

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.

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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. ADVERTISERS' TERMS 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 GARDEN.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark was the night! How dark! No light!
No fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire,
Shivering she watched the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride.

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No, 'tis past, 'tis gone!"
Tick—tick! "How tearfully the time crawls on;
Why would he leave me thus? He once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last. How mad! How blind!"

"Rest thee, my babe—rest on. 'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep, for there is no food! 'Tis faint; 'tis dry;
Famine and cold their wearying work have done,
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one!

"Hush! 'tis the dice box! Yes he's there, he's there!"
For this, for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife! his love.
For what?
The wanton's smile, the villain and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No, 'tis all in vain;
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could strive and bless him but for you
My child—his child. 'O fend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark how the sign board creaks—the winds howl by,
Moan! Moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Hark! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!"

'Tis but the lattice flaps. Thy hope is o'er.
Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No, no. It cannot be. He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing but we will not part.
Husband I die! Father it is not he,
O, God, protect my child." The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering
spark bathed!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead,
On the cold hearth, outstretched with solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on his mother's breast,
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er.
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFTER THE HONEY MOON.

A TALE WITH A GOOD MORAL TO ALL
YOUNG WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

Four months had passed away since Edward Somerton had married Rose Bland. One summer evening towards sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness and talking over various matters, with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time began to pout. "Edward had," she said, "flirted shamefully with Mrs. Harding on the preceding evening. He had spoke to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard publicly to declare that Harding was a fortunate fellow. If this was the way he meant to go on, she would be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his love."

"My pretty dear," said Edward, placing his arm around the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action with another slight performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me, there is no cause. On one of the occasions when I addressed Mrs. Harding in so low a tone, I remarked that the room was very warm, and on the other, if I remember rightly, I observed that the last new novel was rather dull, so you will perceive our conversation was really of the

most innocent description. And Rose, because I said Harding was fortunate, it does not follow that I must endeavor to make him become unfortunate."

This mild answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She consequently refused to be convinced, became every instant more perverse, and finally retired precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes.

Edward quietly put up his feet on the chair she had left vacant, and leaned back in meditation.

Here was the decisive moment which would most likely determine whether they were to dwell together for future happiness or misery. Rose was a dear girl, but she had black eyes and they are dangerous.—She had been an only daughter, too, and perhaps a little spoiled, but with fewer faults might she not have been less charming? It is worth studying how to live lovingly with such a creature, especially when you know that she mars, by her capriciousness, the happiness of herself, as well as yours.

Edward felt that the charge of his wife was totally unfounded, and he half suspected that she believed so herself; but had resolved to be, or seem out of humor without any particular cause. One thing was evident—that she would not hear reason. Something else must therefore be tried, in order to allay any further storm; for this was probably the first of the series. Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretensions, and he sat himself immediately to call over in his memory the airs most likely to calm the passion and exert a soothing effect on the temper. He made choice of THREE, which he arranged in a gradual scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion, calm, calmer, and calmest, as the outbreak was; or become violent, more violent, most violent. The scale only contained three degrees. As the heat rose his conjugal thermometer fell; but below the third and lowest degree all was zero and undefined mystery. Patience acted the part of mercury reserved.

The melodies were in the following order:—"In my cottage near a wood," "Sur margine d'un rio," and "Home sweet home!" They were all of a gentle touching character, and would under the circumstances, convey a delicate satire to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute; but he proposed now to execute them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated whistle—not such a whistle as may be heard in the streets proceeding from the lips of vulgar and coarse minded butcher boys, but a superior sort of thing, such as no gentleman need be ashamed of. In fact, the original, wild production cultivated and improved as the crab is changed into the pippin.

His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind easy, he awaited the re-appearance of Mrs. Somerton, with a pleasant consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betrayed no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misundersanding and they passed a delightful evening, made up of conversation, the piano forte, and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning, Rose favored Edward a number or two of series. She wanted him to walk out with her, and he declared that unfortunately, he should be too busy to go out all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said she, pouting in exact imitation of number one. "At least you don't want to go with ME."

Edward plunged both hands in the pockets of his dressing gown—threw himself indolently on a sofa—gazed abstractedly on a bronze bust of Shakespeare on the mantle-piece, and began whistling in a low tone a plaintive melody; it was "In my cottage near a wood."

"If it were any one but your wife," continued Mrs. Somerton, with pointed emphasis, "you would be ready enough to come; but the wives are always neglected."

"I beg, Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that very disagreeable manner whilst I am speaking. If I am not worthy of your love, I trust I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, removed his eyes from the bust of Shakespeare, and fixed them on a bust of Milton. He paused suddenly in the air he was whistling, and commenced another; it was "Sur margine d'un rio."

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner and repair his neglect. Oh, no!—she would not hear of his taking so much trouble for her. What did he care whether she was disappointed or not. His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed her soothing system; for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. However, she became so unreasonable that but one course was left them to pursue. He left off talking and went to whistling.

I tremble for the future peace of Rose while I relate that he considered himself justified in descending at once to the second degree of the scale. He commenced *andante ma non troppo* "Sur margine d'un rio."

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I have so set my heart on the bracelets! It is very, very unkind, Edward!"

Edward appeared wrapped in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, accenting the first note of each bar as it should be accented. But upon another still more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short—looked sternly at her, and began "Sweet Home."

Heavens! what was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else was at random. Should this fail, the case was indeed hopeless. Shadowy demons hovered around, holding forth, temptingly, deeds of separation. The bright golden wedding ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy.

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room with his arms folded, gazing with a steady eye into the very soul of his wife, who under the strange fascination could not turn away her head. With a clear unreticent whistle he recited the whole of that beautiful Sicilian melody from the first note to the last. Then revolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word he left the room, shutting the door punctiliously after him. Mrs. Somerton sunk overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly.—She saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it merely because she had begun it. Bad temper it seemed would only serve to make her ridiculous instead of interesting; and that was not altogether the effect desired. In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner table.—Mrs. Somerton sat, smilingly, at its head, and was very attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy small party could scarcely be met with.

From that day—which is ten years ago—to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look serious about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle, in a low tone, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near a wood."

MORAL.
Never attempt to quench fire by fire.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—We happened to hear a long argument the other evening upon the policy of early marriages.

It is unnecessary to repeat the pro and con—it is unnecessary for us to hear it; because under ordinary circumstances, and in ordinary situations, there can be but one side to the question. As soon as a man's mind is matured enough to make his choice, and at twenty-two or three it is, if ever, he should be ready to be married.—The common arguments against early matches, that the husband cannot be "worth enough," pecuniarily, is not only a fallacy in itself, but productive of false calculations and hopes on the part of the bride, and of the tendency to produce the very distress it is intended to avert.

When one weds now, it is presumed as a natural inference that he has the income or the "expectation" which will warrant the couple in extravagance. He may be honest enough to tell his wife to the contrary—and she may have good sense sufficient to indicate to her what is her proper course in relation to expenses. But the whole round of gossiping acquaintances are not so easily put off—and the couple are thus reluctantly beckoned, persuaded, and driven into fashionable extravagance, upon first setting out. They strive to step at once into competition in style of living and expenses, with people of fortune, and to ape the misnamed hospitalities of those who entertained them in their own state of single blessedness.

If a couple are so weak-minded as to think they must pursue such a course as this, it is no matter how late they marry—and better late than never. If they can make up their minds to a sensible and moderate establishment—if they understand their character and have strength of mind to abide by a good resolution, the earlier they marry the better. The cost of almost

any one vice or folly into which bachelors are betrayed, by lack of employment and a home, the follies into which they run to supply that place in their hearts and in their time, which a good wife fills so happily; the unnecessary bachelor expenses in which they indulge for more ennui, would more than twice support a family.

Marrriages in the middle ranks are much more happy than those of the extreme poor or the extreme rich. By the middle ranks we mean those who have a trade, profession or avocation, which insures them a living income, and an opportunity to make provisions against the day of reverse. Such persons from the great body of our industrious population—the great body of our intelligence, and the truly independent portion of the community.—They enjoy the golden mean, and escape the tyrannical dictates of a senseless fashion on the one hand, and the pinchings of abject poverty on the other. They can contract marriages when they please, without any reference to anything but their own situation, wishes and happiness, and their union is therefore the most felicitous, and made with the least parade.

Bachelors, especially in cities, is a position of more danger and exposure than men are capable of occupying with safety. The best of us need a monitor and a guide—after the direct influence of a mother becomes lessened, or the son is removed from it.

THE GREATEST MEN WERE MECHANICS AND FARMERS.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

Who was it that shed the brightest lustre upon the vast science of astronomy? One David Rittenhouse, a native of Pennsylvania, who followed the plough. Who was it that tore the lightning from Heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants? One Benjamin Franklin, a printer's boy, who protected himself from the inclemency of the winter by exercise alone, and lived upon a single roll of bread a day. Who was it when the veteran armies of Great Britain filtered and fled in the Indian war, safely conducted the retreat, and secured the remnant of the army, though he had "never set a squadron in the field, nor of the division of a battle knew no more than a spinster?" One George Washington, a Virginia planter. Who was it that shed the brightest halo around the brightest reign that the world ever knew, the reign of Elizabeth; the age of the Raleighs, the Shakespeares, the Shakespeares? Why, it was one Ben Johnson, a quondam apprentice to a brick layer, and one Will Shakspere, a peasant boy, shrewdly suspected of poaching upon his neighbor's deer. Or passing from astronomy and law, who was it that rose to be Lord Chief Justice of England? One Charles Abbott, whose father was a barber. Who was it that rose to be Lord High Chancellor of England? One Jack Copely, whose father was an American painter. Who was it that became the brightest star in the judicial constellation of Great Britain? One Phil. Yorke, whose father no one knew.

Although I do not mean to say that there never was a great man among the wealthy, curled darlings of the nation, yet I do mean to say, and history sustains the assertion, that luxury and affluence are calculated to enfeeble the mind, and that those, therefore, who are great in despite of them, would probably be much greater if removed from their influence. It is a well known fact among the gentlemen of the turf, that blooded horses, which for years have been permitted to browse and cater upon broken, irregular and mountainous pastures, have acquired a much greater muscular strength, in sportsman's phrase, better bottom, than those that are fed upon a level surface. The application of this, although a physical illustration, is not difficult. Men, whose lives have been an uninterrupted course of difficulty, a perfect uphill work, acquire in time a self dependence and self sufficiency and promptitude in every emergency, which those who have been accustomed to stand for fame on their forefather's feet, or to lean for all pleasure upon another's breast, never have known, and never can know.

RELIGION.—What is Religion? Not that which, meteor-like, shines for a brief period and then fades and disappears. Not he who talks most—prays longest—sings deepest—shouts loudest—and reproves with the greatest severity. Not that which deceives in bargains—deals closely with the poor—withholds the just requital of labor—breeds jealousies—alienates friends—embitters enemies—betrays confidence—promotes sectarian strife and renders evil for evil.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father, is this; to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and keep ourselves always unspotted from the world. Pure religion is a vital principle—a fountain of living waters springing up in the soul, and cleansing it from the pollution of sin. A radiance shining into the heart, giving it new light, new life, new principles of action, and new mode of action—giving higher aims, brighter hopes, and sweeter joys. Pure religion teaches us to love our enemies, to pray for them, and in all things to render good for evil. It requires us to act on principles of perfect justice. All things whatsoever we would that men should do unto us, let us do even so unto them. To deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.—Fragments of Time.

TILLAGES.

'Tis folly in the extreme to till
Extensive fields, and till them ill;
The farmer, pleased, may boast aloud,
His bushels snow, his acres ploughed;
And pleased, indulge the cheering hope
That time will bring a plenteous crop;
Shew'd common sense sits laughing by—
For when maturing seasons smile,
Thin sheaves shall disappoint his toil;
Advised, this empty pride expel,
Till little, and that little well.
Of tazing, fencing, toil, no more
Your ground requires when rich, than poor;
And more one fertile acre yields
Than the huge breadth of barren fields.

NEAT BE YOUR FARMS; 'tis long confessed
The neatest farm sure is the best.
Each bog and marsh, industrious drain,
Nor let vile barks deform the plain,
No bushes on your headland grow,
For briars a sloven's culture show.
Neat be your barns, your houses neat,
Your doors be clean, your court-yards sweet;
No moss the sheltering roof enshroud,
Nor wooden panels the windows cloud,
No filthy kennels foully flow,
Nor weeds with rankling poison grow;
But shades expand and fruit trees bloom,
And flowering shrubs exhale perfume;
With pales your garden circle round,
Defend, enrich, and clean the ground;
Prize high the pleasing, useful rood,
And fill with vegetables good."

MICHIGAN ELOQUENCE.

The following appears in a Michigan paper:

Gentleman of the Jury:—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man who has allers sustained a high deprecation in society, a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good qualities: yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks more nor a quart of likker a day; can you, I say, for an instant, suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hookin' a box o' perchumsh caps? Rattlesnakes and coon skins forbid! Pictor to yourselves, gentlemen, a follow fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side—all nature hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder and hollering of the bull frogs, then imagine to yourself a foller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceable and happy family, and, in the most mendacious and dastardly manner, hooking a whole box of perchumsh!—Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot, dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene! My feelings turn from such a pictor of moral torpentine, like a big woodchuck would turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these diggings, much less this ere man, could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankous and unexampled discretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, let me retreat of you to make up your minds candidly and unpartially, and give us such a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from such an enlightened and intolerent body of our feller citizens—remember that in the language of Nimrod, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten innocent men should escape, rather than that one guilty should suffer. Judge give us a chew of tobacco.

CADETS AT WEST POINT.

There are two hundred and twenty-one cadets at West Point Military Academy, whose parents' occupations and conditions in life are as follows: There are 55 cadets whose fathers are farmers, 3 planters, 22 lawyers, 4 judges, 17 merchants, 3 manufacturers, 4 boarding house or hotel-keepers, 13 mechanics, 2 contractors, 1 civil engineer, 1 editor of newspaper, 3 clergymen, 12 physicians, 1 professor, 1 landed proprietor, 1 broker, 7 civil officers of general and state governments, 9 officers of the army, 3 officers of the navy, 1 master of a vessel, 1 clerk, 5 no particular occupation, 4 whose occupation has not been stated, 25 both of whose parents are dead, 20 who have lost their fathers. Total 221.

Of these two hundred and twenty-one cadets, the parents of twenty are in indigent or reduced circumstances; of one hundred and seventy five, the parents are in moderate circumstances; of five the parents are in affluent circumstances; and the condition of the parents of twenty-one is unknown. It will be perceived from the above statement, that no member of Congress, and no high functionary of either the general or state governments, has a son at West Point and that independently of those whose fathers must be supposed to be men of little influence, there are fifty one who are fatherless.

THE HINDOO GIRL.

The following interesting fact was stated in a recent lecture by Mr. Pierpont:—

"At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simply, could surpass in delicacy and fineness of texture, the production of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In England, cotton had been spun so fine that it would require a thread of four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound—but the Hindoo girl had, by her hands, constructed a thread, which would require to be extended one thousand miles to weigh a pound; and the Daccae muslins, of her manufacture, when spread on the ground and covered with dew, were no longer visible."

A NEW DISCOVERY.—We have a letter before us in the London Athenaeum, which describes a new and extraordinary discovery just made in Prussia, by which printed works of any kind can be copied with perfect accuracy, and copies multiplied with no further expense than the cost of paper and press work. The plan is kept a profound secret by the inventor; but he has demonstrated its efficacy by copying two pages of the London Athenaeum, which so closely resemble the original as to be scarcely distinguishable from them. By the process, it would appear that old manuscripts can be accurately transferred, illuminated copies of ancient books imitated, books of all kinds reprinted in numbers, with a facility and correctness that almost exceeds belief.

A WIFE POISONED BY HER HUSBAND.—A late number of the Missouri Jeffersonian furnishes the following particulars of a most atrocious crime perpetrated in that city.—Mrs. Burr, the wife of Mr. Desdurus B. Burr, a blacksmith, died on Tuesday evening, after an illness of some days. Preparations were made for her burial; but causes of suspicion that she had been poisoned by her husband having come to light, her body was opened, and dreadful to relate, a considerable portion of pounded glass was found in her stomach. Burr was immediately arrested, and examined before Justices Kerr and Harrison, and we forbear remarking further than that evidence was obtained for his full conviction.

THE ELOPEMENT.—We are happy to learn, from authentic sources, that Captain Windham Schinley, who was recently clandestinely married, with the cooperation of a son of the mistress of a fashionable boarding school at New Brighton, to Miss Croghan, the niece of Colonel Croghan and General Jesup of the army, will be defeated in his principal object.

We are informed that for ten years to come the present Mrs. Schinley can have no control over the large estates devised to her by her grandfather, the late General O'Hara, of Pittsburg; but is entitled by his will to an allowance of only one thousand dollars per annum; and further, that the consent of her father to her marriage is necessary before the property vests in the young lady at all. We shall be extremely happy if other individuals implicated by rumor in this lamentable affair clear themselves from the charge of connivance or participation in proceedings which has excited so general a feeling of indignation in this community.—N. Y. Cour.

The New York Tribune has seen it stated that Gov. Thomas of Maryland, and his wife, have separated from each other forever. Jealousy on his part is said to be the cause. The Courier's Correspondent says it is entirely groundless.

An Accession.—The Methodist Church in Sciota Valley, below Columbus, has received an accession of 1100 members in a few weeks.

It is estimated that the first "Boz" Ball in New York, cost in all about \$50,000.

CHANGE OF BEAUTY.—"How on earth did you happen to be so ugly," asked a person of a very remarkable looking friend of his. "I ugly!" was the reply. "It isn't that am ugly. I was born beautiful; but my nurse swapped me when I was a little baby, for the child of a friend of hers, whose mother didn't fancy her over handsome."

Why is a toper like a ball? Because he takes his horns wherever he goes.

The best lip salve in creation, is a sweet kiss. The remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an affection of the Heart.

Did men govern themselves as they ought, the world would be well disciplined.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—At Samarang, the second town in the Island of Java, there exists a species of matrimonial lottery which gives rise to many singular speculations. Orphan children, rich as well as poor, are all brought up in a public establishment. The most profound silence as to the fortunes of the children is enjoined to every person employed in or about the institution. These fortunes are placed under the management of persons at Batavia, on whom a similar injunction of secrecy is imposed. The female orphans are kept in the establishment until marriage. Every man possessing an annual income of 750 florins, or two florins a day, is at liberty to choose a wife from amongst them, but the amount of her fortune is not made known to him till several days after the marriage. A servant of the military hospital at Samarang lately selected one of these damsels with a fortune of 65,000 florins. Since his good luck, the application for wives from the asylum have become very urgent; for a report has got abroad that there is a marriageable girl still left, who will bring with her a prize of 200,000 florins.

GOOD ADVICE.—Be content as long as your mouth is full and your body warm; remember the poor, kiss the pretty girls, don't rob your neighbor's hen roost, never pick an editor's pocket, or think that he is going to treat—kick dull care to the d—, and thank your own boss.