

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

{WHOLE NO. 821.

## THE STAR AND BANNER

Published every Friday Evening, in the County Building, above the Register and Recorder's Office, by

DAVID A. BUEHLER.

### TERMS.

It is paid in advance or within the year, \$2 00 per annum—if not paid within the year, \$2 50. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the option of the Editor. Single copies 5 cents. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be regarded as a new engagement.

Advertisements not exceeding a square inserted three times for \$1 00—every subsequent insertion 25 cents. Longer ones, in the same proportion. All advertisements not specially ordered for a given time, will be continued until for sale. A liberal reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of all kinds executed neatly and promptly, and on reasonable terms.

Letters and Communications to the Editor, (excepting such as contain Money or the names of new Subscribers,) must be post paid, in order to secure attention.

CITY AGENCY—V. B. PALMER, Esq., at the corner of Chestnut and Third streets, Philadelphia; 160 Nassau street, New York; and South-east corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore—is our authorized Agent for receiving Advertisements and Subscriptions to the "Star," and collecting and receiving for the same.

## LAW PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned, having associated themselves in the Practice of the Law under the firm of M'CLEAN and M'CONAUGHY, respectfully tender their professional services to the public. Their Office is in the room of Moses M'Clean, in South Baltimore street, a few doors from the Public Square.

MOSES M'CLEAN,  
DAVID M'CONAUGHY.

The Professional business heretofore entrusted to the subscriber, will be attended to by Mr. M'CONAUGHY, who will be in frequent correspondence with the subscriber.

MOSES M'CLEAN, Jr.  
Dec. 5, 1845.

THOMAS M'CREARY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in the South-east Corner of the Diamond, between A. B. Kurtz's Hotel and R. W. M'Sherry's Store  
Gettysburg, Dec. 12, 1845.—if

H. J. SCHREINER,  
Magistrate & Scrivener.

Office: In Chambersburg Street, at the Sheriff's Office, opposite Buchler's Store.

HAVING disposed of the "Star & Banner," the advertiser would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he can always be found in his JUSTICE OFFICE, where he will be ready at all times, to attend to any business entrusted to his care. Besides the duties incumbent upon him as Justice of the Peace, he will also attend to other Collections, as also the drawing of deeds, instruments of writing, &c., &c.

For capacity, promptness and faithfulness in the discharge of these duties, he refers the public to the Hon. JAMES COOPER, DANIEL M. SMYER, A. R. STEVENSON, & WILLIAM M'SHERRY, Esq's.  
September 27. 3m

## NOTICE.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his fellow citizens, that his stock of

## HATS & CAPS

is large and full, and will be sold low for CASH or ON TIME.

CALL AND SEE and judge for yourselves. Those persons who are in debt to him for accounts of long standing, are requested to call and pay up as soon as possible; and those who owe him WOOD, are requested to bring it in, for the money will be required in place of it, where the accounts have been standing for some time.

W. W. FAXTON.  
October 24.

## FOR SALE OR RENT,

THE TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE,

Opposite the English Lutheran Church, lately occupied by Mrs. EALY. Said Property is well adapted for a Store or other public business, having spacious Cellars, a well of good Water, and the use of an open alley. To a purchaser the payments will be made very easy.

Possession can be had immediately, by application to S. H. BUEHLER,  
Gettysburg, Nov. 14.

## FOR SALE,

A First-rate Second-hand

## CARRIAGE,

Newly Repaired and Trimmed.

Country Produce will be taken in payment. Enquire at the office of the "Star and Banner."  
Gettysburg, Oct. 24.

## Blacksmithing.

IN all his branches, will be attended to by good workmen, at the Foundry of the subscriber.

THOS. WARREN,  
Gettysburg, Dec. 10.

## POETRY.

### SONGS OF LABOR.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, has commenced in the Democratic Review a series of the "Songs of Labor," the first being "The Shoemakers."—Himself once of the craft, he has produced a song worthy of being sung wherever an honest and manly hand plies the useful labor of awl and hammer, or a white and pretty one adds its ministrations to complete the product.

### THE SHOEMAKERS.

Hot workers of the old time, staid  
The gentle craft of leather!  
Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
Stand forth once more together!  
Call out again your long array  
In the olden, merry manner;  
Once more on gay St. Crispin's day  
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone  
How falls the polished hammer!  
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown  
A quick and merry clamor.  
Now shape the sole; now deftly curl  
The glossy vamp around it,  
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl  
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you along the Spanish main  
A hundred keels are ploughing;  
For you the Indian on the plain  
His lasso-coil is throwing;  
For you deep glens, with henlock dark,  
The woodman's fire is lighting;  
For you upon the oak's gray bark  
The woodman's axe is smiting;

For you from Carolina's pine  
The resin gun is stealing;  
For you the dark-eyed Florentine  
Her silken skein is reeling;  
For you the dizzy goat-herd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges;  
For you round all her shepherd homes  
Bloom England's thorny hedges!

The foremost still by day and night  
On moated mound or heathen,  
Where'er the deed of trampled right  
Brought toiling men together,  
Where the free bargainers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master—  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster!

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,  
Ye heed no idle scorn;  
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
And duty done, your honor.  
Ye dare to trust for honest fame  
The jury time empannels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sach, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German,  
And Bloomfield's lay and Gifford's wit,  
And th' rare good sense of Sherman;  
Still from his book a mystic seer,  
The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
Of Fox's leathern breeches

The foot is yours: where'er it falls  
It treads your well-wrought leather,  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet or on heather.  
Still there the sweetest charm is found  
Of matron's gace or vestal's,  
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
Among the old celestials!

Rap! rap! your stout and bluff brogan,  
With footsteps slow and weary,  
May wander where the sky's blue spin  
Shuts down upon the prairie.  
Your slippers shine on beauty's foot,  
By Saratoga's fountain,  
Or lead, like snow-flakes falling mute,  
The dance on Catskill mountain!

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
The brown earth to the tiller's;  
The shoe in yours shall wealth command  
Like fairy Cinderella's;  
As they who shunned the household maid,  
Beheld the crown upon her,  
So all shall see your toil repaid  
With health and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed  
IN WATER COOL and brimming;  
"All honor to the good old craft,  
Its merry men and women!"  
Call out again your long array  
In the old time's pleasant manner;  
Once more on gay St. Crispin's day  
Fling out his blazoned banner!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE.—If you wish to be independent, preserve your own self-respect, let others think and say what they please. If you would breast the storms and torrents of life, be independent in spite of the taunts, the clamors, or jeers of the whole world. With these, and a stout heart, you may command a quiet and happy mind; if you win not praise or fortune, both of which are of secondary importance. Life is nothing without genuine independence, and self-respect alone can insure this to any one.

FASSO'S WISDOM.—Fasso being told that he had an opportunity of taking advantage of a bitter enemy—"I wish not to plunder him," said he; "but there are things which I wish to take from him—not his honor, his wealth, nor his life, but his ill will."

### THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

"Shade of Kemble!" ejaculated Ward, at that time manager for Jefferson and Mackenzie, in Baltimore; "here it is past seven o'clock, and 'crook'd back'd Richard's not in his dressing room!"

"My dear sir!" said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Garner, "do not be precipitate. When the late Daniel Reed—" "An you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the dogs!" and then the poor manager chazzed, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holiday street stage to the other.

"Ring in first music, sir!" inquired the call boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager. "Ring! You red-headed imp of Satan—you juvenile Caliban—get out of my sight, or I'll wring your neck off."

Away went the call boy and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar room in the vicinity of the theatre for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hayloft in Front Street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered round the building in question, and he had difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there saw the object of his search seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown. "Booth!" said the manager imploringly, "for Heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces!"

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically he thundered forth—

"I am seated on my throne!  
As proud a one as you distant mountain,  
Where the sun makes his last stand!"

"Come, my dear fellow, let's go; we'll have a glass of brandy, and a supper, and all that. Come, please come."

Booth descended gracefully from his pine throne, and kissing the tips of his fingers, replied with a smile, "Lead on, my Lord of Essex. To the Tower—to the Tower!"

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence, a messenger, covered with dust, rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath—"Dead, say you? Dead and buried! My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one?" And then seeing the curtain rise he rushed on, commencing—

"She has health to progress far as Cletsey,  
Though not to bear the sight of me," &c. &c.

The beautiful scene between Ann and Gloucester was never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all" when he throbbed to life, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness in his manner that told his mind was not upon the character. Still the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on, but Booth was nowhere to be found.

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie, saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak, which as it opened, disclosed a glittering dress beneath, ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his Richard costume! Madness had seized him, and regardless of everything, at the still hour of midnight, he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword, and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon until the animal snorted with pain. The tall, dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow; thinking they were men in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them as he flew rapidly by.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country grave-yard; and as he saw the white tops of the monuments peering through the dark foliage, like snow-crests upon the bosom of a black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's.

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open, and Booth was discovered lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness and carassing the corpse of his little one!

Pleasure and pain are dealt out to us, in measures and at seasons that we little dream of, by a Power whose wisdom we dare not question, and if the latter is to be received with resignation, the other surely should be welcomed with gladness.

### REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.—I

stirs one's blood, in these latter days, to recall the speeches and the records of the actions of those who lived in the days of the Revolution. When the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached the capital of New Hampshire, John Langdon, who was speaker of the Provincial Legislature, seeing the public credit exhausted, and his friends discouraged, rose and said:—

"I have \$3,000 hard money; I will pledge my plate for \$3,000 more. I have seventy hogheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring.—These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and our homes, I may be remunerated. If we do not, the property will be of no value.—Our old friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of our State at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will check the proceedings of Burgoyne."

These were the days of patriotism! The offer was accepted, the money paid, the plate hypothecated, and the rum converted into cash. A corps of mountaineers was soon raised and placed under the command of Stark. When he came in sight of the enemy at Bennington, he said: "Boys, there are the Red Coats. We must beat them, or this night Molly Starke will be a widow!" He did beat them.—The tide of war was turned—the firesides, and hearths of our fathers preserved; but whether old John Langdon ever got back his plate, except in continental rags, we do not know. There are many who lost everything in the service of their country, made advances and sacrificed estates, whose descendants are now poor.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—We never heard the anecdote of the old woman and her turkeys until yesterday. It is good. An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys, consequently valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a "West India Goods Store."

The man who kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace with new. This old lady being economical, thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them and see they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo! in one corner laid her turkeys in one huge pile dead. Yes they were, "stone dead." What was to be done? Surely the old matron could not lose all the feathers! She must pick them! She called her daughters and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came and behold there were her turkeys stalking about the yard featherless enough, (as may be supposed), crying out "quit, quit!" feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things, if they had said "quit" before they had begun they would not have been in this "bad fix."

We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say "quit."

### TIME TO GO.

"Hallo! my dear," exclaimed a newly married man to his wife; "what are you fumbling about your mouth there for?"

"Just taking out my teeth, love."

"The deuce! well you can't talk, what's the matter now?"

"Oh, that's only my palate dropped out, I'll soon fix that."

"Thunder and blazes? Why—why, where's your hair?"

"On the table; isn't it pretty? I bought it the other day of a hair-dresser."

The man took to his heels, and has not been heard from since, though a man resembling him was seen not long afterwards inquiring the way to Texas.

COOL RASCALTY.—The deepest trick of a villain that we have recently met with, is recorded in one of the Philadelphia papers. A young gentleman of respectable appearance, accidentally stumbled into a respectable china store in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, breaking one of the large plate glass windows. He walked into the store and coolly inquired what damage he had done, and was informed that the plate glass cost \$20. He presented a hundred dollar bill and received his change, eighty dollars, and deliberately walked off. The note proved to be a counterfeit.

A POINT OF ORDER.—A debating society in a town "down East," one evening undertook to discuss the question "whether intemperance or slavery is productive of the most evil in the United States?" A worthy deacon, contending against the former, proposed to show its effects on its victims in eternity. "Stop, stop," cried the chairman, "that's out of the United States."

### ADVERTISING.—The New Orleans Del-

ta has quite a pithy paragraph on this subject. Advertising, says the editor, is to business, what the oil is to the night lamp. "Withhold the necessary supply of oil, and the light goes out—advertise not liberally—and who you are, and what's your business, is known only to a limited circle—your expenses otherwise continue, your business falls off, you break, and your name, which was never seen to an advertisement in the newspapers, now figures in the list of bankrupts. This is true—all true. It is the teaching of the times, and he who will not learn it, must never expect in this period of general activity and rivalry in business, to keep up with his advertising neighbors in the race for patronage and prosperity."

LO THE POOR INDIAN.—The New Orleans Picayune mentions an incident to an old Indian in that city. The poor fellow was entirely blind, and having got pretty drunk, he went to the Circus, to "see what he could hear." In coming out he fell down the stairs, and cut himself very severely with the pieces of a large bottle that he had under his blanket.—The bathing which attended the wounding did not do much good, and it is thought that the patient will die of tetanus.

### TO PRESERVE FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

A late journal says, that to preserve apples, turnips, potatoes, beets, carrots, &c. &c. from fall to July, place them in a shallow hole in the earth, covered at the bottom with straw or cornstalks; cover this with six inches of earth and place the fruit upon it. Let it remain uncovered until cold weather arrives, and the ground and perhaps the fruit is thoroughly frozen; then place straw over it, and a coating of earth over that twelve inches thick. If frozen, the fruit is not injured if thus thawed slowly in the spring. This has been often and successfully tried.

DON'T SELL YOUR ASHES.—According to late discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, Prof. Liebig says, that in taking the hay from the meadows, the principal cause of exhaustion to the soil, is the loss of potash contained in the hay! and that this may be readily restored by sowing the meadows with a thin covering of wood ashes. A very successful farmer says that he never suffered a bushel of ashes to be sold from his farm—that it was worth 50 cents a bushel to sow on grass or corn.

INDIAN FUNERAL.—The Indians have peculiar customs which will not yield to civilization. An Indian burial took place at Alexandria, Louisiana, a few days ago. According to a custom founded upon the religious faith of the red man, all the worldly effects of the departed savage, including rifles, shot pouch, skins—even a mare and colt belonging to him—were deposited with his remains in the tomb, to be carried with him, according to the romantic faith of his ancestors, to the sunny hunting grounds and floral valleys prepared beyond the grave by the "Great Spirit," for the reception of the good, and barren deserts and icy hills provided for the punishment of the depraved and vicious.

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.—Mr. C. F. Noland, of Arkansas, is said to have made the following speech at the Memphis Convention:

Mr. President—Before the vote is taken I wish to make a speech which shall not be five minutes long. (Cheers, and cries of "go on!") When Gen. George Rogers Clarke was taken prisoner by the Indians, they made him pack the skillets and things of the whole party, and keep with 'em too. After three or four days he was so worn out with fatigue that he could with difficulty drag one foot before the other, so he thought he'd make 'em a speech—(cheers.) "Throwing down the skillets, and mounting a log, he stretched out his hands and said:—"Gentlemen Injins! (peals of laughter) I propose that every man carry his own skillet!"

And so Mr. President, I propose that every State carry her own skillet!

TRUTH.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon may it be squandered. Better leave him a sound constitution, habits of industry, and an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice, in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

DEADLY SINS.—We see in the St. Louis Reveille the following enumeration of Deadly Sins:

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.
3. Not advertising.
4. Advertising and not paying for it.
5. Making a Printing Office a loafing place.
6. Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.

ANECDOTE.—Mr. Templeton gave us a characteristic anecdote the other night of a simple peasant-girl in the Lowlands, who said of her brother, that "she could na see just what it was made him gang so often and stay so late to see any lassie; for her part she would rather see the company of a man last than twenty lassies."

### EACH LIGHT HAS ITS SHADE.

With every joy we haste to meet,  
In hopefulness or pride,  
There comes, with step as sure and fleet,  
A shadow by its side;  
And ever thus that spectre chill  
With each fair chill has sped,  
And when the gladden'd pulse should thrill,  
The stricken heart lies dead.

The Poet's brow the wreath entwines—  
What weight falls on the breast?  
Upon that sword, where glory shines,  
The stains of life-blood rest.  
So, where the rosiest sunbeam glows,  
There lies eternal snow!  
And Fame its brightest halo throws,  
Where death lies cold below.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### THE FEEDING OF CATTLE.

Mr. Ellsworth, in his annual report, remarks that the subject of the economical feeding of cattle deserves due attention. It will be remembered that during the winter of 1842-'43, a great number of cattle perished for want of sufficient food. This was doubtless owing to the too great dependence placed upon some particular kind of fodder, and the severity and length of the winter, which shut them up from their pastures. A more careful economy of food, by using at the period of fall and early winter, that food which would answer best to the warmth of the animals, might do much to prevent the recurrence of such a time of distress as prevailed in some of the more northern of the Western States last winter. The proportion of nutritious substances found in the different kinds of fodder, and the amount needed for the subsistence of the animal, should be known, and thus substitutes may be resorted to in such a manner as to avoid the great inconvenience of an unlooked for period of cold weather.

The following table will furnish the relative value of a few of the principal articles of fodder as determined by experiment.

Quantity	Value
One hundred pounds of good hay are equal to	
275 pounds green Indian corn,	
442 " rye straw,	
184 " oat straw,	
153 " pea stalk,	
201 " raw potatoes,	
339 " mangel wurtzel,	
540 " turnips,	
54 " rye,	
40 " wheat	
59 " oats,	
45 " peas and beans,	
64 " buckwheat,	
55 " Indian corn,	
68 " acorns,	
105 " wheat bran,	
190 " rye bran,	
107 " wheat, pea and oat chaff,	
179 " rye and barley.	

Sixteen pounds of hay are equal to thirty-two pounds of potatoes; and fourteen of boiled potatoes will allow of the diminution of eight pounds of hay.

TREATMENT OF COWS.—The keeping of cows in such a manner as to make them give the greatest quantity of milk, and with the greatest clear profit, is an essential point of economy. Give a cow a half bushel of turnips, carrots, or other roots per day, during the winter months, besides her hay; and if her summer food is such as it should be, she will give nearly double the quantity of milk that she would afford if only kept during the winter in the usual manner; and the milk will be richer and of better quality. Cattle are well known to thrive much better where the operation of currying is performed thoroughly and regularly. Dr. Rush, in a lecture upon the advantages of studying the diseases of domestic animals states that there is an improvement in the quality of the milk, and an increase in its quantity, which is obtained by currying the cow. Be assured of the truth of the saying, that "one cow well milked is worth two badly milked." The first drawn milk contains only 5, the second 8, and the fifth 17 per cent. of cream.

MAKE YOUR CELLARS WARM.—Great detriment is often experienced by farmers from a neglect to secure their cellars at the proper season. Cellars ought, if possible, to be so constructed as to render the labor of "banking" unnecessary; but as this is seldom the case, entire and perfect security against frost should be furnished before the winter becomes too severe. The potato crop, this season, has fallen far short of an average one—consequently the economization of the entire product, is a matter of great importance to the farmer, as well as to the community at large. We can but ill afford to lose even the smallest fraction of the very inconsiderable and scanty harvest which the "rot" has left us—so farmers, see at once to your "bankings" and be on the alert in order that the "Indian Jack"—who is busy at this season, and a perfect Hibernian in his love of the potato—does not rob you of the few that remain for seed.—Cultivator.

VERMIN ON FOWLS.—Scattering slacked lime on the perches and floors of the hen-houses as often as once in ten days, will effectually eradicate the lice and promote the health of the fowls.

CHEERLY PUNISHED.—The Louisville Courier says, that recently a man was whipping his horse in that city, when the animal fell on him and crushed him to death.