

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XX-40.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23, 1849.

{NEW SERIES—NO. 152.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale the FARM, on which he resides, situated in Liberty township, Adams county, (Carroll's Tract,) lying upon the public cross-roads, leading from Gettysburg to Waynesburg, and from Emmitsburg to Fairfield, containing

300 ACRES, more or less, of patented land, of which 200 Acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The balance is covered with the very best Timber. There is a good proportion of Meadow. The improvements are a two-story ROUGH-CAST

Dwelling House, with the back-building attached, a large Barn, (part frame and part log) wagon shed, corn-crib, and other outbuildings. There is a never-failing well of water, with a pump in it, convenient to the door. The farm is well supplied with running water. The fencing is good, and the farm is in the very best order.

JOSEPH HUNTER.

Aug. 24, 1849.—if

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale the FARM on which Henry Hershey, Jr., now resides, situated in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of King Wilson, Andrew Kintzelman, and others, containing

100 ACRES, more or less. The improvements are a TWO-STORY

Frame Dwelling House, a first-rate LOG BARN, with a Spring of good water convenient to the door. There is a fair proportion of Timber and Meadow on the farm, and an excellent Orchard. Persons wishing to ascertain the terms, which will be reasonable, will call upon the subscriber. The property can be viewed on application to the tenant

HENRY HERSHEY, Sen.

Franklin tp., June 1, 1849.—if

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, on advantageous terms,

A FARM,

situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Robert Shelly, Wm. Bailey, and Wm. Hamilton, within three miles of Gettysburg, containing

184 Acres and 91 Perches.

There are about 50 Acres of Woodland, and the rest under good cultivation. There are two

Dwelling Houses

on the farm, a double LOG BARN, newly covered, with sheds on one; two wells of water, with a pump in it; a sufficient quantity of Fruit Trees, such as Apple, Pear, Peach and Cherry. There is Meadow sufficient to make 60 tons of Hay yearly. About 1500 bushels of Lime have been put on the farm, and about 2,000 Chestnut rails.

This would suit to be divided into two Tracts, both of clear and wood land. Any person wishing to purchase, will be shown the farm, by Henry Trostle, residing thereon.

GEO. TROSTLE.

July 27, 1849.—4m

AT THE OLD STAND,

BUT IN A NEW SHOP.

J. G. FREY

RENDERS his acknowledgments to his friends for past favors, and has the pleasure of announcing that he is again located at the old stand, on Washington street, one square south of Thompson's Hotel, where he will be prepared, as heretofore, to do all kinds of

Coach, Cloth, & Sign Painting.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING done at short notice, and on reasonable terms, for which Country Produce will be taken.

The subscriber is thankful for past favors, and hopes, by attention to business, and a desire to please, to merit and receive a continuance of public patronage.

J. G. FREY.

Gettysburg, Jan. 12, 1849.—if

THE TWO EXTREMES PROVIDED FOR.

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES.

WM. W. PAXTON

HAS commenced the BOOT & SHOE Business, with HATS & CAPS, and has now on hand a large and complete assortment of

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, of every description, suitable for men, women and children, which he will sell at low prices for good pay. Call and examine the Stock of Goods. It is not necessary to describe minutely, for—Remember that every article that can make the head and feet comfortable and handsome, in all seasons of the year, can be had at his Store, two doors below the Post-office.

Very superior New York and Philadelphia Silk and Beaver Hats constantly on hand.

Gettysburg, Oct. 10, 1849.—if

Plain and Figured Cloths,

STEELED BEADS, Pure Twist, Tassels

Silk Canvases, and Reticules, constantly on hand and for sale at SCHICK'S.

GIMP! FRINGE! SILK!

L. SCHICK has just received a fine assortment of Gimps and Fringes, and a good article of Black Silk.

ANNUALS AND GIFT BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT!

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS just received a large addition to his stock of Books and Stationery at his Drug and Book Store in Chambersburg street, Gettysburg, including the largest and most elegant assortment of

Albums, Annals & choice

Gift Books,

ever opened in this place. Among them will be found

The Women of the Bible,

Do. of the Testament,

Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles,

Do. Life of the Saviour,

Gem of the Season,

Gift of Friendship for 1850,

Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver,

Gift Leaves of American Poetry,

Beautiful of Sacred Literature,

Friendship's Offering for 1850,

The Snow Flake, Christmas Keepsake, Christmas

Blossoms, the Ruby, Floral Offering for 1850, the

Pastor's Wife, Moss Rose, Ladies' Gift, Amaranth,

Garland, Forget-me-not, Keepsake of Friendship,

Hyacinth, Opal, Brilliant, Romance of Nature,

Evergreen, Willis' Poems, Female Poets of America,

Topper's Philosophy, Pilgrim's Progress, Bry-

ant's Poems, Lady of the Lake, Child's Harold,

Lalla Rookh, Pilgrim's Progress, Poems by An-

elia, Osmian, Tasso, &c., &c.

All of which are elegantly bound and

embellished, and will be sold at the very

lowest prices.

Gettysburg, Dec. 14, 1849.

TAILORING.

E. & R. MARTIN.

At the Old Stand,

North West Corner of

the Diamond,

GETTYSBURG.

TENOR their thanks to

their customers for their

past favors, and respect-

fully inform the public

that they continue to

Cut and Make all Garments,

in the best manner and on reasonable

terms. The Cutting done, as heretofore,

by ROBERT MARTIN. Fashions regularly

received, and every effort made to secure

a good fit and substantial sewing. The

subscribers hope, by their long experience

in business, and renewed efforts to please,

to merit and receive a continuance of the

public patronage.

The Fall and Winter Fashions

have just been received from the City.

All kinds of Country Produce taken

in exchange for work.

E. & R. MARTIN.

Oct. 19, 1849.—if

Collectors, Take Notice.

THE Collectors of Taxes in the different

Townships of Adams county, are

herby notified that they will be required

to settle up their duplicates on or before

Tuesday the 1st day of January next, on

which day the Commissioners will meet

at their office to give the necessary ex-

onerations.

JACOB KING,

J. G. MORNINGSSTAR,

JOHN MUSELMAN JR.,

[Commissioners.]

Attest—

J. AUGENBAUGH, Clerk. [Dec. 7.—if

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

THE subscriber has in his possession

an invaluable receipt for making

SOFT SOAP, which he now offers to the

public at a very insignificant and extraor-

dinarily low price. A very superior and

elegant article of soft soap can be made by

this receipt, without Fat, Ashes or Lye,

the whole space of ONE HOUR, and at a

cost not exceeding Seventy-five Cents to

the barrel. This Soap will be warranted

superior for washing and other purposes,

and if not found as warranted, the money

will be refunded to all who bought receipts.

Heads of families and others will do well

to give this matter their attention, as it

will prove a great saving of labor and ex-

pense. No person will be permitted to

sell receipts unless authorized by me.

JOHN MEIKEL.

Price One Dollar.

Receipts can be had of

SOLOMON POWERS.

Nov. 23, 1849. Gettysburg.

FOR RENT.

A SMALL FARM,

Situate in Gettysburg tp., Adams Co., Pa.

GEO. ARNOLD.

Nov. 23, 1849.

STOVES.

ON hand and for sale, cheap—a lot

of STOVES, among which are a

few HATHAWAY COOK STOVES.

GEO. ARNOLD.

Sept. 7.—if

FANCY ARTICLES, Cologne, Soaps

Hair Oils, Tooth Brushes, Toilet

Brushes, Tooth Powders, &c., &c., for

sale by

S. H. BUEHLER

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the es-

tate of CHRISTIAN ZECKER,

late of Gettysburg, Adams county, dec'd,

having been granted to the subscriber re-

siding in same place, notice is hereby

given to those indebted to said estate to

make payment without delay, and to those

having claims, to present the same prop-

erly authenticated for settlement.

JAS. F. FAHNSTOCK

Dec. 7, 1849.—if

Adm'r.

CONSTANTLY on hand also, Cloths,

Steel Beads, Rings and Tassels,

Trivets, &c., by

J. L. SCHICK.

THE LYNCHERS.

A WESTERN INCIDENT.

CHAPTER I.

During the troubles with the famous and daring Chief, Black Hawk, when the inhabitants of our western frontier were never safe from the depredations of his tribe and allies, American citizens, dwelling even at a distance from the seat of war, were frequently annoyed by unfriendly visits from the red men of the forest; consequently, many families in the eastern and northern parts of Illinois, were led to desert their homes, and seek safety by banding together and retiring to fortified places. Few, however, at so great a distance from the disputed territory, suffered from the attacks of the Indians; after their first panic had in a degree subsided, even when the struggling band of plunderers were scouring the country, the inhabitants, for the most part, returned to their deserted homes.

Stephen Moxon was a brave, resolute settler, whom nothing could intimidate. While many of his neighbors fled to towns for security, he calmly went to work to fortify his own house, which he was determined not to leave. He knew that such flying parties never stopped to lay a siege to a place, and that if he and his son, a bold young man of twenty-five, could, with the assurance of his wife and daughter, keep the Indians at bay for a season, there would be nothing to fear.

"With wife and Mary," he used to say, "to load our rifles, George and I can pick off a few red skins, I am thinking, before they can do much harm to us."

So Moxon and his family remained at home, while all his neighbors fled. To these, however, there was an exception. There was a young man living close by, who could not think of deserting the neighborhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind. Accordingly he resolved to remain, and would have made the house of Moxon his home for a time had he been on good terms with Mary's family. As it was, there having been a quarrel between him and Geo. Moxon, the brother of her he loved, he chose rather to shut himself up in his house alone, than form any compact with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between Richard Watts and George Moxon, Richard and Mary were betrothed; for their love and confidence in each other were unshaken.

After the first panic, occasioned by the depredations of the red men, had subsided, many who had left their homes in the neighborhood, learning that Stephen Moxon's family had not been molested, resolved to return and follow his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would have made Mary his wife, notwithstanding her brother's opposition; but she prevailed upon him to delay his claims until George could be brought to give his consent. With regard to Stephen Moxon himself, he was neither for or against Richard, but left the young men to adjust their own differences, and Mary to do as she chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it happened that George and Richard were hunting in the same piece of woods, and met near the banks of a stream, close to a large and deep mill pond.

We will not describe the interview, nor dwell upon its consequences; suffice it to say that George did not return home that night, and Richard, although he was seen by several of the inhabitants without game of any description, was spotted with blood, and that he had received a knife wound in his shoulder.

On the following morning the neighborhood was alarmed and search was made for George Moxon. It being in the autumn, there were many leaves upon the ground, which enabled the young man's friends to discover near the mill pond, a spot where a struggle had taken place; and where some dead body had evidently been dragged away, and thrown into the water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which Richard Watts was known to possess, was found near the spot, crusted with blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to the friends who accompanied him—and as he spoke his eyes flashed revengefully, his features were pale, and his firm lips compressed—"This, gentlemen, smells of murder! My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends with one accord, "is the murderer! Revenge!"

At the time of which we write, and in that portion of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, but little law existed, except the law of force; and individuals were but too apt to take upon themselves the revenge of their own private wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends throughout the settlement, many of whom were ready to consider the quarrels of that family as their own, and to act accordingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it was known that George Moxon had been killed, and that Richard Watts was the murderer, there was a consultation among

the friends of the deceased, to decide upon the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd, rough, impetuous character, put himself at the head of George's friends, determined, as he said, to see that the right thing was done, and vengeance be taken when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be a difficult task to capture Richard in his own house; and Ford accordingly, having given his accomplices all necessary instructions, proceeded to Richard's alone.

The young man met him at the door, and greeted Ford as he had always done. The latter, rough as he was, could play the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that Richard should suspect the object of his visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?" asked Ford.

"What news?"

"That's it; what news! It is hard to say it, but I must confess I believe it!"

"What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been murdered," said Ford, looking his companion full in the face.

Richard turned deeply pale, but soon recovered himself and answered calmly:

"How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that the murderer had evidently done some heavy object to the body and thrown it into the mill pond.

Richard's perturbation was visible.

"I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that some have thought you—"

"I!" echoed Richard, with a start.

"The fact is," pursued the hunter, "circumstances are against you, and it will be necessary for you to explain where you were last night, and how those spots of blood came on your dress, considering you brought home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said Richard, turning pale. "I am innocent, but there may be some difficulty in explaining these things to the satisfaction of all. I believe you are my friend—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would say, go at once with me to Moxon's house, and give what explanation you can on the subject. If you are innocent, which I should be sorry to doubt, it will be easy to prove yourself so."

Decided by this appearance of friendship in his visitor, Richard resolved to follow his advice, and set out to accompany him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find some half dozen stout, resolute men assembled apparently awaiting his arrival, while neither Mary or Mrs. Moxon were in the room.

"Here," said Ford, "is the place to give your explanations, and recollect that your life depends upon your words. We believe you killed George Moxon, and we are his avengers."

"Villain!" muttered Richard, turning fiercely upon his betrayer, and seizing him by the throat, "take that for your treachery!"

In an instant the young man was hewn down by the friends of George, and bound like a culprit. Finding resistance vain, he submitted patiently to his fate.

"Now," said Ford, "if you have any thing to say, we will hear it—but be brief."

"I have nothing to say before a mob like this," replied Richard, indignantly; "take me before some acknowledged authority, and I will tell all I know about the matter, and let me warn you, however, to beware how you treat me, for I am an innocent man."

"You murdered George Moxon!" said Ford, "we, his friends, are his avengers. We will give you until to-morrow morning to prove your innocence; when, if you fail to do so, you must suffer the penalty."

Richard eyed his accusers sternly and in silence, but opened his mouth as they led him away to a close, narrow apartment, which was chosen as his place of confinement.

CHAPTER II.

Under the same roof with Mary Moxon, Richard was not permitted to see her face.

"Does she know that I am here?" he said to himself. "Does she know that I am accused of taking her brother's life—and am I a murderer in her eyes? Would I could speak with her."

From this the prisoner fell to reflecting on his probable fate.

"That cursed mob! they will lynch me before I am proved guilty!"

Richard was spirited, and had little fear of death—yet the thought of the horrible destiny that threatened him, caused him to shudder. He could only hope for some escape.

He was alone in a distant room, the window of which was fastened on the outside as well as within, and the door of which was guarded by the "avengers of blood." Richard could, therefore, think of nothing but submission to his fate.

When the prisoner was least expecting it he received a visitor.

It was Mary Moxon! The friends of George had given her permission to see

him, hoping that she might induce him to confess, in order that their proposed deed of blood might bear more the appearance of justice.

Mary was scarce eighteen, tall, well formed and beautiful. On the present occasion she was very pale, and her eyes and fair cheeks showed the trace of recent weeping.

Richard advanced and would have taken her in his arms, but she repulsed him, not angrily nor harshly, but with an appearance of solicitude and sorrow.

"Touch me not," said she, "until I know whether you are innocent of this horrible crime, or guilty. Tell me now, truly, Richard," continued she, fixing her dark eyes upon his own, "tell me before God—did you kill my brother?"

"Mary," replied Richard, folding his arms and regarding her with a look of tenderness and pity, "if you do believe that I took your brother's life, you do right to spurn me—I blame you not if you shudder and grow sick at the sight of me. But have you so mean an opinion of me as to credit the false reports you have heard?"

"Then you are innocent!" said Mary, eagerly.