

Star and Republican Banner.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

VOL. XVI.—47.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1846.

{WHOLE NO. 827.

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 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 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 forbid. 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 Chesnut 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.

SELLING AT COST.

THE undersigned, being desirous of closing Business, will offer AT COST, from this date, their entire Stock of

GOODS,

by Wholesale or Retail. The Goods having been bought for Cash, can be had very low. All are invited (Merchants and others) to call and examine for themselves.—Those desirous of securing bargains will do well to call soon.

Also, for Sale,

THE HOUSE & LOT.

The Store Room is admitted to be the most desirable in the place.—The Property will be sold low. J. M. STEVENSON, JR. & CO. Gettysburg Jan. 16, 1846.

FIRST-RATE COACH VARNISH on hand and for sale at the Drug Store of S. H. BUEHLER. Gettysburg, Jan. 16, 1846.

GARDEN SEEDS—A fresh supply just received and for sale at the Drug Store of S. H. BUEHLER. Gettysburg, Jan. 16, 1846.

NOTICE.

Estate of James M'Clurg, dec'd.

THE heirs of JAMES M'CLURG, dec'd, are hereby notified, that by an order of the Orphan's Court of Adams County, there has been deposited by the subscriber, Administrator of said James M'Clurg, the sum of one hundred and seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents for the use and benefit of the said heirs, subject to the order of the said Court.

JOHN YOUNG, Adm'r.

Jan 30, 1845.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS of the deceased persons herein-mentioned will be presented at the Orphan's Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday the 3d day of March next, viz:

The account of Robt. Smith, Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph B. Livingston deceased.

The account of Joseph Wible, Executor of the last will and testament of Stephen Wible deceased.

The account of Geo. Spangler, Executor of the last will and testament of Jacob Spangler deceased.

The account of William Coulson, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Coulson deceased.

The account of Henry Harman, Administrator of the Estate of John Harman, deceased.

The account of David M'Creary, Executor of the Estate of John Plohr, dec'd.

ROBERT COBEAN, Reg'r.

Jan. 30, 1846.

LAW NOTICE.

J. REED, (Of Carlisle.)

PRESENTS his respects to his friends and informs them that he has made arrangements to continue to practice as usual in the Courts of Adams county, under the new regulation of the times for holding them.

Jan. 30, 1846.

"U. S. SENATE."

THIS Association will meet in the School Room occupied by Mr. D. Swiber, opposite the Jail, THIS EVENING (Friday) at half-past six o'clock. A prompt attendance of the members is desired.

February 9, 1846.

WOOD! WOOD!

A FEW CORDS of good WOOD will be received at this office, in payment of subscription to the "STAR."

POETRY.

For the "Star and Banner,"

SONGS TO L.

PART FIRST.

When first I viewed thy pensive eye,
I deemed it deeply tinged with sadness;
Thy soul devoid of ecstasy,
And destitute of gladness.

I thought thy heart, as oft I've felt
The heart of others—proved of old—
The warmest throb that therein dwelt,
Was passionless and cold.

I thought the spirit of thy soul
Was calmer, gentler than the dove;
And all too mild, the highest goal
And rapture of thy love.

But now I know thy eye serene
Can dart forth rays of thrilling light;
I know—for I have felt it beam
With passion's deep delight.

I've felt thy heart's warm gush: like fire
It kindled in my breast a flame
That never, never will expire—
But, changless, burn the same.

Upon the altar of my heart—
Endowed by time, or fate's decree,
Which dooms me long from thee to part—
As when lit up by thee!

Yet, oh! how sad, that I'm denied
The tokens of thy fondest love!
I, who with neither scorn nor pride,
Thine image can remove.

Or tear it from my heart's fond shrine,
Where, in sublimity of bright
And radiant imagery of mine,
It bides in peerless light!

But still more sad was it for me
To hear from thine own lips, the words
That told the stern reality
Of thy doubt! Tender chords

Of life's deep feeling, were with pain
Touched by thy tones—tho' sweetly spoken—
Telling of fears that "friendship's" chain
Might by time's strength be broken!

Then throbb'd my breast! Oh burning thought!
It sear'd my brain as with a brand
Of fire! I could not then tell aught
I felt of agony,—and

How it rack'd me past control—
Not, though to save from ghastly death
My being, could I plead: my soul
Was hushed. I pause—for breath!

Forget thee! Not till Lethe's wave
Shall darkly quench the fire of thought,
And shroud the soul in night, nor save
A flower for memory's grot.

Until the star of hope shall die—
In everlasting gloom shall set—
Thy smile, thy voice, thy pensive eye,
I never can forget!

HARP OF THE MOUNTAIN.
Pa. College, Jan. 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Magic Power of a Name.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

Of the talismanic power of one name I had a very touching experience once; it was many years since, but it occurs to me often on hearing that name pronounced.

I went, on behalf of a Visiting Society, to administer relief to an individual, in a certain house in a miserable street in the neighborhood of Gray's Inn Lane. I passed through filth and wretchedness enough before I found the door; and when it was opened, I hesitated, with some sense of fear and honor, on being directed to go down a flight of stone steps, broken and dark, and of no very easy descent. I knew my errand, however, and that the case had been previously ascertained to be deserving; so I proceeded. The place was horrible; a cellar, six feet square, nearly filled up with a pallet bedstead, except the space occupied by two broken chairs, and a little wooden table, close to the hearth.

There was no perceptible light but from the fire, and no air, but down the steps: the square hole that might have been a window being stuffed with old rags and paper, to keep out the cold. All thoughts of the place, however, was banished on seeing the loathsome object in possession of it. I have never since beheld any thing in the form of humanity so hideous, as the figure. A painting might convey the impression I retain of it, but a description cannot. It was an old woman, as she had crawled, or perhaps been lifted from her bed, seated quite double, upon a chair beside the fire. She was covered, rather than clothed with rags, without shoes, and her bare feet projecting through her stockings; her face of such extraordinary ugliness as I cannot account for, even by age and misery. She held in her hand a large, rusty carving-fork; her bare legs were projected under the grate, and her head entirely bent over a saucepan, that was on the fire. I took the other chair, which was not offered to me, and attempted some words of inquiry; but in vain; for all answer, I was informed that a Savoy cabbage, coveted many weeks with great desire, had been that morning purchased for three half-pence, and she was waiting till it boiled soft, with no small impatience for the longed-for treat. I spoke of my errand to relieve her wants, hinted at worsted stockings, and suggested chicken broth, but still in vain: she did not turn so much as a look upon me; in went the fork, to try the boiling cabbage, and all my answer was, the length of time it had been boiling. I adverted to her condition; spoke of suffering, privation, age, death, judgment; all the common topics with which charity feels its way to the callous heart and unwilling ear. In vain, in vain: in went the fork again; the Savoy cabbage was not soft; I thought it never would be; but I thought I had to deal with something more impenetrable still.

What was to be done? I held in my hand the rather profuse allowance that had been voted to the urgent case, for the proper expenditure of which I was responsible, as well as for the administration of something better than gold or silver, to the nearly departing soul; but what could I do? Except as a third between herself and the cabbage, she remained quite indifferent to my presence in the place. Seen me she had not; listened to me she had not; but as she had spoken to me, I supposed she knew that somebody was there. I hopelessly resumed my efforts, and was proceeding with my common-place observations upon religion, when, as most naturally occurs, I used the name Jesus. The figure turned instantly its horribly bearded eyes upon me, and with an extraordinary emphasis on the second word, "Do you love Jesus?" It is probable I was surprised into a strong expression of assent; whatever it was, it was enough; the magic key was found; the sullen heart was unlocked. She raised herself as much as she was able in her chair, laid down the fork, and forgot the cabbage, while we talked together of the name of Jesus!

PROGRESS IN CRIME.

A few years ago, as I was walking through my native village, on an errand in the dusk of the evening, I saw two men rush from a shop, one pursuing the other. They were brothers. The oldest had a leathern strap in his hand. He caught his brother, and after a severe struggle, in which many blows were given and received, succeeded in throwing him down, and severely whipping him with the strap. I was then a child, and the scene produced an impression upon my mind, which will never pass away. Since that time I have never seen nor heard from these two individuals, till a few days since, I read in a newspaper, that this very person, who then whipt his brother, is sentenced to death for the murder of his wife! The two events I could not but connect in my mind, though fifteen years apart. What a warning to parents to restrain the passions of their children. What a warning to children to avoid contention and check the risings of anger.—Abbott.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

The Report of Mr. Miller, the Superintendent of the Common Schools in this State, made to the Legislature, gives much and very gratifying information concerning the position and prospects of this institution.

It appears that in 1844, the number of school districts were 1172, of which number 939 were accepting districts. In 1845, the whole number was 1189, and the number of accepting districts had increased to 1012, exhibiting an increase in the total number of 17, and of accepting districts, 56. During the present school year, 1846, the non-accepting districts have been diminished, and the cause of common school education is gradually but surely gaining ground. The appropriation for 1846, is \$200,000, which will give to each district the proportion of forty-nine cents to each taxable inhabitant.

An alteration is recommended in that portion of the act of 1836, which regulates the levying of a tax by the School Directors in districts—the desirable provision being that the amount to be levied should be fixed by law, with certain discretionary powers to the Directors.

The average time the schools were kept open during the year, is much less than that of former years. The reason is, the reduction of the State appropriation, and the consequent reduction of the tax levied by the School Directors.

The principal practical defect in the working of the system, he considers to be "the employment in many instances, of those who have not sufficiently qualified themselves, for the responsible situation they assume in becoming teachers." This he attributes, "in part to the inadequacy of the compensation frequently offered, and partly to the too indulgent and informal examination of the competency of those who apply for certificates as instructors."

SPECTRAL VISION.—The Boston Medical Journal says that a gentleman in the city, known for his intelligence and enterprise, for years past has been entertained with a singular spectral visitor, whenever he enters a certain gate in front of a relative's house on Washington street, bordering on Roxbury. He is met by a large, full-faced, florid complexioned man, dressed in a broad-brimmed white hat. This occurs at all hours of the day. The specter recedes from him as he advances, and near the front door is lost in the air. He assures us that he takes pleasure in looking his intangible visitor full in the eye—examines the color and cut of his garment, and now regards him as an old familiar acquaintance. The gentleman is not conscious of having defective vision. It is evident that a morbid action takes place in his brain, through its connection with the optic apparatus—and that the specter is reproduced by local causes existing at the gate, which cannot yet be explained.

A FATHERLY TOAST.—At the anniversary of the New England Society in New Orleans, the following was the eighth regular toast:

The Daughters of Louisiana.—Attracted by their bright eyes, enchanted by their sweet smiles, the Sons of the Pilgrims only await their assent to become Pilgrim Fathers. (Drunk standing.) Air—"Love Not."

Cassius M. Clay.

During a late visit of this fearless advocate of emancipation to the Northern cities, he received a number of invitations to deliver addresses. Among others was one from sixty-two members of the New York Legislature, to address a meeting at Albany. To which he replied as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 16, 1846.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received, since my arrival here, your highly flattering letter inviting me to address you and other distinguished Americans in Albany.

The purpose I had in view on leaving home has been accomplished, and many reasons of a private nature urge my return to Kentucky, where I hope also to be best able to perform those duties which every citizen owes his own State first, and the General Government next.

I have before me now, in addition to your invitation, requests from many of the most distinguished men of Boston, of Brooklyn, of New Haven and other places in the free States, and from Wilmington and Baltimore in the Slave States, for me to address them also, so that, as there seems to be no limit to these flattering evidences of public confidence and sympathy, I must break away at once.

This request on the part of sixty-two American citizens so distinguished, encourages me to hope that the true issue between liberty and slavery is beginning to be understood and felt—that slavery is indeed "an institution affecting deeply for weal or woe, all portions of our common country."

If labor be the basis of the rights of property, slavery violates that law.

If justice, and virtue, and intelligence are the foundations of permanent liberty, slavery saps them!

If constitutional republicanism be the only guaranty of national freedom, slavery has utterly trampled it under foot!

If they are not freemen who tamely submit to the loss of one right, then are the American people slaves!

This is the doctrine of '73, and the law of common sense.

When Northern citizens are imprisoned and habeas corpus denied, and Northern ambassadors ignominiously driven away from seeking redress under the national judiciary;

When Northern citizens are torn from their own free soil and hurried by force into Southern dungeons;

When Northern citizens are hung in the South without a trial by a jury of their peers, and without having violated any law, for the freedom of speech;

When Northern blood and Northern treasure are expended for the acquisition of slave territory destined to increase the capabilities of oppression;

When Slave-Texas has about four representatives to one among the Free—thus trampling under foot the revolutionary doctrine that taxation and representation should be co-ordinate;

Who shall be so base as to ask any more in servile tones, "What has the North to do with slavery?"

The liberty of the press, in the South, is gone to-day! Will it live in the North to-morrow?

By Heavens, this is no longer a question about Africans—whether they be beasts or men?—a debate about maudlin philanthropy!—but whether we, the eight million of white men of these States shall be freemen or slaves!

Know, Americans, that the sword and the chain enter not the flesh till the spirit—ay, the spirit—of a people is dead!

Heaven help us to feel, to dare—now—to day—"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

Pardon the warmth of my language, for I and mine are in chains, and silence is a crime! My constitutional rights are bore down by violence and perverted judicial decision, and remembering that we were once free, we must vindicate them, or die!

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

To Messrs. Wm. C. Bloss, E. W. Chester, J. Miller, &c.

OLD MEN.—When we see a hale hearty old man, who has jostled through the rough part of this world without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings, and blunted his sensibility to natural and moral beauty, I compare him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colors, instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to assume an additional luster when contrasted with the surrounding desolation.

NEW MODE OF TANNING.—A new mode of tanning has been discovered by a Mr. Parmele of Akron, Ohio, by which the process is performed in one-tenth of the time now required and the leather tanned weighs six per cent. more than the product in the ordinary way. The improvement is altogether owing to the construction of certain machinery by which the hides are kept perfectly straight, and other advantages obtained.

A Bill passed the House of Representatives of Indiana, by a vote of 63 to 20, that gives to the jury in case of capital crimes, a discretionary power of finding that the prisoner be placed at solitary confinement in the State Prison for life, or that he be hung.

Bad men have always the lowest opinion of woman. They mark God's work through their own base selfishness, and impudently pronounce it not good.

THE BUCKEY WOMEN.—The ladies of Ohio are regular amazons, when they have a will to exterminate a social pest in the shape of a liquor distiller, as may be inferred from the following incident related in the last Western Washingtonian:

In Medina county, the last distillery has been stopped, and converted into a Temperance Hall by the ladies. The incident related by the delegate from that county is as follows:—The ladies appointed a committee of six to wait upon the distiller and requested him to desist. He refused—but it happened that the husband of a lady in the neighborhood (who was a strong athletic woman) was in the habit of visiting the distillery, and remaining often days at a time, in the most beastly state of intoxication. She had often remonstrated with the distiller, but to no effect—he would sell. One day being absent longer than usual, she went to the distillery to hunt him. The distiller informed her that he was not there, she persisted in the declaration that he was. He attempted to put her out, when she turned upon him and threw him into a mud hole some two feet deep, and his clerk coming to the rescue, she threatened him in the same way. She then found her husband laying in a dying state in the office.—She lifted him up, supported his feeble frame to her humble home, told the distiller she would give him three days to close up business, and if he did not, she would bring a reinforcement of ladies and tear it down. On the second day he sent her word that he had closed up, and opened his distillery for a temperance meeting!

"DIN' YER BRITISH GOLD."—About the time matters and things in the specie line were interesting in Natchez, we saw a sucker from the landing, in Illinois, who had just sold the last load of corn, call at the Planters' Bank to obtain specie for his bills.

Handing them to the accomplished teller, he said:—"Stranger I don't want nothing but specie funds—gold, of you've got it; of not, the specie itself."

Mr. —, with his usual grace, counted out the four hundred in sovereigns, and handed them over; the fellow picked one up, examined it closely, read the stamp on both sides, and handing it to us, asked:—"Din't that British gold, stranger?"

We informed him that it was, but that it was as current as American gold or silver.

"Oh!" replied he, "you don't fool me, young man—Din' your British gold! I don't take nothing British, no how; I've got a kind of pizen feeling gin any thing in that line—Din' your British gold!—You must think I'm a fool—it ain't redeemable no whars but in the Bank of England, and I ain't a gwoin there to git it changed—Din' your British gold! Three cheers for Illinois!"—Concordia Intelligencer.

TAKING HATS TO GET SMOOTHED.—A fellow went into the hall of a boarding-house in Barclay street, New York, a few nights since while the boarders were at supper, and gathered up all the hats on the table. He was making his way out with his booty, when a boarder a little behind time came in, and asked him what he was about.

"Oh," says the thief, "I am taking the gentlemen's hats round to Leary's to get smoothed."

"Well," replied the boarder, "take mine along."

"Certainly, sir," said the accommodating loafer, and vanished.

A PERTINENT REPLY.—It is said that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic, being about to emigrate to America, was arrested and brought before his Majesty.

"Well, my good friend," said the King, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?"

"Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is."

He was allowed to emigrate.

NIGGER CONUNDRUM.—"Why am the steamer Charter Oak like a fashionable novel, ha, Jumbo?"

"Well, ezse she's had a good run."

"Dat's verry good, but 'tain't it."

"Well den, Bill, I gibs dat up."

"It's becase she's from de Pen-ob-seol."

GOT THE MITTEN.—A chap out West, recently got the mitten. He must have felt very bad. Hear him:

"Farewell! dear girl, farewell!
I ne'er shall love another."
In peace and comfort may you dwell
And I'll go home to mother!"

ADVICE.—There are comparatively few who think when they use this word how much of pious beauty it possesses—conveying as it does the sentiment, "To God I commit you—may God guard you."

A NEW ROAD TO FAME.—We see it stated that the Medical Faculty of New York have passed a vote to have the attending physician's name accompanying all obituary notices of their patients?

AN ARKANSAS THREE-STORIED HOUSE.—It is said that in Arkansas a "three story house" means a pigsty on the floor, fleas in the bed, and a row of fowls roosting on a stick above.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS of Washington have it in contemplation to erect in the metropolis, a church edifice of magnificent dimensions, something after the manner of the most extensive cathedrals of Europe.

A DECISION was lately rendered in the Baltimore County Court, by Judge LeGrand, in the case brought by the owners of the steamboat Boston, to recover \$70, the amount charged for the use of said boat whilst performing an excursion on Sunday. The Court pronounced that the contract having been made on the Sabbath, and consequently in violation of law, it was necessarily void.

A WOMAN HUNG.—Elizabeth Van Valkenburg, who was convicted of the murder of her husband, was executed in the yard belonging to the common jail of Fulton county, New York, in the presence of some hundred witnesses, on Saturday, the 24th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M.

AGRICULTURAL.

APPLE TREES.

All hardy fruit trees, more especially apples, will bear a considerable portion of manure in the soil, provided it has been previously intermixed with the soil, and thoroughly rotted.

A very successful experiment was made two years ago, by the writer, the results of which are now very striking, by digging very large holes for apple trees, and filling them with a mixture of soil and rotted manure. A thorough intermixture of the soil and manure was effected as they were gradually filled in, by means of a large toothed iron rake. The holes were about seven feet in diameter, and a foot deep. In setting out the trees, common garden earth only was placed in contact with the roots, consequently the effects of the mixed rotted manure was not visible the first year. The present year, however, its influence has been most obvious in the rapid growth of the shoots, and in the uncommonly dark and rich hue of the large and luxuriant foliage.

It is hardly necessary to add that the soil, as a matter of course, was kept clean, and in a mellow state, and that the trees were tied to an upright stake, driven into the hole before filling, to prevent shaking and loosening by the wind.

NEW MOWING MACHINE.

A new and important machine for the cutting of grass has lately been completed by Capt. Wilson, of this place, (says the Buffalo, N. Y. Advertiser,) and is now to be seen by applying at the bar of the American Hotel for the inventor. It is well worthy the attention of all the farmers of the West, where it is destined to become of the greatest importance in performing the harvest duty, hitherto so expensive and difficult to accomplish. There is also attached to the cutting wheel or tub, wings, which gathers the grass as it is cut, and lays it in a swath regularly, and in a perfect manner of curing; it is simple in its construction, and by no means liable to be put out of order. Indeed, it is one of those labor-saving machines, which have long been sought and anxiously looked for by our grazing farmers, particularly by those of the great western prairies. We would advise all in the least interested to examine it. The inventor has, in two instances, been awarded the gold medal of the American Institute, and has the certificates of the most respectable farmers of Long Island, and those of the different counties on the North River, for its complete success in operation.

AIR CHURN.

The Bishop of Derry has invented an atmospheric churn. Instead of the present unscientific mode of making butter by churning, his Lordship accomplishes this measure by the singular manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream, by means of an exceedingly well devised forcing pump. The air passes through a glass tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stop-cock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a winch, and is not so laborious as the usual churn. Independently of the happy application of Science to this important department of domestic economy, in a practical point of view it is extremely valuable. The milk is not moved by a dasher, as in the common churn; but the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyrateous part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was carried on for the space of one hour and forty-five minutes, and eleven gallons of cream produced twenty-six pounds of butter.—London Farmers' Magazine.

THE MODEL FARM OF OHIO.—In the last Ohio Cultivator is an interesting account of the model farm of Ohio. It contains 100 acres—75 cleared, 60 acres in one enclosure—and the whole farm under fence, the building of stone. No stock but hogs and sheep are permitted to graze; and the latter in the timber land; raises 1 acre of roots, 1500 bushels; 3 of corn, 500 bushels; 5 of wheat, 150 bushels; and 8 of oats, 300 bushels. Orchards 8 acres, part of which cultivated with arbutones, to keep his hogs on, part in grass for his sheep to graze. The products of the farm, realize \$1350, the outlay \$300. The owner has a library of 20 volumes, takes a political, religious, 2 agricultural papers, and the North American Review, reads all notices—a pious church-going man, and a peace-maker in his neighborhood. The model farm is worthy of general imitation.