

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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WHOLE NO. 610.

Office of the Star & Banner
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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."

TO CHRIST'S CHURCH BELL.

Thou honor'd type of olden times,
Oh, who can count thy years,
Or guess the deaths, thy solemn chimes
Have told, to other ears.

Who knows the scenes, perhaps of blood,
Of awful deaths, and pain,
Thou'st witness'd ere thou cross'd the flood,
And left the shores of Spain.

Thy Cross and Virgin tell thy name—
Thy sacred use proclaim;
But oh, religion, what abuse
Is cloak'd beneath thy name.

Old bell! I love thy soothing tones,
And listen with delight
When'er thy solemn pealing, moans
Upon the balmy night.

Yet more I love, at Sabbath morn
To hear thy cheering sound—
It tells of God—a Saviour born—
Of sinners lost, but found.

It tells me of a saving grace—
Of songs of praise, of pray'r,
And leads me to that sacred place,
Where all can equal share.

CONTEE.

*This excellent Bell is of the larger class of Church Bells—of superior material and fine tone,—is ornamented with images of the Cross and Virgin Mary, which declare the fact that it once belonged to a Catholic Institution. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that this is one of a vast number of bells, sold by the Spanish Government to defray the expenses of the disastrous civil wars that still convulse that unhappy country.

EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A wicked one lies buried here,
Who died in a decline;
He never rose in rank I fear,
Tho, he was born to shine.

He once was fat but now, indeed,
He's thin as any griver;
He died,—the Doctors all agreed,
Of a most burning fever.

One thing of him is said with truth,
With which I'm much amused;
It is—that when he stood, foresooth,
A stick he always used.

Now winding-sheets he sometimes made,
But this was not enough,
For finding it a poorish trade,
He also dealt in snuff.

If'er you said "Go out, I pray,"
He much ill nature show'd;
On such occasions he would say,
"Vy, if I do, I'm blow'd."

In his friends do all agree,
Although you'll think I'm joking,
When going out 'tis said that he
Was very fond of smoking.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptized
They dip'd him once or twice.

A QUEER MARRIAGE.—There was an old matrimonial bargain consummated at Goshen, Orange co., on the 18th ult., something as boys frequently swap knives, "unsaid unseem." Mr. Andrew Hulse, sexton of the Presbyterian church in Goshen, was wedded to Miss Esther Smith, the party's leaving, it is said, not soon each other previous to the marriage, and what is more remarkable, the bride did not know her husband when he came to take her to her new home.—*Buf. Adv.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—VERY.—Rumor in Washington says, that when Mr. Senator Rives was asked his opinion of the message by a gentleman, he replied—"the message, sir—why I think, sir—I think—it is an exceedingly well printed paper."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Evening Post,
**THE SCARLET SHAWL;
OR, THE TWO SCHOOL MATES.**

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INDIANAH.

It matters not on what the fingers ply,
The daily task kind Heaven to all has giv'n;
But rather ask thou if the heart itself which gives
The hands their pulse be honest, and the eye
Which guides the plying hand be single?

Edwin Barry and Seth Manning were school-fellows at Chester Academy. The father of Edwin was a lawyer of good standing and some property; the father of Seth was a house carpenter. Mr. Barry being a lawyer was of course a 'respectable' man, and belonged to genteel society; Mr. Manning being a mechanic was of course much less respectable than Lawyer Barry, and was not admitted into genteel society.—The lawyer was a gentleman, although he wanted charity, love for his neighbor, mercy and common sympathy with the miseries of others, and, withal, got tipsy. The carpenter was no gentleman although he owed no man anything, was honest in all his dealings, never injured his neighbor, was sober, upright and industrious. The wide difference between these two, although they went to the same church, were fed by the same butcher and baker, lived in the same street, and breathed the same air, was that Mr. Barry got his living by a pen and law books, and Mr. Manning by the means of chisel and planks. It may appear surprising to many of my young readers, that such a difference should exist from such simple causes, and that the occupation should so far fix the merit and social position of individuals. This distinction, however, we are pained to say, exists in the world; but as it is founded upon a false basis, and a false system of society, we caution all young persons from being influenced, as they enter life, by the foolish prejudices which follow its adoption. For nothing is more unwise than for youths to judge a man by his occupation, or a boy by his father's; nothing so indicative of a weak mind as to court the society of one because his father is rich, or a lawyer, or a doctor, and avoid the companionship of the other because his father is a mechanic, though the former may be vicious, idle, and immoral in his habits, and the latter, modest, studious, and moral.

Youth cannot too soon learn that the distinctions which they see assigned by those around (perhaps by their own parents) to occupation, money, or birth, are unjust; that no such thing as 'respectability,' as it is termed, can exist aside from an honest and useful life. They cannot too early be taught that no branch of industry is degrading; that no employment that contributes to the general good and comfort of society is disreputable. I would remind such that the fathers of the Revolution perilled their life and honor to break the chains of servitude that bound our free land to a British master, severed the chains and gave liberty to all coming generations of their sons. These false notions of society belong to the haughty social system of our masters, should have been cast aside with our chains, and are unworthy our adoption. Having thrown off the yoke of political servitude, let us no longer continue to wear the chains of moral bondage to her customs and her uses. Americans should have no other aristocracy than that of merit! In cherishing any other through foolishly and wickedly adopting false ideas of 'respectability,' though elevating one occupation at the expense of another, and measuring the merit of men by their pursuits and not by their usefulness, they are only re forging for their necks the chains that their patriot fathers shivered in pieces; like the Israelites they cry for the Gods of Egypt they once worshipped, and making a golden calf out of the offerings of pride, vanity and ambition, fall down and adore it.

This false system of society which excludes tradesmen from 'good society' is the 'golden calf' of Americans, and unless they break it up themselves, they will one day drink the bitter waters with which it is mingled.

Like most youths whose fathers belong to one of the professions, Edwin Barry was early taught that he was 'respectable' by virtue of his father's pursuits. His mother inculcated this idea with his daily meals, and his father enforced it by his example and bearing toward mechanics. Naturally of a frank and generous character, Edwin as he grew up became haughty and aristocratic and prided himself much upon his 'respectability.' It was his delight to make boys less fortunate feel his position above them, and boast of the great people he saw at his father's house. One day he was talking with Seth Manning, for he descended to speak with mechanic's sons when he could make them listeners to his own vain and silly boasts. Seth, moreover lived in the same street, and they often fell in together on the way to school, when Edwin who loved idleness, was willing to avail himself of Seth's more studious habits to get help in his lessons. On the present occasion Edwin had just come out of his door, when seeing Seth approaching from his own humble dwelling, he waited for him to come up. The two were about sixteen years of age.

"I say, Seth Manning," he said with an elevated look, as the other came near with his school books and a large slate beneath

his arm; "who do you think is going to be at our house to-day to dinner?"

"I don't know, Edwin," answered Seth quietly, and walking on.

"Well, its Judge Barnes!" said Edwin, as if he had given utterance to a piece of intelligence which was to overwhelm his companion. Seth did not, however, receive it as anything very remarkable, and Edwin looked displeas'd.

"You don't think anything of a judge being at our house, hey? well, I guess it would be a long day before a judge or any respectable man would go into your house," answered the aristocratic Barry.

"I know what you call respectable and what is respectable," said Seth in a manly tone. "Judge Barnes I have heard is a very cruel man and drinks."

"But he is respectable and belongs to the first society. Father says a man mustn't be judged by his private life but by his respectable standing. I'm sure I'd rather be a wicked judge than a clever tradesman."

"I'm sorry to think so, Edwin, as such sentiments will bring you much unhappiness. I know you think my father is not respectable, and that I am not a proper associate for you. I see that while you walk with me, you keep a step or two in advance, and look round and up at windows, lest you feared you should be seen associating with me."

Edwin colored, for he felt the truth and force of Seth's plain and candid reproof. He stammered something which Seth did not hear, in way of excusing himself, and then in a confidential, favoring kind of tone said,

"Come, Seth, never mind, I was out at a party at Col. Farney's last night, and didn't get my task in Virgil. Will you just translate it over for me, when we get up to the lane?"

"I will do it as we walk along," answered Seth, smiling; as he well understood the foolish youth's motive in going into the lane first.

"Oh, no I am afraid some of the fellows will see us here and say you showed me."

"You mean you are afraid they will see us in close companionship, rather, Edwin! well I forgive you, for you have been taught to consider trades and those who follow them as degrading. I will cheerfully show you when we come to the lane."

Who was at Col. Farney's party last night?"

"Oh, all the pretty girls in the village; we had a capital time."

"Was Mary Curtis there?" asked Seth with a slight increase of color.

"Mary Curtis! yes I guess she was and the prettiest girl in the party,—and in the town. But what do you ask about a girl, Seth Manning, whom you can never speak to?" demanded Edwin with offensive haughtiness. "She is the most respectable girl in the town, and her father was once in the army. I don't like to hear a girl like her spoken of by such a one as you are, because it looks like as if you thought you might like to become acquainted with her. Ha, ha! I guess she wouldn't speak to you, if you did think so!"

Seth looked slightly displeas'd, and felt a disposition to retort sharply. But his father had taught him forbearance, and often showed him how undignified and low it was to enter into a quarrel with any one, and, that a subject had better be dropped than warmly pursued. But Barry's words filled him with mortification. He had often seen and silently and respectfully admired the sweet Mary Curtis, a lovely Miss of fifteen. He thought of her daily, and loved to walk where she had walked, and prized most dearly a chance flower she may have thrown away. He had never spoken to, nor, such were the arbitrary forms of the society we are exposing, did he dare to. He now could not but admit the severe truth of Edwin's unfeeling words; and in his heart he envied the silly Barry, and hated the trade of his own father which had entailed an inferior position upon himself; and under the bitter feeling of the moment he invariably resolved that he would not be bound to the trade of a founder to which his father had wisely destined him. He was under the influence of these painful reflections walking along with his eyes cast down, when he heard from the opposite side of the street, where another street entered it leading from a boarding-school, a deep bellow and at the same time a loud scream! He looked up and saw that a short horned cow, irritated by a scarlet shawl worn by a young school girl, was pursuing her with wild and determined fury. It did not require a second glance to tell Seth that the terrified girl was Mary Curtis.

"Oh, run Seth," cried the paralyzed and helpless Edwin Barry, "run and save her! and the aristocratic youth, overcome by fear for his own personal safety, run down the lane and climbed a high fence.

Seth no sooner saw the peril in which the pretty Mary was, than without a thought of himself, he bounded across the road and exerted himself to get between the enraged animal and the flying girl—Mary fled towards the boarding school with the speed of fear, while her crimson shawl flying behind her quickened the pursuit of the animal.

"Cast off your shawl, if possible, Miss Curtis," cried Seth as loud as he could, "or fly to the fence!"

Mary tried to disengage it as she flew, but her fingers were too tremulous for her to withdraw the pin; and as to seeking the protection of the fence as a boy would have first done, she felt she could never

climb it, and might be arrested in the attempt. Seth, by using great exertions, at length got abreast of the maddened cow and at the imminent risk of drawing upon himself all her fury, caught her by one of the horns and was borne along with her,—she tossing back her head and bellowing with rage. He had thrown down all his books—but retained his slate with the corner of which holding it in the other hand he struck her in the eye with so well-aimed a blow that she slightly checked her speed and turned aside against him, just as Mary overcome by her fright and exertion, stumbled and fell prostrate in her path. In two bounds more the reful animal would have been upon her! The first blow broke the frame of his slate, and with the sharp corner he struck her a second blow which cut deeply into her temples, and caused her first to stagger and then fly moaning and pawing the earth past the fallen girl in the direction she had been flying.

He watched the cow till he saw her madly descend into a ravine some distance beyond, and then came to Mary who had already risen, but looked as pale as death.

"I am thankful for your escape, Miss Curtis. I never knew a person in greater danger. Are you hurt?"

Mary could not reply for agitation and want of breath, but she took one of Seth's hands between both her own and pressed them with warm and grateful energy, while her eyes were eloquent with her thanks.

"I am glad you are not hurt. It was Dr. Conway's cow, a vicious creature at all times, and should not be suffered to go on the commons. Your scarlet shawl attracted its attention, and that is a color which singularly enough inspires them with rage and a desire to attack it. So you have the consolation, Miss Curtis," he added smiling, "of knowing it was not yourself she disliked but your colors."

At this moment came Edwin Barry running up breathless, and extending his hand to congratulate the maiden on her escape.

"Yes, Edwin," said Mary ironically, "but without sparing him her hand, 'I have escaped thanks to my brave preserver whose name I can never be ignorant of.'"

"It is Seth Manning, a mechanic," answered Edwin contemptuously; displeas'd at her coldness and envious of Seth for his superior bravery, as well as mortified at his cowardice.

"Then I am more indebted to him than if he had been a gentleman's son," said Mary, who with all her virtues was tainted with this pseudo-gentility which we combat; "for she has shown a gallantry that we look for only in those who are educated to be gentlemen," he said casting a look of slight contempt at Edwin.

"Mr. Seth Manning, I give you my thanks now for preserving my life, and hope I shall never forget you. My father will call and see you and thank you also. Good morning."

"Good morning, Miss Curtis," said Seth, following her with his eyes as she left them without taking any further notice of Barry.

"A pert little mix," said Barry, scornfully trying to conceal his mortification and contempt for her.

"Speak a word disrespectful of her again, Edwin Barry," said Seth with a flashing eye, "and I will toss you into the ravine after the cow you so valiantly ran away from."

Edwin turned pale and made no reply; but walked away muttering to himself, "Low vulgar brute! what better manners can be expected from a mechanic!"

The ensuing year Seth Manning was sent to the city and bound apprentice to engine-building with Merrick and Agnew. He mastered his trade and established himself in New York in the same business, constructing steam and fire engines, and became a useful and wealthy man. At the age of twenty-seven he went back to Chester and brought away one of the loveliest women in the county for his wife. That she was none other than Mary Curtis need not be told. We should be glad if we had room to record their whole courtship and marriage, and how the young village lawyer Edwin Barry thrice offered himself to her and was rejected; and how Col. Curtis preferred a brave man to a coward, an honest and useful man to an idler in a profession which he chose that he might become a gentleman; and how Mary found, to her future happiness in life, that a true and noble heart may throb beneath the leather-apron of the mechanic, as well as under the silken vestments of the lawyer.

FEMALE CHARACTER.—Daughters should be thoroughly acquainted with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects of woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. She was made for a mother. They should learn neatness, economy, industry and sobriety. These will constitute their ornament. No vermilion will be necessary to give color or expression to the countenance, no artificial supports to give shape or turgor to the body. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion, of beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them amiable in the kitchen and dining room, and ornaments to the sitting room and parlor.

How enviable the parents of such a daughter! How lovely the daughter herself. How happy the husband of such a wife. Thrice happy the children of such a mother. They shall rise up and call her blessed, and her memory shall live.

The influence of the female character

cannot be estimated. It is decisive of the character of the other sex. If her character be pure, and elevated, and without reproach, such will be the character of the other sex. There is no man such a monster that he would dare to be vicious in the presence of a virtuous woman. Her character is a shield against even the solicitations of vice.

Every thing, domestic or social, depends on female character. As daughters and sisters they decide the character of the family. As wives, they emphatically decide the characters of their husbands, and their condition also. It has been not unmeaningly said, 'that the husband may ask the wife whether he may be respected.—He certainly must inquire at her altar whether he may be prosperous or happy. As mothers, they decide the characters of their children. Nature has constructed them the early guardians and instructors of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this important trust.

DON'T TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the 'Tontine,' when an old farmer from the country entered their room (taking it for the bar room,) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there.—The young chaps immediately answered him in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow who was a shrewd Yankee, saw, at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly laying off his hat and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c. &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie," replied the student.

"Not for the world," added the farmer.

"Now what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the worthless animal.

"I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who with his companion was bent on having some capital fun with the old man, "now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.

"You will not? Here: let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting, numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand and apparently unconcerned.

"There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars all in silver, I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming—

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would be wag, that he was completely 'done up,' and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beat, insisted on the old farmer's taking another glass, and they parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.—*Uncle Sam.*

STUDY AND SLEEP.—In Combe's Philosophy—one of the most philosophical books that has ever been published—there is an excellent hint which is worthy of any circulation it can receive. Mr. Combe says that nature has allotted the darkness of night for repose, and the restorations by sleep of the exhausted faculties of the body and mind. If study or composition be ardently engaged in, towards that period of the day, the increased action in the brain which always accompanies activity of mind, requires a long time to subside; and if the individual be of an irritable habit, he will be sleepless for hours, or tormented by unpleasant dreams. If nevertheless, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately produce a state of irritability of the nervous system approaching insanity. It is, therefore, of great advantage to engage in severe studies early in the day, and devote two or three hours preceding bed time to light reading, music, or amusing conversation.

A CAREFUL WOMAN.—A gentleman, boasting of the neatness and regularity of his wife, said—"If I get up in the night, pitch dark, I can find my clothes, down to my very gloves, in all their proper places. I was up this morning, before daylight, and—" (The gentleman here put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out his wife's night-cap, instead of his handkerchief.)

"I WILL BY AND BYE."—Zounds! sir, you may as well swear that you will never do it! I'm out of all patience with these 'by and bye' folks. An hour of the present time is worth a week of the future.

Why, I know a bachelor, who is as well calculated for matrimonial felicity as every virtue and every accomplishment can render him; but he has been putting off the happy time, from one year to another, always resolving that he would marry 'by and bye,' till the best ten years of his life are gone, and he is still 'resolving' and I fear "he will die the same."

Ho that would gather the roses of matrimony must wed in the May of life. If you wish only the withered leaves and the thorns, why, poor Richard says, put it off till September.—"Procrastination is the thief of time."

I made a visit last winter to see my old friend Jeremiah Carless. When he put my horses into a stable, he took me to his barn floor to see some fine wheat he had just threshed. I observed to him that one of the boards of the barn was near falling, and he had better nail it. "I will by and bye," said he. Things about the farm looked as though "by and bye" folks lived there. Next morning the boys came running in with sad news. An unruly bull had torn off the board, and the cattle had sapped and breakfasted on the white wheat, and old brindle, the best cow in the drove, was floundered so that she died. Now two nails, worth a penny, and five minutes of time would have saved the life of old brindle and the white wheat in the bargain.

Passing by my neighbor Nedwell's the other day, I saw that his wife had made a fine garden, and the early peas were shooting above the ground. "It looks well," said I, "neighbor—but there is a hole in the fence, which you had better mend, or the hogs will ruin your garden."—"I will by and bye," said he. Happening to go by there two days after, I was defensed with the cry of "Who-ee, who-ee—sty boy, sty-boy!"—a drove of hogs had come along, and while my neighbor was taking a nap, they had crawled through the broken fence and destroyed the labor of a week.—"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," poor Richard says.

WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.—The polypus, like the faded hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a curp, thirteen thousand and three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread, with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread, consists of more than four thousand united. Lewenhock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders, no bigger than a grain of sand, which spun thread so fine, that it took four thousand of them to equal, in magnitude, a single hair.

HONORABLE.—On Monday afternoon a child was found drowned in the canal between Trenton and Millham. A woman named Myers, the wife of a soldier on Hedlow's Island, was arrested on suspicion of having caused the death of the child. She at first denied any knowledge of the matter, but on a subsequent examination made the following confession:

She came on Monday last in the cars with her infant boy and her little girl about five years old. She drank frequently on the way from a bottle of gin and was under the influence of liquor most of the time. When she arrived at Trenton, she set out to walk by the canal bank to some acquaintance in Lawrence. She became very thirsty, and made several attempts to get water from the Canal, in all of which she failed, on account of the steepness of the bank, and in the last, lost her balance, and the child fell into the water. She could not recover it, and stupified by gin, and horror-stricken by the thought that the child was drowned through her intemperance, she at first determined to deny all knowledge of the body.—*N. Y. Cour. & Inquirer.*

DREADFUL DISTRESS.—A letter to the editor of the Carlisle (Eng.) Journal, says:—I know families in Carlisle, of five and six of a family, who are compelled to live on four or five shillings per week, who have nothing but a pallet of straw to sleep upon, with little or no covering; and in order to keep in life, and that each day may be as miserable as another, when they divide their scanty victuals over the week, they sometimes have FIVE POTATOES for each meal, and six human beings for them.

HEAVY VERDICT.—In the United States Court at New York on Saturday, Judges Thompson and Betts presiding, an action was brought by S. & F. Dorr & Co., against Samuel Swartwout, to recover the duties illegally charged by him when Collector of the Port, of a quantity of silk twist, imported by the plaintiff. The duty was charged as on sewing silk, whereas silk twist, it has been decided, is free as a non-enumerated article in the Tariff.—Plaintiffs received a verdict for \$15,473.97.