

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

POL. REV.—P. 81.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 601.

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 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."

## THE FIRST LEAF OF AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SEDA SMITH.

I see thee fall, thou quivering leaf  
Of faint and yellow hue,  
The first to feel the Autumn winds,  
That blighting o'er thee blow—  
Slow parting from the rocking branch,  
I see thee floating by,  
To brave all desolate and lone,  
The black autumnal sky.

Alas! the first, the yellow leaf—  
How sadly falls it here,  
To rustle on the crisped grass,  
With every chilly air!  
It tells of those that soon must drop,  
All wither'd, from the tree,  
And it hath wak'd a sad and d'rd chord  
In doleful memory.

Thou sorrowing leaf, away, away,  
Thine's the sorrow in thy hue;  
Thou sound'st the knell of sunny hours,  
Of buds and liquid dew—  
And thou dost tell how from the heart  
The blooms of hope decay.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A TALE OF LIFE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going round by Broad street to enquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall."

"Lucy Wendall! Who's she?"  
"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lives opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been outburgened and outwitted, till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was little friend Lucy, a pretty fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to—street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shooed every Saturday, the stps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a darning cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say, 'it must be hard for her to think of turning to dust.'"

"Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of those bright pretty flowers that hang on the crabb'd bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misapprehended; I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires humbled within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to us, and not to waste your efforts of strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall."

At last there came to this obscure family what comes to all—death, and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan, induced me to

go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; for though we had never changed a word there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems is a very thriving tradesman; and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop. "John Ross, glove manufacturer." This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! you might know such a man would succeed in the world let his lot be cast where it would. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is an honest, thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; nothing truer than the trade old couplet,

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Art well your part, there all the honor lies.

The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy."

"The only customer is come out. Now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe."  
"The same, ma'am."

"I called, Mr. Ross, to enquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall."

"Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name, that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide good and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend of Lucy Wendall, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter; then he took up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and tidy, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of the young or old. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and mended her work and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning till night like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different. She mended her-elf neat and trim in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers and furling her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little-parson; but she only preached in her actions, and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman with her needle. I never had a match for her since I first began business; but (you know ma'am there is always a but in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son. John Ross—a fine, fresh looking, good natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself because I knew that young folk's love is like an unbroken colt, that will never mind spur, nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wondrousment about a canvas bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's; and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked him what he wanted the money for, he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any farther, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes,

ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care for the most part that they should be reasonable. I am a little willful, I own it; but it's young folk's business to mind; and 'Children obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and of nature. So I told John. I did not hint any suspicion about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection, to what I long fixed my heart upon and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down—but he saw I was determined, and I believed would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door is set with glass. I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appeared that they were for him, and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Her's, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The gloves would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my services immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me.

He had given his heart, and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my having hitherto been a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first cause of my doing wrong would be to the orphan girl, whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is said to be a short madness, and so it is; and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the sting sense we are willfully doing wrong—I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

The next morning, they had both cleared out and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man and said he had sought Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her, and when I answered, 'so much the better,' he accused me of cruelty and then followed high words, such as never should pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but hear me out. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bunce. 'I give up Lucy father,' he said, 'but I cannot marry any body else.' I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me; but I had not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to heart, there would be no sin left in the world. She said they had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled, and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom; but saying and excepting that ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it, my heart melted within me. I found her that very night, and without loss of time, brought her back to my house; and then," he added, walking hastily on the farther extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there ma'am is the long and short of it."

"And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend became a wife and mother, her infant in her arms and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated to virtue."

Claret is extensively manufactured in this country of vinegar, molasses, logwood and alcohol. This drink is much more wholesome, pleasant and economical, when the two latter ingredients are omitted.

There is one blessing of which people never know the value until they have lost it—and that is health. Health seldom goes without temper accompanying it; and that fled, we become a burthen on the patience of those around us, until dislike replaces pity and forbearance.

RED RASBERRY LEAVES.—A correspondent of the Bangor Whig states that the fine green leaves of the red raspberry, gathered on a fair day, and cured in an open, airy room, are not inferior to the ordinary China teas.

JOHN C. COLT.—The New York papers give many items of the history of this young man, some of them perverted statements of facts, but mostly mere fabrications to meet the craving demands of excited curiosity. It may be a question how far public curiosity should be gratified in such a case. We are disposed to inquire whether this morbid taste for the details of crime, may not help to provide materials for its own gratification; and whether the Newgate literature of our own day has not in it the elements of self-perpetuation. We do not ask for apathy or indifference to crimes; its frequent occurrence, in such horrid forms, calls for the most vigilant interest; but not that fascinated interest, that shuddering admiration, with which we have suffered our selves to be drawn into sympathy with vice, under the masterly delineations of perverted genius, until we have come to look upon great wickedness as great romance.

The simple facts in the history of John C. Colt, as they have been made known to us, by those who were familiar with him from childhood, would need but little adornment to present a tale as attractive as any of its class. We could not ask for better materials from which to furnish forth a hero, than the fine person, the generous impulses, and the unbounded mental energy which we could vouch for in him. He has shown a self reliance, and a stern resolution, in overcoming the difficulties of a devious course that, to interest would need little help from fictitious surroundings, and an eagerness and perseverance in intellectual culture that would command sympathy and just admiration.

We wish we could transfer to the minds of the thousands who so eagerly read all that was said of him, the one impressive lesson we are taught, as we trace the evil in this case back to its germ. That germ whose growth has been so bitter, was in subordination from his childhood onwards. His whole course has been marked by self-will, breaking through all the common restraints of the family, of the school room, the counting house, of social life, and of the law of God. John C. Colt, has been for fourteen years a voluntary exile from the parental roof. Let the child who will not submit to be checked and guided, tremble for the end of his own career; and let the parent tremble for the child who cannot be made to yield to just authority, and let him never dare to hope that the youth whom he cannot control, will learn to control himself and curb his own wild passions.—Northwick (Ct.) Courier.

FOUR LIVES LOST.—The schooner Governor Francis, (of Robbinston,) Shaw, from Eastport, for Baltimore, with plaster and grindstones, went ashore at South Well field, about 6 o'clock, P. M. on the 4th instant, and immediately went to pieces.—Capt. Shaw and his three sons were drowned. John Shaw, drifted ashore on the bowsprit about midnight. He was nearly unconscious, but gained some pine woods, and there past the rest of the night.

THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—Dates from Vera Cruz to the 1st inst. confirm the rumors of a new insurrection in Mexico, and satisfactorily explains the rumors of forces collected "to invade Texas." It appears to be the plan with malcontents in Mexico, when they wish to get up an insurrectionary movement, to pretend invasion of Texas. Santa Anna is now on the high road to a new assumption of the supreme power, and with every prospect of success.

There are four things that look very awkward in a woman, viz: to see her undertaking to whistle—to throw a stone at a hog—to smoke a cigar—and to climb a garden fence.

A negro man was hung at Norfolk, Va., on Friday last, for a recent attempt to murder two white women on a public road near that place. The fellow acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and said that that and the devil prompted him to the act for which his life had to pay the penalty.

CHILDREN are inquisitive bodies; for instance: "What does cleave mean, Pa?" It means to unite together. "Does John unite wood, when he cleaves it?" "Hem, well it means to separate." "Well, Pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem! hem! don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

LATEST CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—A young belle of Boston, in dressing herself the other day, put on a bishop in front, and didn't discover her mistake until she had lost her reputation.

AN EXCITING SCENE AT THE M'LEOD TRIAL.—An able correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal, condenses into an interesting letter the most important passages in the speech for the defence, recently delivered by Mr. Spencer. It is stated that "the unravelled the contradictions and discrepancies of the witnesses on the part of the prosecution in a most masterly manner. He charged direct and pointedly on them the commission of 'the blackest perjury that ever disgraced a trial, since the sun shone upon Christendom.' He declared that he knew the testimony had been all got up for the occasion. The four learned counsel, who were conducting the prosecution, were, but a corporal's

guard, compared with the mighty host who were the getters up and conductors of this prosecution. Witnesses were raked together from all creation, and drilled in this city, in what he must denominate "Committee Rooms," as to what they must swear. Again, he said that the men who had banded themselves together to get up evidence to convict M'Leod and involve this country in a war with England, were sunk deep enough in depravity to collect any number of deliberate and wilful perjurers, who would swear to anything which would be required to make out their case. "I," said Mr. Spencer, "make no exceptions when I make this charge." Here Mackenzie, who sat directly in front of the counsel, commenced laughing. "Yes, sir," said the speaker, fixing his eagle eye upon him, "I wish it to be clearly understood, that I make no exception whatever when I make this charge. Some of these men now hear me, and I desire them to hear me repeat, that I firmly believe every one of them is wicked enough to stop at nothing which will in any degree tend to bring about their darling object." Mackenzie nodded his compliments to Mr. Spencer, and immediately commenced writing down this withering remark of the counsel.—"The whole audience understood to whom allusion was made; and every eye was turned upon Mackenzie."

CORRECT OPINION BY AN ENEMY.—"Where their national honor is concerned," says the Montreal Times, "the Americans have always acted with promptness decision and energy, as was proved in their war with England in 1812. The fear of such another encounter at a period when the mother country is in a formidable state of preparation, will doubtless be the means of uniting those two parties throughout the country, which for twelve years, or more, have been on terms of political animosity. It has always been a characteristic of the Americans, that however much they may squabble and fight among themselves, their animosities towards each other are always subsided, and they stand ready to make common cause, whenever their common country is threatened from abroad. It is then that the North and the South, the East and the West vie with each other in their efforts to maintain, unspotted, the integrity and the valor of their Republic."

A colored man was recently killed at St. Catherine, U. C. It seems that a friend of his was about to marry a white girl.—The object of the mob was to lynch the intended bridegroom, but he made his escape—when they assaulted another man, with clubs, stones, &c. and killed him almost instantly.

KENTUCKY WHEAT.—The Louisville Journal states that the Kentucky wheat has been deteriorating for years; and that the crops in that vicinity, this year, have proved almost an entire failure. The cause is attributed to the farmers using as seed wheat year after year, that was raised from their own farms and off the same field. Prentice advises the obtaining, for planting purposes, wheat from the northern sections of the country, and undoubtedly the advice is a good one. Deterioration will always ensue where a practice is followed, such as the above; and to succeed would contravene one of nature's general laws.

NUTMEGS.—A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser, cautions the public against the deleterious effect of a too free use of nutmeg. He says:

"Having recently purchased the article, I took a broken one and put it in my pocket, and in the course of six hours I had eaten about half of one. Soon after I felt a dizziness, and an unaccountable derangement of intellect; transient loss of memory but a perfect consciousness of all that I said or did. I became remarkably loquacious and seemed to be neither in this world nor the other; felt happy and free from any pain.—I was truly in an indescribable state. I felt as I have supposed one might feel that had been magnetized. My friends were greatly alarmed, and the doctor was sent for post haste. Bleeding was proposed, but, as I thought, I knew at least as much as any one, I was not willing to be bled.—After keeping them crying and laughing till about 11 o'clock at night I retired to bed without anything being done for me. I awoke in the morning, was as well as usual, having never been sick a day in my life. Since this occurrence, several cases have come to my knowledge in which persons, having eaten of nutmegs, were affected the same as I have been. Had I eaten a very little more, I have no doubt it would have proved fatal to me, as I learn it has done in other cases."

General Jackson says, in the last letter extorted from him by the Locofocos, that he feels that his life is nearly spent. It is wrong and cruel and shameful in the Locofocos to be squeezing growth after growth out of the poor old half dead lion.—Louisville Jour.

THE ROCK RIVER TRAGEDY.—A letter from Judge Ford, dated Oregon city, Illinois, September 27th, to the editor of the Peoria Register, says,—The persons who had a hand in the Driscoll murder last summer, have been indicted and tried at the recent term of the circuit court of Ogle county. One hundred and twenty persons were indicted and all acquitted by the jury."

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL ROAD.—From the annual report of this Company it appears that the revenue of the main stem, for the past year, for the transportation of passengers and merchandise amounted to \$391,069 87 And there were paid for expenses, repairs and interest 261,239 01

Showing the earnings of the Road to be 129,830 86

There were also received from the Washington Branch 61,256 00 And paid for interest on loan to purchase stock in said Branch 56,328 00

Difference 5,628 00

Net revenue of main stem \$135,458 86

The city of Baltimore claimed to be a stock holder, entitled to participate in the dividend—which has consequently been declared upon 6,500,000 instead of 4,000,000, the amount actually employed, at the rate of 2 per cent. of which the city's proportion will be \$60,000. Upon the stock of the Washington Branch 6 per cent. is divided.—The State's 5th of the receipts from passengers on this Branch amounts to \$43,407, and her dividend upon stock to 33,000.—A detailed account of the progress of the road from Harper's Ferry to Cumberland is given which it is confidently anticipated will be completed to the latter point during the summer and autumn of 1842.—The stock orders, or railroad notes, put in circulation by the company, amount to \$1,449 06; a pledge is given that the amount shall not be increased beyond \$1,500,000, and that the company will continue to receive them; at any depreciation they may reach, and will concert with the city for a reduction of the amount, should it be deemed too large for circulation. But as the receipts of the railroad amount to \$1500 daily, or \$600,000 per annum, and as the city receives annually, \$600,000 for taxes it is argued that the amount now issued ought easily to be sustained in circulation nearly at par.—Balt. Patriot.

INCOMBUSTIBLE WASH.—Slack stone lime in a large tub or barrel, with boiling water covering the tub or barrel to keep in all the steam. When slacked, pass 6 quarts through a fine sieve. It will then be in a state of fine flour. Now to six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock or Turk's Island salt, and one gallon of water, then boil the mixture and skim it clean. To every five gallons of this skimmed mixture, add one pound of alum, half pound of copras by slow degrees, and add three-fourths of a pound of potash, and four quarts of fine sand or hickory ashes sifted. We suppose any hard wood ashes will answer as well as hickory. This mixture will admit of any coloring matter you please, and may be applied with a brush. It looks better than paint, and it is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, and prevents the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and rendering it incombustible from sparks falling upon it. When laid on brick work, it renders the brick impervious to rain or wet.

The editor of the Newberryport (N. H.) Argus tells a story of a fellow, who having been drawn into the meshes of love with one fair one named "Nabby," afterwards took a shine to another. Thinking to cast off the "flame," he intimated a new epistle, of which the following is a copy:

"Dear Nabby these are to inform you as I am fast coming to my latter end with the yellow jaundies—from your dying Esek."

"Nota Bene—I open this to let you know as I am departed this life about two hours ago, in great agony. Your gous Esek."

A Dublin paper records the following extraordinary circumstances:

"An humble but industrious man, named Gallagher, who resided in Fado street, was on Saturday last seized with a sudden pain in one of his legs when he fell down and expired. An inquest was held on the body, when the following facts were elicited:—The man, it appears, was over fifty years of age, and ever since he was a child, he was continually annoyed and perplexed with the thought or presentiment that he would die with a pain in the leg. He often told his friends how much he suffered on this account, as the idea hardly ever left his mind. In his sleep he dreamt of it; in his waking moments it was before him, the notion haunted him from the green spring time of his life into the ripe summer of manhood, and thence followed him into the mature autumn of his days; and when, at last, the worst anticipations of his mind were fulfilled, and he was seized with the pain, he exclaimed, 'it is come, it is come! all is now over.' He fell suddenly down and died."

RODDE ISLAND.—The new Constitution adopted by the Rhode Island Suffrage Convention, proposes to extend the right of suffrage to every white male citizen of lawful age, who may have resided in the State one year, and in the township where he offers to vote, three months. But in any question of raising a tax, or appropriating the proceeds of a tax the voter must property, either real or personal, of the value of \$150. The Senate to be composed of 12 members, elected by districts, and the House of Representatives of whom Providence is to send 12. The Governor to have the veto power, subject to be reversed by the decision of a majority of both Houses.