

# Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—\$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. XVI.—28.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1845.

{WHOLE NO. 808.

## ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

WILL be offered at Public Sale on Wednesday the 8th day of October next, upon the premises in Huntingdon township, Adams county, about 1/2 mile from Petersburg, and adjoining lands of John Sadtler, Daniel Fickes, John How and others, a small tract of land, late the estate of ABEL WALKER, and

Containing About 20 Acres, more or less upon which are erected a

ONE AND A HALF STORY LOG DWELLING, A LOG BARN

with Threshing Floor attached, and several other outhouses;—there is a well of good water and a pump in it, convenient to the door.—There is also on the above property and excellent

APPLE ORCHARD, with a variety of other fruit trees consisting of Peaches, Pears, Cherries, &c.

SALE to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. when attendance and terms will be made known by

JOHN WOLFORD, Administrator.

By order of the Orphans Court. August 30th, 1845. 15-24

## NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

THE Collectors of Militia fines are hereby required to pay off their duplicates, on or before the 4th day of October next. The Commissioners will meet on that day to exonerate those fines that cannot be collected.

By order of Commissioners, J. AUGHINBAUGH, CLERK. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, Gettysburg, Aug. 30, 1845.

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of ELIZABETH STERNBERGER, late of Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber; he hereby gives notice to all those indebted, to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

SAMUEL S. SCHMUCKER, Executor. September 6, 1845. 6\*-25

## ALEX. R. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in the Centre Square, North of the Court-house, between "Smith's and "Stevenson's" corners. Gettysburg, May 9, 1843. 1y-7

## J. H. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFERS his professional services to the people of Adams County. His office is the one on the public square in Gettysburg, lately occupied as a law office by WILLIAM McSHERRY Esq. He has made arrangements to have the advice and assistance of his father, JUDGE REED of Carlisle, in all difficult cases. July 20th 1845. 1f-10

## WM B. McCLELLAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office South-East corner of the Franklin House, formerly occupied as SHERIFF'S OFFICE by GEORGE W. McCLELLAN Esq. Dec. 21st, 1844. 40-1y

## B. B. BURNETT, Attorney at Law.

OFFICE—next door to Henry Forry's Hotel, South Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. April 19, 1845. 6m-7

## REMOVAL.

## G. G. FRENCH, Attorney & Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to Waynesboro', but will practice in the Courts of Adams county. He will be at the office of Wm. M'SHERN, Esq., opposite the new Lutheran Church during sessions of the Court. Gettysburg, Aug. 9th 6m-21

## DR. WM. P. BELL

RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional Services to the Citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity. He can at all times be found at his office in SOUTH BALTIMORE STREET, unless professionally engaged. Nov. 23d, 1844. 1y-36

## POETRY.

### TO MY MOTHER.

If there be, as there is, in this "valley of tears," One remembrance more sweet than another, It is that which runs back to our infantile years— The remembrance of thee—dearest mother!

In the wide span of memory now circling the past, There are loved ones long lost to each other, And as thou wert the first, so thou still art the last, To smile fondly on me—dearest mother!

Though endeared as it is—think much as we may Of the love of a sister or brother, Yet it borrows the warm of its brightening ray From thy Heaven of Love—dearest mother!

Then be true my love—'tis a spark of that flame, Which age upon age cannot smother— 'Twas kindled above from Heaven it came— Oh, be it then mine—dearest mother!

### HOME.

There is one bright enchanting spot, Where love and beauty grow, Which oft the glorious face of God Hath made a Heaven below; And in that covenant-sheltered spot, There is a radiant light, More precious far than ocean's pearls, Or empires' diadem! Oh! keep that gem ye pledged ones, Nor from that spot depart; That spot is none—delightful home! That gem, the FAITHFUL HEART.

### THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

"Who'll buy a heart?" sweet Mary cries, Mary the blooming and the fair, Whose lovely form and dove-like eyes Can banish grief and soothe despair.

"Come bid: my heart is up for sale! Will no one bid? Pray, sir, consider; 'Tis sound, and kind, and fond, and hale, Besides a bargain to the bidder."

"I'll bid!" cried Gripus, "I will pay A thousand sovereigns promptly told." "That is no bid, sir, let me say, A faithful heart's not bought with gold."

"I'll bid with marriage faith, and plight A heart, with love o'erflow," quoth John! "Ay, that's a bid; that's something like; And now my heart is going—gone!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HONORING PARENTS.

As a stranger went into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at an newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movement of the other two. They wore pieces of crepe on their straw hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willy and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir; but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"O, we do love them, sir!"

"Then you put these grass tufts and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

"Yes sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring the memory of deceased parents? Reader, are you an orphan? Never forget the dear parents you loved and cherished in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness! Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness? Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind affectionate conduct towards those departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart!

"It is but a line," says Dr. Nott, in his eloquent addresses to young men,—(that separates between innocence and sin.—Whoever fearlessly approaches this line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No man ever made up his mind to consign his soul to perdition at once. No man ever entered the known avenues, which conduct to such an end, with firm undaunted step.—The brink of ruin is approached with caution, and by imperceptible degrees, and the wretch, who now stands fearlessly scoffing there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the awful cliff with trembling."

## WOMAN.—Great indeed is the task assigned to woman who can elevate her dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity the frail yet spotless creature whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized shall learn to bless; to soft on firmness into mercy and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to ally the anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected when monarchs abandon, when counselors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and to exhibit in this lower world a type of love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue.

## GOOD!—READ IT!

The ladies of New York, have resolved to marry no man who does not take the newspapers—and further more, they won't allow a fellow to look at them, who owes the printer for more than one year's subscription.

Well, I don't wonder. A family without a newspaper are always half an age behind time in general information. Besides, they can never think much, nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up in ignorance, with no taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Oh, dear!—be on your guard, girls, imitate the example of the noble & thoughtful ladies of New York.

THE DOCTOR AND THE PAVIER.—Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught Dr. R., just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt.

"Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides."

"You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must me poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

A GOOD ONE.—The Tribune chronicles a remarkable case of honesty. A poor boy in Grand street was crying over a five cent piece he had just lost, and which a cartman had just picked up. Hearing the boy cry, the cartman asked what was the matter. "I've lost my money—boo-oo-hoo!" blubbered the boy. "What was it a five-pence?" inquired the honest man. "Yes—yes, sir!" said the boy. "There then," said the man while a glow of real pleasure lit up his broad brown face as he put the coin into the urchin's hand—"there's your money; don't cry."

The boy took the money—put his finger to his nose a la coffee mill, and exclaimed as he hopped away—"Well, ain't you a little'er the greener! I seen you pick up that ere shiner!"

KICKING AT NOTHING.—A shrewd farmer, in the Vermont Legislature, declined answering the speech of a member who was remarkable for nothing but his frothy and pugnacious impudence and self-conceit, thus: "Mr. Speaker, I can't reply to that or speech, for it always wrenches me terribly to kick at nothing."

A TENNESSEE PAPER talks of a chap at Holly Springs, who was so astonished at seeing a lady bringing music from her piano, that after listening for a minute or two, he withdrew his head and hallooed after his companion, "I say, Jim! just come back here; darnation seize me, if here ain't a woman pulling music out of a chest!"

AN ART ILLUSTRATION.—"Never tell me!" said a veteran toper—"take my word for it, there is no harm in a cheerful glass; it is only the fuss you temperance folks make about it, that gives it an ugly look to some people. You have only to hold your tongue and all will go on well enough."

"You remind me," replied the other, "of a servant girl, who, when her mistress complained of the filthy condition of the parlor, replied, 'Oh, ma'am, the parlor is well enough; it is only the nasty sun that comes in and shows the dirt; but I will close the shutters and all will be well enough.'"

PLEASANT EXPERIMENT.—Put thirty grains of phosphorus in a Florence flask, with four oz. of water; place the vessel over a spirit lamp, and give it a boiling heat.—Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of an artificial fire work, attended with the most beautiful coruscations.

THE APPLES OF SODOM.—In the Crescent and Cress we find this passage: "On resuming our desert path, we picked up some apples of Sodom, that lay strown upon the desert, without apparent connection with any stem; they were of a bright gold-green about the size of an orange, but perfectly round and smooth; they gave the idea of being swelled out with the richest juice, that, when bitten, must gush forth to meet the thirsty lip; you crush this plausible rind, however, and a cloud of fetid dust bursts forth, which leaves only a few cinders as a residuum."

A DYING FATHER gave this advice to his beloved son:—"By all means be diligent in acquiring a reputation for honesty and sobriety—with it you will be beloved and respected by all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance—without it, disregarded and miserable."

An old minister, in his sermon a few weeks ago, observed that "no one ever got religion in a bustle!"

## DYING WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

The Pittsburg Commercial gives the following account of the dying words of some of the most distinguished men that perhaps ever lived:—"Head of the army"—Napoleon—"I must sleep now"—Byron—"It matters little how the head lyeth"—Sir Walter Raleigh—"Kiss me, Hardy"—Nelson—"Don't give up the ship"—Lawrence—"I'm d-d if I don't believe I'm dying"—Chancellor Thurlow—"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave"—Burns.

Schiller asked, when he spoke last, that he might be raised up so that he could see the sun, which, glorious as the Poet's fame, was slowly declining beyond the hills of the Rhine.

FORKS VS. FINGERS.—Notwithstanding the now universal adoption of this useful appendage to the table throughout the civilized world, it is nevertheless a well ascertained historical fact that, so recently as the reign of Elizabeth, the prudish maiden Queen fed herself with her fingers. It is a mistake to say that forks were not known then, for Elizabeth possessed several, which had been presented to her; but it is certain they were not used, nor for a considerable time after they did become common. Indeed, the prejudice was as rife against them even among the higher classes, as it is now against machinery among the lower orders.

One divine preached against the use of forks as "an insult on Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers." The five pronged metal forks (commonly called French forks), are not likely to come into general use; nor are they appropriate to the present style of English cooking.

FASHIONS.—The summer costume of a Georgia gentleman is said to be a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. The Natchitoches native dandies have a dress equally as cool. It consists of an ostrich feather stuck in the hair, and a turkey's tail fan in the hand.—But as scant as these fashions are, there is a superfluous quantity of clothing when compared with the court-dress of a princess of one of the South Sea Islands, which consists entirely of a necklace of pearls.

FIERY FOUNTAIN.—If twenty grains of Phosphorus be cut very small, and mixed with forty grains of granulated or powdered zinc, and put into half an ounce of water, with two drachms of concentrated sulphuric acid, phosphated hydrogen gas will quickly cover the whole surface of the fluid in succession, forming a complete fountain of fire.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE MAGNET.—A colored woman at Frankfort, Ky., run a needle in the fleshy part of the palm, some 3 months ago. Last week Mr. John Goodman, to whom the woman belonged, knowing the needle would not remain stationary, that it would produce suppuration and gradually move from its imbedment, it struck him that it might be attracted to the surface or skin, and he procured a magnet and applied it to the hand. Soon a sensation of pain was produced, and three days after the needle made its appearance just under the skin, when it was easily extracted.

The Whig candidate for Governor in Maine, is a practical mechanic—a ship carver. The editor of the Kennebec Journal says, he called upon Mr. Morse, at his shop in Bath, a few weeks ago, and found him with his head off, busily engaged upon the figure-head of a ship. The Journal says that Morse is, nevertheless, one of the best informed men in Maine. His speeches in Congress show him to be a man of great talent.—N. Y. American Patriot.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A letter from Washington says, that the lady of Major Nicholson, of the Marine Corps, while under the influence of temporary insanity, committed suicide by cutting her throat, about 2 o'clock on Tuesday, at the residence of Mr. Riell, on Capitol Hill. The unfortunate lady has been subject for a year or two past, to sudden fits of insanity.—She leaves an amiable husband and several children to mourn her melancholy end.

FACTS IN BRIEF.—The bones of birds are hollow and filled with air instead of marrow. The flea jumps 200 times its own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man. A single house fly produces in one season 20,050,350!

The members of the Free Church of Scotland, who raised nearly £700,000 for new churches, are now collecting a fund to build houses for their ministers.—Nearly £50,000 have been already subscribed.

When the King and Queen of the French and all of their family are lodged in the Tuilleries, the number, with their respective attendants, are no fewer than 1500 persons.

A "kiss me quick-before-mother-sees-you" bonnet is coming in fashion in Lynn.—Exchange paper.

They are behind the age if that "love of a bonnet" is only "coming in." It has been in vogue here for some time and is a general favorite with both sexes.—N. Y. Courier.

## TEMPERANCE.

### COMMUNICATED.

#### TO THE CITIZENS OF ADAMS COUNTY.

The undersigned, a committee appointed by the last Temperance Convention of this County, to address you in furtherance of the important subject which brought them together, present to your serious consideration the following facts and reasonings:

That Intemperance is an evil of the greatest magnitude, and most widely spread in its influence, no one will deny. It is thus regarded by the law of God. Whilst the laws of the land punish by fine or imprisonment, the law of God distinctly declares, that no drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and ranks him with idolaters & murderers. As it thus, in itself, among the worst forms of immorality, it originates others. It is the frightful source of almost all other crimes, as is proved by the reports of our prisons and hospitals. It carries in its train, indolence, profanity, impurity, thof, robbery and murder. It hardens the heart, sears the conscience, and destroys natural affection; so that parents cease to be interested in their children, and children lose all respect and reverence for their parents. It dries up the fountain of generous emotions, and fills the heart with selfishness, and finally, it presents before the soul a barrier to the admission of the truth, and shuts out all the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit.

But why attempt to portray by language what must have been the subject of observation to most persons. For the effects of intemperance have been so general, that but few families have escaped its power. It has entered the sacred desk, and, thence descending, has pervaded and wasted all professions and trades, crushing in its progress the hearts of wives and mothers, and sisters, and leaving in its path poverty, misery and wo. To the moral evils which it generates in our County, the pecuniary loss is to be added, which is by no means inconsiderable. We support annually in our almshouses 50 paupers, made so by intemperance. These, at a cost of \$50 each annually, are a tax upon the sober part of the community of \$2,500.—There are in the County 46 taverns licensed, the average amount of whose sales is about 8 barrels of whiskey, besides other liquors. This, retailed at 3 cents a drink, will amount to \$18,000, and added to the other liquors consumed, will not be less than \$25,000.—If to this we add the loss of time, negligence in business, &c. which accompany the consumption of ardent spirits, we may fairly infer that the loss to the County, from these sales, is not less than \$30,000. Here, then, we have the support of 50 paupers (who if sober men, might have supported themselves, and added to the wealth of the County), and the sales and accompanying idleness of 46 taverns \$30,000—making a gross sum of \$32,500 annually lost to the County. For the liquor that is drunk is a loss to the County of all the money that is expended in purchasing it, together with the loss of time, and other accompanying evils. We do not deem it necessary to enter into a detailed argument, to show that what a man expends upon liquor to be consumed by himself and others, is a loss both to himself and to the wealth of the County. Any one can easily see that, if he consumes twenty five cents a day in ardent spirits, he will have expended, at the end of the year, \$91 1/2, without having received an equivalent. He is, therefore, so much poorer than if he had not expended his money in this way; and, as the wealth of the County is made up of the wealth of the individuals in the County, it will become poorer, just in proportion to the money thus expended.

If we inquire who are criminal in this matter, (for there must be great criminality somewhere,) we reply:

1. The Vender. Ardent spirit is a poison, and cannot be used as a drink without injury. Its use, therefore, is an immoral, equal, in magnitude, to all the evils, temporal and eternal, which flow from it. To sell ardent spirits, then, to be used as a beverage, is a sin of equal magnitude, and the vender is as wicked, in the sight of God, as the drunkard he has formed. Indeed, his criminality is greater, for three reasons.—1st. No one becomes a drunkard intentionally. He naturally dislikes the taste of spirits, as is proved in the case of infants.—He is drawn into the first draught, and the repetition of it through the snares laid by the vender. He is led by company into the tavern or grocery, and is tempted to drink. The vender is fully acquainted with the sad consequences which generally result from such a beginning. He is more criminal than the youth whom he converts into a drunkard, because he has enticed him into the habit, with the full knowledge of all its dreadful consequences.

2d. He is more criminal, because, for the sake of a little gain, he is willing to be the instrument of plunging his neighbor into irretrievable, temporal and eternal ruin, with a full knowledge of what he is doing.

3d. He is more criminal than the merchant, because his trade produces gains, and confirms in drunkenness. So that the vender may produce misery in fifty or one hundred families, but the drunkard consumes only his own household.