

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

B. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—35.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12, 1847.

{NEW SERIES—NO. 25.

DRUG & BOOK STORE,

GETTYSBURG, PA.—BY W. H. C. HARRIS.

The subscriber tenders his acknowledgment to the public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chestnut street, a large and fresh supply of

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

PAINTS & BRUSHES,

Paints, Varnish, Dyestuffs,

and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

The subscriber has also largely increased his assortment of BOOKS, by an additional supply of

Classical, Theological, School, and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also,

Blank Books and Stationery of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pens, Pencils, Writing and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Ink-sticks, &c. &c., all of which will, as usual, be sold AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the City.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1849.

I have at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLIES, plain and fancy, for school and family use—at very low prices.

W. H. C. HARRIS.

On Saturday the 4th of December,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, M., AT THE COURT-HOUSE,

IN GETTYSBURG,

I WILL sell all my land lying within the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., consisting of a

FARM,

CONTAINING MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED ACRES

of excellent land, on which are erected a large Brick BARN, and good FARM HOUSE,

Wagon Shed, and Granaries. There is a large quantity of excellent MEADOW, and 60 Acres (more or less) of WOOD LAND.

Much of the land might be sold as Town lots, as it fronts on several principal streets.

Several Town Lots and other property will be offered for sale at the same time. As I reside at a distance from the property, I am determined to sell it without reserve. The Farm will be sold in two tracts if purchasers desire it.

TERMS.—One-third part of the purchase money on the 1st day of April next, when a good title will be given, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 22, 1847.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the valuable FARM adjoining on that which he resides, in Cumberland township, Adams county, containing

175 ACRES.

more or less. The improvements are in good condition, and include a new two-story Log Dwelling

WOOD-LAND,

well set with good thriving timber—35 Acres of which can readily be cleared, leaving still a sufficiency of timber for the use of the farm.

This property lies about 6 miles south of Gettysburg, nearly joins the road that leads from Emmitsburg and Millersburg to the Two Taverns, on the Baltimore turnpike, and within 1-2 miles of the road from Self's Mill on Marsh Creek to Taneytown and Baltimore. About 6 miles from the farm there are two Lime Kilns, and plenty of limestone, near the Millersburg road.

The neighborhood in which it is located is not surpassed by any in the county for intelligence, sobriety, and good moral character being stated religious worship by different denominations within a convenient distance—all making it a very pleasant and desirable residence.

The Farm will be sold entire, or divided to suit purchasers. The terms will be made easy, and the payments to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the premises, can do so by calling in the subscriber.

If the above property be not sold before Friday the 13th day of November next, it will on that day be offered at Public Sale.

ROBERT THOMPSON.

Oct. 15, 1847.—is

WATCHES, of all kinds,

will be cleaned and repaired, at the shortest notice, at FRAZER'S Clock & Watch Establishment, in Gettysburg.

July 16, 1847.

From the National Era.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF ERROR—AN EXTRACT.

BY W. H. C. HARRIS.

What hear we but an outcry for redress, Wrung from the broken heart of Wretchedness! The loud demand of Labor, why it pinches, And licensed Fraud in glittering raiment shines—Of exasperated Scroop, why so dark its lot, And drunken Sot live on, and suffer not!

Gray Error trembles in his cloudy cloud, To mark the banner of Reform unrolled— Dreads, like some hermit owl, one ray of light That glimmers through the pall of ancient Night, Retaining still the submersion of Time, While amidst the stormy clouds it flies away. Yet the world seems to despise a wrong: When torturing Kingcraft, to prolong its reign, Wist point to ancient precedent in vain, And laws, educated in a barbarous time, Shall cease to give authority to Crime.

Far back in years, Philosophy may date, While viewing man improved in his estate, The fair beginning of this war sublime Against corrupting usages of Time. Thick clouds and darkness gloom'd over our race, And Peace, the dove, could find no resting place; Uncurbed Ambition gave his life to guilt— Red Murder basted of the blood he spilt.

By day a noise of execution howled, And shone like a Star, of clear, benignant ray, Rolled from the Source of Everlasting Day, While brighter far than flash of jewelled crown, His full-blown blaze on Galilee pour'd down.

Be it golden pathway, like a dream, Find the foul mist that rose to quench its beam: Ob! then commenced the long, unended fight Between the powers of darkness and of light— Then learned the pauper that his frame of earth Enshrouded a living pearl of priceless worth,

When the great who gave him store for bread! Then more potent than the battle storm, The God proved a agent of reform;

Refreshed by draughts from its immortal fount, Upward the human soul began to mount;

And shook the earth from its mortal plume, When an atmosphere of gloom had come.

Heaved like the sea the bosom of the Mass— Bands from the Spirit fell like shattered glass;

Hope, from the house of inounding doom to roam, Found in the broken heart once more a home.

Balm in the wound of Misery was poured,

Cleasned was the leper, and the lost restored;

Strong grew the weak, the lame arose and walked, Their sight the blind received, the voiceless talked.

From the People's Journal.

HOLY LAND.

BY HAMILTON MARTINEAU.

IT.—JERUSALEM—THE MORNING & WALK.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported to be the scenes of the acts and the sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake, are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as are fabulous. About the site of the temple there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs in the rock, with entrances like doorways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in Scripture, fit to be spoken of as it was an image of hell.

Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched.

The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadow on the rich, though stony soil. Streams were fed from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas restored his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a charnel-house marks the spot.

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From the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, is an avowed abolitionist, and is the assistant editor of an abolition print at Worcester, Massachusetts. He was recently invited to attend a convention in Cincinnati, to consider of "Abolition and Disunion." He could not go, but wrote a letter, from which the following is an extract. We have never seen the value of our glorious Federal Union so eloquently portrayed, as in this short extract:

From the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican.

YANKEE IN A COTTON MILL.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Dear Yankee—Did you ever see, read, or heard of "a Green 'Un" in a cotton mill?

Pray don't answer rashly; don't loose yourself among "Yankees in Hot Baths," "Yankees in Coal Screens," "Yankees in Restaurants," and answer unadvisedly, yes! Mine is a Yankee in a new phase. His diemis is a Yankee Fix—"and generis,"—a *Yankee in the card room of a Cotton Mill!*

The plain unvarnished facts, as the case, as politicians say, are these:

A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, six-footed—son of the pitifully uninformed—came in yesterday from Greene, with a load of *Philanthropy*, shall we talk of dissolving the Union?—that Union to which the success of our efforts must give elements of cohesion stronger than ten thousand chains of adamantine!—that Union, concentrating a nucleus of states and interests of the "square," he baited his team with a bundle of green grass brought all the way from home for that purpose. Then, after investing his available capital in the purchase of root beer and gingerbread at Ham's, he started to see the "city," filling his countenance rapidly with bread, and chewing it vigorously as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and machine shop, and was just opposite the warp-mill as the "hands" were going in from dinner. The girls were hurrying in asactory girls, too hurry, and Jonathan, unconscious, to such an array of plaid shawls and hood bonnets, deposited his good stick upon the stairs, and stalked in to see what the trouble was.

The master of the machinery and the movements of the operatives soon absorbed his whole attention. Being, however, of an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much that was calculated to perplex one whose observations in mechanics had been mostly confined to threshing machines and corn shellers, he began to push vigorous inquiries in all directions. In this way he made himself acquainted successively with the external and internal economy of the "Ficker," "Beater," "Lapwing," "Doubler," and "Spreader." By two o'clock he had extended his researches as far as the "Breakers," and "Finishers."

He resolved the latter just as the card stripper was "stripping the flats." In this operation the cylinder of the card is exposed to view, and is seen revolving with a very pretty buzz. Not satisfied with contemplating the "poetry of motion," at so close distance, our hero needs introduce himself between the cards to get a nearer view. This move brought his "neither habiliments" into dangerous proximity, to the gearing of the next card, and as he did not notice the "dangerous" ait, he pulled it in the dullest snake of hell. That its keen knife was not the wile it makes, or how deep it cuts, he did not know; but the sharp edge of the card, and the sharp edge of the card, cut him deeply.

He dissolved the Union!—dissolve the whole moral power we have and need to abolish slavery! May God grant that your Convention may banish that treacherous idea from every American heart. I trust that its Satanical lines will be detected and detested, should it surreptitiously enter your council in the guise of an angel of light. No; you will not meet to dissolve the Union; but to evolute the Union: to renovate it on the basis of the Fathers of the Republic. That basis is broad and deep enough to unite the world. A better foundation cannot be laid by fallen men. You will meet as our fathers met; you will begin where they began, and where their degenerate children left off to build. You will meet to "form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty, to ourselves and our posterity."

From the Yankee in a Cotton Mill.

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