

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

VOL. XX.—NO. 35.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1910.

WHOLE NO. 355.

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

## THE GARLAND.



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

### STANZAS.

Sweet the modest, downcast eye,  
Sprinkling sure the virtuous heart,  
Sweet the cheek of roseate dye,  
Tinged by Nature—not by Art:  
Sweet the unaffected air,  
Pleasing most when striving least,  
Naught with Nature can compare,  
Nature's elegance is best.

Fair the form of tender mould,  
Bending o'er—Affliction's couch,  
Purer far than finest gold,  
Hearts that Sympathy can touch,  
Gentle as the falling dew,  
Soothing accents sweetly flow,  
Soft as billowing turtles' coo,  
Kindness blunts the edge of woe.

Soft as gossamer the breast,  
Nursing virtuous Love alone,  
Scorning Pride in baubles dress'd,  
Smirking with affected tone:  
Pure as nectar from the heart  
Flows the gentle stream of love,  
Love, that Friendship may impart,  
Purest passion from above.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE HORSE BLANKET.

By H. C. BROOKS.

"Pillai ingratitude  
Is not as if this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to it!"

The commandment which enjoins parental reverence may be justly regarded as the most important of the Decalogue; for obedience to parents is not merely the first social duty which devolves upon man, but the first of all duties—even before obedience to Heaven. The infant mind can comprehend the claims of parental authority, as a visible power, at an earlier period than it can recognize those of the invisible divine majesty; and in rendering homage to the requirements of the former it is prepared for submitting its faculties to the guidance of the latter—the parent on earth is to the dawning intellect of the child, the visible representative of the Father in heaven.

Hence the importance of the early inculcation, and the proper discharge of this duty—the first which we owe to man—the first to lead our minds by necessary gradation to the love and obedience of God. If the first impulses of the heart be right, will they not be likely to continue so? If the first duties of life be performed properly, has not the soul been strengthened in virtue to discharge those which may succeed? But alas! if the child casts aside the allegiance which he owes to his parents—trampling alike on the better instincts of nature and the law of God, who may have hope that his after course will be in obedience to the dictates of Heaven—of virtue or of honor? If the stream be poisoned at its fount, what power shall purify its waters in their devious meanderings?

Henry Addington was a tradesman who kept a shop in one of the humbler streets of London. He was of obscure parentage, but of correct morals and good feelings. Without education and with but ordinary understanding, he had been enabled by early industry and economy to realize funds to commence shopkeeping in a small way. His strict attention to the affairs of his store, his probity, and his obliging disposition soon extended his business, and fortune ran with a current for ever deepening and widening the channel of gain, until he began to look forward to independence. In time, he actually became wealthy, but in an unsuspecting moment forgot his usual prudence, and tempted by the extravagant promises of another tradesman, confided most of his funds to him to be expended in a magnificent speculation. The failure of the enterprise and the dishonesty of the merchant with whom he had established the connexion nearly ruined him,—in the short space of twelve months the earnings and gains of nearly a fourth of a century were gone, and he was left almost destitute to commence the world anew, trusting to the slow yet certain additions of prudent trade to repair the ruins of deceitful speculation. A new motive was also added to insure renewed exertion; for some time before his losses, he had taken a wife, and the wish was natural to make a prudent provision for his family. His honest and persevering endeavours were crowned with due success, and he began to recover—until he had satisfied the claims that were against him, and held free of debt a stock of considerable value.

In a few years his wife died, leaving one son, a child of seven years, the survivor of several children that had been the fruit of their marriage. Fletcher being thus the only natural tie that remained to the tradesman, the affection which had been bestowed upon the other seemed to be concentrated upon him; and he was accordingly nurtured with great tenderness. His inclinations were seldom thwarted, his humour was indulged and his wishes gratified, however exorbitant—in a word, he was a pet—and as is usual with pets, the spoiled child of indulgence.

Conscious of his own mental deficiencies, the father was anxious to afford his son the

advantage of a good education, and therefore sent him to the most expensive schools. Fletcher mingled here with those who were from walks of life superior to that in which he moved—and in the little friendly visitations which he made to the houses of his schoolfellows, witnessed a splendor and display of living that made him look with contempt on the humble appointments of his own home. A passion for luxury and ambitious parade became in his mature life one of his strongest excitements. Although his father's simple manners, and plain dress and conversation were at times mortifying to his pride, Fletcher was not insensible to the kindness which he had experienced—he was in reality grateful for the love and benefits of which he had been the recipient. And the good old man in the innocence and fondness of his heart, in the humble estimate which he formed of his own character, was led to pardon his son's impropriety, even when he seemed to regard with mortification and disdain the plain understanding and ancient manners of the author of his existence.

Fletcher in due time was associated with his father in trade, and the prompt despatch of the former with the experience of the latter insured general success in their enterprises. But at length Fletcher determined to retire from business to domestic ease, and give up the affairs of the firm to his sole direction. The old man was advanced in years, and required repose, and was not unwilling to escape the cares of mercantile life, and acceded therefore to his wishes.

A dashing new sign, with "FLETCHER ADDINGTON," in letters of gold, usurped the place of the plain white one with "ADDINGTON AND SON" upon it in black letters, and the son "antedium" entered upon the heritage of his father. At the same time a residence was purchased near the city, combining the advantages of town and country, and the title made out in the name of the son. The good old man committed all thing into his hands—his stock in trade, his money, his house, his all; and was to spend the calm evening of his days in uninterrupted ease with his children, a pensioner upon the undoubted gratitude of the son to whom he had relinquished every thing.

He did not for a moment reflect that children, accustomed from earliest infancy to regard their parents as their natural protectors, never feel their dependence in receiving benefits or gifts through life; but that the case is very different when parents come to receive a dependence upon their children; and that in the tenure of some property in their own hands, they have the guaranty of love and tenderness from them in the double feeling of gratitude and of interests. In confidence and affection he bestowed all, and looked for filial piety to soothe the declining eye of one whose term of life had been toil. In the love of his children, in the cessation from labour, and the companionship of a few tried old friends, he hoped to abide quietly the time of his departure, and lie down at length with tranquillity on the couch of death.

Fletcher's wife was a fashionable woman, the daughter of a gentleman who had been rendered bankrupt by his expensive living. To her husband she brought no money; but on the contrary an ambition for display and prodigality for which his means were entirely inadequate. Proud, supercilious and selfish—a heartless votary of fashion—it is not to be presumed that she was either calculated or disposed to make her father-in-law happy. The old man was too plain in his person and manners to please her fastidious taste; and she did not hesitate to exhibit her contempt of him and the old friends who came to see him. He was soon given to understand that he must have less company—that their dry conversation and rude jests were not to be tolerated when polite and fashionable persons were accustomed to converse. One by one his friends, who perceived their presence was unwelcome to the lady of the house, ceased to visit him, and the old man pined for converse and company. His son, no less than his wife, seemed to regard him with coldness of manner that scarcely amounted to civility; and he could not but feel that his presence was oppressive to them.

In the parties that were given at the house and in the chance assemblages of persons, no one conversed with him—no one noticed him. In time, he was requested not to appear at table when strangers were present, but to await his meals in a private room. After this the graceless daughter began to complain that he injured the settees and lounges by placing his feet on them—that he leaned back in his chair soiling the paper of the room with his head—and that he spat upon the carpets—that his conversation was not suitable for their visitors, and that his presence cast a gloom over them.

The natural pride of his heart had been increased by his position in society, and the example and suggestions of his wife, until feeling was stifled, and the inhuman son consented to the proposal to give the father, to whom they owed every thing, the exclusive use of one room and to confine him to it all times.

The old man lived here almost in solitude, for his children for days together did not come into his room, and he saw only the servants who came to wait on him and serve up his food. This consisted in general of the broken meats left from the table of the family, though the supply was abundant.

A short time after transferring his property to his son, the old man perceived his error. The evident change of manner

which took place in their conduct was well calculated to wound his feelings, while in the reckless expenditures at home, the waste of money abroad, and the neglect of business in the store, he foresaw the loss of all for which he was enslaved himself for life. Remonstrances were in vain—as they failed to produce a change of living and only provoked unkind replies.

Time passed on, and the room which the father used was required for a nursery, and he was removed to an old outhouse on the place, at some distance from the mansion house. This was a severe blow to the old man, for although he had no sympathy from his ungrateful son and daughter, his grand children were a source of happiness to him; and in their smiles and infantile caresses he often forgot the heartlessness of his parents. They were frequently in his room, and were the only prop of comfort that stayed his wearied spirit. The hut in which he was placed was old and decayed, and much out of repair, but the son promised to have it made thoroughly comfortable before the cold season came on, which, however, was not done. The natural son at first called occasionally to see his father, but at length entirely discontinued his visits, and he was left to the care of servants alone. It is not to be supposed that they would neglect him when he was so utterly abandoned by others; and accordingly the old man often suffered from hunger and severe cold.

Restrained by pride from going to the house from which he had been so cruelly exiled, his messages to his son were, for the most part, either never reported by the servants or disregarded by their master; while he, in the mean time, was left to solitude and suffering. The visits of his grand children during the warm season had often cheered the old man, but when the cold weather set in they ceased to come to his cold and miserable abode, and he was left solitary. With insufficient attire, but little fuel, and a few old shrunken coverlets upon a bed of straw, in an old hut through whose crevices the bitter winds of winter were whistling, suffered a father whose head was blanched with the frosts of more than seventy years, while the son to whom he had given life and wealth rioted in luxury and extravagance, unmindful of his wants—regardless of his woes. He had sent messages repeatedly to his son to provide him a pair of blankets for his comfortable bed, but failing to receive them, he called on the groom at the stable to make inquiry about them. The groom told him that he had been unable to obtain money to purchase them—when the old man seeing the horses which were kept for the carriage, the course and the cold by blanketing, requested the groom to ask his son for one of their covers to keep him from freezing.

On the following morning he called upon the groom to learn the success of his application, and met a rude repulse from the servant, who it is possible, had never reported the matter to his master at all. The old man's feelings overcame him—he longed for death that he might escape further unhappiness, and no longer afforded occasion to his unnatural children of affinity that would not fail to draw down the vengeance of heaven upon them. His strength for the time forsook him, and sitting down on the sill of the stable, he leaned his head against the door; and the sorrows of his heart found their way in the soles that broke from his bosom, and the streams that coursed his pale cheeks. Blinded with tears and the streaming white hair which the wind had blown from his temples over his eyes, he did not know that any one was near him, until he felt a weight on his knees and on throwing aside the long locks that obscured his vision, saw his second grandson gazing up into his face with an expression in which love, pity, surprise, and inquiry were sweetly blended. The little innocent sought to learn the cause of his grandfather's sorrow, but the old man was unable for a time to press him to his bosom and to weep the more passionately. When he did ascertain the cause of his grief, the little fellow ran to the groom and insisted on his taking the blanket from the pony which belonged to him and his elder brother, and having received it, came and threw it over his grandfather's shoulders. He then besought him to go to the house, but the old man returned to the solitude of his dreary hut.

The child went back to the house weeping, and his father, who sat by a cheerful fire, his feet resting on a cushion, supposing that he was suffering from the cold, spoke kindly to him and offered to take him in his arms; but he repulsed his caresses. Brought to tell what grieved him, he broke forth into more passionate weeping, and exclaimed, "When I am a man, I will not be wicked like you, father; when you become old and are sent to the hut to lie on a straw bed, I will not let you freeze there; I will give you a horse blanket whenever you want it, father!" After this, in simple way, he mentioned the scene at the stable, and every word went like an arrow to the heart of the inhuman son. The latent spark of nature was kindled—shame was excited—shadowed forth in the prophetic words of his own child, alarmed him—sorrow, penitence, stirred his bosom, and he instantly determined to recall his much neglected, much abused parent, to the home from which he had been exiled. He called in his wife and stated his fixed determination for the future—reproached her and himself for the ingratitude, the folly, impiety of the past—that they had disregarded

the counsels, the happiness, the honor of him who had just claims upon them for all reverence; and in the career of folly and extravagance had wasted every thing they possessed upon those who in reality cared nothing for them.

The reverse of fortune, and the difficulties which the old man had often predicted during his course of pleasure and fashion, may, it is possible, have had some influence in awakening serious reflection and proper feelings. The father was induced to return to the mansion house, and found a place at the fire side and the table. Fletcher consulted him on the state of his affairs, and was so anxious to discover that the old gentleman had a much better idea of business than he had supposed some time before; he adopted many of his suggestions, and made every effort to recover himself from his difficulties, by prudence and economy. He applied to many whom he had been disposed to regard as friends in his prosperity. He found them to be friends in prosperity only. They could loan him no money, nor extend his credit if he changed to owe them. In a word, he experienced sufficient proof of the heartlessness of his fashionable friends. His merchandise was seized and sacrificed. Of all that had parted of his hospitality—upon whom he had wasted thousands—there was not one to lend him a pound to continue business. His house and furniture was seized, his stud of horses, and his hounds. Still, of his many summer friends, there was no one generous enough to give him funds to save the furniture that was absolutely necessary for his family—never was there a more total abandonment.

Yet plain old Henry Addington had some friends to whom he was dear, of his son had no friends. They who had been treated contemptuously by the arrogant son and daughter, came forward in time to assist the father, and through him the unworthy children. They supplied the old man with funds to purchase such furniture as was necessary for the family, with this proviso, that it should be held in his name. The day of sale came on, and the old man resolved to bid for the plainer articles only—such as would suit the fallen fortunes of the family. The circumstances of the sale being known, it was supposed that there would be but little competition when he bid; but unexpectedly there was a stranger present who proved to be a most determined opponent. He seemed inclined to purchase every thing that was offered, except the more costly furniture, so that the old man could scarcely obtain an article without its full value or even more. The house and grounds were next sold, and the mysterious stranger was the purchaser. The hounds were next sold, the hunters, the carriage horses, and the coursers, but for none of these did the stranger offer a bid. They appeared to have no interest for him; but when the pony was put up, the slight little animal from which the blanket had been taken (the least able to spare its cover, if it might be judged from its shivering) the stranger immediately bid for it. There was some competition for it. The eyes of the juvenile owners, as the contest was kept up, began to glisten then moistened, and when it was at last knocked down to the stranger, and led back to the stable, those of the younger were deluged in tears. The sale closed with the day, and the family in sorrow and humiliation retired to sleep for the last time in the mansion from which their own folly had exiled them.

In the morning the little boys in paying a visit to the pony that they might carry him the last feed which he was to have from their hands, were glad to find that the kind owner had already put a blanket upon him; and their grandfather was shortly after equally surprised and delighted to recover the title papers for the house and furniture made out in his own name, and a check for a very large amount on the bank of England—the sum total, principal and interest of the money of which his early partner had defrauded him many years before. He had returned from India very wealthy, and learning the distressed circumstances of the man he had injured, sought to make the reparation which justice and honor demanded. He shortly after paid him a visit and at the same time presented the boy with his pony.

Henry Addington was again wealthy, and sole possessor of every thing, he determined to remain. He was lord of the domain, and his children his guests. The old storehouse was obtained, and a very plain sign put over the door, containing the words "Addington & Son," and business again prospered as before. At home it did not seem to his son's wife that the old man was so often disposed to put his feet on the chairs. He certainly spat less on the carpets, and at all events, if he did not, they were his own. His conversation was more agreeable, and the old friends who came again to see him appeared less clownish and old fashioned. If they were even a little antique, she preferred their goodness of heart to the insincerity of the modern fashionable friends whom she had known. In a word, they were a happy family—they heartily regretted their past errors, and the old man not only forgiving them but studiously avoiding all references to them. In a good old age Henry Addington was gathered to his fathers, leaving to his son the chief part of his wealth, and bequeathing to his grandson the residue, besides the horse-blanket, which, to the day of his death the old man had kept upon his bed; and seemed to think it contained more warmth than half a dozen ordinary blankets.

Reader, I have done; and now, when I

tell you that the principal accidents in the above tale are true, will you pause and consider the duty of parental reverence? Are you a man and behold a young woman who is dear to you forgetting the love and duty which she owes to her father? Believe me when I tell you that the graceless daughter will be the faithless wife, and that she who denies reverence to the head which has been whitened in the labor and toil of life for her, will fail in her honor of you when time and change shall have obliterated the charms that attracted her early attention. Are you a maiden? Will you trust your happiness to one who disregards the first law of nature and of heaven? When the dim eyes of age look to him in vain for the tenderness of filial piety, and the feeble knees of her who gave him existence appeal in vain for support, can you flatter yourself that he will be mindful of you when the roses shall have faded from your cheek, and the graces of your person and the elasticity of your step have departed with the flight of years.—Build not your hopes of happiness on a foundation of sand! In conclusion, in the words of a higher wisdom and authority I would say to all, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

LOST CHILD RESTORED.—An event which occurred near Brioncon, says "Gilley's Waldensian Researches," will give some notion of the incidents which embelish the mountain life, and field sports in the region of the Alps.

A peasant with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overlook the Danarce. The oldest boy was an idiot about eight years of age, the second was five years old, and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled some distance from the chalet before they were missed—and when the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two oldest, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavor to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of one and the fright of the other, explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, and when the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression, and danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away and no tidings of the lost child.

On the morning, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds; that the infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey; and the half-witted elder brother was happy at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous.

On the morning on which the accident happened, an Alpine yager, had been watching near the eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her nest. The yager waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock behind which he was concealed.—Imagine the horror, when upon her near approach he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather kill the child than leave it to be torn in pieces by the horrid devourer;—with a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle—the ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle and in a moment after, this gallant hunter of the Alps, had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally, and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—In August last, H. M. S. Lily, while cruising in the Mozambique channel, fell in with a slaver, and drove her ashore. Of her cargo, consisting of 550 negroes, 200 were drowned, and the remainder were taken on board the Lily, and conveyed to Mauritius.

It is said Van Burenism, in all parts of the country, has suffered dreadfully from the Army worm.

THE EX-KING OF HOLLAND.—M. Walsh states that the personal fortune of William, Ex-King of Holland, is estimated at 160,000,000 of francs, and the deficit which he has left in the public finances at from 60,000,000 to 100,000,000 of florins!

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.—A stranger in London, having recently lost his way, somewhere in the unknown regions of St. Vincent's, said to an awkward looking fellow, "I want to go to Dover street." "Well," replied the fellow, walking coolly away, "why the d—l don't you go there?"

## Vendors of Foreign MERCHANDISE.

AGREEABLY to a certificate furnished me by the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Retailers of Foreign Merchandise within 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.

- | NAME                  | CLASS |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Samuel Withrow,       | 6     |
| Isaac Raugher,        | 6     |
| Daniel H. Swope,      | 6     |
| William Hammill,      | 6     |
| Thomas J. Cooper,     | 6     |
| George Arnold,        | 7     |
| Robert G. McCreary,   | 8     |
| Samuel H. Buehler,    | 8     |
| John Jenkins,         | 8     |
| Jacob A. Winrott,     | 8     |
| Conrad Weaver,        | 8     |
| Henry Wasmus,         | 8     |
| Alex. R. Stevenson,   | 8     |
| Enoch Simpson,        | 8     |
| David White,          | 8     |
| John Tudor,           | 8     |
| J. H. Aulebaugh,      | 8     |
| Eusebius J. Owings,   | 8     |
| A. S. E. Duncan,      | 8     |
| Peter Mickley,        | 8     |
| Thos. McKnight,       | 8     |
| Albert Vandike,       | 8     |
| David Becher,         | 8     |
| Nicholas Mark,        | 8     |
| Henry Shriver,        | 8     |
| John M'Wlame,         | 8     |
| Morritz 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,          | 8     |
| Ambrose M'Farlane,    | 8     |
| George Bange,         | 8     |
| H. W. Single,         | 8     |
| Wm. Ickes,            | 8     |
| W. & B. Gardner,      | 8     |
| Jacob Myers,          | 8     |
| Alexander M'Cush,     | 8     |
| Jacob Brinkerhoff,    | 8     |
| Abraham King,         | 8     |
| Wm. Alexander,        | 8     |
| John Miller,          | 8     |
| 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 Heaffing,       | 8     |
| John Clunk,           | 8     |
| Jacob Ickes,          | 8     |
| Malon Griest,         | 8     |
| John Shreiner,        | 8     |
| Hiram Boyd,           | 8     |
| James M'Kenney,       | 8     |
| David Ziegler,        | 8     |
| Levi & Arnold,        | 8     |

Those who have not taken out License.  
David Shitz,  
James S. Davis,  
Simon Becker,  
Adam Epley,  
John Pecking,  
Benjamin R. Robinson,  
Wm. Arnold,  
J. H. M'CLELLAN, Treas'r.  
Treasurer's Office, No. 7  
November 10, 1840.

## NOTICE.

ALL concerned are hereby notified that the Book Accounts of Col. SAMUEL WITHROW, have been transferred to me, for the use of certain preferred creditors, and also, the interest of the said Withrow in the books and notes of the late firm of Miller & Withrow, have been assigned to me, and speedy payment is requested.  
T. C. MILLER.  
November 17, 1840.