

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

BY A DISGUISE.
"Keep it before the people!"
That the earth was made for man;
That flowers were strewed,
And fruits were grown,
To feed and nourish to man;
That sun and rain,
And corn and grain,
And corn and mine, my brother;
Are gifts from Heaven,
To give to all as well as another.
"Keep it before the people!"
That man is the image of God,
Whose limbs and soul
Ye may not control.
With shackles, or chains, or rods,
Ye may not bind;
For silver or gold,
For honor or fame,
For freedom was given
By God from Heaven,
To give to all as well as another!
"Keep it before the people!"
That sin, and crime, and woe,
Forever abide.
Still side by side,
With luxury's dazzling show;
That luxury's slaves
From Dives' halls,
And slaves at his gate, my brother;
Yet life was given
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another!
"Keep it before the people!"
That the laborer claims his meed—
The right of toil,
And the right to sell,
From spirit and brute freed—
The right to hoar,
And the right to share
With you and me, my brother,
Whatever is given
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another.

The Young Lawyer's First Case.

BY REV. DR. TOWN.

In one of those long, low, one-story, unpainted houses which succeeded the log-houses in Vermont as the second generation of human habitations, lay a sick woman. She knew, and all her friends knew, that her days were numbered, and that when she left that room it would be in her winding-sheet for the grave. Yet her face and her spirit were calm, and the tones of her voice, like those of the dying swan, were sweeter than those of life. She had taken an affectionate leave of all her children, in faith and hope, save one—her eldest son—a mother's boy and a mother's pride. By great economy and unwearied industry this son had been sent to college. He was mild, inoffensive, pale-faced one; but the bright eye did not belie the spirit that dwelt in a casket so frail. He had been sent for, but did not reach home till the day before his mother's death. As soon as she knew of his coming, she immediately had him called to her room, and left alone with her. Long and tender was their conversation. Sweet and tearful was this last interview between a mother and son who had never lacked any degree of confidence on either side.

"You know, my son, that it has always been my most earnest wish and prayer that you should be a preacher of the gospel, and that a benefactor to the souls of men. In choosing the law, you are aware, you have greatly disappointed these hopes."

"I know it, dear mother; and I have done it, not because I like the law so much. But because I dare not undertake a work so sacred as the ministry, conscious as I am that I am not qualified in mind, or body, or spirit, for the work. If I dared it, for your sake, if for no other reason, I would do it."

"In God's time, my dear son, in God's time, I trust you will. I neither urge it, nor blame you. But promise me now; that you will never undertake any case which you think is unjust, and that you will never see a man in screening wrong from light and punishment."

"The son said something about every man's having the right to have his case presented in the best light he could."

"I know what you mean," said she; "but I know that if a man has violated the laws of God and man, he has no moral right to be shielded from punishment."

"If he has confessions and explanations to offer, it is well. But for you to take his side, and for money, to shield him from the law, seems to me no better than if, for money, you concealed him from the officers of justice, under the plea that every man had a right to get clear of the law if he could. But I am weak and cannot talk, my son; and yet if you will give me the solemn promise, it seems as if I should be satisfied. But you must do as you think best."

The young man bent over his dying mother, and with much emotion, gave her the solemn promise which she desired. Tender was the last kiss she gave him, warm the thanks which she expressed, and sweet the smile which she wore, and which was left on her countenance after her spirit had gone up to meet the smiles of the Redeemer.

Some months after the death of his mother, the young man left the shadows of a more sunny region, in a large and thrifty

village, he opened his office; the sign gave his name, and under it, the words, "Attorney at Law." There he was found early and late, his office clean and neat, and his few books studied over and over again, but no business. The first fee which he took was for writing a short letter for his black wood-sawyer, and for that he conscientiously charged only a single sixpence! People spoke well of him, and admired the young man, but still no business came. After waiting till "hope deferred made the heart sick," one bright morning a coarse-looking, knock-down sort of a young man was seen making toward the office. How the heart of the young lawyer bounded at the sight of his first client! What success, and cases, and fees danced in the vision in a moment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir, that's my business. What can I do for you?"

"Why, something of a job, I reckon. The fact is I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help." And he took out a five dollar bill, and laid it on the table. The young lawyer made no motion toward taking it.

"Why don't you take it?" said he.

"I don't call it pay, but to begin with—a kind of wedge—what do you call it?"

"Retention-fee, I presume you mean."

"Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer. So take it."

"Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case, and then I will tell you whether or not I take the retention fee."

The coarse fellow started.

"Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last spring I was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Maj. Farnsworth. I was to have them for one hundred dollars."

"Very well—what became of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

"By you?"

"Yes."

"Well, where's the trouble?"

"Why, they say, that as I only gave my note for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get clear of it."

"How do you expect me to do it?"

"Plain as day, man; just say, gentlemen of the jury, this young man was not of age when he gave Maj. Farnsworth the note, and therefore, in law, the note is good for nothing—that's all!"

"And was it really so?"

"Exactly."

"How came Maj. Farnsworth to let you have the oxen?"

"Oh, the goodly old man never suspected that I was under age."

"What did you get for the oxen in selling them out?"

"Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars—they were noble fellows!"

"And so you want me to help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen, simply because the law, this human infirmity, gives you the opportunity to do it! No, sir; put up your retention-fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first. And as for you—if I wanted to help you to go to the State's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing. And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you, will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your oxen—honestly and live and act on the principle, then let what will come you will be an honest man."

The coarse young man snatched up his bill, and muttering something about seeing Squire Snappall, left the office.

So he lost his first fee and his first case. He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone in the office; but he felt that he had done right. His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "Right, my son, right." The next day he was in old Maj. Farnsworth's, and saw a pile of bills lying upon the table. The good old man said he had just received them for a debt which he had expected to lose, but a kind Providence had interposed in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing, but his mother's voice seemed to come again, "Right, my son, right."

Some days after this a man called in the evening, and asked the young man to defend him in a trial just coming on.

"What is your case?"

"They accuse me of stealing a bee-hive."

"A bee-hive!—surely that could not be worth much!"

"No, but the bees and the honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?"

"Squire are you alone here—nobody to hear?"

"I am all alone."

"Are you bound by oath to keep the secrets of your clients?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, then, 'twixt you and me, I did have a dab at that honey. There was more than seventy pounds! But you can clear me."

"How can I?"

"Why, Ned Huzen has agreed to swear that I was with him fishing at Squanick Pond that night."

"So, by perjury, you hope to escape punishment. What can you afford to pay a lawyer who will do his best?"

The man took out twenty dollars. It was a great temptation. The young lawyer staggered for a moment—but only for a moment.

"No, sir; I will not undertake your case. I will not try to shield a man whom I know to be a villain from the punishment which he deserves. I will starve first."

The man with an oath bolted out of the office, and made his way to Snappall's office. The poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have cried. But a few dollars were left in his pocket, and what to do when they were gone, he knew not. In a few moments the flash and burning of the face was gone, as if he had been fanned by the wings of angels, and again he heard his own mother's voice, "Right, my son, right."

Days and even weeks past away, and no new client made his appearance. The story of his having refused to take fees and defend his clients got abroad, and many were the gibes concerning his folly. Lawyer Snappall declared that such weakness would ruin any man. The multitude went against the young advocate. But a few noted and remembered it in his favor.

On entering his office one afternoon, the young man found a note lying on his table. It read thus:

"Mrs. Henshaw's compliments to Mr. Loudon, and requests, if it is not too much trouble, that he would call on her at his earliest convenience, as she wishes to consult him professionally, and with as much privacy as may be."

Rose Cottage, June 25th.

How his hand trembled while he read the note. It might lead to business—it might be the first fruits of an honorable life. But who is Mrs. Henshaw? He only knew that a friend by that name, a widow lady, had lately arrived on a visit to the family who resided in that cottage. "At his earliest convenience," if he should go at once, would it not look as if he were at perfect leisure? If he delayed, would it not be a dishonour which he had vowed never to practice? He whistled a moment, took up his hat, and went toward "Rose Cottage." On reaching the house, he was received by a young lady of modest yet easy manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw, and the young lady said,

"My mother is not well; but I will call her. Shall I say your name, sir?"

"Loudon, if you please."

The young lady, in a searching, surprised look at him, said, "The room."

A few moments the mother, a graceful, well-bred lady of about forty, entered the room. She had a mild, sweet face, and a look that brought his own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears almost started to his eyes. For some reason, Mrs. Henshaw appeared embarrassed.

"It is Mr. Loudon, the lawyer, I suppose," said she.

"At your service, Madam."

"Is there any gentleman at the Bar of your name, sir?"

"None that I know of. In what way can you command my services, madam?"

The lady colored. "I am afraid, sir, there is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a difficult case, a man of principle, whom I can trust. You were mentioned to me—but I expected to see an older man."

"If you will admit me," said Loudon, who began to grow nervous in his turn, "so far into your confidence as to state the case, I think I can promise not to do any hurt, even if I do no good. And if, on the whole, you think it best to commit it to older or able hands, I will charge you nothing and engage not to be offended."

The mother looked at the daughter, and saw on her face the look of confidence and hope.

The whole afternoon was spent in going over the case, examining papers, and the like. As they went along, Loudon took notes and memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do," thought Mrs. Henshaw. "He takes every thing for granted and unquestioned; and though I don't design to mislead him, yet it seems to me as if he would take the moon to be green cheese, were I to tell him so. He will never do;" and she felt that she had wasted her time and strength. How great then was her surprise when Loudon pushed aside the bundles of papers, and looking at his notes, again went over the whole ground, sifting and scanning every point, weighing every circumstance, pointing out the weak places, tearing and throwing off the rubbish, discarding what was irrelevant, and placing the whole affair in a light more luminous and clear than even she had ever seen it before. Her color came and went as her hopes rose and fell. After he had laid it open to her, he added with unconscious dignity:

"Mrs. Henshaw, I think yours is a case of right and justice. Even if there should be a failure to convince a jury so that law would decide in your favor, there are so many circumstantial proofs, that I have no doubt that justice will be with

you. If you please to entrust it to me, I will do the best I can, and am quite sure I shall work harder than if I were on the opposite side."

"What do you say, Mary?" said the mother to the daughter. "You are as much interested as I. Shall we commit it to Mr. Loudon?"

"You are the best judge, but it seems to me that he understands the case better than any one you have ever talked with."

Loudon thanked Mary with his eyes, but for some reason or other, here was cast down upon the figures of the carpet, and she did not see him.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, we will commit the whole affair to you. If you succeed we shall be able to reward you, and if you do not, we shall be no poorer than we have been."

For weeks and months Loudon studied his case. He was often at Rose Cottage to ask questions on some point not quite so clear. He found they were very agreeable—the mother and the daughter—aside from the law-suit, and I am not sure that he did not find occasion to ask questions of tender than he would have done, had it been otherwise.

The case, briefly was this. Mr. Henshaw had been an active, intelligent and high-minded man of business. He had dealt in iron, had large furnaces at different places, and did business on an average with three hundred different people a day. Among others, he had dealings with a man by the name of Brown—a plausible, keen, and as many thought, an unprincipled man. But Henshaw, without guile himself, put all confidence in him. In a reverse of times—such as occur in about ten years, let who will be President—their affairs became embarrassed and terribly perplexed. In order to extricate his business, it was necessary for Henshaw to go to a distant part of the land, in company with Brown. There he died, leaving a young widow, and an only child, Mary, then about ten years old, and his business in a condition as bad as need be. By the kindness of the creditors their beautiful home called Elm Glen, was left to Mrs. Henshaw and her little girl, while the rest of the property went to pay the debt. The widow and her orphan kept the place of their joys and hopes, and everybody who saw them, but within four years of the death of Mr. Henshaw, Brown returned. He had been debauched by broken limbs and business, he said. What was the amazement of the widow to have him set up a claim to Elm Glen, as his property! He had loaned Mr. Henshaw money, he said—he had been with him in sickness and in death; and the high-minded Henshaw had made his will on his death-bed, and bequeathed Elm Glen to Brown, as a payment for debts. The will was duly drawn, signed with Mr. Henshaw's own signature, and also by two competent witnesses. Every one was astonished at the claim—at the will—at every thing pertaining to it. It was contested in court, but the evidence was clear, and the will was set up and established. Poor Mrs. Henshaw was stripped of every thing. With a sad heart she packed up her simple wardrobe, and taking her child, left the village and went to a distant State to teach school. For six years she had been absent, and for six years had Brown enjoyed Elm Glen. No, not enjoyed it; but the baggard look—the frequent appeal to the bottle—the jealous feelings which were ever uppermost—and his coarse, profane conversation, showed that he was wretched. People talked, too, of his lonely hours, his starting up in his sleep, his clenching his fists in his dreams, and defying "all hell" to prove it, and the like.

Suddenly and privately, Mrs. Henshaw returned to her once loved village. She had obtained some information by which she hoped to bring truth to light, for she had never believed that her husband ever made such a will in favor of Brown. To prove that this will was a forgery was what Loudon was now to attempt. An action was commenced, and Brown soon had notice of the warfare now to be carried on against him. He raved and swore, but he also laid aside his cups, and went to work to meet the storm like a man in the full consciousness of the justice of his cause. There was writing and riding, posting and sending writs—for both sides had much at stake. It was the last hope for the widow. It was the first case for young Loudon. It was victory or state's prison for Brown. The community, one and all took sides with Mrs. Henshaw. If a bins could reach a jury, it must have been in her favor. Mr. Snappall was engaged for Brown, and was delighted to find that he had only that "white-faced boy," to contend with; and the good public felt sorry that the widow had not selected a man of some age and experience; but then they said "women will have their own way."

The day of trial came on. Great was the excitement to hear the great "will case," and every horse in the region was hitched somewhere near the court-house.

In rising to open the case, young Loudon was embarrassed; but modestly al-

ways meets with encouragement. The court gave him patient attention, and soon felt that it was deserved. In a clear, concise, and masterly manner, he laid open the case just as it stood in his own mind, and proceeded with the evidence to prove the will to be a forgery. It was easy to show the character of Brown to be one of great iniquity, and that for him to do this was only in keeping with that general character. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of his witnesses on his death-bed had confessed that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of his witnesses on his death-bed had confessed that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of his witnesses on his death-bed had confessed that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness.

"I can't, my hand trembles so," said the witness.

"Indeed! but you wrote a bold, powerful hand when you signed that will. Come, you must try, just to oblige us."

After much haggling and some bravado, it came out that he couldn't write, and never learned, and that he had requested Mr. Brown to sign the paper for him!

"Oh, ho!" said Loudon. "I thought you swore that you signed it yourself. Now one thing more, and I have done with you. Just let me take the pocket book in your pocket. I will open it here before the court, and neither steal nor lose a paper."

Again the witness refused, and appealed to Snappall; but that worthy man was grinding his teeth and muttering something about the witness going to the devil!

The pocket-book came out, and in it was a regular discharge of the bearer, John Ordin, from four years imprisonment in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, and dated June 15, 1831, and signed by Mr. Wood, the worthy warden.

The young advocate now took the paper which he had handed to the judge, and showed the jury, that the house in which Mr. Henshaw died was situated in a street running north and south—that it was a one-story house—that it was red, the only red house in the village, and moreover, that he died in a front room of the lower story.

There was a moment's silence, and then a stifled murmur of joy all over the room. Brown's eyes looked blood-shot; the witness looked sullen and dogged, and Mr. Snappall tried to look indifferent. He made no defence. The work was done. A very brief, decided charge was given by the judge, and, without leaving their seats, the jury convicted Brown of forgery.

"That young dog is keen, any how!" said Snappall.

"When his conscience tells him he is on the side of justice," said Loudon, overhearing the remark.

It was rather late in the evening before Loudon called on his clients to congratulate them on the termination of their suit, and the recovery of Elm Glen. He was met by Mary, who frankly gave him her hand, and with tears thanked and praised him, and felt sure they could never sufficiently reward him. Loudon colored, and seemed more troubled than when in the court. At length he said abruptly,

"Miss Henshaw, you and your mother can now aid me. There is a friend of yours—a young lady, whose hand I wish to obtain. I am alone in the world, poor and unknown. This is my first law case, and when I may have another is more than I know."

Mary turned pale, and faintly promised that she and her mother would aid him to the extent of their power. Then there was a pause, and she felt as if she, the only one who was supposed to be uneducated and cool, must speak.

"Who is the fortunate friend of mine?"

"Don't you suspect?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Well, here is her portrait," handing her a miniature case. She touched a spring and it flew open, and in a little mirror she saw her own face! Now the crimson came over her beautiful face, and the tears came thick and fast, and she trembled; but I believe she survived the shock; for the last time I was that way, I saw the conscientious young lawyer and his charming wife living at Elm Glen; and I heard them speak of his first law suit!

Teacher—Charles spell axe.
Boy—A-x-e axe.
Teacher—What is an axe?
Boy—An instrument for cutting wood.
How many kinds of axes are there?
Boy—There's a broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, and—axe of the Legislature and axe of the Apostles.
Teacher—Go up to the head, Bill, and you ashamed! Charley knows of three axes more than you do.
"My dear, don't say tale, say narrative," said a modest lady to her little son who had just read in the newspaper. While the little fellow was thinking of his mistake the house dog walked in, shaking his tail and looking quite familiar at the boy when he exclaimed: "Ma, make sanchu quit shaking his narrative."
"Ma, somebody's going to die!" said a knowing little fellow, who was looking out of the window into the street. "Why?" asked the anxious mother. "Cause the Doctor's just gone by."
Colt's Pistols.—On the last night of the session of Congress, \$50,000 was appropriated for an additional purchase from the inventor of Colt's improved repeating pistols, and a joint resolution was adopted instructing the Secretary of War to furnish these arms to emigrants going to California, at the government cost price. They are to be supplied on a written application to the War Department.
A railway round Paris, uniting the termini of the different railways, has just been completed.

LEGISLATIVE TELEGRAPH.—We received, yesterday, from Harrisburg, says the North American of Friday last, a copy of a vote taken by the Legislature of that State, as it is called, recently fixed up in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. The members vote by touching keys (for years and each) placed at each desk; the result of each touch being a perforation on the *yes* or *no* side of a printed list of members named. The vote here recorded comprises 59 *yes* and 40 *noes*; but the written statement on the record is that the whole vote was recorded in less than two seconds.

STRONG TEMPERANCE FEELING.—Wesley, by a Pittsburg paper, that a company with a large capital, about to engage in whiskey distilling, lately sent an order to a machinist in that city, for the necessary apparatus. He refused to comply, and the refusal was made by other machinists, the reason being that they would not be instrumental in the manufacture of ardent spirits.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.—There are now in the United States thirty synods of the Lutheran church, five of which are in Pennsylvania. The first synod—the synod of Pennsylvania—was established in 1747, the next—the synod of New York, in 1785; and the third—the synod of North Carolina, in 1803. Of the 30 synods, 15 only are connected with the General Synod. The whole embrace 608 ministers, 1004 churches, 200,000 communicants, a population of 1,000,000.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—We learn, from the Democratic Press, of York, Pa., that on Tuesday last week, Mr. Wm. Elcock, of that county, was accidentally killed. His horses became frightened, on account of part of the wagon he was driving giving way, and, in endeavoring to check them, he slipped and fell, the wheel passing over his head.

SEDUCTOR PUNISHED.—Lowry McBlath was tried at the recent term of the Court of Penn. Circuit, for seducing a girl aged 17, by a promise of marriage. Verdict for plaintiff \$2,000.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only kind of second-hand goods that sold at prime cost.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

In pursuance of a public call, the citizens of Gettysburg met at the Court House, on Friday evening the 9th day of March inst., for the purpose of organizing a Temperance Society, when, on motion, JOHN CULP was called to the chair, and S. R. RUSSELL was appointed Secretary.

The Rev. Dr. Watson opened with prayer.

On motion of D. M'Conaughy, Esq., a Committee of eight was appointed to draft a Constitution, viz: Rev. Dr. Watson, Rev. Dr. Baugher, J. A. Buehler, M. L. Stover, E. W. Stahle, T. Warren, and Wm. W. Paxton. Whilst the committee were out, the meeting was addressed by D. A. Buehler and Rev. Dr. Baugher. The Committee reported a Constitution, which was adopted and signed, when the following officers were elected:

President—JOHN CULP.
Vice President—Wm. Kiro, Wm. Dreyer, Geo. Arnold, Philip Tausil.
Secretary—GEORGE WARREN.

Executive Committee—J. G. Reed, D. A. Buehler, M. L. Stover, J. C. Watson, D. M'Conaughy, H. L. Baugher, Thos. Warren.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to appoint three of their number as a Finance Committee.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee request the privilege of holding the meetings of this Society in the different Lecture Rooms of the Churches in the Borough.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to secure Ladies to procure signatures to the Constitution.

Resolved, That the Secretary be authorized to purchase a Book in which to record the proceedings of the Society.

Resolved, That when this Society adjourns it adjourns to meet this night two weeks in the Methodist Church.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to procure a Speaker and give public notice of meeting.

Closed with prayer by Prof. Stover.

S. R. RUSSELL, Secretary.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1.—This Society shall be called the Gettysburg Temperance Union.

ART. 2.—The object of this Society shall be, by example and by other proper means, to discourage the use of intoxicating drinks, and the traffic in them, as a beverage.

ART. 3.—Its members shall consist of such as sign the Constitution; and we, whose names are affixed to it, do solemnly pledge ourselves, on our truth and honor, that we will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; that we will neither make, buy, sell nor furnish them to others, as a beverage, and that in every proper way, we will discountenance their use.

ART. 4.—Violations of the Pledge shall be punished with expulsion.

ART. 5.—The officers of this Society shall be a President, four Vice Presidents, a Secretary, and an Executive Committee of seven, who shall be chosen annually, and who shall perform the duties usually assigned to such officers.

ART. 6.—There shall be quarterly meetings of the Society during the months of January, April, August, and November, and such others as the officers may see fit to appoint.

ART. 7.—The meetings of this Society shall be opened and closed with prayer.

ART. 8.—Ten members shall constitute a quorum to do business.

ART. 9.—Any alteration or amendment in the Constitution shall require a meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.