 |
| John Miller,          | 7 |
| Henry Stauter,        | 8 |
| John A. Deiner,       | 8 |
| Daniel March,         | 8 |
| Wm. Hildebrand,       | 8 |
| John Brown,           | 8 |
| Philip Miller,        | 8 |
| Blythe M'Cleary,      | 8 |
| Wm. Johnston,         | 8 |
| Michael Lawver,       | 8 |
| Jacob Martin,         | 8 |
| S. M. & S. S. Bishop, | 8 |
| Joseph Kroff,         | 8 |
| M'Sherry & Fink,      | 8 |
| E. F. K. Gerber,      | 8 |
| John Weikert,         | 8 |
| Alfred Cole,          | 8 |
| Jacob Heffling,       | 8 |
| John Clunk,           | 8 |
| Jacob Ickes,          | 8 |
| Malon Griest,         | 8 |
| John Shreiner,        | 8 |
| Hiram Boyd,           | 8 |
| James M'Kenney,       | 8 |
| David Zeigler,        | 8 |
| Levi & Arnold,        | 8 |

Those who have not taken out License.  
David Shitz,  
James S. Davis,  
Simon Becker,  
Adam Epley,  
John Picking,  
Benjamin R. Robinson,  
Wm. Arnold,  
J. H. McLELLAN, Treas'r.

### TEACHERS WANTED.

The School Directors of Cumberland township will meet at the house of Mr. Conrad Snyder, on Saturday the 21st day of November inst. for the purpose of receiving proposals for **Four Male Teachers**, to take charge of the Public Schools in said township.

## THE GARLAND.



With sweetest flowers enrich'd  
From various gardens cul'd with care."  
FOR THE STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.  
THE HARRISON FLAG.  
PARODIED FROM "OUR FLAG."

Our flag its stripes in other lavas,  
And spreads its stars along the sky,  
And oh! to see how high it waves,  
Brings joyous tears in ev'ry eye.  
"Our flag is there, our flag is there,  
We hail it with three loud huzzas!  
Our flag is there, our flag is there,  
Behold its glorious stripes and stars."  
That flag now floats in ev'ry breeze,  
Which o'er our Union's bosom plays—  
The spoilsman's glance it does displease,  
But lights with joy the freeman's gaze.  
"Our flag is there," &c.

From Louisiana's sunny plains,  
Where rolls the Mississippi's flood,  
And o'er where Bunker Hill, its stains  
Doth show, of patriotic blood;  
"Our flag is there," &c.

Where young Ohio's hills and dalos,  
No more the haunts of savage men,  
Are laden with the pure, free gales  
Which sweep from off the land of Penn;  
"Our flag is there," &c.

To Maine, which once did bow the knee,  
In thrall to the "White House" King,  
Now floats the banner of the free,  
And shouts of millions 'neath it ring.  
"Our flag is there," &c.

There let it wave, there let it wave;  
Do this forever Freedom's land:  
For 'tis the home, our Hero brave,  
Did rescue with his gallant hand.  
Then guard it nobly; watch the trust  
Our Harrison did nobly keep—  
Guard sacredly the patriot's dust,  
And o'er it let the banner sweep.  
"Our flag is there," &c.

THE HEIRSSES.  
How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! It would be better enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told, my athletic uncle had gone off like a lamb and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess at Camden House, after every heinous misdeemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and piroquettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

saw me at Vale Royal, without carriages without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and a wretchedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly, as I decended to the dining room, where I was to see, for the first time, the futuro arbiter of my fate—and I shall never forget my surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill-health, was introduced to me for the noisy dissolute, distracting and distracted baronet. Precisely have I been hoaxed, though I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession—Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, you had better return home. Still I lingered; till one evening, towards the close of a long tete-a-tete conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year he replied, "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted he continued with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union Miss Vavasour, I had resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to bear my retirement." His manner, the moment the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into had I not got out, with a gayety foreign to heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing." "Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits and sentiments—our any estates induce me to place at the head of my table, a hump-backed bas bleu, in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed?" "Yes, from the cradle. But you color. Do you know her?" "Intimately. She's my most particular friend."

"I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?"

"Offended? Offended! O no—no—no—offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the least off-ended. Hump-backed! all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass.

"I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." "The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine. And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined every I tried to make my escape. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no very evasive frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks after Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze the tenants were carousing on the lawn when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles for my nose, in a darkened room, I prepared for this tremendous interview.—After hems and haws innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfill the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No! no!" said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy—"No! no! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and raileries followed; but the result was—that—that—that we were married.

occasions. She should not be afraid to take a needle in her hands, and use it too.

The wise man says of a virtuous woman, "she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." An idle, careless, negligent wife, is one of the greatest domestic evils which can fall to the lot of man; we know of hardly any greater, unless it be a *stultish* wife. A *stultish* wife! Faugh! This is beyond endurance. To go into a house and find the parlors cluttered up with all sorts of trumpery, children pulling and hauling every thing about, no order, no regularity as regards furniture, is disgusting. But neatness is not limited to the parlors. It extends to the kitchen. If that is not kept in order, depend upon it the house is not neat in any part. Some wives dress themselves up in their silks and furbelows, soon after breakfast, sit themselves down in the parlor, and let every thing take care of itself. Such a person deserves not the place of a wife.

When a husband comes home to his dinner, his wife should know whether it is properly prepared; she should know from personal observation too. Some wives seem to think that they were born to be waited upon. A woman who always wants a host of servants to tend upon her, is not fit to be at the head of a family, and ought never to be married. We bar this everlasting calling upon one another, to wait upon you. Help yourself. Why, what were your hands made for, unless you use them? We could no more marry a woman who would let the household affairs take care of themselves without concerning herself about them, than we would marry a Hecate. She may be as beautiful as Hours, but beauty will not make the pot boil, nor keep the house in order. Sitting idle in the parlor all day, or walking in the streets is no way to bring up children, or to keep house. A woman who stays at home and takes care of her children, aye, her house too, deserves any appellation other than being called "vulgar woman." Commend us to a frugal, industrious, vigilant housekeeper, an early riser; one who does not turn night into day or day into night; but from a slut, above all things, a slut, good Lord deliver us!

REAL WHIGS.—An instance of extraordinary zeal in favor of Harrison and Tyler on the part of two Whig voters of our city has been communicated to us. John Sinclair and John Parrott, were at work on Tiltghman's Island, about thirty miles from Baltimore, for some days previous to the election, and were prevented from leaving in consequence of having no means of conveyance to the city. On the morning previous to the election, a sail boat from Baltimore touched at the island, and took on board two Loco Focos, the boat having, it is said, been sent down especially for them. The two Whigs solicited a passage on board the boat, but the Loco Foco commander positively refused them, notwithstanding five dollars were offered by each of them for a seat. Determined not to be prevented, it possible, from depositing their votes, they procured, on the morning of the election, a small canoe, barely sufficient to contain the two, and stepping into their frail and tender bark, paddled across the bay to Sandy Point, a distance of seven or eight miles, at the imminent peril of their lives— from thence they looted it all the way to Baltimore, a distance of about 35 miles, arriving at the First Ward polls at half past five o'clock, precisely thirty minutes before the close, covered with sweat and dust, when their votes were triumphantly deposited for "Tippencano and Tyler too." Such devotion to correct principles has no parallel in the history of elections. Mr. Parrott had only arrived at age in October last, and the vote which he gave on Monday was consequently the first noble act of a grateful and zealous freeman, towards one of his country's noblest benefactors.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A romantic incident has just occurred in the Marylebone Infirmary. Ann Dempsey, a young and interesting girl, who had been the support of an aged mother, had gone into the infirmary for the purpose of undergoing an operation for the removal of a dropsical complaint, which had assumed the form of a large tumour. She was warned of the painful and even perilous nature of the operation, but she expressed her resolution to submit to it, owing to the ardent wish that her life might be spared for her mother's sake. The operation was accordingly performed in the presence of her mother and several eminent medical men. It lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the magnitude of the tumour taken from her may be imagined when it contained no less than two gallons and a half of water. Notwithstanding the long and painful operation, singular to relate, this heroic girl never uttered a single cry; but at the conclusion tears were observed rolling down her cheeks, and being desired not to shed them, she replied that "they were tears of joy at her freedom from the incubus which had so long afflicted her."

As she appeared to be in a sinking condition, the medical gentlemen, upon a consultation, deemed a fresh infusion of blood into her veins absolutely necessary. On making inquires as to whom they could procure to provide the blood, it was ascertained that two men were in the adjoining room, one 25, and the other between 30 and 40 years of age, anxiously awaiting the issue of the operation. Believing them in the first instance to be relatives of the poor girl, they were ushered into the room, when it turned out that the eldest was her employer, for whom she worked at shoe binding,

and the other a journeyman in the same employ, both devotedly attached to the unfortunate girl. On being made acquainted with her state, and what was required to be done for the patient, they both simultaneously volunteered to supply the blood from their veins. Much bitterness of feeling and contention between them ensued as to which should do so, which was put an end to by the decision of the surgeons in favor of the youngest, who, baring his arm, with great energy exclaimed, "that he was willing to lose the last drop of his blood to save her life."

The blood was then carefully infused from his arm into the veins of the poor sufferer, till the young man fainted from his loss.—On this taking place the elder lover implored permission to supply the remainder, but the girl recovering, it was deemed unnecessary. The poor girl began to improve, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery, but unfortunately these hopes were blasted, for, unknown to the surgeons, she was found to be afflicted with a severe diarrhoea, which increased until it became a confirmed case of cholera, from the effects of which she died on the fifth day after the operation. She was sensible to the last, and the death bed scene is represented as truly affecting. She expressed a wish to see the young man who had lost his blood for her, kissed him, bade him cut off a lock of her hair, and begged of him to be kind to her mother. She then entered into prayers with the Rev. Mr. Moody, the Chaplain to the workhouse, and in the midst of it expired.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.—A Michigan paper tells the following story, good in itself, though it smells fishy:—

A Miss Ingram of Pontiac, some time since was perusing a Texas paper, and observed among the persons that bore a prominent part in the affairs of that government, a man bearing her own name, and jocosely remarked to her companions, that she had made an important discovery—that she had found a namesake in Texas, and intended to write to him and claim relationship. This resolution, more from curiosity and a desire of novelty than from any conviction that her hopes would be realized, was carried into effect. She wrote him a respectable letter, giving him a history of her family and parentage, and suggesting that as the name was not as common as most of the names of our country, the probability was strong that a relationship existed between them. She received in reply, a friendly and affectionate letter acknowledging her as a cousin, and expressing an earnest desire that the correspondence might be continued.

This was readily acceded to, and it was carried on agreeably and satisfactorily to both parties, until very recently, when she received intelligence of his death, and information that in his will he had bequeathed her the handsome sum of \$20,000 in gold and silver, leaving his personal property and immense landed estates to his relatives in that country. A few days previous to the reception of this joyful communication, she had connected her fortunes, with those of a Methodist clergyman, and should their deeds of charity comport with their means, the widow's heart will be filled with joy, and many an orphan live to implore blessings upon the heads of their benefactors, for their deeds of benevolence and generosity.

TRANSCENDENTALISM MADE CLEAR.—We published an article some days ago, says the Boston Journal in which we inquired what transcendentalism, was, stated that if the disciples of that sect would boil it down and give us the essence or extract or essential oil, we would try to understand it. We are happy to say that we now begin to see into it. The Daily Advertiser, of this morning, contains the following transcendental article which makes the whole subject so clear that no one need hereafter complain that he cannot comprehend it. To speak seriously, however, it is the best burlesque and done up in the happiest style of any thing we have seen for a long time.

GASTRIC SAYINGS.—[From the Gridiron.]—The popular cookery is dictatorial—it addresses the sense, not the soul. Two principles, diverse, and alien, interchange the soul and sway the worlds by turns.—Appetite is dual. Satiety is derivative. Simplicity halts in compounds. Mastication is actual merely. The poles of potatoes are not integrated; eggs globed and orb'd yet in the true cookery flour is globbed in the material, wine orb'd in the transparent. The baker glazes; the griddle orbs all things. As magnet the still, so the palate abstracts matter, which trembles to traverse the mouths of diversity and rest in the bosom of unity. All cookery is of hunger, variety is her form, order her costume.

it was found that one of the shafts of the wagon had entered his leg and penetrated his body in a perpendicular position more than eighteen inches. The broken shaft was drawn out, and medical assistance rendered. From the circumstance of there being very little loss of blood, it is hoped that the accident will not prove fatal.—*American*.

BURSTING OF STOVES.—The Philadelphia Gazette relates an instance of the bursting of a stove from covering up the fire. It was a large common stove in the laboratory of a chemist, and had been partly filled with wet or damp anthracite coal placed on ignited coal, and the whole covered with ashes. In an hour or so afterward a tremendous explosion occurred, and on entering the laboratory the stove was found blown into pieces, and the pipe split assunder to the ceiling. The phenomenon is attributed to the accumulation of gas in the stove before the fire burst into flame, and when the flame touched it the explosion followed. The case is mentioned as a warning to housekeepers.

CURIOS DEFINITION OF A KISS.—Extract from a Love Letter, written in the year 1679, translated from the German:— "What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of our future union; a dumb, but at the same time audible language of a living heart; a present which at the same time that it is given, is taken from us; the impression of an ardent attachment on an ivory coral press; the striking of two flints against one another; a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip; an affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweet-meat which does not satisfy hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love."

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.—The Primitive Methodist Connection in England is composed of seven districts, and one hundred and fifty-four circuits; number of members, 73,980; increase for the year, 3,504; deaths, 325 itinerant preachers, 487; local preachers, 6550; chapels, 1149; children taught in Sabbath schools, 60,508; and gratuitous teachers, 11,968.

SOFTENING THE EXPRESSING.—"That's a thundering big lie!" said Tom. "No," replied Dick, "it's only a fulminating enlargement of elongated-veracity!" Harry took off his hat, elevated his eyes and held his tongue.

METHODISTS IN MICHIGAN.—The number of members of the Methodist Church in Michigan is 11,408, viz 11,300 white members, 12 colored, and 87 Indians.—The number of ministers 73, and local preachers 116.

PROFANITY.—Avoid those who are profane and obscene in their language.—By too long associating with such youth, you willly degress habituate yourself to the language, and thus be shunned by the virtuous and the good. When you hear the name of God irreverently spoken by a companion set him down as an unsafe friend, and unless he break away from this habit, in future have but little to do with him.

HUMBEO IN CANADA.—A lady is now in Canada, recently from Buffalo, who publicly advertises herself as a fortune teller. She appeals exclusively to the respectable portion of the community for support. She takes each person alone into her room, and tells their destiny for 50 cents a head. Her receipts are said to average \$100 per diem.

IMPROVED TELEGRAPH.—Place a succession of gossips (male and female) half a mile apart. Communicate the news to the first, under oath, that they will keep it secret.

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling. "The process is very simple—I once made one," replied he. "How did you manage it?" "By leading you to church."

The bull can gore, the ass kick, and the dog bite; and what does man do, when he throws aside his reason and resorts to personal violence, but place himself on a par with the brute creation! The most important lesson man can learn is the art of governing his own passions.

QUALIFIED ABUSE.—"I wish to know, sir, if you called me an ass." "Yes, sir, but I qualified it." "Aha! sir, you qualified it, did you? The better for you, sir; and pray how did you qualify it?" "I said you were an ass, sir—all but the ears."

An old man who had been dreadfully heated all his life, was visited on his death bed by a clergyman.

The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson endeavored to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors! "Hout, tout, mon, I'm no sinner, the King of Terrors! I've been living as and thirty years with the Queen of them, and the King canna be muckle waur."

Snow fell to the depth of one foot, east of Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday of week before last.