

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. XII.—NO. 19.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1841.

WHOLE NO. 320.

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 forbad 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."

HOPE.

Gay, what were life, if hope's bright ray
Shed not its fulgent light,
To cheer us through our dark career?
A dreary, endless light!

Hope is an opiate that lulls
The pain of jealous fear;
Preserves the bosom's wonted ease—
Expels the starting tear.

It is the pilot of our love,
That guides us o'er life's wave,
Exempt from shoals, exempt from wreck,
Unto the port we crave.

'Tis hope's bright beacon makes the heart
So buoyant and so free;
Without it we'd be foundering
Upon life's restless sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

—
AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

Whoever has travelled among the Scottish hills and dales, cannot have failed to observe the scrupulous fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait of character than this cannot be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels, are prone to put reliance on those who make the Bible their confident, and whose well thumbed pages show the confidence their owners possess in it. A few years ago, there dwelt in Ayrshire an ancient couple, possessing of this world's gear sufficient to keep them independent from want or wo, and a canny daughter to bless their grey hairs and tottering steps. A gallant of a farmer became enamored of the daughter, and she, nothing loth, consented to be his. As the match was every way worthy of her, the old folks consented, and as they were desirous to see their bairns comfortable, the two were made one.

In a few short years, the scythe of Time cut down the old people, and they gave their bodies to the dust and their souls to their creator. The young farmer having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered together his duds, and selling such as were useless, packed up those calculated to be of service to him at his new home.—Some neighbors having the same itching for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads, and with the young couple, set sail for America.

Possessor of considerable property in the shape of "siller," this company were not like the generality of emigrants, poor and friendless, but happy, and full of hope of the future. The first thing done after the landing, was the taking out of the old family heir-loam; and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided their bark to a safe haven.

As the farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm, and follow his occupation, but little time was spent in the city he had arrived in; and his fellow-passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bid them farewell, and with a light heart turned his face towards the setting sun. Indiana at this time, was settling fast, and having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

On the banks of the Wabash, he fixed on a farm, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently waited the time when he might go forth to reap the harvest; but alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, at the time when the fields were white with the fulness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

We leave this first sorrow, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterwards. The time hav-

ing arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money from a neighbor who had been very attentive to her husband and herself, one who knelt at the same table with her, to renew their professed obligations to the Giver of all good. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum against the promised time; but all would not do, fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated troubles.—Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and her stock for a less sum than she owed her Christian neighbor; who not satisfied with that put an execution on her furniture.

On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and, strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of her Father and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him 'who turneth not away,' and having commended aside by side with her Christian neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her but seeing the 'old family Bible,' she reverently put it to her lips, and sought consolation from its pages.

Slowly she pursued its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never-failing promises; and while the tears flowed freely, her heart seemed to say—
Within this holy book I trace
The life of Christ, his wondrous grace,
His anxious care and holy love,
Not earth's, not mine, but heaven's above.
The path is clear, the track is sure,
Why wait I, then, these pangs endure?
O grant, my God! my life may be
Sincere and prayerful, Lord! to thee.

The day of the sale arrived, her few goods and chattles were, in due course, knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved, she saw pass from her possession, article after article, without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible.—This was too much. Tears flowed, and gave silent utterance to a broken heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento of her beloved and departed parents; and the humane man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inexorable creditor declared every thing should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was owing him.

The book was therefore put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declaring she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it, two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find they each called for five hundred pounds on the bank of England.

On the back of one, in her mother's hand writing, were the following words, "When sorrows overtake ye, seek ye Bible;" and on the other in her father's hand—'Ye father's ears are never deaf.'

The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold, was readily offered to her, by those who had purchased, which she gladly took.

Having paid off her relentless creditor to the utmost farthing, and rented a small house in the village of —, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable; and she is now able to enjoy the precepts of the family Bible, without fear of molestation. Her time and attention are devoted to the bringing up of her bright blue eyed Alice; and if the happy smiles of the countenance may be considered an index of the heart and mind, little Alice bids fair to be a shining star in the community of which she at present forms but a unit.

At the meeting house in the centre of the village, may be seen, every Sunday, sitting about halfway up the south aisle, a lady about thirty years of age, dressed in deep mourning, with a face glowing with the beauty of holiness; but on whom may be seen deep traces of passed sorrow.

At the public house in the same place, and at the same time, may also be seen a being in the garb of a man, bloated, and setting over the poisoning bowl. The one is the possessing widow, the other is the profaning neighbor.

[From the French.]

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, how ugly that little one is; is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held and gravely answered his wife.

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Roso would not become the less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting, with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick, protruding lips, red hair, and above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt as she listened to her mother's observation. "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed Rosanna."
Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother to give her the kiss of good night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye.—She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father presented him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the little one's reward.

Her eyes by chance glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world new pangs wounded the little one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, then loved her. Now indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why, but her father, still continued angry, and her mother still continued weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile the parties.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise; and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moist handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, ought remained but to establish peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom. She then took her mother's hand, and joined it into her father's as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament to every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving during the day. All was heavy and weary, the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there, in the darkened light, groups of females, whose white dresses slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low languished whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering but a general silence took place, for hero was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated in Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifles to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that tittle girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well, her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

Temperance Department.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

We give place to the following able presentment as a sign of the times, which must be cheering in the extreme to the "Cold Water Army" of the Union:

To the honorable, the Court of Quarter Sessions of Allegheny County.

The grand inquest, now sitting for the body of this county, beg leave most respectfully to present:

That drunkenness has been the crime and the curse of mankind in all ages of the world, and in every country. Its physical effects upon the bodily constitution cause death!

And all the sad variety of pain.
The mind is impaired and the judgment perverted by its baneful influence, and the moral principles of its subjects become so depraved as to unfit them for the worship of God, for the service of their country, for the duties of social life, or for the enjoyment of domestic happiness. In this otherwise free and favored land, it may be regarded as that enormous transgression, which, like the blood of Abel, "crieth from the ground." The demon, Intemperance, has here erected his throne, and like the detested Moloch of old, requires victims continually of human sacrifices; multitudes bow down, the willing vassals and victims of his power, and thus yield to an odious tyranny that not only blights the fairest prospects of the present life, but destroys every hope for that which is to come.

Religion, virtue and private welfare appeal strongly to the wise and the good to coerce an efficient remedy for this deplorable evil. We believe the time has come when it will be applied. A host of moral and christian associates have determined that our country shall be free from the further inroads of the monster vice. The tocsin is sounded—the banner is floated, and the cry is *Victory*. The results of the temperance movements in the city of Pittsburg, during the last week, afford encouraging indications of public opinion on this momentous subject. It is however not our duty as Grand Jurors to notice in this place the cheering events referred to, except to declare our hearty concurrence in the sentiments expressed by his Honor, the organ of this Court, in his late charge.

It is in reference to the baneful influence of drunkenness upon the civil order of society, that we feel constrained to speak. It is our decided conviction, from our own observation and from abundant testimony, that intemperance is not only the destroyer of social and domestic comfort, the efficient cause of misery, madness and death—but it is also the moving principle and instigator of crime in all its forms. In this last aspect we claim to present it to your honors.

We think we can safely assert from the examinations we have made in the discharge of our public duty at the present sessions, that nine-tenths of the cases that have come under our notice originated, mediated or immediately, from the use of alcohol.—The statistics from all our prisons and penitentiaries, so far as published, exhibit the same proportion. Thus in the jail of Litchfield, Connecticut, out of 39 prisoners 35 were intemperate; at Ogdensburg, N. Y. seventeen of the criminals were known to be drunkards: In the state prison at Auburn, 437 out of 647 were intemperate, and 346 were intoxicated when they committed the offences charged against them; In an adjoining county, Washington, at one term there were (as we have been informed) 42 persons accused of crime; of these 37 were drunkards, and 5 were sober men; they were tried, and 37 were convicted and 5 were acquitted.

It has been asserted that there are more than 200 murders are perpetrated every year in the United States, and scarcely one but is occasioned by the use of ardent spirits.

What a tremendous display of awful accountability does this brief statement present to the makers and venders of strong drink!

To this dark picture of guilt and misery we might add the vast loss to the public that occurs from the expenses of prosecutions and for the support of drunken convicts. This however would form but a small item in the immeasurable diminution of national wealth from this cause. It has been estimated that drunkenness costs our country at least 100 millions per annum—and that the sum expended every year in the indulgence of this destroying vice, would make 8,000 miles of canal—10,000 miles of railroad—support schools and colleges wherever required—and send missionaries over the globe.

In presenting to your Honors intemperance as a crime in itself, and as the instigating cause of crime, we do not transcend our legitimate province as Grand Jurors—nor do we ask you (while claiming your promised aid in maintaining this great object of moral reform) to go beyond the sphere of your official duty in affording a remedy. The subject under one most important aspect, comes necessarily before you, and must have your action. The whole license system has long been regarded by the friends of temperance as a great grievance. It seems like an anomaly in our legislation that while our statute book contains enactments disfranchising the drunkard—and placing him, like the prodigal in Ancient Rome, under the care of a committee—yet the very same book contains legal provisions for the appointment of public officers (tavernkeepers) whose main business it is, by every temptation they can offer to depraved appetite, to reduce him to that degraded condition.

The law is so however, and upon your honors it has imposed the duty and responsibility of selecting and commissioning these agents.

We do not call upon your honors to legislate, or to repeal any existing law—but to interpret in the light of the present time, and the clear manifestations of public opinion, and to carry out the legal provisions in force, in their true spirit and indicated policy.

We present then—
1st. The number of houses licensed to retail spirits as greatly more than is required for public accommodation. This has always been a source of complaint—and is wholly within your control and subject to your discretion.

The act of 1710, in its preamble, says:—"For preventing of disorder and the mischiefs that may happen by the multiplicity of public houses," &c; and the act of 1794 declares that "a great abundance of tavern and public houses for the vending of spirituous liquors has been found to promote habits of idleness and lebauchery, &c."

The same idea is maintained in the act of 1834—which prohibits the courts from licensing "any inn or tavern which shall not be necessary to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers."

The law then has always enjoined the courts to limit the number of public houses. How then stands the matter in this view of duty? We are not apprised of the present statistics—but to illustrate the point, we beg leave to offer the facts as they were three years ago—
In the city proper, at that time, we understand there were 155 licenses granted. This number taking the population at 12,542 souls (as given in the census of 1830) would allow a tavern for every 80 persons, or for every 13 families of six persons, and taking off a wife and 4 children from each (supposing them not to drink strong Liquors) we have a grog shop for every 13 male adults in this proud and prosperous city. We do not know whether this state of things is greatly changed for the better; but suppose the proportion to be reduced one half—still it presents an appalling view. Again if we allow what is certainly the fact, that not one half the male adults are tipplers, we have then a tavern for every seven husbands and fathers of this class.—Can this number be necessary? If your honors should doubt on this point, permit us to ask your attention to another aspect of the case, which we think ought to turn the scale. Suppose these 155 tavern keepers to support their families and pay their rents by their business. Their profits there must average at least \$500 each per annum, or in the whole \$77,500. Take the amount of the raw material in its cheapest form, whiskey; and allow 100 per cent profit, which is below the mark, this would be \$77,500 more, and the sum total would be \$155,000 paid every year in this city for the indulgence of a vice alike ruinous to health, fame, fortune, morals and life.—To this we might add the support of drunken paupers, and the expenses of criminal Courts in the trial of drunken offenders; but we will not go into these details.

2nd. We beg further leave to present that heretofore many persons obtained licenses who could not possess the qualifications required by the present law. Your honors will remark that the act of 1830 (which is copied in the act of 1834) entirely changes, as we think, the system and even the principle of licenses. The old law of 1794 provided that the judges of sessions at their first sitting in every year shall limit and declare the number of Taverns—and so many only shall be licensed, having regard to the particular neighborhood and situation most suitable for the accommodation of inhabitants and travellers, &c. The same language is used in the act of 1815, and it is possible that drinking houses may have been contemplated in both. But observe the striking difference in the acts of 1830 and 1834!—No licenses are now to be given for the accommodation of inhabitants who may neglect to have resident tipplers who may neglect their business, ruin their health and morals, and bring their wives and children to wretchedness and pauperism, by frequenting their neighbor's grog shop. By the 3d section of the law of 1834 it is declared emphatically that "No Court shall license any Inn or Tavern which shall not be necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers."

This change in the phraseology could not be accidental: The terms employed have a peculiar and distinct meaning, corresponding so exactly with the obvious intention of the Legislature, indicated by other passages, as to leave no doubt. INN, is a Saxon word, and denotes a chamber or lodging place. It is used in this sense by Shakespeare, in Macbeth:

"The west that glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now speeds the latest traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn."

It is also so used in a number of British statutes—and from thence we derive it.—Thus the statute of 20 James Ist, regulates the rates of commodities sold in INN, Specifying "hay, oats, beans, and all manner of victuals." Liquor is not mentioned.

Again, an Inn keeper who refuses victuals and lodgings to a traveller may be indicted; he is not required to give him drink.—The term Inn, then as used in our act, cannot be mistaken. The context, its origin and history, explain its meaning.

The word "tavern," in the language from which it is derived, means literally a booth or tent made of boards, or vulgarly "a shantee." It was originally a temporary erection at a fair or public place, in which wine was sold, and was indicated by a bush hung out; whence the old proverb "good wine needs no bush."

In our acts of Assembly both words are used, but it is evident that an "Inn" is the prominent idea; no house can be licensed that is not prepared with "conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers;" and by the 17th Section of the act of 1834, it is declared that "every Innkeeper shall keep good entertainment for man and horse," &c. They must have every thing necessary for rest and refreshment. Food and comfortable lodging must be provided, but it is not required that drink shall be supplied. It follows then, we think, that inns now may be taverns, (that is may sell liquor to strangers and travellers), but all taverns must be inns. The keeper of a public house under the present law may supply his guests reasonably with wines or spirits, but it is a mere accession to his other indispensable qualifications. He is not bound to do it, as he is to furnish lodging and diet.

If these views are correct, we beg leave to suggest to your honors that no person ought to obtain license unless they are "well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers;" and have beds, victuals, stabling, &c., sufficient to supply "good entertainment for man and horse." In reference to the past, we believe that not one half (perhaps not a fourth) of the persons who now have license would be found upon strict enquiry to be within the purview of the act. We do therefore present as a great evil:

3d. The vague and careless manner in which evidence of qualification is imposed upon the Court. In every case, no doubt, the legal certificate is furnished; but it is a notorious fact that it is often signed without proper examination or knowledge of the matters set forth. Such certificates ought to be merely prima facie evidence, and perhaps hardly that much. The 5th section of the act of 1834, intimates the propriety of the court seeking for and obtaining evidence to satisfy them of "the fitness of the person applying, and of the sufficiency of the accommodations."

In the particulars we have thus noticed, we believe your honors can greatly aid the cause of Temperance, and promote the best interests of our city and county, without any latitudinarian construction of the law, or of your granted powers. We ask that the existing statutes be fairly interpreted and fully carried out; we demand the ultra measures. If only so many suitable well provided inns are licensed, as may be necessary "to accommodate strangers and travellers," and none but such as are prepared to "keep good entertainment for man and horse"—if the evidence of qualification is always required to be full and complete, then your honors will stand well in this respect before God and the country.

We trust to the prevalence of good opinion (now so extensively diffused, and so triumphantly exhibited on late occasions) and to enlightened self interest, if there should be no higher motive, soon to influence an efficient legislation, which will go to the root of the evil—by prohibiting the vending of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Let spirits be driven back to the "grog shop"—if they are made at all—and thence be retained, for medical uses by the "DRAM"—not the drunkard's medicine—but literally *apothecaries weight*. When this is done, the principal obstacle to our national prosperity, the chief danger to our civil and religious establishments, and the main source of private misery will be removed. The period is at hand; we hail the signs of the times, and venture to predict that twenty years hence it will be regarded as matter of astonishment that in this enlightened age, and in this Christian land, a government should have sanctioned by law, public agents in vending liquid fire to destroy its own citizens.

All which is respectfully submitted,
JOHN D. DAVIS, Foreman.
James May, Thomas B. Updike,
Patrick Cosgrave, John Crawford,
Robert Dickey, Luke Loomis,
David Cinnamon, H. Bryan,
John Sluiter, David M. Evans,
James Fife, James Richey.

July 10, 1841.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.