

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BEHMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—33.

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

{WHOLE NO. 595.

JUST FROM THE CITY.

If you desire to make Bargains,
CALL AT THE STORE OF
WM. RUTHRAUFF,
Gettysburg, Pa.

WHO has just returned from the Cities with a splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, which he is prepared to sell **UNUSUALLY CHEAP!** His assortment is complete, having been selected with care from the most extensive Wholesale Houses, embracing the most fashionable varieties of
Foreign and Domestic Plain and Fancy GOODS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
CLOAKINGS,
CASSINETTS, CALICOES,
Ladies' Dress Goods, &c. &c.

constituting one of the best assortments of Goods ever opened in Gettysburg. The subscriber respectfully invites those wishing to make Bargains to call at his Establishment in Chambersburg street, and examine his Stock, as he is determined to sell at such prices as shall prove that "some things can be done as well as others." Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

WILLIAM RUTHRAUFF.
Oct. 30, 1846.—d

NEW GOODS!

D. MIDDLECOFF
HAS just opened a fresh supply of seasonable GOODS, which for beauty and cheapness will compare with any thing in the country—consisting in part of
BROAD CLOTHS,
of all colors and prices, for 50 cts. a yard and upwards!
Beaver & Tweed Cloths,
(VERY LOW.)
CASSIMERES & SATINETTS
for 25 cts. a yard and upwards;
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
a great variety, cheaper than ever; *Broche, Terkerri, Damask, and Blanket*
SHAWLS,
a fine assortment. Buyers, please call soon—Goods will be offered at prices that will astonish.
Gettysburg, Oct. 23, 1846.

GREAT BARGAINS.

New Goods—Cheaper than ever!

GEORGE ARNOLD
HAS just received and now offers to the public as large a stock of Fresh
GOODS
as has ever been offered to the public in this place, and at prices that cannot be beat—the assortment is complete having almost every article in the line of business; among which are **CHEAP**

CLOTHS,
CASSINETTS, FLANNELS,
BLANKETS,
Coatings, Cloakings, Cashmeres, &c. &c. at prices that cannot fail to please. The Ladies' attention is particularly invited to a large and beautiful selection of **Fancy Goods.** Call, examine, and judge for yourselves; and if we cannot please, we will still be pleased to see you.
Gettysburg, Oct. 2, 1846.—d
Also on hand and for sale, all sizes, **STOVES**—cheap

NEW CLOCK AND WATCH ESTABLISHMENT.

ALEX. FRAZER
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Clock and Watch Establishment from Taneytown, Md., to Gettysburg, at the stand lately occupied by Joseph Matthias, deceased, where he will be pleased to wait upon all who may favor him with their custom. He will keep on hand a general assortment of
CLOCKS,
WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY,
which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Clocks, Watches, &c., will be repaired at the most reasonable prices, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Having been engaged in the business for a number of years he hopes, by industry and particular attention to his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.
Gettysburg, Oct. 9, 1846.—d

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber has just received a large supply of **BOOTS and SHOES,** which he can sell at very low prices. Call and examine.
A. COBEAN.
Gettysburg, Oct. 23, 1846.—Im

POETRY.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.
"I love—I love it—and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that 'Old Arm Chair'?"
I've treasured it long, as a holy prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs.
Would you learn the spell? A woman sat there!
A sacred thing is this 'Old Arm Chair.'
"In childhood's hour I lingered near
That hallowed spot, with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, to teach me to live.
She told me it would never be sold,
And she told me it would never be told.
With truth for my creed, and my God for my guide,
She taught me to kiss my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that 'Old Arm Chair.'"
"I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks grew gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on—the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled,
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that 'Old Arm Chair.'"
"The post—'tis past—but I gaze on it now
With a shivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it—I love it—and cannot tear
My soul from that mother's 'Old Arm Chair.'"

MISCELLANY.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.
Individual effort elevates the lowest and dignifies the humblest. Triumphant over birth, station and education, it fills the coffers of the industrious, insures success in almost every undertaking, and places the deserving on a proud and lofty eminence. It opens the door of the Temple of Fame and bids us press onward if we would win the prize. It is the key that opens the door of wealth and tells us to make the necessary exertion if we would enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life. It is the key that opens the door of wisdom and places in our hands the volume of knowledge, points to the honored sages of antiquity, and invites us to imitate their bright example. And we are all able to do so. Blessed with energy and perseverance, every man has it in his power to alter and better his condition in life.

It is true, he may not be immediately successful, but labor and determination overcome all difficulties, and surmount all obstacles. Nature has not endowed every man with great intellectual faculties, but nature never made a human being altogether helpless. If he cannot soar he can run, if he cannot run he can crawl. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the fable of the eagle and the worm: "What have we here?" said the eagle, alighting on the mountain top, after a long and vigorous flight through the sunny air; "what slimy and slippery thing is this? Speak! What are you?" "A worm," said a soft small voice. "A worm! and how came you here in the eagle's nest?" "I crawled," was the humble but significant reply.

In this highly favored land, where freedom of thought prevails, and man is at liberty to follow any pursuit that promises to lead to wealth or distinction, individual effort, if properly directed, will be invariably crowned with complete success, for here worth is respected, genius is admired, and labor is rewarded. The young American has numerous examples for emulation.

Franklin commenced life a printer's boy, and died a statesman and philosopher.—Washington lived for a time unknown beyond the limits of his native county, and died "the foremost man in all the world." Green was a blacksmith; in after life he rose to eminence, and stood second only to the chief of the revolution; and in later days Wirt was a humble school-master, and was afterwards elevated to numerous and important stations, and left behind him a brilliant reputation as an author, an orator, a lawyer and statesman.

The illustrious men we have named were the architects of their own fortunes, and their success may be attributed to their industry, energy and perseverance. Let our youth imitate the examples placed before them, and though their success may not meet their anticipations, they will deserve and receive the respect of their fellow men.

THE NEWSPAPER.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep the young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable and polite literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her an acquaintance with the actual world, and its transpiring events.—Urge her to read the newspapers, and be familiar with the present character and movements of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concern should be for the present world, to know what it is, and to improve its condition. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious movements of our times. Let the gilded annals and poems on the centre-table be kept covered with the weekly and daily journals. Or, if they are left in the book store, and the table is well supplied with newspapers, her mental and moral character and common sense will not suffer on account of their absence. Let the whole family—men, women, and children—read the newspapers. And if any body has a

thought or a fact worth communicating, let him not try to make a big sleepy book, but speak to the world through the newspapers. This is the way to make an intelligent, republican, and virtuous population.

A GOOD ONE.—We find the following rich anecdote going the rounds of our exchanges. Tom Corwin is hard to beat:

CORWIN VS. JENIFER.—During a former session of Congress, Messrs. Corwin, of Ohio, and Jenifer, of Maryland, were very intimate. The latter, like all Marylanders, believes the "Eastern Shore" is the Paradise of the world, and he was in the habit, as often as opportunities offered, of "poking fun" at Corwin about the "Buckeye" and the State of Ohio generally. Corwin bore this persecution patiently for awhile, usually, however, returning shot for shot; until one day, while dining at the President's, Jenifer came down upon him so hard that Corwin resolved to silence him forever; so rising from his seat he remarked that he was not in the vein for story telling, but he would relate an incident that occurred during the early part of his professional career in a Court-house in the interior of the State of Ohio.

He said that the Judge had just taken his seat upon the bench, and a cause was about to be commenced, when a very white-haired old gentleman came tottering into the Court-room, upon a cane in either hand. The old man was a soldier of the revolution, and had come in to procure a lawyer to prepare his papers, that he might get his semi-annual payment.

The papers, continued Mr. Corwin, were handed over to him, and after asking some of the other necessary questions, he inquired the age of the pensioner.

In a tremulous shrill voice, the old man answered, "F-o-r-t-y-f-i-v-e."

"You do not understand me, old gentleman," said Mr. C. "I wish to know how old you are?"

"I am f-o-r-t-y-f-i-v-e, young sir."

"My dear sir, I do not wish to know how old you were when you left the service, or when you entered it—but I want to know how old you are now?"

"I told you, forty-five,"

Mr. Corwin then looked up to the Judge (who was himself getting out of patience), in despair, and his honor taking the matter in hand, in a peremptory manner remarked to the old gentleman—"The Court cannot be detained in this way—the counsel is endeavoring to render you a gratuitous service, and you must not trifle with his time. Answer his question, directly—now, sir, how old are you?"

"I am forty-five, Judge," again spoke out the old man.

"I will not bear this contempt any longer," said the Judge. "If you do not answer the question the next time it is put, you shall be committed, aged as you are. Now, sir, again I ask, how old are you?"

"Forty-five!" the old man provokingly repeated.

"Mr. Sheriff, take him to jail, the Court will see whether that will do him any good."

The old gentleman was led away, but just as he was going out of the door, he raised up his hand, and partly turning round on his sticks, toward the Court, said:

"Judge, the first thirty-seven years of my life, I lived on the Eastern shore of Maryland! You surely don't think God will count them against me!"

Mr. Jenifer has not been heard to say "Ohio" since.

A "NIGGER BABY" STORY.
During a political discussion in Allegheny county, previous to the last election, Mr. BIGNAM—the Whig candidate and member of the last Legislature—delivered an able address, in the course of which he handled the British Tariff and the British Canal Commission without gloves, and concluded with the following capital hit, which we copy from the Pittsburg Journal:

But after all the cheating and roguery practised upon Pennsylvania, she was asked to support the party again. She had already sacrificed too much to that darling word, Democracy. To ask to do more of it, reminded him of a story told by friend Stewart of Fayette county, of a bachelor friend, who was deeply enamoured of a young lady. One of his friends came to him, and told him that he better not marry the girl. "Why so?" "Because—because—she's had a baby?" "Well, that is bad—but still it might be worse!" "Well, it is worse!" "Worse! how is that?" "That is bad I swear—but still she is handsome. I love her, and I'll marry her anyhow!" "Well, but you haven't heard the worst yet?" "What more?" asked the bachelor, looking agitated, "what more can you say?" "Why the last one was black!" "What! what! a nigger baby! Curse me if I stand that, and so the match was broken off." (Great laughter.) This Tariff of 1846 was the nigger baby which, if Pennsylvania could stand, she would be more patient than the bachelor.

Mr. B. said there was one subject to which he wished particularly to refer, and that was the election of Canal Commissioner. He wished to see Foster defeated, because he was in favor of the Tariff of '46, and by defeating him, Pennsylvania would prove to the world, that for her part, she would not stand the nigger baby.

The result has shown that Pennsylvania will not stand the nigger baby.

"Never give up—'tis wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair."

WAR INTELLIGENCE.

Interesting Letters from Monterey.

As every thing which serves to bring out more distinctly the incidents connected with the gallant achievements of our noble little Army in the storming and capture of Monterey, is hailed with eager interest by the mass of the community, we subjoin several interesting letters from the seat of war, written by men who mingled in the dangers of the struggle. We need not premise that they will be read with interest.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.
MONTEREY, SEPT. 27, 1846.
Movements of the Baltimore Battalion connected with Gen. Taylor's Division.

I should like to give you a full account of the operations of our army from the time we reached this town until it was forced to capitulate, but have neither the time nor the space to devote to it. I shall therefore only speak of that our battalion played, including the actions, thoughts and reflections of one of its members, your old friend and humble servant.

On Monday last, the 21st, (after having been under arms a portion of the previous night, exposed to a heavy rain,) at 7 o'clock, A. M. we marched from camp with four companies of the 1st Infantry, and, after an hour's hard marching, we issued from a cornfield directly in front of a battery, or rather fort, of some six or seven pieces of artillery and crowded with infantry, which opened on us the moment the head of our column first made its appearance.

We were within point blank range, and I, for the first time, heard the whistling of shot. Our battalion was immediately formed in line of battle under this fire, and we were ordered to charge. Forward I went, cheering and waving my sword, and the men came after me gallantly. When within a hundred yards of the trenches, I looked back to see who was following, being anxious to know the men. Judge of my astonishment when I beheld the four companies of regulars marching by a flank to the right. I saw Col. Watson shouting, but as to hearing a command, that was an impossibility, owing to the deafening roar of the cannon and musketry.

I saw the head of our line changing its direction, and I knew at once that the point of attack was changed, and ran at the head of my company to intercept the head of the column. I reached just as Col. Watson was dismounting from his horse, which the next moment fell by a shot. The Colonel cried out to the men, "Shelter yourselves, men, the best way you can." At this time the battalion was scattered over a space of about an acre, and the men were lying down, the shot in most instances flying over our heads. But the guns were soon depressed, and the shot began to take effect.

I was lying close to Col. Watson, a'ong-side of a hedge, when he jumped up and cried out, "Now's the time, boys; follow me!" I was up and after him in a second, my men following me. We were now in a street or lane, with a few houses on either side, and within a hundred yards of three batteries which completely raked it, in addition to which two twelve-pound guns were planted in the castle on the right, and completely enfiladed the whole distance we had to make. Add to this the thousand musketeers on the housetops and in the barricades at the head of the street up which we advanced, and at every cross street, and you may form some idea of the deluge of balls poured upon us. (Bear in mind that the four companies of regulars were now with us, the one intermingled with the other.) Onward we went, men and horses falling at every step. Cheers, shrieks, groans, and word of command added to the din, whilst the roar of the guns was absolutely deafening.

We had advanced up the street under this awful and fatal fire nearly two hundred yards, to a cross street at the corner of which alie who had succeeded in getting thus far alive halted, as if by mutual consent. I was shaking Col. Watson by the hand, whilst he was complimenting me, when a shower of grape, round and canister shot, came from the corner above, and five officers fell, and I do not know how many privates. Each man sought some place of apparent shelter.

I sat down on the ground, with my back to the wall of a house. On my left were two men torn nearly to pieces. One of them was lying flat on his back, with his legs extending further in the street than mine. Crash came a shower of grape, which tore one of his wounded legs nearly off. He reared up and shrieked, and fell back a corpse. I never moved, for I was satisfied that one place was as safe as another. Directly opposite to me was my brevet Second Lieutenant Aisquith: on the right hand corner was Lieut. Bowie, also of my company; and close to me sat Col. Watson and Adjutant Schaeffer. In a few minutes I saw our color sergeant, old Hart, come past with his right arm shattered, (it has since been amputated,) and in a few minutes there came our battalion flag, borne by one of the color guards—our glorious stars and stripes; and note this, that it was the first American flag in the city of Monterey—an honor which we know belongs to our battalion.

When I saw the flag, notwithstanding the novelty of the scene around me, a thrill of pleasure shot through me, and I felt as if I could die, for I had made up my mind to die; and no man there ever thought for a moment that he would get out alive,

and most of them did not. The firing still continued without the slightest intermission whilst we remained at this memorable corner, which was perhaps for fifteen minutes. When we were ordered to charge up the street a slight hesitation was manifested by both regulars and volunteers, but the officers sprang to the front in double file, I being along side of Col. Watson.

We advanced, I suppose, about fifty yards, when Col. Garland of the army, ordered us to retire. We still advanced, and he again ordered us to retire, adding this time, in good order. I now became separated from Col. Watson, and never saw him again. He took the left hand side of the street, and I the right hand, and when I had reached the open field where he had first ordered us to lie down, I was joined by Lieut. Aisquith, who, to my inquiry, answered that he had just left the Colonel, and supposed that he would soon be with us. Seeing no other officer around me, I rallied the battalion (remember that the firing was just as hot and incessant now as it had been at first) and led them down to make another attack on the fort, having made up my mind to take it or die in the attempt.

Imagine my surprise—a most agreeable one, I confess—to find the fort in our possession, it having been captured by the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments when it turned its fire on us as we charged into the town. I have not the slightest doubt that it was the charge made by the first infantry and our battalion into the city which made the Mexicans retreat from the fort.

I was ordered to shelter my men from the fire, and await further orders. I took them in the ditch and then clambered over the ramparts to take a look at what was going on. My appearance was greeted with a dozen or so of musket-balls, which accelerated greatly a retrograde movement, and I sat down quietly with ten feet of dirt between me and the enemy's shot. This was the spot I had been in when I was out of the fire for more than two hours, and I was nearly exhausted. One of my men now came up and reported to me the death of poor Col. Watson, whom he had seen fall from a musket's shot through the neck.

As well as I can learn, the Colonel, in retiring from the city, inclined a good deal to the left, and became separated from the main body of the battalion; and in company with Lieut. Bowie, who remained with him, he met another column advancing to the attack, joined them with the few men he had with him, and fell a few moments afterwards. He met with a gallant soldier's death, his face to the foe—His loss is deplored by all who knew his generosity of heart and chivalry of character. His loss to me, individually, is great, but to the battalion it is irreparable. I know not how we will get along without him. We have much, very much to contend against, and have had ever since we left home. But of all this more anon.

We had been in the ditch for about a quarter of an hour when Capt. Ridgely's battery came up also for shelter; but his appearance was the signal for the castle to open its fire, which killed one of his horses the very first shot, and wounded one of my men. We were now ordered to support Captain Bragg's battery, which had taken a position to cut off the Lancers who had sallied out to intercept what was thought to be our retreat. We killed five or six of them, and the rest fled back to the city.

We were again ordered to the fort to be ready for another attack on the city. Again the castle opened on us, and every shot told, and I never was so glad in my life as when I got into the old ditch. But it was a short-lived gratification, for a regiment of Mexican infantry were firing upon Capt. Webster's battery, and their balls raked the whole fort, ditch, and all. We were then ordered to join the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee Troops, which were forming on the plain for another attack on the city.

The attack was not made, although I was burning to have revenge. And from the time I last left the ditch until we were ordered back to the camp, by General Twigg, we were constantly under fire, being in open view and fair range of the artillery in the gray castle. I was under first one general and then another until I became completely worn out, as well as my command, which had remained so faithfully with me. I returned to camp as night approached, wearied in body and mind, but thankful to God for preserving my life through the perils of the day.

Thus terminated, as far as our battalion was concerned, one of the longest and bloodiest battles ever fought on this continent, and strange to say, our battalion only lost six killed and twenty wounded. I had about thirty-eight men of my company in the fight, and two were killed & three wounded, yet every one of those that escaped has told me he did not expect to live through the day, and most of them had their clothing struck by balls.

I cannot realize that my loss is so small, so completely were my ranks raked by the shot. Above, below, alongside, between legs and arms, every where the balls whistled and howled. The air seemed cut to pieces by the quantity that the artillery hurled at us; and it would be childish to tell you how close they came to me, what how many escapes I had. On my fight will hereafter tell you of the first day's fight at Monterey, and I now tell you that I was in that fight and exposed to shot nine hours.

I have thus given you a hasty and ill-digested account of my doings on the 21st. I could fill fifty pages if I were to give you a detail of the whole week's work, which resulted in the capture of this important town; but I will stop short, for my back aches from writing this on my knees.—Of my own company I cannot say enough. I love them. They stuck to me through every phase of fortune, and one of them, as he was dying, told me to write to his father and tell him, "he died like a patriot."

(Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.)
MONTEREY, SEPT. 28, 1846.
Movements of the Division under command of Gen. Worth.

Messrs. Editors.—I have at last become somewhat settled after the hard fighting we have had in these parts. On the 24th inst. the enemy capitulated. I wrote you immediately after, communicating the fact. At the time I last wrote I was scarcely able to hold up my head, having been constantly employed for the four days previously fighting from mountain to mountain, from street to street, from house-top to house-top.

On Sunday the 20th, we left our camp at the "Walnut Springs," about five miles from this place, with a view of taking the enemy in his rear. The 1st and 3d divisions being left to take different directions and attacks at other points. Our division left the camp about 1 o'clock P. M., and proceeded by a somewhat circuitous route, until we came nearly in range with a battery the enemy had planted upon a mound on our left—upon which stood the "Palacio de Obispo," (Bishop's Palace,) of which you have no doubt heard, as being fortified, as was supposed, in a manner to be impregnable.

It was about 5 P. M. when we made a halt. We stood but a short time, when, as if designed by Providence, the clouds in the S. E. began to lower and spread over us a thick veil of darkness, under cover of which Gen. Worth took advantage to push us through a gorge, unobserved by the Mexicans, and about 1 o'clock we were halted, and passed the night *en bivouac* most disagreeably in the rain, without shelter of any kind, I assure you—*parfaitement en soldat.*

About dawn of day the whole division was put in motion—the second brigade was halted, however, and the 1st pushed on, which was soon engaged by its advanced guard, under Col. Hays' Texan Rangers, with a regiment of Lancers—the Zacatecos. During this time the enemy had commenced throwing shot and shell thick and fast upon us, though without much injury to us. The 7th Inf. (U. S.) of our brigade was then ordered forward under command of Capt. D. S. Miles, (a Baltimorean, I believe); subsequently, and very shortly after, Coon Scott, commanding the 1st U. S. Infantry, divided it into three battalions. We were placed in three positions on the road to watch the movements of the enemy. We had not occupied these positions long, however, before we were again consolidated, and moved forward under a heavy fire of round shot from the hill until beyond the range of the enemy's batteries—which, however, soon brought us within striking distance of another well fortified position of the "Mexicans," from which a constant fire of round shot was poured, but badly directed, as we suffered but triflingly.

Our regiment halted on coming up with the division, which rested an hour. Two companies of the Artillery battalion being of the "Red-legged Infantry." As we passed to this breathing spot, we marched over the numerous bodies of Zacateco Lancers, unhorsed and slain by the Texans—one, their Colonel, said to have been killed in personal encounter with Col. Hays. This Zacateco Don, cock sure of his man, ran a tilt with his lance upon the Texan, who, swerving to one side on his saddle, let his weapon pass harmlessly by, then turned and shot him with his "revolver"—all this in the twinkling of an eye. After an hour of suspense, the word was passed along that the enemy was about to make a demonstration. Major Scott immediately formed his line of battle, and commenced clearing away the bushes for a fair fight, although an "old hunter," disdaining to cover. The alarm proved to be a true one; but the two companies of "red-legs" opened a deadly fire upon the advancing host and sent them back with more than "fleas in their ears." General Worth now directed five companies of the Artillery battalion, serving as Infantry, (hence their *alias* of red-legged Infantry,) under command of Capt. C. F. Smith, to storm the hill-top, and sent the 7th Infantry to sustain him in case of need. But let me mention that in moving forward to this position one of our soldiers was killed by a round shot, which carried away his thigh. The 8th U. S. Infantry during this time occupied a field immediately on our right, with the remainder of the "Infantry-Artillery" or "Artillery-Infantry."

Which will the economy of our government designate them—that places muskets in their hands instead of port-fires, priming-wires and linestocks? It was here that Captain M'Kavatt met his fate, being cut in twain by a nine pound shot. "Thus fell a gallant, brave and accomplished officer. We view with anxiety from our position the operations of the command under Capt. Smith, and the 7th under Capt. Miles, until they were ordered on to sustain the 8th immediately after receiving orders we were