

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

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I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 53 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 culled with care."

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY G. F. HOFFMAN.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Swear ye for the glorious cause,
Swear by Nature's holy laws,
To defend your Fatherland.
By the glory ye inherit—
By the name 'mid men you bear—
By your country's freedom swear it—
By the Eternal—this day swear it!

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Lot the earth and heaven bear it,
While the sacred oath we swear it,
Swear to uphold our Fatherland!
Wave thou loft ensign glorious,
Flaunting foremost in the field,
While thy spirit hovers o'er us,
None shall tremble—none shall yield.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the stately banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIZARRE FABLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JEST AND SARCASM."

"Small quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor!"

SWAKSARBA.

THE MOTHER AND THE DAUGHTER.

In a pretty little cottage at Richmond, commanding a delightful view of the Thames, lived Madame La Roche and her only child Adeline.

At an early age, the parents of Madame La Roche had taken her from her native country, England, to France, in order that her education might be completed. Here a certain Monsieur La Roche, a man much richer, than herself, had solicited her hand. In obedience to the commands of her parents, and in spite of her strongly expressed aversion, the match was concluded, and the elderly husband and the young wife took up their abode in Paris. Three years afterwards Monsieur La Roche died, leaving one child, a daughter. Since that event Madame La Roche had resided in Switzerland first, and subsequently in Germany. At length tired of the continent she returned to England, where she had now lived two years, and where she firmly intended to spend the remainder of her days.

As woman is placed in our social system, perhaps the most independent and life-enjoying of the sex is a young and attractive widow. Madame La Roche was both young and attractive—and sensible too, or she would have been envious of her sweet daughter, Adeline. As it was, she treated her with the warmth of a mother, and the confidence of an elder sister.

On a certain summer day Adeline La Roche was seated in a room opening on a lawn which sloped to the river. By her side, and close by her side, was a man youthful and handsome. He held one of her hands clasped in his, and was looking with a most impassioned air into her face. Her eyes were cast down, and the slightest suspicion of a blush was upon her cheek.—This blush would have been deeper—but it

was a situation she was somewhat used to. They loved each other.

"And you fear, George, that mamma would never consent?" said Adeline, continuing a colloquy that had been proceeding, heaven knows how long; for in such cases (I'm told) hours are like minutes.

"I fear it much," said George Trevor; "What pretensions have I? A man of wealth and consideration like Mr. Crofton may hope—but I can hope for nothing."

"Ha! ha! you are jealous," said Adeline looking up and smiling archly. "Do you distrust me then?"

"No, dear Adeline, indeed," replied George; "I do believe that your heart is mine, and mine only; but say if I have not cause for suspecting that Mr. Crofton is my rival, and that your mamma favors him?"

"Now you mention it," said Adeline, "I will confess to you that I am very miserable on this account. Ever since we first met Mr. Crofton at that horrid ball he has been eternally at the house. He must perceive how coldly I receive him."

"And how does Madame La Roche receive him?" said Trevor.

"Ah, too well!" replied Adeline. "I often see them sitting together in a corner talking in a low tone, and every now and then looking towards me, as if I were the subject of their conversation. He is trying to gain mamma over to his interest, I know. It will be of no use if he does—I would sooner die than marry him."

"So having experienced the misery of a forced match herself, she would doom you to the same fate?" said George Trevor, with vehemence.

"I hardly know what to think," said Adeline, gently; "when I remember how affectionately she always treats me, it seems impossible; but when I see her encourage so evidently the visits of Mr. Crofton, I am compelled to dread every thing."

"We may be mistaken, after all, Adeline," said Trevor. "These visits are probably intended for Madame La Roche. Remember, Mademoiselle, you are not the only young and pretty inhabitant of Vine Cottage."

"Oh, I am sure that is not the case," said Adeline. "Mamma has told me, often and often, that no consideration on earth should induce her to marry again, and that all her care now was to see me happily settled. Mr. Crofton and mamma are now viewing the conservatory together.—George, I feel a strange presentiment that he will propose formally for me during that opportunity, and that I shall be called upon to give him his answer at once."

"You will reject him, then, dear Adeline?" said Trevor anxiously.

"Can you ask me?" exclaimed Adeline—"I will never bestow my hand where I cannot bestow my heart. That, George, is yours—past praying for?"

"Ten thousand thanks for this one more proof of constancy," said Trevor. "To doubt your truth now would indeed be to think you unworthy of love. But I hear footsteps approaching; they are returning from the conservatory. Adieu, dear Adeline, for a time. I will not meet Mr. Crofton—but I am not jealous mind!"

Scarcely had George Trevor left the apartment when Madame La Roche and Mr. Crofton entered from the lawn. Mr. Crofton rather precipitately took his leave, and Madame La Roche and Adeline were alone.

"Sit down, Adeline," said her mother; "I have something very particular to say to you."

Adeline obeyed with the air of a martyr. Her presentiment, had evidently been true.

"My dear child," continued Madame La Roche, "you are now of an age when you should begin to think of being settled in life. Nature has given you beauty and talents; I have, to the utmost of my ability, given you good education; and I may say, without flattery, that you are capable of making any man happy. Why, then, remain single if you meet with one for whom you can feel an affection?"

Adeline offered an observation, and Madame La Roche continued.

"There is a gentleman, who I am certain, loves you, I have seen enough of him to be as certain that he deserves our love in return, and it will give me pleasure if you tell me that he possesses it."

"My dear mamma," said Adeline, with firmness, "it is better to be candid at once; I know whom you mean, and all you are going to say; but it is in vain. I do not love him, I never shall love him, and I can not marry him."

"Adeline, Adeline!" cried her mother, laughing; "you are too quick by far for me. Do you not love, will you never love, and cannot you marry—George Trevor?"

"George Trevor?" exclaimed Adeline, her breath nearly taken away by astonishment.

"Ay, George Trevor," said her mother; "So you blush now, and I was not mistaken, I find, in supposing that you loved each other; I am glad of it, dear child, and give my most willing consent to your union."

"I feared you would not listen to him, or I would have confided in you," said Adeline, half laughing and half crying at this sudden and unexpected realization of hopes she had scarcely dared to entertain.

"And that more because at present he happens to be poor?" said Madame La Roche. "Ah, my Adeline! it is love, not wealth, that should be considered; and George Trevor be poor, are we not rich enough? But," continued she, holding down her head and speaking haltingly, "now

that I have wished you all happiness and consented to your marriage, will you, dear little friend, wish me the same and consent to my marriage?"

"You! you marry again!" exclaimed Adeline.

"And have you been so blind as to suspect nothing?" said Madame La Roche, raising her head and smiling; "I will conceal it from you no longer. You now that I was married in France at a very early age, but you do not know that before that I had given my heart in England to a youth whose only fault was poverty. My parents had forbidden him the house, and on hearing of my engagement on the Continent, he went out in despair to India. Some two months ago, you may remember, we were at a large ball. How can I describe to you my sensations when I saw there the man whom I had loved in my early youth—whom I still loved! I recognized him even before I heard his name."

"And that name was—Crofton," said Adeline, much affected.

"It was," replied Madame La Roche; he had remained single, though he had grown rich enough to buy, if he had willed it, some poor girl, as I myself had been bought. Adeline, he has prevailed on me to change my resolution of never marrying again.—Do you wish me joy?"

The mother and the daughter fell into each other's arms and mingled their tears; but assuredly they were not the tears of sorrow.

On the same morning the two weddings were celebrated, and opinions were divided whether the matronly or the youthful bride looked more charming.

MORAL.
The generous from having experienced pain, are less prone to inflict it on others; the ungenerous, from the same cause, are more prone to inflict it.

A WESTERN BEAR STORY.

FROM "LIFE IN THE WOODS."

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon river, was a Vermonter of the name of Dobson—a large, resolute man.—Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his various crows, which, according to the custom in new countries, had been turned into the woods, to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been, probably in quest of honey.

A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down hindmost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in this evening walk by such a companion; and, without reflecting what he should do with the 'varmint' afterwards, he ran to the tree, on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, he seized him by the fore paws. Bruin growled and gashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws, equally strong with his own, nor could he use his hinder paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could not more assail the bear, than the bear could assail him; nor could he venture to let him go—a very gracious return for this unceremonious taking him by the hand.

The twilight was fast descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children, at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night.—Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance, but his lungs, although none of the weakest were unequal to the task, and although he hollowed and bawled the livelong night, making the woods and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep.

It was a wearisome night for Dobson, such a game of hold-fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of marking known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly. But there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully though rather dimly in the distance,—Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but in active neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder.—Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging at that rate when you see a fellow Christian in such a kittle of fish as this?"

"I 'vum! is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you I heard hallooing so last night? I guess you ought to

have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin' the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though I can tell you, Mr. Sleeper; if you'd had hold the paws of a black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh I was going tired to bed, after laying up log fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come bright and airy. But if I'd known it was you—"

"Known 't was me!" replied Dobson bitterly, "you know 't was somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguey varmints though, and you knew there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!"

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy—it's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the larnd critter get loose, while I split his load open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the bear here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparation for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been had he struck. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike, and to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he roared, and called and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the readers, it is right to add that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

MUSIC OF THE HAMMER.

The sprightly and clever New Orleans paper called the Crescent City has an article on sounds, from which we extract the following paragraph. It evinces good sense and good feeling, as well as philosophical observation. After enumerating all the sounds, natural and artificial; which are apt to greet a man's ears in this world, the writer proceeds:

But, after all, were we to seek out one only sound in the whole world as a representative of expression, of life, business, health, vigor, and improvement, we should certainly name the 'sound of the hammer.' What is there on earth more cheering?

It is the very note of preparation for business, and gives a thrill peculiar to itself to all which lives inert around it.

What brings the morning so fresh and vivid to the mind of the sluggard as the hammer which sounds from neighboring roofs? It is the veriest reproach that an indolent man can have, and speaks straight to the heart in those quick, manly, sudden tones, which only the sincerest friendship employs. And then how much is in that sound beside! What a rage can fancy take when such a sound comes forth! This is the workmen on the roof of a new building, or in the shop of the mechanic, or the store of the merchant. It is the hammer of the carpenter, the blacksmith, the tinman, the cordwainer, the jeweller, or the worker in marble—all industrious, all busy, all well to do. The 'sound of the hammer' is a note which forwarns the world of the whereabouts of the hard-working man.—About it there is no concealment. The man he owes hears it, and waits contented—who owes him listens, and straightway goes to his daily labor. There is a spirit in the sound of a hammer which effects more or less nearly all the world. Some people go through life without noting one sound from another, in the multitude of noises around them, but will answer for the sound of a hammer, that no one ever heard that without being conscious of an impression either positively pleasant or certainly painful. Mechanics should stick to their hammers, for they are sentinels of industry and bestowers of praise."

THE YOUNG BUTCHER.

In one of the markets in New York city was a young butcher who, by his industry and energy had established for himself an excellent reputation, and had acquired some property. He had also a lovely wife, and two small children. His business went well; he was respected and esteemed in the market, at home he was beloved and happy.—He had arrived at such a point in his affairs that he began to feel that he might relax himself occasionally from so severe an application from business. He therefore indulged himself more in sociability with his acquaintance, drank with them, and smoked cigars. Before he was aware of being in danger, the prosperous and happy young butcher had become a drunkard. The happiness of his family was soon turned to sorrow, and in his business one disaster followed another until he was out of business, out of money, out of credit, and

THE HONEY MOON.

A fellow 'down east' recently married a lady old enough to be his grandmother, for her money.—The citizens immediately turned out and caught him, and not willing to lynch him, covered him all over with molasses, which they thickened on him with a hundred weight of flour. The fellow aptly remarked, that he had often read of the sweets of the honey moon, but never knew before that they consisted of molasses and flour doins!

NINE STATES A DAY.

Some gentlemen on board the steamer Diamond the other day, were conversing about the wonderful powers of steam, the facilities it had given to travelling, &c. One gentleman remarked that a man might leave New York in the morning, and arrive the same night in Baltimore, thus being in five states in one day. "Only five is it you say?" said an Irishman present, "and its meeself who was in nine states on Monday last." The company were incredulous, and called on Paddy to explain how such a thing could be possible, which he did as follows: "Well ye see gentlemen, I was married in New York last Monday morning at 6 o'clock, and went with my dear Bridget to Baltimore the same day, and sure before I got there, I was after gotten drunk as a baste, so ye persuade I was in the State of New York, the state of Sobriety, the state of Single Blessedness, the State of New Jersey, the state of Connubial Felicity, (that's what ye call matrimony) the State of Pennsylvania, the State of Delaware, the State of Maryland, and the state of Intoxication, all in one day, and the whole of which was owing to the power of steam."—New York Evening Mail.

CENTRIFUGAL GUN.

Among the articles exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, says the New York Express, the Centrifugal Gun is well deserving of attention, as an important invention calculated to produce extraordinary results. On the simple principle of the common sling, a machine constructed according to the design of the inventor, will, by hand or other power adapted to the weight of the shot, throw with destructive effect a vast number of shot in a minute. A few engines of that description propelled by steam in floating batteries of a suitable form, would protect our harbors and rivers against the combined fleets of Europe; and on land a hundred men in a fort or in the field, could by hand power defend themselves when opposed by as many thousands. If peace will be promoted by improving and multiplying the engines of destruction and defence, this invention must be an important one.

A MISER.—ONE ROBERT SMITH, a blacksmith, recently died at the Seven Dials, London, worth £400,000, and was so penurious in his habits as almost to deprive himself of the means of existence.

ROYAL EXPENDITURES.—In looking over the reports as to the expenditures of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household for 1840, we find that there is a charge of about \$11,000 for bread, and about \$52,000 for wine—about the same proportion that was prepared as far back as the time of Henry the Fourth, when that distinguished Knight, Sir John Falstaff, took a pennyworth of bread and a shilling's worth of sack. The washing bill was \$16,250, perhaps a little augmented by the contributions from the nursery. The rest of the items are as follows:—Butter, bacon, cheese and eggs, \$25,750; butcher's meat, \$50,000; good roast beef, without doubt; poultry, \$21,360; fish, \$10,940, rather latten emmentum that; groceries, \$50,000; oil, \$6,750; fruit and confectionary, \$9,000; vegetables, \$2,500, rather a small amount of vegetables for \$1,350 of beef and poultry; ale and beer, \$15,000, that is patronizing the brewers very well; wax candles, \$0,795; tallow candles, \$3,750; stationery, \$4,350; lamps, \$29,750; fuel, \$14,900; turnings, \$2,000; horning, \$4,750; china, glass, &c., \$7,280, linen, \$59,975—the Queen must be clothed in fine linen; plate, \$1,275, making a total of \$345,825.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS still retains his mental and physical energy unimpaired.

At one period we find him startling the country by his eloquence, or by some eccentric exhibition of his splendid talents.—Again, he appears in a remote public journal, as the author of some touching production in prose or poetry. Before admiration ceases, he re-appears in another portion of the Union as a lecturer before some village Lycou n. He is an extraordinary man. Simple and unpretending in private life, but a Hercules in his public capacity. His whole career is full of great incident, and interesting historical remembrances.—Recurring to these details, we find he has occupied more public stations than any other citizen in this country. He has been sent officially to the Courts of England, Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, and also one of the three Euvove Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for negotiating the treaty of Ghent. In addition to these diplomatic missions, Mr. Adams has also been a member of Congress, Secretary of State, and President of the United States; besides being Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. His life, of which he has always kept a copious diary, will furnish the world one of the most useful and instructive lessons on record, when he dies.—N. Amer.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN SLEEP.

—On Sunday last, a man who had adjoined from a public house to his usual place of worship, fell asleep, and imagination returning to the scene he had so recently left, he called out, greatly to the astonishment of the preacher and the congregation, "Here, landlord, fill t'other pot.—Northampton Mercury.

THE MECHANIC.—The following beautiful article is from "The Carpenter of Rouen," a popular play:

The mechanic, sir, is one of God's noble men. What have mechanics not done! Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highway, on which they ride as on a tame steed! Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanics' bidding compelled to turn all that have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to their play thing; and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty winds. To the wise they are the flood gates of knowledge, and kings and queens are decorated with their handiworks. He, who made the Universe, was a great mechanic.

NATIONAL AEMORY.—The President has appointed Brig. Gen. W. K. Armstrong, Lieut. Col. S. H. Long, Topographical Engineer, Surgeon General T. Lawson, a Board of Commissioners for the purpose of selecting a suitable site on the Western waters for the establishment of a National Arsenal." The first named officer to be President of the Board.

A man named Clark, was on Monday brought before the Court of General Sessions of Philadelphia on a charge of stealing a dog. The bill of indictment was laid before the jury by the prosecuting officer, with the request that they would render a verdict of acquittal, in as much as no man had any property in a dog, and there was in law no larceny of such an animal. This is very strange! If there is no such law there should be.

THE EASIEST CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.—We have seldom met with a more striking instance of the union of simplicity and wisdom, for which Quabers are remarkable, than the following. A man addicted to habits of intoxication, was suffering the usual miserable consequences, and in a moment of repentance, said he would give anything to cure himself. "It is as easy as to open thine hand," said a Quaker. "Convince me of that," replied the inebriate, "and I will persevere in the experiment."—"When thou takest the tempting glass into thine hand," replied the Friend, "before thou liftest the liquor to thy lips, open thine hand, and keep it open, and thou wilt be cured." A complete reformation ensued. How simple, easy, and effectual a rule! Try it.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

CASTIRON CHURCH.—St. George's Church, Everton, Liverpool, is an object of considerable interest for its taste, and as having been nearly the first iron church erected in Great Britain. The whole of the frame work of the windows, doors, gables, roof, pulpit, ornamented enrichments, are of cast iron. The length is one hundred and nineteen feet, the breadth is forty-seven. It is ornamented by a cast iron window of stoned glass. It is not, perhaps, generally known that a great proportion of the larger manufactory erected within the last ten years, are all iron except the walls. And within two years past, several cottages and country villas have been put up near London, which are exclusively cast iron—walls, doors, steps, roofs, chimneys, sash, &c. When once finished, such buildings require no repairs; and the most finished carved ornaments cost little more than plain castings.

AN ODD CABINET.—Out of six gentlemen who compose the President's Cabinet, only two are married, Messrs. Webster and Spencer.