

# Star and Republican Banner.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—\$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. XVI.—29.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1845.

[WHOLE NO. 809.]

## Valuable Real Estate AT PUBLIC SALE

WILL be exposed to Public Sale, by order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, on Monday, the 6th day of October next, at the house of Andrew Smith, dec'd., in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, the following valuable Real Estate of the heirs of said deceased,—to wit:

**A Plantation or Tract of Land,** situate in Mountpleasant township, called the MANSION TRACT, containing about 140 acres more or less, on which is erected a TWO STORY WEATHER-BORDED

**HOUSE,** with an excellent well of water with a pump in it, convenient to the door.

**STONE BANK BARN,** and other buildings and necessary improvements.

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

**CHARLES SMITH, Administrator.**  
By order of the Orphan's Court.  
August 30, 1845. ts-24

## ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

WILL be offered at Public Sale on Wednesday the 8th day of October next, upon the premises in Huntington township, Adams county, about 1/2 mile from Petersburg, and adjoining lands of John Saddler, 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 outbuildings,—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 Orphan's Court.  
August 30th, 1845. ts-24

## To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

AT the solicitation of a number of friends, I have finally been induced to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of

**PROTHONOTARY,** at the ensuing election; and should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I shall discharge the duties of the office with promptness.

J. B. DANNER.  
Gettysburg, Sept. 13, 1845. ts-20

## SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co., FELLOW CITIZENS:—Being encouraged by the solicitations of numerous friends, I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the

**OFFICE OF SHERIFF,** at the ensuing election, and respectfully solicit your suffrages.—Should I be elected, I pledge myself to a prompt, faithful & humane discharge of the duties pertaining to said office.

JACOB BUSHEY.  
East Berlin }  
May 3d, 1845. } ts-7

## CLERK OF THE COURTS.

To the Free and Independent Voters of the County of Adams:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—At the solicitation of numerous friends, I have been induced to offer myself as an

**Independent Candidate,** for the office of Clerk of the Courts.—Should I be so fortunate as to obtain your suffrages and be elected, I shall duly appreciate your kindness, and pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity.

WILLIAM WITHEROW.  
Gettysburg, June 21, 1845. ts-14

## REGISTER AND RECORDER.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co. FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate for the office of Register and Recorder of Adams County. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected I shall duly appreciate your confidence and my best efforts shall be directed to perform the duties of the office with impartiality,

JOHN CRESS.  
June 21, 1845. ts-14

## POETRY.

### HOME WHEREVER THE HEART IS.

'Tis home wherever the heart is;  
Where'er its loved one dwell,  
In cities or in cottages,  
Through haunts of mossy dell.  
The heart's a rover ever,  
And thus on wake and wild,  
The maiden with her lover walks,  
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright wherever the heart is;  
Its fairy spells can bring  
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,  
And to the desert spring.  
There are green isles in ocean,  
O'er which affection glides;  
And a haven on each rugged shore,  
When love's the helm that guides.

'Tis free wherever the heart is;  
Nor chain nor dungeon dim  
May check the mind's aspirations,  
The spirits pealing hymn!  
The heart gives life its beauty,  
Its glory and its power,—  
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,  
And soft dew to its flower.

### FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

A blind old beggar, with his hat in hand,  
Neglected by the passers by,  
I noticed shyly at the corner stand,  
With moisture falling from his sightless eye.  
A child came by—a laughing little creature—  
With joy and innocence in every feature—  
Skipping forth gaily to an apple stand;  
She saw the beggar and became less gay,  
Then dug the bit of silver in her hand  
Into the old man's hat, and ran away.

### THE HAPPY FARMER.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough,  
As you were riding by,  
Or wearing 'neath his noon day toil,  
When summer suns were high?  
And thought you that his lot was hard?  
And did you thank your God,  
That you, and yours, were not condemned  
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,  
When garden, field, and tree,  
Conspire with flowing stores to fill  
His barn and granary.  
His healthful children gaily sport  
Amid the new mown hay,  
Or proudly aid, with vigorous arm,  
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,  
And guards the loaded wain,  
The feathered people clap their wings,  
And lead their youngling train.  
Perchance the hoary grandeur's eye  
The glowing scene surveys,  
And breathes a blessing on his race,  
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest-Giver is their friend,  
The Maker of the Soil,  
And Earth, the Mother, gives them bread  
And cheers their patient toil.  
And cheers their round their wintry hearth,  
Their heart felt pleasures see,  
And you can better judge how best  
The farmer's life may be.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a tottering disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"

Here the matron interrupted him: "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease, that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the high destinies which heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulders of his parent, whose aged arm leebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow, on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from his lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and these the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten, while he gazed upon her from whom, as stated by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more!

The matron's predictions were true.—The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of 85, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

## NATURE AND SIMILICITY.

"The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed a glory  
From the earth."—Wordsworth.

No one of gifted mind has passed even the first freshness of youth, without feeling that it is not with him as it has been. Knowledge and taste may have increased his intellectual riches, and association may add its powerful spell to half the charms of nature; but the soul does not rejoice in these possessions as it once did, in the simple wealth of sunshine, birds and flowers.—When we are old, we talk very philosophically of the negative enjoyments of childhood, and try to convince ourselves that the light and glory which memory throws around it, is but the delusion of imagination. It is not well to argue thus. There is deep meaning in the maxim, "Reverence children;" and it would be better for us, both here and hereafter, if we inscribed it on our hearts, as a spell to keep away corroding passions. I would not, with sickly sentimentality, mourn over states of mind that can never be recalled. I would not be cherishing a disease which has too often wasted the strength of genius and been assumed by inferior minds, incapable of imitating anything of intellect, save its diseases. But if we observe that all the world look back to the earlier stages of being with a fond regret, ought we not to suppose there is a strong reason for so deep a feeling? If the thoughts and affections were then vested in a robe of sunny light, should we not ask whence the light came, and why in after years, it glances upon us in such rare and flickering rays? There is but one answer: We are simple and artless then, and the influence of Deity is around us, like the balmy atmosphere we breathe, sustaining life and joy to those who dream not of its existence. If, then, there is sympathy between childhood and heaven, let us strive to "be as little children." It is not well to be too wise for happiness—it is not safe to be too learned for salvation. He who, like Wordsworth, cherishes the guileless feelings which make a flower bring "thoughts too deep for tears," he is a wiser as well as a happier man than Byron—that intellectual Laocoon, writhing in the folds of serpents, himself had awakened into life.

Everything that we involuntarily love is true to nature; and nothing that we learn to love, produces fresh and glowing emotions. What is genius? It is but a fitting expression of that which nature teaches the soul; and when we laugh, weep, or are thrilled with quiet joy, in sympathy with this mysterious power, we wonder that those simple feelings which form the very elements of our common nature are not always as artlessly expressed. What is gracefulness? It is but the gliding motion of the fawn or the stately bearing of the eagle; loved and admired because it speaks of careless happiness, unconscious of observers.—Art, with the utmost skill she can exert in conversation, writing, or manners, never touches the heart, unless she makes herself forgotten by her close imitation of nature. Why then should we suffer vanity, pride or ambition, to take from us a gift, which we exert all our faculties, to seem to have?

"When our religion tells us how to enter the kingdom of heaven," when our hearts repeat the lesson with mournful tenderness, as we look upon the guilelessness of infancy—why do we not listen to it? Wordsworth speaks truly—"a glory has departed from the earth"—and the rich in mind and innocence of heart, can only rejoice in a few transient indications of its return. The ambitious, high-reaching soul of man has ever been prone to scorn simplicity.—He that was told to wash in the river Jordan and be healed, was indignant, because he was not commanded to do some great thing; and thus it is always with self-sufficient mortals—who are willing to make extraordinary sacrifices, and to act an arduous part, in order to attain a character, which would be the natural result of a simple, straight-forward course. We destroy the vitality of nature, by engraving upon her motives taught by worldly selfishness, and are then obliged to counterfeit what we cannot regain.—If by purity and artlessness we keep our hearts open to the influence of God's works, as well as his word, we should not so soon mourn over the faded brightness of our youth. The Delonion oracle spoke through doves and trees, and the "pure in heart" will still hear from all the fair things of creation a voice which speaks of poetry and religion.

Dr. Caldwell, a writer on physical education, contends that a well balanced brain contributes to long life, while a passionate one tends much to abridge it—and if persons knew how many dangers in life they escaped by possessing mildness of temper, instead of the opposite disposition, how eager would be the aim of all men to cultivate it.

A great lie, says the poet Crabbe, is like a fish on dry land; it may frolic and fling, and make a frightful boister, but it cannot hurt you.—You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.

Why was Benjamin Franklin the tyrant of the elements? Because he ruled the lightning with a rod of iron.

## THE CHURCH BELLS.

There's something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful!—they talk to high & low, rich & poor, in the same voice; there's a sound in them that should scare away pride and envy and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes—there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every bell that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling creatures—poor human things! take rest! be quiet! Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day cares; your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted; believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates.—Come away, come, cries the church-bell, and learn to be humble; learning that, however duded and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, easy as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creature, lily and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning take heart and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions—Jerrold's Magazine.

## ELEVATE THE MASSES.

The importance of making every man of our country a freholder, cannot be, in our judgment, too highly appreciated. It not only places him beyond the contingency of poverty, but it identifies him with the interests of his country and serves to make him a better citizen, as well as a happier man.

When education is placed within the reach of the masses, and when they become owners of the soil, we need have no fear about the perpetuity of freedom, or of our institutions; the former will give him a just conception of the blessings to be derived from freedom, and the latter the strongest interest that can be made to preserve and secretly transmit the same. The blessings enjoyed by the people with a proper moral and religious restraint, form the strongest safeguard against external and internal foes, that can in any event be made by a nation. Standing armies, navies and fortifications, are as nothing in comparison; those, in the hands of a mercenary soldiery, may spread for a time destruction through any country; but they are not the elements for building up, and protecting permanently a country of freedom. Elevating the condition of the masses ought to be the great desideratum of our legislation; for, in accomplishment of this, almost every great object of legislation is attained.

GETTING A PLACE AT A FIRE.—Every body has read the anecdote of Dr. Franklin, who, when travelling upon a raw and gusty day, stopped at a tavern, and found the bar room fire pre-occupied by a set of loafers, who would not budge an inch in the way of civility to a stranger.

He called for a peck of oysters for his horse; and while the unmannerly cubs all went to the stable to witness the novel spectacle of a horse eating oysters, the Doctor selected a comfortable place at the fire, "to roast his oysters, and to warm himself." Of course the horse didn't eat the oysters but the Doctor did!

About as good a story is told in the Spirit of the Times, of a certain captain in the recruiting service at the west, who went into a grocery where there were a lot of loungers, and no one offered him a seat. Knowing everything about the grocery, he went behind the counter, and seizing a keg marked powder, threw it upon the fire, exclaiming,

"Gentlemen it's my opinion that we've lived long enough."  
The way they ran out of the store was a caution, to ground and lofty tumbling.

Of course the keg was empty.  
A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honor to the University of which he was a member; "but he's shy," added the father, "and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son? "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it!"

THE FOLLOWING CAPITAL TOAST was given at a late dinner of the Hasty Pudding Club, in Boston:  
"Our corn-fed boys and corn-fed girls—the right material to form a corn-fed oration."

TEMPERANCE TOAST IN YANKEE-LAND.—The following toast was given at a Temperance dinner:—"The Revolutionary army and the cold water army—the one drove the red coats from the land, the other the red noses!"

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A few days since, a large tumor was taken from the shoulder of Mrs. Dunn, wife of the Principal of the Academy at Hempstead, L. I., without pain, she having been put in a mesmeric sleep. After the operation was finished, Mr. Dunn, by a few reverse passes, restored her to consciousness. In reply to an observation that she had had quite a nap, she said she had, and that she felt better for it. The tumor having been mentioned, she was told that the physicians had examined it, and had concluded to do nothing more with it at present. She expressed considerable disappointment, and being asked if she would consent next week to be mesmerized, and have it taken out, she answered in the negative, and said that if it became necessary to have it removed, she would prefer to be in a state of consciousness. Dr. French asked her if she had experienced any pain or uncomfortable sensation during her sleep. She said she had not, and the Dr. then asked her what she would think if he should tell her that it had been removed. She turned her eyes towards her shoulder, and perceiving a small spot of blood lower down on her dress, with a countenance indicating much anxiety, she asked her husband if it was out. The tumor was now shown to her, and she evinced considerable agitation. The parties to this transaction, says the Brooklyn Eagle, are all well known in Hempstead, and their standing and position are such as to preclude all idea of deception.

AN IMPERISHABLE CLOTH, as it is called, has been invented in England, and presented and described at a late meeting of the Royal Institution. It is made of hemp and wool, the wool of one and the waf of the other; or of the mixed materials, flax and cotton for the one, and silk and flax for the other. But the invention consists in the saturation of the tissues before weaving. The fibres are saturated with boiled linseed oil, raw white leadpowder charcoal, litharge and common-salt. They are then worked into this saturated state at the uniform temperature of from 60 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The fabric is then pressed through rollers for the purpose of hardening and flattening the surface of the coarser material, and it is afterwards dried in the open air.—It is said this cloth is not liable to injury from heat, rot, or mildew, and is capable of being made air-tight.

AN IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT.—Three thousand five hundred operatives are employed in the gigantic Locomotive establishment recently put in operation in Russia for the construction of the large number of Locomotives required for the great chain of railroads which the Emperor of Russia has directed to be constructed, Major Wistler, a Bostonian, being chief engineer.—To keep order in this mixed mass of Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Germans and Russians, a company of soldiers is kept on duty in conjunction with a police force whose duties are confined to the works.

LOCKJAW.—It appears that a remedy for this horrible disease has at last been discovered. The Journal of Commerce records a cure by the application of Electricity.—The patient was a young woman, in whom the disease was brought on by cold and fatigue, and the jaws had been closed five days. The electro-zalvanic apparatus was applied to both angles of the jaw, and had not made forty revolutions before the complaint was entirely removed.

AFFECTION IN A BRUTE.—There are many remarkable instances of affection in a brute that we do not often find in human beings. The Woodville Republican states that on the Pittsburg plantation, two little negro boys were recently riding an old pony in pursuit of cattle, when all of a sudden, a wild cat leaped from a fence upon the pony and seized upon one of the children.—The pony in a fright, jumped away. The older boy seized the cat to rescue the other from his claws and teeth, when the pony returned to their rescue and actually stamped the wild cat to death.—The pony is a pet, some twenty-five years old—lives in the yard and eats slops; is a great favorite—walks among the cradles with the utmost care; and, in gratitude for kindness, has exhibited a trait of his character that would honor man.

Have we in any manner done wrong to others? Let us not be backward in making reparation for it; not hesitating an instant, but nobly breaking through the restraints of pride and shame that would be our hindrance.

What is gained by profanity? A bad reputation—popular distrust. If these are desirable, then is profanity beneficial; if not, it is an evil which all should avoid as their worst possible enemy.

HONEST.—A village dentist advertises that he will spare no pains in his operations to render them satisfactory. No doubt of it.

There is an old lady in Vermont who cannot light a candle, because she is a great scold and cannot find her match.

## S. L. MARY.

A young man belonging to Lenox, Madison county, N. Y., met an awful death on Thursday last week. He, with his father and others, were threshing grain with a threshing machine, when by some mistake the iron cogs of the machine caught one foot and drew him into the machine, tearing off his leg at the hip joint, drawing out all the cogs from his body on one side, and otherwise shockingly mangled him. He lingered for two hours in excruciating pain, when death relieved him from his sufferings.

An interesting child, about three years of age, died in Bangor, Me., on Thursday, from the effects of poison. It was at play in one of the chambers of the house with other children, and in rumaging a drawer found a piece of opium, used by a member of the family for the tooth-ache. The child swallowed the opium, and in a few hours was a corpse.

The Pittsburg Ariel says that a lady across the Monongahela river died on Sunday week from the bite of a mad-dog.—She was bitten in May last, and died from the first fit of hydrophobia.

A young man named Charles Williams received a death wound at a military skirmish in Shutesbury, Mass. last week.—It was inflicted by a wad discharged from the gun of one of his companions.

At Utica, on Wednesday last, as the train was leaving the depot, a little girl jumped upon the cars, and rode a few rods, when she attempted to get off again. In doing so, her gown caught upon the step, and she jerked herself across the track. Several wheels passed over her; literally cutting her in two, and she gasped a moment or two, and died.

MURDER AT RICHMOND.—We learn from the Richmond Star that Felix Ferguson, one of the keepers of the penitentiary, was killed by Moses Johnson, a free negro convict. Johnson was a workman in Mr. Ferguson's department; and while Mr. Ferguson was sitting down, he went up behind him and without any provocation inflicted a wound upon his neck with a knife, the blade of which was about three inches long, severing the carotid artery and windpipe. Mr. Ferguson died within about 30 minutes.

ANOTHER DEATH IN A FOUL WELL.—Mr. Henry Lee descended the well of Mr. Sifer, near Charlottesville, Va., on Friday last, to ascertain the cause of the impurity of the water, but without using any precautionary measure to test the character of the air. Immediately after his descent he was asked whether it was not too damp for him to remain, to which he replied, "it was none to hurt." He was called again, and he said he would come up, and got into the bucket for the purpose, but before reaching the top he fell to the bottom and was instantly killed. The day previous candles were let down, but came back extinguished; which circumstance the unfortunate deceased was aware of, and, of course, relieved every one from censure.

THE RECTOR OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH in Washington, of which Mrs. Nicholson, who committed suicide in a fit of insanity, was a member, declined to perform the funeral services until he could consult his brethren in office!

OBSCENE PAINTINGS.—About one thousand cigar, snuff and tobacco boxes, imported from France, and seized by the Collector on account of containing obscene paintings, were on Friday burnt by Mr. Rapalle, Deputy Marshal in New York, according to law, which requires that all such things, when discovered, shall be seized and destroyed. Some of the boxes were of a costly description.

JUST AND GENEROUS.—The Hon. JOHN HUNTER, of Hunter's Island, a large proprietor of lands in Delaware county, New York, has ordered a deed to be made out granting two hundred acres of land to Mrs. STEELE, the widow of the Deputy Sheriff who was killed by the Indians in the execution of his duty.

AMERICAN TEA.—It appears from the September number of the Southern Planter, that a successful attempt has been made in Virginia to cultivate the Chinese tea plant. Mr. N. Pickett, who has given considerable attention to the subject, is to have specimens of his tea at the Hortic agricultural fair in November.

The Mormon Temple, it is said, is still in progress of erection.—It is about one-fourth the size of Solomon's Temple, and can accommodate twelve thousand persons, being four thousand on each floor. Three hundred and fifty men are zealously at work upon the building, which it is supposed will be finished in a year and a half, probably at a cost of half a million of dollars.

The report that the French Minister to Mexico had demanded his passports, is confirmed by a paragraph in the Washington Union. The cause which led to this action was the refusal of the Mexican Government to grant him the satisfaction he demanded in the case of the attack made upon him by a military officer.

Why is a mill boy like a rejected suitor?  
Ans. Because he gets the sack.