

# Star and Republican Banner.

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**THE STAR AND BANNER**  
Is published every Friday Evening, in the County Building, above the Register and Recorder's Office, by  
DAVID A. BUEHLER.  
TERMS.  
It paid in advance or within the year, \$2 00 per annum. If not paid within the year, \$3 00. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid up, except at the option of the Editor. Single copies 6 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 ordered. 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; 100 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.

**H. J. SCHREINER,**  
Magistrate & Scrivener.  
Office: In Chambersburg Street, at the Sheriff's Office, opposite Buehler's Store.  
H AVING 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. SMYSER, A. R. STEVENSON, & WILLIAM M'SHERRY, Esq's.  
September 27. 3m

**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,  
Dec. 5, 1845. 6t

**CALVIN BLYTHE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WILL practice in the several Courts of the City and County of Philadelphia. His OFFICE is at No. 35, S. Fourth Street, between Chestnut and Walnut Streets.  
Philadelphia, Oct. 3. 3m

**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.—4t

**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 Wm. M'Sherry, Esq. He has also made arrangements to have the advice and assistance of his Father, JUDGE REED, of Carlisle, in all difficult cases.  
September 20. 4t

**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.

**REMOVAL.**  
**C. G. FRENCH,**  
Attorney and 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'Sherry, Esq., opposite the new Lutheran Church, during the sessions of the Court.  
Gettysburg, Aug. 9. 6m

**STOVES.**  
ON hand and for sale, a large number of STOVES, of ALL SIZES, which will be sold at prices to suit the times.  
GEORGE ARNOLD,  
September 20. 3m

## ORIGINAL. THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE "Star and Republican Banner," JAN. 7, 1846.

A Happy New-year, Patrons,  
You're happy all, I trust,  
Since happiness is in the reach  
Of all the good and just.  
Your homes no doubt are happy  
With plenty, peace, and love,  
And that contented piety  
Which always looks above.  
These, with the approving conscience,  
Which surely you possess,  
Must constitute the perfect sum  
Of human happiness.  
Pshaw! Patrons, don't be moping—  
About our late defeat;  
We stood our ground, we did our best.  
We're free and active yet.  
We voted for a Statesman,  
Whose name the world reveres,  
Whose mind has been his country's light  
Through many darksome years.  
We voted for a Statesman,  
Whose name we still will sing.  
One unto whom, the years to come  
Their laurel wreaths will bring.  
Patrons, HE is not fallen—  
Our noble Candidate  
Will rank as long as time endures,  
Amongst the truly great!  
And we, who in the contest,  
Did battle by his side,  
Need never blush to hear a name  
With all good deeds allied.  
HE is not fallen, Patrons,  
States, Empires, Thrones may bow,  
But who shall crush his mighty mind  
Or bend his fearless brow?  
He held the bond of Union  
Around this shaken land.  
When faction madly, blindly sought  
To burst the holy band.  
Aye, when Love's chain was yielding,  
To Anarchy's control,  
He knit again the broken links,  
With purely patriot soul!  
Can such a man be fallen?  
Not great, serenely great,  
He is in Ashland's peaceful shade,  
As in the car of State.  
HE is not fallen, Patrons,  
True Greatness never falls;  
Rome's noblest son was ostracised  
And banished from her walls.  
But he was great in exile,  
And, in her humble pride,  
His country, in her hour of need,  
Recalled him to her side.  
So those who madly from us  
Our truest friend have cast,  
May drain the cup of vain regret  
Before four years are past.  
So hold your heads up boldly,  
We have no cause for shame,  
Whatever be the consequence.  
We're not to be to blame.  
We're sorry now, we own it:  
But keener sorrows wait  
On those who triumph over us  
With victory elate;  
For 'tis not half so bitter,  
O'er broken hopes to weep,  
As harvest fields of shame and pain,  
Sown by ourselves, to reap,  
When turbid floods of error  
Are sweeping o'er the land,  
Tis noble, like a mighty rock,  
Against the waves to stand;  
To walk with fearless honor  
Along truth's open way,  
With naught in heart or face to hide  
From God, or from the day.  
Does not the honest Leader  
Of such a Spartan band  
Who 'gainst corruption's whelming force  
Maintains a dauntless stand—  
Does he not win more honor  
And wear a brighter fame  
Than ever crowned the brow of power  
Or wreathed a conqueror's name?

Although we are defeated  
We have this comfort still—  
We'll have our share of all the good,  
We're guiltless of the ill.  
So cheer up, noble patrons,  
The blessed consciousness  
Of honor and integrity  
Is better than success.  
And trust me, years are coming,  
Bright years of better times,  
When truth and honesty shall rule  
O'er party names and crimes.  
I'm sure bright days are coming—  
I've heard wise people say—  
The darkest time in all the night  
Is just before the day.  
I see the day-star rising,  
I know the morn is near,  
Pure, patriotic principles  
Are dawning bright and clear.  
With SCORR upon our banners  
Success will yet be our's,  
And Cozzen's name, with magic spell  
Will lead to fame and power.  
Then up, and on to glory,  
In rectitude and might;  
Our motto is The Public Weal,  
And God defend the right!

But I must end my prattle,  
I have prated now too long;  
I did not mean when I began  
To sing you such a song;  
I meant to lead you nobly  
From Maine to New Orleans;  
And pause at every noted spot,  
And sketch all curious scenes;  
I meant to talk of riots,  
Lynch-law, and subjects tall,  
Of Mormonism, and Millerism,  
The craziest ism of all.  
But spite of all their ranting,  
The Earth is still God's care,  
And saints and sinners still have time  
For penitence and pray'r.  
I meant to talk of Europe,  
Of rumor'd war, and peace,  
From Russia's mighty Autocrat,  
Quite through to modern Greece—  
Of Oregon, and Texas,  
That Eldorado land,  
The lone our statesmen have to pick  
The easiest way they can.  
But then it would be useless,  
For all these things you know;  
I brought them to you, printed out  
On BANNERS long ago.  
So now I must be going  
But, patrons, ere we part,  
There is a word that interests  
My pocket, or my heart.  
I've served you through all weathers  
And hope you think with me  
That I have richly merited  
A pretty handsome fee.  
And now a happy New-year,  
With love, and peace, and health,  
And (don't forget the Printer's bill.)  
An overplus of wealth!

For the "Star & Banner,"  
EPILOGUE OF WAR.  
A fair exhibition of war in its origin, its progress and actual results, would be a startling condemnation of the whole custom as a piece of suicidal folly and madness. The Etrick Shepherd, in his Lay Sermons, tells the following story quite to the point:  
"The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale (Scotland.) Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other awhile in silence, with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow.  
"What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?"  
"What's that to you, Donald? I'll look whar I've a mind, an' hinder me if ye daur."  
"To this a hearty blow was the return: and then began such a battle! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general. At first they fought at a distance with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length coming hand to hand, they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received.  
"I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the fray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So addressing one party, I asked, "What are you fighting those boys for?"  
"O, naething at a', maun; we just want to gie them a gude thrashin'—that's a'."  
"My remonstrance was vain; at it they went afresh; and after fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between the combatants, himself covered with blood, and his clothes all torn to tatters, and addressed the opposing party thus:—"Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye—if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone." There was no more of it; the war was an end, and the boys scampered away to their play.  
"That scene was a lesson of wisdom to me. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that this trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of State are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out for themselves the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after an immense waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's condition—"if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone."  
Here is the upshot of nearly every war, the status quo ante bellum.  
— Boston, Nov. 1845. G. C. B.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**HINTS TO LADIES.**—A Philadelphia physician, in a letter to a lady, on the delicious effect of wearing corsets, has the following remarks:—"I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unincumbered with slabs of walnut and tiers of whalebone.—The constitutions of our females must be excellent to withstand, in any tolerable degree, the terrible inflictions of the corset eight long hours every day. No other animal could survive it. Take the honest ox, and enclose his sides with hoop poles, put an oak plank beneath him, and gird the whole with a bed cord and demand of him labor. He would labor, indeed, but it would be for breath."  
He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independently of its favor.

**CURRAN'S INGENUITY.**  
A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house in which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred he meant, and was quite sure that no such sum had been left in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.  
"Have patience, my friend," said the counsellor,—"speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you might have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me."  
He did so, and returned to his legal friend.  
"And now, sir, I don't see how I am to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?"  
"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsellor.  
"Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness, at any rate."  
"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsellor—"do as I bid you and return to me."  
The farmer returned with his hundred glad to find them safe in his possession.  
"Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see I'm much better off."  
"Well, then," said the counsellor, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."  
We need not add that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with both hundred in his pocket.

**VIRTUE.**  
Guard well your heart. Shut up every craving by wholesome thoughts, and the evil atmosphere by which that art surrounded will never enter. He who would tempt thee for one moment to turn aside from the path of truth, must receive no favor from thy hands. Slumber not when evil associates are pressing to thy side.—To be virtuous is to be respected; to be respected is to be happy; to be happy is to be good.  
"In virtue's path who treads,  
Treads surely; all we feel and see  
Is a triumphant march that leads  
Truth, knowledge, to its victory;  
Tis sorrow's sternest discipline  
That makes our mortal man divine."  
Could the young lady who breaks away from the golden chain that binds her to virtue, but realize the bitter fruits of her course, not worlds would tempt her to run the fearful risk. From a heaven of love, peace, and glory, she sinks to a hell of misery, disgrace and ruin. Be thou careful, O youth, and thou wilt be like a holy angel in the eyes of mankind.

**THE CONFESSION.**—A cloud seemed to pass suddenly over the fair features of Maria. The lustre forsook her dark eye. Her spirit seemed troubled.  
Ten times that evening did Edward importune her to acquaint him with the cause of her sadness; but not a word escaped her fair lips. Sadly and silently she sat:  
"And now and then a sigh she stole,  
And tears began to flow."  
"Breathes there a wretch so base as to injure you—my dearest—by word or action? Tell me—and by thine heart, as pure as heaven, I swear never to rest till I've redressed thy wrong! Is any awful mystery locked up in that bosom—that I must not know? Tell me the secret—and by the ringlets in thy hair! I'll swear never to reveal, though the most infernal torments rack me! Pour out thy soul—tell thine own Edward, what lies heavy on thy breast!"  
She blushed as she placed her fair hands in her snowy bosom—looked languidly into her lover's face, and softly—like the last low breathings of an expiring saint,—she thus confessed: "Tis them 'ere darned green apples, Ned!"

**QUEER STATIONERY.**—During Mr. Jefferson's administration, syrup was provided in the capital for the members of Congress. This was furnished and charged under the head of stationery. The National Intelligencer tells us, that a member who did not like the beverage, jocosely remarked that he should be very glad if the officers of the house would provide a little whiskey for those who preferred it and charge it to the account of fuel.

**POSTAGE.**—We do not wonder that there was so much difficulty in getting the postage reduced; nor will it be surprising if the Department is in debt, when every nabob at the South has a mail at his own door, though he may get a letter only once in six months. The following will show how this is managed in one of the Southern States:  
Alabama expends in carrying the mails \$215,055 00  
She pays postage to the amount of \$9,148 00  
Showing an aggregate loss of \$128,907 00 [Lake Co. Herald.]

**THE BONES OF BIRDS** are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

**WHEN MAY A SCOTCHMAN BE CALLED DRUNK?**  
"Well, Doctor, pray give us a definition of what you consider being *four*, that we know in future when a *grogg* Scot may, with propriety, be termed drunk."  
"Well, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "that is rather a little question to answer, for you must know there is a great diversity of opinion on the subject. Some say a man is sober as long as he can stand upon his legs. An Irish friend of mine, a fire-eating, hard-drinking captain of dragoons, once declared to me, on his honor as a soldier and a gentleman, that he would never allow any friend of his to be called drunk till he saw him trying to light his pipe at the pump. And others there be, men of learning and respectability too, who are of opinion that a man has a right to consider himself sober as long as he can lie flat on his back without holding on by the ground. For my own part, I am a man of moderate opinions, and would allow that a man was *four* without being just so far gone as any of these. But, with your leave, gentlemen, I'll tell you a story, about the Laird of Bonniemoon, that will be a good illustration of what I call being *four*.  
"The Laird of Bonniemoon was a good fonder of his bottle—in short, just a poor drunken body, as I said before. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R——, a neighbor of his, and his Lordship, being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine heartsome stuff, and on he went filling his glass like the rest, and telling his cracks, and ever the more he drank the more he praised his Lordship's Port. "It was a fine full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous stuff claret that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks."  
Well, gentlemen, the Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or, as his Lordship called it, "his particular Port," and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door. "Get out of that ye fause loon," cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head. "Do na ye see, ye blathering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?"  
"But, Maister," says Watty, scratching his head, "tis almost twall o'clock."  
"Weel, what though it be?" said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides with laughing at him and Watty. "It canna be ony later, my man, so just reach me my wig and let the naig bide a wee." Well, gentlemen, it was a cold frosty night, and Watty soon tired of kicking his heels at the door; so, in a little while, back he comes, and says he, "Maister, maister, its almost one o'clock!"  
"Weel, Watty," says the Laird with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time—"it will never be ony earlier, Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yourself a wee while langer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know Watty." Watty was by this time dancing mad; so, after waiting another half hour, back he comes in an awful hurry, and says he, "Laird, as true as death the sun's rising!"  
"Weel, Watty," says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, "let him rise, my man, let him rise, he has further to gang the day than either you or me, Watty."  
"This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine daylight for his journey. "Heech, Watty, my man," says the Laird, patting his stomach and speaking awful thick, "we were name the worse for that second bottle this frosty morning."  
"Faith," says Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a bilberry, "your honor is may be name the worse for it, but I'm name the better; I wish I was." Well, on they rode fou canny, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane and rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of brook that crossed the road; and the Laird's horse, being pretty well used to having his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor Laird loose his balance, and away he went over the horse's head into the very middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash and to know that something was wrong; but he was that drunk that he did not in the least suspect it was himself. "Watty," says he, sitting up in the middle of the stream and stammering out the words with great difficulty, "Watty, my man, there is surely something tumbled into the brook, Watty."  
"Faith, you may well say that," replied Watty, like to roll off his horse with laughing, "for it's just yourself, Laird!"  
"Hout sic, no Watty," cried the Laird with a hiccup between every word, "it surely canna be me, Watty, for I'm here!"  
Now, Gentlemen, continued the Doctor, here is a case in which I would allow a man to be drunk, although he had neither lost his speech nor the use of his limbs.

**SERVED HIM RIGHT!**—We have just heard of another instance of the disadvantage of not taking a Newspaper. A man whom we could name, living near Safe Harbor, Lancaster County, last week disposed of upwards of three hundred bushels of Corn, at 44 cents per bushel to a speculator; about an hour afterwards he was informed by his miller that he would have paid him 60 cents (the market price) per bushel for all he had to sell, but Mr. took no Newspaper, and was therefore ignorant of the value of his Grain. So that by this one operation he lost \$42; enough to pay for a paper for the third of a century.—York Republican.

**SLAVERY ABOLITION.**—The Ashtabula (Ohio) Sentinel says:  
"At three of the churches in this place, on Sabbath last, the afternoon sermon was on the subject of American slavery. A meeting of all the congregations on the same subject was holden in the evening. Petitions are in preparation for circulars addressed to the State Legislature, to remove from the blacks of Ohio all disabilities on account of color."

**AGRICULTURAL.**  
THE ADVANTAGE OF EARLY NEWS TO THE FARMERS.  
That "knowledge is power" has never been more signally illustrated than during the commercial transactions of the present autumn. The constant changes in the market from lower to higher prices, have rendered the very earliest information of the utmost value to the toiling producer.—The farmer who neglects to inform himself of the daily change in the markets, has suffered from the superior sagacity of those who have obtained earlier intelligence.—This must be, for knowledge has become the great fulcrum of commercial profit.

The advantages of a newspaper are not only in informing its readers of the present condition of the market, but it is also most valuable in affording such facts and circumstances of the present condition of the world, as may enable the farmer to calculate upon the *probable prospective* changes in the market. And thus he may reap the highest price to which the actual demand will entitle him. It has often been remarked as a matter of just regret that when prices rise, the producer rarely reaps the full advantage of that rise. The profits too often go into second hands. Why is this? Is it not because the merchant and miller, by their constant and daily access to the press, not only of their own but of other countries, keep themselves better informed, not only of the actual state of the market, but of the *probable prospective* demand. Intelligence thus obtained at the cost of a few hundred dollars, brings frequently a return of a thousand dollars.

We know that it is not possible for the farmer to keep himself so well advised of changes as the merchant, yet by means of the newspapers he can keep himself pretty well up with the run of the market, and thus reap that reward for his labor to which the demand may entitle him. We now speak solely of the commercial value of the newspaper. As a fireside companion, it has become so deeply fixed in the tastes of every American that it needs no praise.

As evincing the increased importance of commercial news, it is pleasant to observe that the country presses are paying infinitely more attention to their reports of the City and home markets. They are revised up to the latest hour of going to press. In this way, the local press can become of increased and increasing value to their subscribers, and thus become, as they should be, the organ of the very latest commercial as well as political intelligence to the districts in which they circulated. Improvement and attention in this as in other pursuits, rarely fail to command the liberality of an educated people.—Albany Argus.

**STALL FEEDING.**  
It is the abuse of stall-feeding that has got it into disrepute with some people, and the not treading down straw enough with others. This last I hold to be an advantage, instead of a disadvantage; for depend upon it, it is not the size of the dung-hill, but the quality of the manure that causes the farmer's stack-yard to well filled. If managed well, I contend that there is no plan so good as stall-feeding. The fattening house may be of any size or shape, but it is necessary that there should be underground drains, with gratings, to carry off the urine into the liquid-manure tank; shutters behind the bullocks to regulate the heat, and a wide passage at their heads to feed them and clean their mangers. The advantage I conceive to be the quantity of litter required being smaller, therefore the manure being made better; the temperature being more easily regulated, and every bullock being allowed to eat his share in peace. The disadvantage of the animal not being able to rub himself so well, I consider fully done away with by the rough brush, which, you will observe, I recommend using; and although theorists may fancy the health of the animal likely to suffer, I have never found it so in practice. [Corn. English Agricultural Society's Journal.]

The packet ship *Washington Irvin*, at Boston on Wednesday, from Liverpool, had on board four cows and seven sheep consigned to DANIEL WEBSTER.