

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

702. XII.—NO. 62.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1942.

WHOLE NO. 622.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
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 five times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till for 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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VALUABLE SOUTH BRANCH FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Tract of Land, containing

150 ACRES,

fifty of which are first-rate BOTTOM LAND—about thirty of second Bottom, or up-land, and the residue well timbered, on which is erected a comfortable

DWELING,

STABLE, &c., with two Springs of Water and a fine piece of Meadow.

This Land, lying on the South Branch of the Potomac, river, about one mile from its junction with the North Branch, and about the same distance from the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and Chesapeake and Ohio canal, renders it now very valuable, with an almost certain prospect of its value being materially enhanced when the rail road, and canal shall have been completed to Cumberland; which lies 18 miles west. It is also convenient to several villages—being distant from Oldtown, Md. 3 miles, and from Spring Hill, Va. 12 miles. For Sale, one-third cash, and the balance in one and two years without interest.

Any person wishing to view the farm will please call on Mr. Wm. HARNES.—For further particulars apply to the subscriber, at Winchester, Virginia.

ROBERT B. HOLLIDAY.

March 1, 1842. 2mo-49

TAVERN LICENSE.

To the Honorable Court of Quarter Sessions of Adams County:

THE Petition of John Burkholder of Menallen township, in said county, respectfully represents that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travelers, at the house heretofore kept by him as an Inn in Menallen township, (formerly Hapke's Inn,) he therefore prays the Honorable Court to grant him a License for keeping a public Inn or Tavern, and he is in duty bound, &c.

JOHN BURKHOLDER.

We the undersigned citizens of Menallen township, in which the above mentioned Inn or Tavern praying to be licensed is proposed to be kept, do certify that the above applicant, John Burkholder, is of good repute for honesty and temperance; and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, and such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, &c.

John Hewitt, L. Yeagy,
Wm. Rex, Daniel Rice,
M. Detrick, Samuel Johnson,
John Boyer, John Quickel,
Philip Long, Barnhart Wort,
Jacob Rex, Daniel Heiges,
Frederick Wolf, Geo. Taylor, sen.
Henry Koser, sen. H. Schroeder, sen.

March 1, 1842. 3t-49

REMOVAL.

H. VIVORSDEL, Tailor.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg and the public generally, that he has

REMOVED HIS SHOP

to the building occupied as the Post Office, next door to the American Hotel (Kurtz's) and directly opposite the Bank of Gettysburg, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of work in his line of business in the neatest and most durable manner, and at very moderate prices.

He earnestly invites his country friends to favor him with a call—they may expect their work to be made in a good substantial manner, and on the most accommodating terms.

The Subscriber feels grateful for past encouragement, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

August 10, 1841. (f-20)

THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers enric'd
From various gardens cul'd with care.

NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time to rest;
How sweet when labors cease,
To gather round an aching breast,
The curtain of repose,
Stretch out the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon your own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time to toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all its ours that sages taught,
That poets sung, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unquen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years,
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance
That brings into the home sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent!
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the stary pole,
Dusties attend the abyss ardent
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour off withdrew,
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do,
Stead from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SON'S VOW.

—Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes up to the purest sky.

CHAPTER I.

Casimir, I have a request yet to make,
Say on, Sir. You shall be obeyed.
You know what I have suffered; you
know the injuries I have experienced; I
would have you swear eternal hatred to
Russia!

'Father, I swear.
'Heaven bless my son. My persecutions,
my misfortunes, my bodily sufferings
have often caused your heart to bleed
for me, Casimir. It is not a common
hatred to those Northern despots, the ty-
rants and usurpers, that I would urge upon
you; it is a deep rooted detestation to the
death—ha, ha!—hated to the death my
son. Form no friendship with them; cher-
ish no affection; lend no sympathy; give
them nothing but your curse!

The old man, as he concluded, rose in
his bed, and his son repeated the oath,
which he dictated. The sight was even as
that of the youthful Hannibal obeying the
summons of the veteran Hamilcar, to wage
a constant war upon Rome. Exhausted by
the effort, the dying warrior sank on the
young man's shoulder, and presently ceased
to breathe.

It was some eleven or twelve months
after the above described event, that Count
Casimir Varenski was seated in his lodg-
ings at Vienna, engaged in earnest conver-
sation with a young Austrian officer, whose
acquaintance he had but lately made, and
from whom he hoped to experience more
real friendship than from the generality of
individuals into whose society we are thrown
upon first entering the world.

'And where did you see this matchless
beauty, this charming incognito?' yawned
forth Leopold Ortlitz to his comrade, throw-
ing listlessly away from him the elegantly
carved pipe his business with which he had
just brought to a conclusion, and falling
back into his chair.

'From this very window,' was the re-
ply.

'So, her house is opposite to your
lodgement then? This is admirable; you
can interchange signs and glances, trans-

mit billets, and perform a hundred other
pretty love like ceremonies from morn till
night, or if you will, till noon again, and
if skillfully managed, all without fear of
detection.'

'Nay, nay, you mistake; she walks on
the opposite side of the street almost daily.
I have watched her!'
Ortlitz some what sharply interrupted;
'and had she seen her admirer?'

Varenski colored—'Once, indeed,' he
said.

'And was the impression favorable?'

'I hope—I think it was.'
'Indeed! Who accompanies her in her
promenade?'

'An elderly lady, her mother, I should
imagine.'
'Ah, well. And her hour of walking?'

Varenski hesitated.

'Nay, answer me. I have special rea-
sons for this questioning you. The hour?'

'About three.'
'Excellent! We are upon the stroke
now! Hark! do you hear the chiming?—
To the window, Casimir—the day is fine—
she may pass even as we look out.'

'Impossible, go not, go not, Leopold.'
'Nonsense. This is absurd, childish.
You ask me to aid you in your love suit,
and actually decline to print out the object
which attracts you. If you would blindfold
me, better dispense with my services alto-
gether.'

'Well, as you will—but for my part—'
'Quick, Casimir! quick to the window;
the window; tell me, is it, is it yonder maid-
en—there—there?'

The Austrian's face was in a glow of
excitement, as he spoke, and Varenski
perceiving it rose hurriedly and trembling
to discover the cause of this effect.

'This she,' he exclaimed, 'is she not beau-
tiful?'

'Bah! There are a thousand like her in
the empire; there are thousands whom it
should suit you as well to admire as that
coquettish fair one. Take my word for it she
is a coquette—a determined coquette,
Casimir. Love her! Bah!'

'What! do you know her, then?'

'Know her! I have spoken to—danced
with her.'
'You are a happy man.'
'On that account! I shall in all proba-
bility, be made happy to night, then.'

'Ha! will she be at the Count Imhoff's?'

'She will. Do you wish to accompany
me? that is—shall I play the intruder?'

'I should be glad to see you at her
house.'

It seemed as though a sudden and happy
thought had flashed across the brain of the
young officer as he quickly and anxiously
added, true, true; I had forgot. But you
shall come with me to the English Ambassa-
dor's to-morrow night, and then I will
introduce you.'

'Agreed. I have no objections to that.'
As well, for the present, then, as re-voir!
As his friend quitted the room, Casimir
Varenski could not help observing a sinis-
ter expression upon his usually frank and
open countenance, and his thoughts recur-
red to the agitation evinced by his demean-
or and words upon first perceiving the
fair one in question. Moreover, he had
left so abruptly, without even hinting the
name or station of the maiden, although he
knew her and danced with her! But then
he had seemed really anxious to introduce
him—and with this reflection Varenski
endeavored to suppress certain unpleasant
reflections.

whispered, 'Casimir Varenski has done
wisely to reject his rash oath. The lovely
Russian was a prize not to be despised!'

CHAPTER II.

Catharine Altoff was the only child of a
Russian General, who, dying in the service
of his country, had left her to the care of an
affectionate and indulgent mother. Edu-
cated in the rules of strict propriety and
decorum, Catharine had learnt to moderate
and soften down a natural sprightliness of
character and youthful levity, into a
thoughtful, yet highly naive and unaffected
demeanor; and slight outbreaks of child-
hood which, under a milder system, might
in after life have run in an adverse direc-
tion, were thus brought back and impelled
into the right course. She was, in fact, at
the time that her ever watchful parent took
up her abode in Vienna, a very model to
others of her sex and beauty, though in
this latter respect she had certainly few
equals; and it is little to be wondered at,
that in due course of time the talented and
beautiful Russian became envied with
admiration. She received flatteries, compli-
ments, even declarations, without number,
both from peer and plebeian; but her own
natural good sense and discrimination bore
her triumphantly through the test of adula-
tion, and at the same time, left her vanity
in all cases without wound. The most fa-
vored of her suitors was unquestionably the
young Austrian, Ortlitz; but the flame of
love never burned with the true brightness
of love; until she beheld the Polish
stranger. Their eyes had often met. Of-
tentimes unknown to him, she had watched
his footsteps, but as we have shown, their
meeting at the ball, while productive of a
mutual avowal of love, was terminated in a
manner so strange and inexplicable that the
pride of the lady was, for the first time in
her life galled and taxed to the utmost.

But to revert for a moment to our hero;
with a throbbing heart and burning brain
did Varenski throw himself on his couch,
and yield up his mind to agonizing reflec-
tion; for he had madly loved; and was now
determined at all hazards, by reason of his
vow, to shake off that love. At earliest
dawn he rose, and wrote the following letter,
which was despatched with all speed to the
party addressed:

'Sir: When I first courted your ac-
quaintance, my motive was to find one to
whom I could confide, and whose confi-
dence I might in like manner share; I
deemed a true and sincere friend; and I
thought that such a friend I had found in
you. I have discovered my error; and
though the lesson be a bitter one, it is ne-
vertheless not unprofitable, nor shall it be
unheeded, if destiny ever place me in a
situation similar to that in which you found
me—a wanderer and unknown to all. I
have now to demand satisfaction from you;
satisfaction according to the customs of
society. This you cannot deny me—
You are a votary to the world, and must
obey its dictates, and prove how worthy
and zealous a champion you are of its
cause. It is my intention, should I survive,
to quit, ere morn, for Paris, consequently
the bearer will arrange for our meeting
this day at sunset. It is needless for me
to explain my reason for this step; you
know the secret of my heart, and have be-
trayed the confidence reposed in you.'

CASIMIR VARENSKI.

Upon the receipt of this epistle, and after
having arranged matters with the bearer
as to the proposed recon-tract, Ortlitz, with
a firm and resolute step, set out for the
abode of Madame Altoff, to pour into her
daughter's ear a renewal of his love, and
turn the conduct of the unfortunate Casimir
to the best advantage for himself. He
found the maiden seated in her boudoir,
abstracted and melancholy, but a curl was
upon her lip when he entered.

'I trust, said he, that the fatigues of
the past night have left but little trace
of their existence in the frame of the fair
Catharine Altoff.'

'Oh, I have sustained but little.'
'Nay, it was late when you stood up for
the waltz with the young Varenski. By
the way—and Ortlitz assumed a careless and
indifferent air, while his listener was stung
to the quick at his words.—I regret ex-
tremely to have introduced one who knew
so little of polite society as to start away
at the very commencement of a dance, and
abandon his partner, because, forsooth, a
creditor, or an injured husband, or a dis-
regarded protegée was discovered in the
apartment.'

'And was this then the cause?'

'Nay, I know not, it is merely from pre-
sumption, built upon appearance and gen-
eral observation, that I speak. For myself,
I regret the acquaintance of the man from
the bottom of my heart, but, alas! he was
in trouble; and my pity was excited for
him. I could not have expected that my
friend would have proved unworthy of it.'

'Well, it is over now—let us drop the
subject.'

'True, we will so, and our meeting, this
evening, ends my part of the business with
him.'

'Speak! do you refer to a duel?'

'Could I offer such behaviour to the
beautiful Catharine, to go unrevenge?'

'It must remain so, Ortlitz for my sake.'

'Should I accede to your request, will
you do that which I have to make?'

'What is its purpose?'

'That you will become my bride!'

'It is a bold one, yet give me time for
thought.'

'I have none.'

'Ortlitz' entreat—'I implore of you, be
not so obdurate; consent to this.'
'Do you give me hope—much hope?'

'Ah, that will I, above all your rivals?'

'All, Catharine!'

'All whom you have told me that you
loved.'

Ortlitz bit his lip, but added, 'Catharine,
I will endeavor to conciliate my adversary;
I am unable to promise more.'

And at sunset, that same day, did Or-
tlitz and Varenski meet, as they thought
alone. The rude attempts at conciliation
on the part of the former, were rejected
with scorn and indignation. The Austrian
smiled at the failure he experienced; he
knew his skill as a swordsman—he had
the choice of weapons, and at the com-
mencement of the affray Casimir Varenski
fell wounded.

It was late in the night, a light, however,
was visible in the drawing-room at Ma-
dame Altoff's, and Ortlitz, relying on his
intimacy with the owners sought admis-
sion into the house.

A dismal spectacle met his gaze on
entering the chamber now occupied by
Madame Altoff and her daughter. The one
was pale and apparently lifeless, while the
other was busily engaged in bathing her
much-loved child's temples with vinegar.—
As he approached, however, Catharine
slightly opened her eyes. He was about to
speak when she interrupted him.

'This is an unusual hour, an unusual
mode of intrusion, sir.'

'I thought it would please you to know
that I am safe—the duel is over, and—'

'Alas!'

Catharine gazed upon Ortlitz for a mo-
ment with speechless horror, and then fell
fainting in her mother's arms.

Ortlitz approached, Madame Altoff raised
her arm, and frowningly motioned him to
leave the room.

He obeyed.

A letter was on the table. It was from
Varenski, and ran thus:

'Much fearing that my hours in this
world are numbered, and vain enough to
think that I have succeeded in engaging
some share of your regard, I cannot quit
this troubled scene without explaining the
cause of my agony—the madness, which
one word breathed into my ear last night
occasioned. Forgive me, lady; that I loved
you—still love you—with the purest and
most disinterested affection, I repeat in this
perhaps the final hour of my existence;
but I have an oath registered in heaven—
My father had been persecuted by the
Russians, and it was his last wish that I
should swear eternal enmity to those of
Russian birth. My father's dying eyes
shone brightly upon me, and his lips bless-
ed me as I took the oath. You are a Russian,
but you will pity and pardon the dying.'

CASIMIR VARENSKI.

On the following day two females were
observed by the coach of Casimir, watch-
ing attentively the countenance of his medi-
cal attendant; and when the latter pro-
nounced him out of danger, the younger of
the females fell upon her knees, and while
the hot tears streamed from her eyes, she
poured out her heart's feeling in thanks to
heaven for the preservation of her beloved.
It was Catharine Altoff.

She was lost Russian, though she bore
a Russian name, but the orphan of a Polish
patrit, who perished struggling for inde-
pendence. The General's ear caught the
dying father's prayer for protection of his
orphan child, and making inquiries, he
discovered the girl, then but three years
old, in the care of strangers. He adopted
her, gave her his name, and having no
child of his own, he bequeathed her a
part of his fortune when he died. This
intelligence may be said to have rescued
the lover from the arms of death.

With the tear-gemmed eyes of Catha-
rine hanging over him, and the music of
her voice falling upon his ear, either speak-
ing encouragement and hope, or engaged
in prayer for his recovery, he gradually
became convalescent, and eventually happy
in the enjoyment of the affection of the
one bright object of his heart's idolatry.

HOOPER LIBERALITY.—Mr. William
Jamison was married to Miss Catharine
Pugh, in Centreville, Indiana, on the 10th
inst. They sent to the editor in that hap-
py village, a rich present of good things of
those dignities.—Among the eatables were
two pies, four different kinds of cake,
tarts, savans, and corn bread and "essen-
cers" sufficient for two weeks consumption.

A NOVEL CASE.—A case of some novel-
ty growing out of a difficulty between man
and wife, recently occurred in Washington
county, New York. It is stated, that
some years ago, Mr. Charles T. Miller, of
New York, married a niece of Mr. Wells.
Subsequently Mr. W. died, and Mr. Miller
and his wife attended the funeral. The
widow remained for some time at her
husband's, who, a difficulty occurred, and Mr.
Miller either refused to return with her
husband, or her friends refused to let her.
He then sued out a writ of habeas corpus,
to recover the possession of his wife. The
Judge decided she could go if she pleased,
and her husband carried her out of the
Court House in his arms, but her friends,
again interposed, and prevented her from
accompanying him. Subsequently, it is
stated, that Mr. M. was arrested, on the
charge of assaulting his wife, and lodged in
jail at White Plains, where Mathias once
was. He refused to let his friends bail him
out, and says that his wife shall release
him; and she, we learn, is devotedly fond
of him, and says he was ever a most kind
husband.

MARRIAGES BETWEEN BLOOD RELA-
TIONS.—When cousins, (i. e. brothers or
sisters' children) intermarry, or unite in
wedlock, seldom do they mutually consid-
er the following natural law, namely, Affin-
ity with too near affinity or kindred
almost invariably deteriorates the offspring.
How often has it been observed, the idio-
cy or mental imbecility, personal deformity
or physical infirmity, has resulted in
nineteen times out of twenty such sort of
too near blood intermixtures. But gen-
erally, says a great authority, the children
or offspring are inferior to what they would
have been if the parents had united with
strangers in blood of equal vigor and car-
dinal development.—Combe.

STENOGRAPHY IS.—That in the ten years
previous to General Jackson's war on our
currency system, the number of banks cre-
ated was 22, with a capital of \$3,000,000;
that in the next two years, the number of
banks created was 283, with a capital of
\$308,000,000; that the former banks were
generally sound, the latter have generally
proved unprofitable; and that the Loco
Focos are now breaking down the very cur-
rency they gave us, and are fast reduc-
ing us to the condition of our currency at
all.—True Whig.

A NEW PROJECT.—In the House a day
or two ago, Mr. Wise proposed that the
Secretary of State should cause to be erect-
ed, somewhere on the public grounds, a
plain, substantial, brick building, not to
cost over \$10,000, to contain steam presses
for the use of Government, and to be fur-
nished with fonts of type, &c. not to exceed
in cost \$50,000, and to appoint a public
printer at a salary of \$1,500 whose duty it
should be to purchase the materials, and
employ labourers at the usual prices. The
whole to be conducted under the superin-
tendence of the Vice President and Head
of Departments, at Government expense.—
And as soon as the new establishment was
prepared to go into operation, the former
editor of a paper or private printer to do
the printing of the Government.

SINGULAR FATALITY.—The following
account of an afflicting dispensation of Pro-
vidence that recently occurred in Nelson
Portage county, Ohio, is from the Ohio Star:
On the 2d inst., an only child of Mr.
Steward Hotchkiss died after a protracted
illness. On the 7th instant Mr. H. himself
was killed by the fall of a tree near his
house, while engaged in chopping. The
tree fell across his body and killed instantly.
On the 9th instant the relatives and neigh-
bors assembled at the house, and after
religious services, went with the corpse to
the place of interment, leaving the house
alone; and while they returned, the
house was in flames. No one knows
how the fire was communicated to the
house; when left, it was nearly all extin-
guished upon the hearth. Within the
space of six days, the only child and hus-
band were buried, the dwelling burnt to
ashes, with all their goods in it, and the
widow left without a family and without a
home.

FRIEND-LIKE ACT OF A DRUNKARD.—
The Pittsburg Gazette of Thursday says
that on the day before, the inhabitants of
Grant street, between Sixth and Seventh
streets were alarmed by screams issuing
from a house in the neighborhood, occu-
pied by a Mr. John Bird. On entering the
house the wife of Bird was discovered stand-
ing in the middle of the floor, and her
clothes enveloped in flames, and her
husband standing near her, apparently making
but little effort to save her. The persons
who attempted to put out the fire, discov-
ered that she was, and so on, to keep her
from assisting herself. The man who
was intoxicated, was taken to the Mayor's
office for examination, and the woman had
every assistance rendered to her that her
dreadful situation demanded. She was
shockingly burnt, and it is thought cannot
recover. She made path to the Mayor,
that her husband had tied and then set fire
to her for the purpose of killing her. The
brutal wretch was committed for trial.

LADIES WEAR PANALOGUE, ranging Mr.
Jay, to hide the holes in their stockings.
'And gentleman,' replied Miss Taylor,
'wear their hair long to hide the places
where their ears were cropped off.'