

# 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 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 twice for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be inserted, or they will be published till forbidden 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.—

## SWEAR NOT.

Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool.

Oh! swear not by your God, vain man!  
Thy mightiest strength is frail;  
Thy longest life is but a span,  
A brief, a mournful tale;  
Be from thy lip Hozonans heard,  
Nor oaths or songs profane;  
Remember, He hath said the word,  
"Take not my name in vain."

And swear not by the holy Heaven!  
It is the Almighty's throne;  
Nor by the burning stars of even,  
For they are all his own;  
Rather, arise at early day,  
Look on the glorious sun,  
Swear not! but bow thee down and pray  
To him,—the Holy One.

Swear not by earth, the Deceitful earth,  
The footstool of his power!  
He gave its every glory birth,  
In the primeval hour;  
List to the loud rebukes that roll  
From ocean, earth, and air;  
Let the deep murmurs move thy soul  
To worship—not to swear.

Oh! swear not by the blessed one  
Whom God, the Father, gave,  
His well beloved and only son,  
A sinning world to save;  
But weep that thou so oft has bent  
A worldly shrine before;  
Turn to thy Saviour and repent,  
Depart and sin no more.

And swear not by thine own weak name,  
For thou art but the slave  
Of pain and sorrow, sin and shame,  
Of glory and the grave.  
Thy boasted body is but clay,  
Born of the dust you tread,  
And soon a swift approaching day  
Shall lay thee with the dead!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE POOR LAWYER.

BY IRVING.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy not to be struck by female beauty.—She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girl of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Fugh, or Sally Pigham, or any of my leather dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks quite daunted while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window and did not hear my approach. I tap-

ped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stole, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horse-back galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his study, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found here the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to be in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed, "I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth and played among the blushes of her cheek.—She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceeded to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, I not above twenty; and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances, a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons,—every thing by half dozens,—a little delph ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a country town, about twenty five miles off. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it and waving her hand after me. Her last look so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and I wondered how I, a stranger and mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with the idlers of the county, who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me and elbowed me as he past. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I do not need better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning, court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial.—He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and he had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose a counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial the following day.—He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag as a retaining fee. It could scarcely believe my senses, it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee told but lightly of a man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case, from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the laws on the subject, and prepared my brief

in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into my mind. The shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions kept whirling through my mind. I had tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but not to eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in the lonely house, I should have given back to the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down.—Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and rang tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know why this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney-General in the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man who was circulated with favorable exaggeration.—Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs at our courts came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his money and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of my money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse on which I had come to court, and led the other which I received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my wife; for both of us expected I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for?

"For myself to be sure," replied I with affected coolness, "I made it at court." She looked at me for a moment incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do.—My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money.

From the Richmond Compiler of Nov. 6. CURIOUS CASE OF BIGAMY.—As a good deal of interest is felt respecting this affair, we have taken some trouble to ascertain the facts in the case. We do not wish to prejudice in this or any other criminal transaction, but, in justice to our readers, we submit several facts, which, it is believed, are well authenticated.

There is a lady in town who calls herself Mrs. Marcia Smith, and asserts that she is the wife of one J. Augustus Smith, known here as a teacher of penmanship, under the cognomen of Wellington.

There is evidence of the most satisfactory nature that Mrs. Smith is the daughter of an aged and excellent clergyman at the north; that she has highly respectable connections in Boston, Lowell, Manchester, N. H., and Haverhill, N. Y. She has testimonials of good standing as a Christian, and in all her present affliction she has manifested an admirable spirit.

She was married to J. Augustus Smith ten years ago, in Albany, N. Y. Since then she has travelled much with him as an associate teacher of penmanship, she being well qualified to teach that and other branches of practical education. About two years since, Smith proposed to go south, and did so with one Aiken, of whom we understand, not much good can be said. At the suggestion of this comrade, Smith changed his name to Wellington, and moreover by him, it is said, was furnished with false testimonials, purporting to come from respectable clergymen, on the strength of which, with other artifices, he (Wellington) won the confidence and the hand of a worthy young lady in this city.

Soon after the marriage, the parties visited Boston, where Mrs. Smith and another lady were associated in teaching. A gentleman called at their school-room one day while "Wellington and lady" were in town, and said in the hearing of Mrs. Smith—"a man who once taught penmanship hereabouts, by the name of Smith, went to Virginia, changed his name to Wellington, and has returned with a young girl. They board at No. 7 — Row." Mrs. Smith, as soon as the first effects of the shock passed off, went to the place, saw the young "Mrs. Wellington," and, incognito, learned from her own lips all the facts she needed, and more than she desired for her peace.

With a heroism of heart "which drinks the blood," she kept the murderous tidings smothered in her bosom, lest she should exasperate her brother, and bring down her aged parents with sorrow to the grave.

Ever since last June he has known of this marriage but said nothing. A few weeks since, while she was pining away with secret agony, the rumor reached the ears of her brother-in-law, respecting the true cause of her private sorrows. He delicately, and yet directly demanded if she knew whether her husband was or was not married again? She was thus obliged to tell all. Her friends are not rich, but they scorned the recreant who could thus desert the worthy; and, of course, demanded that she should cut off all ties of affection for him. This was hard. She was a woman—a wife—a mother. As the man who had won her affections, who had for years reciprocated her kindness, and who was the father of her two children, perhaps fortunately now dead, she loved him still, and wished to see him once more. She came here alone, with the least possible publicity, only to secure, if she could, some pecuniary aid, as had been promised, and a final leave, but without the remotest idea of revenge or prosecution. She shrinks from this strange and unexpected notoriety, and has a bold face only when imputations of guilt are hinted. It is believed that great wrong has been committed, and we can only hope that impartial justice may fall where the guilty lies. For Mrs. Smith there is but one source of consolation. A friend has seen a letter which she had written to her husband, in which she tenderly commends him to the mercy of God, and for herself pants for the repose of the grave.

Wellington was arrested on Wednesday. Yesterday he was examined before the Mayor's court; but his case was adjourned to Monday, before the conclusion of his examination.

REMEDY FOR LIGHTNING.—An account is published in the New York Sun, in which two persons are said to have recovered from the effects of lightning by the use of cold water. In the latter case it is said that "Mrs. Van Be, the wife of a highly respectable resident of Bergen, near Corners, was struck down by a flash of lightning apparently dead beyond hope of recovery. She was so considered by her family, and not one of them, nor the neighbors who were called in, entertained the most distant idea but that she had passed forever to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Preparations were accordingly made for laying her out, and paying the last sad rights to her lifeless remains. At least ten minutes had elapsed after her receiving the shock, when her brother arrived at the scene of affliction and sorrow; and fortunately, the paragraph in the Sun, recommending the application of cold water, recurred to his mind, and though without hope, he proceeded to make the application as directed in our late paragraph. The lady was placed upon the ground, and water poured upon her person, painful after painful, from head to foot; and to the astonishment and joy of all, she soon began to exhibit signs of returning animation. The process was continued, and the restoration soon became perfect; and in an incredibly short space of time, she had, to all appearance, fully and perfectly recovered from the effects of the shock which all had supposed had been irretrievably fatal."

THE COST OF GLORY.—The New York American says that in the inaugural Address of Dr. Mott, recently delivered to his course on Surgery at the University of New York, it was related of Baron Larrey, the friend and surgeon of Napoleon, and his soldiers, that after the victory of Austerlitz, he cut off 1400 limbs, and then the knife fell from his exhausted hands. Well considered, what an antidote is this to the love of glory!—duly weighed in the scale of humanity and religion, what a fearful responsibility for the promoters of unrighteous war!

BEST MANNER OF SUPPORTING NEWSPAPERS.—The following remarks of a contemporary, on the best manner of supporting a good newspaper, are true to the letter. We commend them to the consideration of the public.

Much depends upon the supporters of a newspaper whether it is conducted with spirit and interest—if they are niggardly or negligent in their payments, the pride and ambition of the editor is broken down, he works at a thankless and unprofitable task, he becomes discouraged and careless—his paper loses its pith, interest, and dies. But on the contrary, if his subscribers are of the right sort—if they are punctual, liberal hearted fellows—always in advance on the subscription list—taking an interest in increasing the number of his subscribers—now and then speaking a good word for his paper; cheering him on his course by smiles of approbation; with such subscribers as these, I would forewear comfort, ease, leisure—every thing that could possibly step between me and the gratification of every audible desire on their part—I would know no other pleasure but their satisfaction.—How much then can the supporters of a newspaper do to make it interesting and respectable—indeed without concurring efforts on their part, a publisher of a paper will not, cannot bestow, the attention which is necessary to make it what it should be.

THE CENSUS.—The editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle has been examining the six returns of the census, taken at intervals of ten years each since the adoption of the constitution. The investigations show some curious facts:—

1. The population of the United States increases exactly 34 per cent. each ten years, and doubles every twenty-four years. The law is so uniform and permanent, that when applied to the population of 1790, and brought down to the present time, it produces nearly the very result as shown by the census of 1840. And thus we may tell with great accuracy what will be the census of 1850. It will be nearly twenty three millions.

2. But although this is the aggregate result, it is by no means true of each particular part of the country, for New England increases at the rate of 15 per cent. each ten years, while the northwestern states increase 100 per cent. in that period.

3. The slave population increased at 30 per cent., but since at less than 25 per cent. The free population have, however, increased at the rate of 36 per cent. At this rate, therefore, the difference between the free and slave population is constantly increasing.

4. Another fact is that the colored population increase just in proportion to the distance south; and that slavery is certainly and rapidly decreasing in the states bordering on the free states.

This state of things continued, would, in half a century, extinguish slavery in these states, and concentrate the whole black population of the United States on the Gulf of Mexico, and the adjacent States on the southern Atlantic.

Somebody in Pennsylvania sends us a list of the majorities for Gov. Porter in different Counties as an answer to our remark that the said Governor is an unprincipled demagogue. But does that prove his point? Was not Aaron Burr once elected Vice President of the United States by the entire Democratic vote of the Union! And was he not within an ace of being made President? Yet who does not know that he was a desperate demagogue and a black hearted villain all the while? Yet Aaron Burr never did a public act so unjustifiable in its character, so pernicious in its consequences as David R. Porter has repeatedly done, in pardoning his personal satellites under indictment for crime so as to shield them from trial.—Fifty thousand majority would not wash out the infamy of this foul deed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Too Common.—Stranger—Have you any newspapers?

Editor—Certainly.

Stranger—You will give me, I suppose?

Editor—O yes, sir, (handing him a paper.) These are fine chickens in your basket; have you more of them?

Stranger—Right smart of them at home.

Editor—That's a fine one; you will give me that I suppose, sir, will you not?

Stranger—I brought these to market to sell, I should like to sell you a dozen at seventy-five cents.

The above actually occurred in our office last week, and we doubt not that it is a lesson not soon to be forgotten.—State Sentinel.

WONDERFUL STORY.—The Manchester, (Eng.) Guardian tells a great story.—Thomas Horsefield, a young man from Ashton, undertook at Deane, near Bolton, for a wager, to perform the following feats within an hour:—To gather fifty pees one yard apart; run a large hoop one mile; run a mile; run half a mile in a sack; walk a mile and run a mile. He accomplished his task in the short period of 35½ minutes, in the following manner: He gathered the pees in 9½ minutes; ran a hoop one mile in 5½ minutes; ran a mile 5½ minutes; ran half a mile in a sack in 4½ minutes; walked a mile in 6 minutes, and ran a mile in 5 minutes.

EFFECTS OF RAIL ROADS.—That our Railroad, says the Raleigh Register, has exerted a most beneficial effect in stirring the people up to greater exertions in farming matters, is plainly perceptible to all who have occasion to visit any of the counties, within its influence either direct or indirect. For instance, we learn that in several counties, quite distant from the road, many, very many, are raising tobacco and grain this year for market and in the counties of Person and Granville, it is said, more tobacco has been planted than ever before, and crops fair. The simple fact that a Railroad exerts a direct influence on the energies of the people for nearly 50 miles on either side of it, should convince the most skeptical of the advantages of such arteries through the country.

CANDLES.—Every industrious and economical wife in the country, of course, moulds or dips a large portion of the candles used in her household every year—at any rate she ought to do it, especially if her husband kills any bees; and if he does not, she is certainly bound to deliver him a full course of certain lectures during the long fall and winter nights. With this preface we will tell our fair readers how to make candles very far superior to those usually made in the country.—Prepare your wicks about half the usual size and wet them thoroughly with Spirits of Turpentine, put them to the sun until dry, then mould or dip your candles. Candles thus made, last longer and give a much clearer light. In fact they are nearly or quite equal to sperm, in clearness of light. We have used candles of this kind, and can therefore recommend them with confidence.—West Farmer.

SOLVENT FOR OLD PUTTY.—In removing old glass, spread over the putty, with a small brush a little nitric or muriatic acid, and the putty will become soft.

NEW COAL MINE.—A large body of valuable Kennel Coal has been found near Pittsburg and the Allegheny river—the largest deposits yet found in this country. The coal is free from sulphur.

LIQUOR SHOPS IN WASHINGTON CITY.—The National Intelligencer reports that there are seventy grog shops at the seat of Government, within an area of less than three miles square, and containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. Of all these establishments only eight are real hotels, or places of accommodation for travellers or strangers.

"Pray what is nonsense?" asked a wight who talked little else. "Nonsense?" replied his friend, "why sir it is nonsense to bolt a door with a bolted carrot."

PRIDE.—Was it our Dr. Franklin who said "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it."

The modest young lady in Richmond, swooned away, when Ephraim remarked to her that he saw several trees entirely stripped a few days ago.

COLT, the murderer, cheated TWO PRIZES in Philadelphia. We leave the subject to the calm reflection of the reader.

A HINT TO EDITORS.—The Boston Journal makes mention of a book which appeared in London some years since, consisting entirely of a list of men notorious about town for running in debt and not paying; or, as the phrase among them is not caring who suffers. It contained 4,000 of such names, greatly to the annoyance of many, who were thus, perhaps, shamed into honesty.

How would it answer to publish annually an Editorial Club Book of delinquent subscribers?

"I never saw such a bustle before," said Mr. Snooks, the other day, to Mrs. S. and his lovely daughters, speaking of the present crowded state of the hotels.

"Of course not, Pa," replied the fair Jemima; "they always wear them behind."

THE CUNARD STEAMERS had up to the 17th July last, made 19 voyages to Boston—averaging 14 days ten hours per voyage. The longest voyage was that of the Acadia in March and April last—18 days 12 hours, the shortest that of the Columbia in June—12 days 2 hours. Two voyages were made in 12 days and 12 hours; and four in 13 days 12 hours. The time is calculated from the hour of departure from Liverpool, to arrival in Boston, without deducting time of detention at Halifax.

DISCRETION.—Lord Mansfield, no less eminent for his great acquirements than the acuteness of his understanding, was once asked by a country friend whether he should take upon himself the office of a justice of the peace, as he was conscious of his want of legal knowledge? "My good friend," replied this sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons of decision for they may be disputable.—Raleigh Register.