

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. 612.

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I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volumes 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 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."

THE CHURCHES OF OUR LAND.

BY MISS MARY ANNE BROWN.

[The following beautiful verse was written for a Lady's Fair in Liverpool.]
They lie in valleys buried deep,
They stud the barren hills;
They're mirrored 'twixt proud rivers sweep,
And by the humbler rills;
A blessing on each holy fane,
Wherever they may stand,
With open door, for rich and poor,
The churches of our land.

Ye boast of England's palaces,
Her cities and her towers;
Of mansions where her sons at ease
Dwell 'midst her greenwood bowers;
But a deeper sense of reverence
God's temples should command,
White knee should bend, and prayer ascend,
In the churches of our land.

Oh! pleasant are the pealing bells,
Heard at the Sabbath time,
Calling to prayer from hills and dells,
With their melodious chime;
And glorious is the sacred song,
When 'twould by a fervent band,
When the organ's note doth proudly float
Thro' the churches of our land.

Talk not of England's wooden walls,
Her better strength is here;
Her trust around the spirit falls,
Subduing doubt and fear;
Here her brave sons have gathered power,
Nerving each heart and hand—
Most fearless prove those who best love
The churches of our land.

They stand, the guardians of the faith
For which our fathers died;
God keep those temples still from scathe,
Our blessing and our pride!
Our energies, our deeds, our prayers,
All these should they command,
That never foe may lay them low,
The churches of our land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's World of Fashion, for January.

THE RICH WIFE.

A PRACTICAL TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY ELLEN BUNTON.

"I wish Mary Elcott was rich," exclaimed Charles Masters, as if thinking aloud, breaking the silence which had now lasted for more than five minutes at his friend's dinner table.

"And second your wish, Masters," answered his companion, coolly cracking an almond, and drawing the wine toward him, "since you seem so heartily in earnest—although I cannot see why you should desire it so much. Is there not something more than a mere interest there, eh! Masters?"

"To be candid with you there is, or rather would be if Mary was rich. I have often been on the point of telling you my sentiments, but something has always intervened to prevent me. Now, however, I admit; ardently admire Miss Elcott, and I am satisfied I could love her, provided she were only wealthy. You need not smile. I am not, as you would suppose, a fortune hunter—that is I do not consider a fortune the 'plus ultra' in a wife—but as my means at present are just equal to my own wants, I cannot afford to get married unless I wed a bride who has some money attached."

"Stop—let me understand you. You say you cannot afford to get married because your income is only sufficient for your own wants. Now it is but the other day that you told me your profession yielded you two thousand dollars a year—surely it is not impossible to live, even when married, on such an income. I make but a bare fifteen hundred, and yet I should not be afraid to venture matrimony to-morrow,

although it is true I should calculate on increasing my income in a year or two."
"Exactly; but you were always a saving fellow, even with your pocket money at school, when I have always liked to live a little more expensively. Now two thousand dollars will just allow me to live as I wish, but even then it must be as a bachelor. There is my horse, and then my private parlour, and there is my annual trip to the springs—all these I must have, and to have them, I must spend my two thousand. Now if I get married, without I wed an heiress, I should have to give up all these—in other words I must surrender my liberty and walk on foot, while my wife must patronize the omnibus or stay at home. Egad! just think of it—the lady of Charles Masters, Esq. Attorney at Law, running after a Chesnut street omnibus whenever she is tired and wishes to return home."

"All very humorous, my dear fellow—join me in a glass—but still it has little to do with the question; and since you have consulted me I will," he continued smiling, "give you, as the old women say, a bit of my mind. I dislike, as much as you, to deprive a wife of the comforts of life, but with your income, or even mine, there is little danger of doing that. The very thing which you cling to so perversely are luxuries, mere luxuries, nothing else under the sun. Possessed of the love of some virtuous woman you would soon learn to do without them—aye! and enjoy ten fold more happiness than you do now. Believe me, my dear fellow, you are misleading yourself on this important subject. It is not necessary that you should marry an heiress. You can live, and respectably too, for the first year or two, on your income; and after that, with your talents, and the standing marriage will give you, you need fear nothing. I do not speak what I am not willing to practice. You are a lawyer and I am a physician. Your profession can be made available sooner than mine. You have two thousand a year and I have but fifteen hundred; and yet I am about to be married, and that to, I may as well tell you, Mary's younger sister. You have seen her, I believe; but once, for she returned only last week from New York, where, however, I met her last summer during my three months sojourn there. I have every reason to believe we shall be happy, even," and again she smiled, "on a bare fifteen hundred a year."

"You surprise me," said Masters, after a pause, "but still there is a difference between your case and mine. Mary has high views of things, and as she could not, if married to me, live, at least for some years, in the style in which her father lives, she would—you may depend on it—grow discontented and peevish. You shake your head, but it would, I am certain, be so. Even if I could give up those comforts, which you call luxuries, she could not."

"Stop, my dear fellow, you misrepresent Mary. I know her well. She is like the kind of girl you pretend she is. I will not enter into details, but of this I can assure you, and here he emphasized his words, "that if Mary could love a man she would cheerfully give up every thing but the bare necessities of life, to follow his fortunes."

"Well—well, it may be. She is at any rate an angel. I have had hard work to keep myself from falling in love with her, although conscious of the folly of uniting my lot to hers in the present state of my finances. Confound this money—why had she not a few thousands, or why am I not richer?—I must stop thinking of her, or going there so often, for," and here he paused and added, "it cannot be. There is Charlotte Spencer, whom all my relatives wish me to marry—she is rich, pretty, accomplished—I suppose I shall have to propose to her, though, heaven know! if Mary had but half her money I would prefer her. Well, after all there is an old saying 'that when poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window.'"

"As you please, Masters, but you are still deceiving yourself, by calling comfort poverty, and pretending that a wife will beggar you even with two thousand. I will say no more of Mary, except that I believe a nobler or more beautiful woman you will never find. She is a treasure in herself. Nor will I say ought of Miss Spencer, beyond a word—I fear she has a bad temper. And now, my dear fellow, let us dismiss this matrimonial debate, and take to our cigars—here are some choice Habaneras."

Charles Masters, as our readers will have seen, was one of those young men who without being an actual fortune-hunter, deem some money indispensable in a wife—although, as in his case, they veil their real character from themselves by a course of deceptive sophistry, and will not admit the actual selfishness of their views. His friend, Henry Prescott, was of a different character. Love, with him, was a pure unalloyed passion—a sentiment in which nothing base took part—a holy exalted feeling which filled the heart with sunshine, and would have made even privation endurable. He loved Ellen Elcott with his whole soul, and had long been satisfied that his love was returned. Indeed, as he said, their union was already settled. He saw with pain the determination of his friend, for he knew Charles was a favorite with Mary, although, as yet, the feeling had not on her part ripened into a warmer sentiment—more, however, because the atten-

tions of Charles had been nothing more than those of an acquaintance, and the strict principle in which Mary had been brought up, would not suffer her to throw away her affections unsought and thus perhaps shipwreck her happiness forever. It was with an inward sigh, therefore, that Prescott heard, a few days after the above conversation that the attentions of Charles to Miss Spencer were becoming of the most marked character. He saw also that Masters no longer visited the Elcotts. The love for display had triumphed over affections.

Meanwhile time slipped rapidly away, and rumors began to be prevalent that Charles had proposed for and been accepted by Miss Spencer. In a little time the report was confirmed by those who were believed to know, and to set all doubt at rest it was authorized by Charles himself. He met Prescott casually, for of late they had been less intimate than formerly.

"Ah! my good monitor," he said, laughingly, "they tell me you and Ellen are to be married in a fortnight. Is it so? Glad to hear it. But I shall not be long behind you—egad! since I come to think of it, we shall be married on the same day.—Miss Spencer is a fine, dashing girl—a cool fifty thousand is hers—we shall live in some style, but you must come and see us. Cards and all that sort of thing will be sent you. But I forgot—I've an appointment to look at a pair of carriage horses at eleven, and it now only wants five minutes of that hour. Good bye.—I'll see you soon."

"There goes a fine fellow who is about to sacrifice his happiness to his love of display," mused Prescott, as he followed the receding form of his friend; and with a sigh he turned and walked on.

They were married—Prescott and his bride seeking their simple, yet comfortable home, while Mr. and Mrs. Masters were whirled off on a fashionable tour from which they returned in due time to astonish the town by their splendid entertainments. But alas! even before the honeymoon was over Masters found that his friend's anticipations were true, and that Mrs. Masters, though rich, beautiful and accomplished, threatened, by a peevish temper, to embitter his life. As time elapsed, moreover, the evil only increased, and about two months after the wedding, it was more than doubled by an event which then occurred. This was nothing more than the discovery—then first made by the final settlement of Mr. Spencer's estate—that his daughter was in reality worth but a bare ten thousand dollars. The knowledge of this circumstance could not fail to irritate a husband whose chief motive in marrying was to possess himself of his wife's fortune—crimination and re-criminations ensued between the ill-mated pair—and, as usual the interview ended in a flood of tears on the part of the lady, and a volley of curses on that of the gentleman. Seizing his hat, Masters rushed from the house in no very enviable state of mind.

Almost the first person he met was a mutual acquaintance of himself and Prescott. "Ah! Masters—the very man I wanted to see—have you heard the news—I am glad of it for both their sakes. I see you are ignorant, and that I am the first to bring you the intelligence. Well then, Prescott has had a glorious windfall in the way of fortune—his wife and her sister Mary have fallen co-heiresses to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, left them by an East Indian uncle, whom they had not heard of for twenty years. I once thought you and Mary would be married, but I was mistaken—she has been engaged you know a month or more to Mr. Leicester, your old rival. But I must hurry on. You look ill. I hope all is well at home. Remember me to your bride."

Masters did not speak, but in his heart he cursed the day he ever saw Miss Spencer, or refused the love of such an angel as Mary Elcott, for filthy lucre. He was richly punished, in being tied for life to a peevish, extravagant, and comparatively portionless woman.

If his story shall prove a lesson to our readers, our object in relating it will have been fulfilled. It is better to deal in truth, simple though it be, than in fiction, however gorgeous.

A MILLION OF FACTS.

BY SIR R. PHILLIPS.

Among the clever books recently received from London, is one with the above title, containing a vast variety of information in a small space. It will possibly be reprinted in America, but as that is yet problematical, we offer a few extracts from it, which will serve to exhibit its character, while they convey some useful information.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as 40 to 10, or as four to one.

Framinlofer, in his optical experiments, made a machine in which he could draw 32,000 lines in an inch breadth.

There are 7,700 veins in an inch of colored mother of pearl. Iris ornaments of all colors are made by lines of steel from 200 to the 1,000th part of an inch.

The apprehension of the failure of a supply of coals in England is a delusion. In Yorkshire alone there are exhaustless beds, which are sold at 4s per ton.

The coal mine, which in Staffordshire has been burning for 200 years, consists of pyrites, subject to spontaneous combustion. Water will not extinguish them, because when drawn off, the pyrites burn more than before.

ble and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odour is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is stronger in sunny climates.

A chestnut tree grew at Tamworth which was 52 feet round, it was planted in the year 800; and in the reign of Stephen, in 1165, was made boundary and called the great chestnut tree. In 1759 it bore nuts which produced young trees.

Botanists record 56,000 species of various plants, and 38,000 are to be found in the catalogues.

The height of mountains in the moon is considerable; ten are five miles, or nearly; and eight are from 3 to 4 miles. Three of the hollows are from 2 to 3 miles, and as many are nearly two miles.

Teeth are phosphate of lime and cartilage, but the enamel is without cartilage.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 533 lbs., and those of the mastiffs, wolves, &c. far more. The force is produced by the swelling of the muscles in the middle and dilating again.

The number of ribs vary, being 12 or 13 on a side.

Lime combined with phosphoric acid is the basis of the bones, and found also in the fluids. Shells consist of carbonate of lime; and hence their remains have been considered as the basis of limestone mountains. Silica and manganese are found in the hair. Iron with phosphoric acid, constitutes part of the blood.

The fluids of animals contain alkalies, especially soda.

The sense of feeling is created by the papillae of the skin, consisting of small white nervous fibres, erecting themselves when the sense of touch is excited.

The heart, by its muscular contraction, distributes two ounces of blood from seventy to eighty times a minute.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a plough-share, weighing 24 pounds.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more; owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the 28th of the body, but in the horse but a 400th.

It has been computed that nearly two years of sickness is experienced by every person before he is seventy years old, and that therefore, but ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life; till forty it is but half, and after fifty it rapidly increases.

Albert Durer etched some of his engravings on steel. A soft steel plate will take 50,000 good impressions, and a hard steel plate a million.

Painting in oil, distemper, or water, is when the colors are mixed with oil, size, or water; Fresco is on a newly plastered wall. Encaustic is with wax; and enamel, with mineral colors on metal.

EXTENSIVE PRAYER.—An Irishman was brought up in the Police Court at New York, a short time since and after being questioned, he was released. On understanding this, says the Sun, Pat gracefully retired back a few paces, and flinging his tattered hat upon the floor, dropped as suddenly on his knees as if he had been shot; then convulsively clenching his hands together and looking upwards, he poured forth his gratitude in the following extemporaneous supplication—"May the saints in Heaven purify you, yer reverence! and may every hair on your head turn to a mowid candle to light yet to glory!"

REPUDIATION IN INDIANA.—Resolutions have been introduced into both branches of the Indiana Legislature, "repudiating so much of the State debt of Indiana as has been incurred by the sale of State bonds for which no consideration has been received, in consequence of the failure or fraudulence of the purchasers thereof; but at the same time, acknowledging, in all time to come, the valid obligations of all her liabilities outstanding, for which she has received the proper consideration agreed upon. One of the resolutions provides for the ascertainment by the fund commissioner, of the numbers, dates, amounts and other descriptions of the bonds referred to, and for their publication in certain cities of the Union and of Europe, as repudiated Bonds."

Although you are a young man, deem it no disgrace to be called or thought modest. Modesty is a jewel—a gem—a diamond of the first water. Pity it is so scarce.

HOT AND HEAVY.—An excellent plan, and like many other excellent things, an Irish invention, is that reported by Charles O'Malley, to have been tried by one of the Dublin banks to avoid the penalties of suspension. Red hot coin was shovelled out to the panic-stricken bill-holders, and the run being thus checked, the bank had in the meantime opportunity to strengthen itself from abroad. We recommend this plan to our "State institutions." The law does not specify the temperature of the specie in which they are required to redeem their notes.

U. S. ARMS.—We learn from the Report of the Ordnance Department, that since the 13th of last March, 417 heavy cannon, with gun carriages, have been furnished to forts on the seaboard. About \$1,000,000 more will be required to complete the armament of these forts.

At Springfield Armory, 10,700 muskets have been manufactured at the apparent enormous cost of \$206,038, or nearly \$20 per musket.

At Harper's Ferry Armory 8,650 muskets and 190 Hall's rifles, were manufactured at the still more enormous cost of \$190,174, or more than \$22 per musket.

THE PRESIDENCY.—A Washington correspondent of the North American says—"The locus will soon, it is said, have their candidates in the field: They are now broken into four parts; one part for Mr. Calhoun, one for Col. Benton, one for Mr. Buchanan, and one for Mr. Van Buren.—Three of them will have to give way, and rally on the fourth. And even then they will be defeated if the Whigs stick together; but this is doubtful. No three Whigs over thought exactly alike yet. Each one seems to set up for himself or his candidate, and to carry on the war upon his own responsibility. Whether this is better than to have, as the locus, a common conscience, is one of those questions in political morality, which I shall not decide.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—As the pavements in our cities and towns are frequently covered with ice at this season of the year, and there is constant danger of one's falling and receiving more or less injury thereby, we present the following opportune and valuable receipt for keeping the pavements and step-stones clear of ice with the least possible trouble and expense:—*Sprinkle some coarse salt on the ice, which will immediately begin to crack, and can be swept away.* Many accidents occur during the winter, by persons falling down from door-steps or on the pavements. These might be prevented by each housekeeper being provided beforehand with a bushel of coarse salt, and causing a few handfuls to be strewed as required.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A late London paper mentions the case of Mr. John Bridges, a solicitor, living at Islington, who, when a boy of ten years old, accidentally swallowed a needle, more than sixty years ago, which needle made its appearance a little above the ankle a short time since. We have before heard of such appearances of sharp bodies which had been swallowed. Medical men explain the fact, by the sharp instrument being pushed forward gradually by the muscular motion of the system; and no evil effects follow, because the very slow motion produces no sensible effect, and allows the penetrated part to heal behind as it proceeds.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR CORNS.—"Take of tincture of iodine four drachms; indurated iron 12 grains; color of indurated iron 4 drachms; to be applied with a camel's hair brush, after paring the corn. The sufferer will rejoice to know that three applications are generally sufficient."

THE DIFFERENCE.—From the Report of the Post Master General it appears that in 1790 the whole number of Post Offices in the United States did not exceed 75; the number of miles of post road, 1,875; the Revenue, \$37,936; the expenditures, \$32,140. In 1840, the whole number of post offices in the United States was 13,432; the number of miles of post road, 153,739; the gross Revenue for the same year was \$4,539,205, and the expenditure was \$4,759,110.

COON SKINS FOR TEXAS.—The Green-castle (Indiana) Visitor says: "We learn from good authority, that the collector of Moon county is receiving coon skins in payment of the people's taxes. He takes the skins at their selling price at home, and before he has to make his return to the State Treasury, he makes his return to the fur company, by whom he is employed, and gets the money, together with a handsome per cent., no doubt."

Dow Jr., in one of his late sermons exhorts his hearers as follows: "While the midnight murrainings of the bitter blast are heard around your comfortable dwellings—while the demons of the storm howl a funeral dirge as the snowy winding sheet is wraped about creation's head—while it is cold enough without to give a jug of cider brandy the shivers—and while you are as happy, cheerful and contented within as five mice in a pantry.—O, think upon the poor, houseless wanderer of earth, whom fortune has fished of a home, and who, perchance, has not where with to shelter himself from the frosty arrows of death, that pierce, when they strike, to the very core of the heart."

THE CROUP.—We find in the New York Sun the following notice of a case of croup. An old subscriber called upon us yesterday and informed us that by the publication in our columns a few days since of a simple and easily attainable remedy for the croup, we had been instrumental in saving the life of an infant of his on Sunday night.—The ingredients are sliced onions, and sugar laid on the slices in layers—the syrup being administered. He wishes to 'keep it before the people' as a sovereign and almost instantaneous remedy.

EXTENSIVE FORGERIES, BUT NOTHING NEW.—By reference to the District Court report, it will be seen that John M. Riddle has filed an affidavit or defence in the suit instituted against him by the assignees of the late Bank of the U. States, in which he, in substance, states, that the notes on which he has been sued, so far as his name is concerned, are forgeries. If this defence be sustained, the "widow and orphans" will suffer a loss of \$100,717 by that transaction. We are informed that these are not the only notes in the hands of the Bank which will prove to be forgeries.—Ledg.

ANOTHER PARDON.—A Mr. Murphy, of Pottsville, was a week or two since convicted of having challenged Lieut. Mortimer, of the same place, to mortal combat, and was therefore sentenced by the court to one year's imprisonment, to pay a fine of \$500, and to disfranchisement for the period of seven years. Gov. Porter has since pardoned Murphy, in consequence of the challenge having been given verbally, hastily, and in a momentary fit of passion.

There is a man down east, whose face is so thin that he uses it for a paper folder; and he has a neighbor whose voice is so keen and sharp, that its sound will whittle a stick of wood or carve a piece of beef.

The discoverer of Electro magnetism is a blacksmith in Rhode Island; and the most learned linguist in the United States, is also a son of Vulcan, working at the anvil.

Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.

"In union there is strength," as the toper said when he poured the brandy into his water.

MODERATION.—Moderate drinking is somewhere betwixt a glass and a barrel.

"Love is better than Fear, gentleness than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning. I do assure you, there is no such Whetstone to sharpen a good Wit and encourage a will to Learning, as praise.—(Roger Ascham.)

He who can take advice, is sometimes superior to him that can give it.—[Von Knebel.]

One of the locomotives on the Winchester Rail road, conveyed last week, from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, in a single train, eleven hundred and seventy-five barrels of flour!

RAIL ROAD IRON.—Six ship loads of iron rails for that part of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road extending from Harper's Ferry to Cumberland, have reached this port from Great Britain, forming an aggregate of 2855 tons. This is about one-third of the entire quantity contracted for. The rails are very heavy and substantial, and will form a road of the very best kind. The road will be completed as far as Hancock during the approaching season, and will be open to Cumberland in the Fall.—Balt. American.