

# 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. 51.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1841.

WHOLE NO. 571.

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 arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.  
III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till 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 enrich'd  
From various gardens cull'd with care."

## A SONG OF THE SEA.

A bold brave crew, and an ocean blue,  
And a ship that loves the blast,  
With a good wind piping merrily  
In the gallant mast;  
Hal hal my boys,  
These are the joys  
Of the noble and the brave,  
Who love a life,  
In the tempest's strife,  
And a home in the mountain wave!

When the driving rain of the hurricane  
Puts the light of the light-house out,  
And the growling thunder sounds its song  
On the whirlwind's battle-roust,  
Hal hal do you think  
That the valiant shrink?  
No! no!—we are bold and brave!  
And we love to fight,  
In the wild midnight,  
With the storm of the mountain wave!

Breezes that die where the green woods sigh,  
To the landmen sweet may be,  
But give to the brave the broad backed wave,  
And the tempest's midnight gloom!  
Hal hal the blast,  
And the rocking mast,  
And the sea wind break and cold,  
And the thunder's jar  
On the seas afar,  
Are the things that suit the bold!

The timbers creak, the sea-birds shriek,  
There's lightning in your blast!  
Hard to the leeward! mariners,  
For the storm is gathering fast!  
Hal hal to night,  
Boys, we must fight;  
But the winds which o'er us yell  
Shall never scare  
The mariner  
In this winged citadel!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT IS GENTILITY.—Every body can distinguish what they call a gentleman, from a man whom they do not consider to be one. It is true, however, that every body has not the same standing for gentility, and what one might consider to be gentile another might consider to be very far from it. It is therefore impossible to give such a definition to gentility as would accord with the ideas of every one; or, if such a definition could be given there would be a wide difference of opinion as to the rules that might be laid down for carrying it out. If we were to venture an opinion on the subject we would say that gentility is that deportment whether at home, in society, or in the street, which is the result of a desire to avoid saying or doing any thing that could give offence to others. A strict observance of this law would undoubtedly secure for its observer the respect of all with whom he would be brought into contact, and in carrying it into practice, if he aims at the highest standard of gentility, he must consult the taste of the most refined and even the most fastidious or else he may fall short of his object, and be considered as genteel by one set of persons and vulgar by another. A man who should act up to the following standard could hardly fail to be considered by many as rather too much of one:

It is not genteel to swear.  
It is not genteel to indulge in licentious conversation.

It is not genteel to talk loud in company.

It is not genteel to laugh loud.

It is not genteel to interrupt others in conversation.

It is not genteel to be quick and abrupt in talking.

It is not genteel to advance your opinions in a dogmatical and positive manner.

It is not genteel to attempt to give force to your assertions by hammering on the table or by any extraordinary gesticulations, as if you were infallible.

It is not genteel at an evening party where refreshments are served to fill a lady's plate with terrapin, or oysters, or chicken salad, as if she had eaten no dinner.

It is not genteel to put your mouth so close to the face of the person you are talking to as to incommode him with your breath even though you may fancy it to have the odour of a rosegay.

It is not genteel to slam a door in going in or out of a room where there are other persons.

It is not genteel to take the wall of a lady in the street, whether you be a white or a black gentleman.

It is not genteel to carry with you into company the fumes of segar smoke.

It is not genteel to chew tobacco in company, or to spit tobacco juice upon a carpet or into a nice fire place.

It is not genteel to smoke cigars in the street, assume respectable looking strangers are often seen to do.

It is not genteel for *tweedledum* to turn up his nose at *tweedledee* in company.

It is not genteel to talk at concerts or lectures so as to prevent others from hearing.

It is not genteel to whisper in company.

It is not genteel at a table to begin before the rest of the company are helped.

It is not genteel to eat fast, or to put a large quantity into your mouth at once.

It is not genteel to finish a meal until others have had time to make some progress with theirs.

It is not genteel to eat so slow as to eat after the others are done.

It is not genteel when you are invited to a party to meet a stranger, to go away before the stranger.

It is not genteel if you be that stranger to wait an unreasonable time before you take your leave.

It is not genteel to salute a gentleman whilst walking in the street with a lady, with a nod of the head.

It is not genteel to contradict others.

It is not genteel to lean back in a chair in company.

It is not genteel to rub your head whilst seated on a sofa, against the newly papered wall of a parlour in which you are a visitor.

It is not genteel to stand before a fire place and intercept the heat from others who are as cold as yourself.

It is not genteel in company to comb your hair with your fingers.

It is not genteel to talk in company more than your full share.

It is not genteel at the Institute, or any other public place, to stick your feet upon a chair or on a table.

It is not genteel to whistle or hum a tune in presence of strangers or ladies.

It is not genteel to say or do any thing in presence of others, which if said or done by them would offend your feelings or sense of propriety.

There are no sketches of fancy. They are pictures drawn from real life, and perhaps there is hardly a man that will not find one or more of the hints that will fit his case.

## THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

We earnestly congratulate our readers on the information, concerning the relations between the United States and Great Britain, which they will find exactly stated in the report of yesterday's Senate Proceedings. Considering the rumors that have been in circulation, nothing could be more interesting to the whole country at the present moment than these disclosures in the Senate, unless perhaps it be the chart of the principles of the new Administration which may be expected in the Inaugural Address of the President Elect.

We learn from the statement of Mr. BUCHANAN that, in regard to the Boundary Question, the Governments of Great Britain and the United States have agreed upon the main points of a Convention for the final adjustment of that question; and that, in the opinion of the Executive, there is every reason to look with entire confidence to a prompt and satisfactory termination of the long negotiation upon this question.

We learn, further, with great pleasure, that there is no foundation for the rumor that an angry correspondence has recently taken place between Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth, or any correspondence, the character of which would justify a call for its publicity.

The remarks of Mr. CLAY, whose wisdom and experience in our Foreign Relations stamp every thing he says on that subject with a more than common impress, are no less important than acceptable. Happy must it be accounted that upon this very interesting and important matter, the leaders of the party coming into power and of that which is about retiring, entertain opinions upon it between which there is hardly a discernible shade of difference.

The statement of the Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, the reader cannot fail to perceive, has all the effect of a counter-blast to the martial appeal made the other day by the distinguished Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the other House. The effect, mark! We do not say the intention, as we are not in the councils of the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania or of the Administration whose confidence he enjoys.

From the Arkansas Star Feb. 14th.

A MOST VILLANOUS AFFAIR.—On yesterday one of the most villainous transactions was brought to light which has ever, within our knowledge disgraced our city.

It appears that two individuals, by the name of Bishop and Heely, brought to this place a certain amount of furniture and dry goods in co-partnership, for the purpose of speculation. Of the existence of the co-

partnership there was no legal evidence between them, which Heely took advantage of, and for which cause Bishop published him.

Bishop held in his possession certain documents which Heely was anxious to get possession of, and for this purpose applied to three individuals, (Myers, Minor, and we believe, Holzman,) and stated to them, that if they would knock Bishop down and take from him the documents, they should have therefor the sum of \$200, which they agreed to accept; but instead of proceeding as Heely had directed, told Bishop of what had passed, who gave them copies of the documents, which they took too Heely, who being intoxicated at the time, received the copies, thinking them the originals, and immediately paid down the sum agreed upon.

But the villainy of Heely did not stop here. Fearing that Bishop might hereafter stand in his way and put him to some trouble, he made the second application to the three individuals, and with a more tempting bribe, to go still deeper into villainy, even to the stepping of their hands in the blood of their fellow man. Heely proposed to them that if they would assassinate, Bishop he would pay for the service \$300. This also was accepted by them, and, as in the first instance, they informed Bishop of the proposition, who confined himself to his room for a day or two. In order to secure the pay, and as it was necessary to show some sign of having done the deed, the trio, on Monday night last, repaired to the room of Heely, bearing with them all the "horrible paraphernalia of the midnight assassin," such as bloody hands and daggers, clothes spotted with blood, &c.

Some doubt seemed to rest on the mind of Heely as to whether the murder had really been committed, but they were soon removed by Minor who had rubbed tobacco juice in his eyes in order that he might shed copious tears of repentance, and show great compunctions of conscience for the part he had acted in the horrible affair; and after the others had made a few oaths that the deed was committed, and that they were willing to take him to the spot where the body was interred, Heely gave into the hands of Myers a check upon one of our banks for \$300.

In this affair the old adage, "honesty among rogues," was broken. Myers presented the check to the bank, upon which payment was made, who instead of dividing the money, share and share alike, as was agreed upon, represented to his companions that he had drawn only half the amount, giving to each \$50, and soon after, fearing the consequences of his rascality, left the city.

The astonishment of Heely can better be imagined than described, when on going up town on Wednesday morning, among the first persons he met was Bishop, who he thought had been assassinated. Had the ghosts of all those who slumber in their graves sprung up before him, he could not have shown greater horror, than was depicted on his countenance. But his horror soon changed to wrath. He who was so obnoxious still lived, but his money was gone. Although a villain, yet, luckily for society, he had not wisdom, and, as fools are always garrulous, forthwith he told of the manner in which he had been duped.—Prosecution has been commenced, in the name of the State, against Heely, for the crime of conspiracy against the life of Bishop; and also against Bishop for gaining money from Heely fraudulently.

We hope the matter may be pushed to the utmost rigor of the laws, and all the parties concerned made to suffer as they deserve.

Correspondence of the Courier and Enquirer.

Washington, Feb. 27, 1841.

For some days past Kendall and Blair, as I am informed, have been employed in the War office, overhauling records, examining letters, &c. Rumor assigns various reasons for this extraordinary movement; none of them calculated to increase the reputation of these redoubtable knights.—All that can be said at present, is, that it is a mysterious affair, and will probably ever remain so. Mr. Kendall will be prepared no doubt, with a plausible explanation of the mystery. That the most gigantic frauds have been committed in this department is known to the whole country. That no steps calculated to awaken suspicion were necessary, is equally known. Why then permit Kendall and Blair to be housed amidst the records of the Office, for days, if not weeks, at a moment when suspicion, and distrust, and doubt stalks throughout the land. Surely no ordinary circumstance could have prompted these men, at this juncture, to expose themselves to the animadversions which must inevitably follow a development of their secret mission. Let it be repeated and remembered—all that can be said at present is, that it is a mysterious affair.

Before taking leave of Mr. Kendall, I have something to say as to the Post office affairs. Mr. Niles, the present Postmaster General should not be responsible for the embarrassments under which the department is now laboring. They were brought on through the ignorance of Amos Kendall. A more accomplished impostor, when pretending to be a man of business, never disgraced a public station. Niles is a low-bred vulgar man, and was the dupe of Kendall. There is no doubt he feels, most sorely, that he has been used as the monkey used the cat's paw.

In January, 1839, I unmasked the Postmaster General, and pressed him so closely

that he undertook to defend himself; but so feeble was his defence, that it was evident to the most superficial observer, the charges against him were well founded. It was contended at the time, that he had exaggerated the deficit arising under Mr. Barry's administration of the department, while he misrepresented the savings during his own administration. Mark the following quotation; and compare it with a state of facts—admitted facts, as they at present exist in the department.

Mr. Kendall in his report of 1837, says: "In 1835 the department was laboring under an extraordinary debt of six hundred thousand dollars. In 1837, it has a surplus of eight hundred thousand dollars." He adds, "for some time to come the mail transportation will be nearly stationary. The post offices will increase. The revenue will rapidly advance," &c. Now both the statements, as to 1835 and 1837 were believed to be erroneous, so pronounced.

In my letter of the 29th January, 1839, referring to Mr. Kendall's report, I say—"The 800,000 dollars of surplus is gone in a single year, the increase revenue of 100,000 dollars is also gone. Heaven only knows where, and the department is at this moment on the verge of complete bankruptcy, from which it can only escape by reducing existing facilities."

At the time, the accuracy of such representations was stoutly denied. Well, the day of reckoning is at hand. It is true, nominally, Kendall has shifted the responsibility from his own shoulders. He has made Niles the scape-goat. Mr. Granger, like every other head of a Department, will enter upon the discharge of his official duties, as Post Master General, amidst bankruptcy, desolation and ruin. He will have to contend with strong prejudices, excited by an overbearing influence, and a vulgar department on the part of Kendall; but Mr. Granger is a gentleman of great courtesy and urban manners, and will soon soften the asperities thus created.

The Post Office department, in reference to its pecuniary situation, is in a deplorable state. There are contractors, here in search of money, but as well might they attempt to "call spirits from the vasty deep." It is generally believed by those who are best informed, that the department is in arrears more than is due about three months, or nearly one million of dollars. If this be true, and his statement in 1837, that he had a surplus of \$800,000 be true, it follows, that he has expended, yearly and every year, four hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than the receipts, of the office.—Throughout every department of the Government, such has been the economy of the Jackson Van Buren dynasty.

## THE SPY IN WASHINGTON.

CATHOLIC BISHOPS.—The Catholic Herald says:—"We have heard from a source entitled to credit, that the Papal Bulls have been received, appointing the Rev. Mr. Richard Whelan to be Bishop of Richmond, Virginia, and the Rev. Dr. John J. Chance, President of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, to be first Bishop of the newly created See of Natchez, Mississippi."

A COMFORTABLE STATE.—The following gratifying view of the financial condition of the State of Connecticut, is from an authentic source:

"The ordinary annual expenses of the State government are about \$80,000

To meet this expenditure the State has a revenue from bank dividends, \$30,000

Tax on non-resident Bank Stock sales at auction, escheats, fines, &c. 15,000

One cent State tax on grand list, 35,000

\$80,000

"Our State is free from debt and all liabilities.

"Our internal improvements are made by private associations.

"Our school fund is now over two millions of dollars, and nearly all productive. We shall the present year pay out to schools one hundred and twelve thousand dollars; and in addition to this, one half of the interest arising on the deposit fund received from the United States is appropriated for the support of common schools."—*Albany Argus.*

A SLAVER CONDEMNED.—The Spanish brig Jesus Maria, whose capture was announced a few days since, arrived at Havana previous to the 13th ult. with 245 negroes, prize to H. B. M. ship Ringdove, taken between St. Thomas and St. Croix. She has been condemned by the Court of mixed commission, and the negroes are to be sent to Trinidad. It is said that the boats of the Rover sloop of war were beat off by a Spanish brig while landing negroes on the coast, the brig having a long pivot gun, which all the best vessels now carry.

U. S. BANK.—According to a late report of the U. S. Bank, to the legislature of Pennsylvania, the following are the number and location of the stockholders in that institution: Number of stockholders in Pennsylvania, 1481. In other States of the Union, 1658. In Europe, principally in England, 1390. Total number of stockholders, 4529.

The stock in the bank is held as follows: Number of persons holding not exceeding 5 shares, 184. Ditto not exceeding 10 shares, 661. Not exceeding 20 shares, 734. Not exceeding 50 shares, 994. Not exceeding 100, 568. Not exceeding 500 614. Over 500, 80.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A man named Conrad was recently arrested and committed to the jail of Mason county, (Ky.) on the charge of having stolen a small sum of money from a fellow passenger on board a steamboat which had arrived at Maysville, from Cincinnati on the previous evening. The man exhibited deep mortification at his exposure, and after an unavailing effort to escape from those who had him in charge, declared that he would not be found in the jail, in the morning. In the course of the night there was an alarm of fire. It was found to proceed from the jail. And the fire had progressed so far, when discovered, that the prisoner could not be liberated—he perished in the flames, as is believed, of his own kindling; but, at least, whether with or without his own consent, could not be ascertained.

CANADIAN FORCE.—The Detroit Advertiser states that there are 20,000 regulars in Canada, and that in addition, each regiment of militia is required to have two flank companies in constant readiness. As there are 113 regiments in the Upper Province, this will give 16,000 men. A force of 36,000 would thus be called into the field at a moment's notice.

REQUEST.—The late Wm. Bartlett, Esq. of Newburyport, Mass., has bequeathed fifty thousand dollars to the Theological Seminary at Andover, making more than two hundred thousand dollars as the total amount of his donations to that institution.

FINE CATTLE.—We saw yesterday their remarkably fine oxen, raised by Mr. Herr, of Lancaster County, Penn., which do great credit both to their skillful owner and to the fertile region from which they came. Mr. Herr designs to take these beautiful specimens of Pennsylvania husbandry, to be viewed by the large numbers now assembling at Washington, after which a still better opportunity will be afforded of testing their quality, as they will be slaughtered and served up at the Inauguration Festival. The two largest are supposed to weigh from 2500 to 3000 pounds and the other about 2500.—*Balt. Amer.*

It is something not a little remarkable in the political career of South Carolina, that on two striking occasions when the success of our country depended upon the success of the Jeffersonian Republican party, South Carolina, sided with the Federalists. She cast her vote for Aaron Burr against Thomas Jefferson in 1801—and for Martin Van Buren against Wm. Henry Harrison in 1840. Nor is the coincidence the less singular, that she and New Hampshire are the only two States (both voted for Burr) which after a lapse of forty years, have again met upon the same old principles, but in a new dress.—*Columbia (S. C.) Chron.*

STATE OF DACOTAH.—The St. Louis Gazette mentions the probability that sometime within the next fifteen years, another star will be added to our constellation, with the title of the State of Dacotah. It will extend, according to that paper, over the Prairie region north of Iowa, stretching probably from the Missouri to the Mississippi river, embracing the country watered by the St. Peters, the Sioux and Jacques rivers; and include a part of the Coteau de Prairie. Its latitude will be the same as Michigan, northern New York, Vermont and New Hampshire, with a soil far superior to the average of these states taken together.

DISCOVERY OF A NUMEROUS GANG OF THIEVES.—The Wayne, N. Y. Standard brings intelligence of the recent discovery of a gang of thieves in the town of Manchester, Ontario county, which for a long time had been committing depredations upon the people of the adjacent country to an enormous extent, and shielded themselves from justice by visiting every one who made an attempt to expose them, with some signal vengeance. Fourteen of them were arrested at one haul, large amounts of stolen property found, and arrests were still made of people before unsuspected.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—The editor of the Salem Observer has been favored with a perusal of a letter written at sea, on board of brig Cherokee, Capt. Webb, of that port, dated Dec. 27, 1840, which states that a few days before they reached the Cape, the brig was overhauled by her Britannic Majesty's brig of war Curlew, and after a full examination of the Cherokee's papers, her hatches were torn open, under pretence of searching for slaves!

The National Intelligencer states that the Senate on Thursday ratified the late Treaty made at the Forks of the Wabash river, in the State of Indiana, with the Miami Indians, with some slight amendments. This was most an important measure to the State, as well as to the Indians, as by it the title to the remaining lands of those Indians lying in that State, being about 500,000 acres, has been extinguished, and the removal of the Indians at an early day to the land set apart for them beyond the Mississippi river has been secured.

THE WAGES OF SIN.—A white man named Emanuel Jones, was murdered last week, near Economy, Beaver county, by a negro man named James Suttle. The murderer was tracked and pursued so closely that he drowned himself in the Allegheny river, near Pittsburgh.

## Temperance Department.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

### TEMPERATE DRINKING.

"Tis but a drop," the father said;  
And gave it to his son;  
But little did he think a work  
Of death was then begun.  
The 'drop' that lured, when the babe  
Scarcely lipt his father's name,  
Planted a fatal appetite  
Deep in his infant frame.

"Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,  
In truant school boy tones;  
It did not hurt us in our robes—  
It will not now we're grown.  
And so they drank the mixture up,  
That reeling youthful band;  
For each had learn'd to love the taste,  
From his own father's hand.

"Tis but a drop," the husband said,  
While his poor wife stood by,  
In famine, grief and loneliness,  
And raised th' imploring cry.  
"Tis but a drop—I'll drink it still—  
'Twill never injure me:  
I always drank—so, madam, hush!  
We never can agree."

She wept in vain—in vain she plead  
The hunger of her child,  
And her own tatter'd dress—the wretch  
Hurt mournful words reviled,  
He took the cup with feend-like air,  
And deep and long he drank;  
Then dashed it down, and on the earth;  
Inseparable sank.

"Tis but a drop—I need it now,"  
The staggering drunkard said;  
It was my food in infancy—  
My meat, and drink, and bread,  
A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,  
'Twill so refresh my soul!  
He took it—trembled—drank—and died,  
Grasping the fatal bowl.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

### "THE MAN WITH A POKER."

The horrible disease called mania a potu, caused by a too free use of ardent spirits, is thus jocosely corrupted by the bloods about town, and whenever a poor miserable wretch is seen with glazed eyes and shivering limbs, staggering along talking wildly on everything that comes uppermost in his imagination, it is said that the "man with a poker" is after him.

A few nights since an unfortunate victim to this dreadful complaint staggered from a low tipping shop, where he had in vain endeavored to persuade the bar-keeper to give him a glass of raw rum, in order that his system might be restored, as he said, to its "natural equilibrium," and placed himself against a lamp-post, the only friend he could claim at that silent hour of the night. Here he stood crying piteously, his half distracted imagination conjuring up a thousand strange fantasies which seemed to beckon him to the charnel house.

"There's two of us," said he, "the cat and me—the cat's as black as holl, and she keeps her claw fastened in my neck. Hal! hal! it makes me laugh, that fellow said just now the man with a poker was after me—and if he'd only give me one glass, it would have driven him away. He didn't say anything about the black cat—it's been following me ever since six o'clock this morning, and now it's got hold of me. There used to be two cats, but one killed the other, and if I only had a gun, I think I could kill the black cat. I mean to go into the Texan service, they are all honest men there—but here the streets are filled with thieves and murderers; there are lizards and scorpions crawling up my pantaloons now—burnt brandy won't save me, for there's that tall dark man with a Spanish knife again; he's going to stick me, and there are now police officers near. Watch! watch!

The cry of the miserable being brought the watchman to his side, and, pointing to a pump on the opposite side, he continued:  
"Do you see, watch?—that man has been dogging my steps for a week past; he is determined to have my blood—can't you arrest him?—I will appear against him."  
"Pshaw!" said the watchman, "that's the man with a poker. There is only one person that can arrest him, and that is death."

"How savage he looked—and his long black arm with his clenched fist at the end of it."  
"Go over to him, friend," said the watch, "make friends with him—it is true he may throw cold water on your hopes, but he is beloved by the temperate and shunned by suckers."

"He will murder me!"  
"Perhaps not. He is one of nature's doctors; desperate cases he treats with severity."  
"Will he take off the cat, the lizards and the scorpions?"  
"Yes—he will drive them all away."  
"If I knew that, I would go and shake hands with him. I wonder if he'll treat me to a glass of whiskey?"  
"Not exactly. Have you any home?"  
"None—but the market house, and there are snakes there with two heads."  
"Well—you had better go with me; you shall have good warm lodgings."  
Here the humane guardian of the night took the poor fellow by the arm, and by occasionally humoring his conceits, got him to the watch house, where he was taken care of for the night.

☞ The Post office Department is said to be in debt about one million of dollars in 1837, Amos Kendall reported that he had a surplus of \$800,000!