

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1850.

NEW SERIES—NO. 163.

VOL. XX—41.

## ASSESSMENTS FOR 1850.

IN pursuance of the Act of Assembly passed the 27th day of July, 1842, the following statement is hereby published by the Commissioners of Adams county, which exhibits the amount, description and value of the Real and Personal Property, Trades, Occupations, and Professions, made taxable by the several Acts of Assembly of this Commonwealth:—

Township	Real Estate	Personal Property	Trades, Occupations, and Professions	Total
Gettysburg	182400	3060	75500	161000
Cumberland	250553	15443	13087	201000
Germany	112830	8141	23891	144862
Oxford	170000	6680	68704	112100
Huntington	210805	13034	34341	178180
Luttrell	138741	10425	29427	178593
Hamilton	200112	12855	16980	230047
Liberty	121921	8273	18753	148947
Hamilton	183310	9031	46698	238039
Menallen	209578	24279	26507	260364
Strahan	184655	17687	35711	238053
Franklin	234348	23366	36778	294492
Conowingo	201264	8418	35329	245011
Tyone	142713	9464	6430	158607
Mountjoy	163489	10022	21819	195330
Mountpleasant	258599	16438	37599	312636
Reading	114843	14318	34258	163419
Berwick	92001	4382	20768	117151
Freedom	92459	6178	14581	113218
Union	207683	8027	23255	238965
Total	3792989	231486	601715	4700000

JACOB KING,  
JOHN G. MORNINGSTAR,  
JOHN MUSSELMAN, Jr.,  
Commissioners.

Attest—J. AGWINBAUGH, Clerk.  
December 14, 1849.—4w.

### 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 extraordinary low price. A very superior and elegant article of soft soap can be made by this receipt, without Fat, Ashes or Lye, and one barrel of it boiled in the incredible short 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, to any made in the usual manner, and if not found so 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 expense. No person will be permitted to sell receipts unless authorized by me.

JOHN MEIXEL.  
Price One Dollar.  
Receipts can be had of  
SOLOMON POWERS,  
Nov. 23, 1849. Gettysburg.

### NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD HAS just returned from Philadelphia, and is now opening a large stock of FRESH GOODS, AMONG WHICH ARE CHEAT CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Cassinets, Cords, Jeans, SILKS, M. DE LAINES, ALPACAS, Mohair, Cashmere, Fancy do., Calicoes, Gingham, Merinos, English & French Stripes, Plaid and Plain Cassimeres, Ribbons, Flannels, Blankets, Queensware, &c., all of which have been purchased in Philadelphia on the very best terms, and will be sold as cheap as any other establishment can offer them. Please call, examine and judge for yourselves. P. S. Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods at Cash prices. A lot of STOVES on hand, which will be sold cheap.

### JURY LIST.

Grand Jury, January Term, 1850.  
Members: James J. Wills, Bernard Gardner, Michael Dintch, Henry Hartsell, William H. Miller, Valentine Fehl, Jr., Borough: Leonard Stouch, Jr., Reading: John Dicks, Oxford: Levi Waggoner, Freedom: John McCauley, Cumberland: George Plank, George Waybright, Lattimore: David Newcomer, Union: Henry Gutelius, Samuel Young, Hamilton: Plus Fink, Martin Galt, Franklin: Jesse John, James Townsend, Mountjoy: Baltzer Snyder, Frankfort: Peter Mickley, (Cashaw), Mountpleasant: George Hagerman, Samuel Noel, Conowingo: Jacob Little.  
General Jury.  
Borough: David Kendeheart, Samuel McCauley, David Ziegler, James A. Thompson, John Cuff, (of M.), Cumberland: Emanuel Pitzer, Sr., Oxford: Michael Single, Tyrone: Daniel Diehl, Jacob Horsh, Ezra Myers, Peter Hummer, Berwick: Isaac Wolf, George Ickes, Mountpleasant: James Poist, Sebastian Weaver, Franklin: Robert Shakely, Levi Pitzer, Charles Sumner, Mellen: William Harlin, Samuel Diehl, Freedom: David Sandoe, Daniel Sheas, James Bigham, Liberty: Robert Hill, James Moore, Hamilton: Michael Herrick, John B. Paxton, Conowingo: Abraham Keagy, Frs. Krichen, Hamilton: Samuel B. Patterson, Gettysburg: Jonathan C. Forrest, Huntingdon: John Ferres, Mountjoy: Joseph Zuck, Joseph Fink, Lattimore: Adam Gardner, Jr., Reading: John Miller.  
FANCY ARTICLES, Cologne, Soaps, Hair Oils, Tooth Brushes, Toilet Brushes, Tooth Powders, &c., &c., for sale by S. H. BUEHLER.

### 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, Annuals & choice Gift Books, ever opened in this place. Among them will be found The Women of the Bible, Deeds 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, Beauties of Sacred Literature, Friendship's Offering for 1850, The Snow Flake, Christmas Keepsake, Christmas Blossoms, the Fairy, 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, Winter's Poems, Poems of America, Taylor's Philosophy, Pilgrim's Progress, Bryant's Poems, Lady of the Lake, Child Harold, Lalla Rookh, Pilgrim's Progress, Poems by America, Oesin, Tasso, &c., &c. All of which are elegantly bound and embellished, and will be sold at the very lowest prices. Gettysburg, Dec. 14, 1849.

### STAGE HOTEL, GETTYSBURG, PA.

[FORMERLY KEPT BY JAS. A. THOMPSON.]

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public generally that he has taken charge of the large and conveniently located Hotel in Chambersburg street, Gettysburg, Pa., for a number of years under the care of JAMES A. THOMPSON, Esq., and widely and favorably known to the Travelling Public, as the stopping place of the mail Stages to and from Baltimore, York, Harrisburg, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, Frederick, and the intermediate towns. The house has been thoroughly repaired and refurnished, and nothing will be left unattended in the effort to sustain the high character of the House and render it worthy of the patronage of the Travelling Public. The services of attentive Servants and careful Hostesses have been secured, and every requisite convenience will be guaranteed to all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage.

JOHN L. TATE.  
Oct. 12, 1849.

### GETTYSBURG FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOP.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he still continues to carry on the FOUNDRY BUSINESS, in all its branches, at his old establishment, in the Western part of Gettysburg, where he has constantly on hand all sorts of MACHINERY, such as Kettles, Pits, Ovens, Skillets, Pans, Griddles, &c., of all sizes; also, STOVES of every size and variety, including Stoves, for Air-tight and Cooking purposes—among them the far-famed Hathaways. To Farmers he would say, he has on hand an excellent assortment of Threshing Machines. Hovey's celebrated Strawcutters, the renowned Saylor Plows; also Woodcutters and Withers' saws; also Points, Cutters, Shares, &c.

BLACKSMITHING is carried on in its different branches, by the best of workmen.

The subscriber has also opened a BOOT & SHOE Shop in the South end of the Foundry Building, where, with good workmen and excellent materials, the neatest fits and best work will be made. Ladies will be waited on at their residence.

All of the above mentioned articles will be furnished as cheap, for Cash or country Produce, as they can be had anywhere else. All orders will be promptly attended to.

Repairing of all kinds, done at the shortest notice.  
T. WARREN.  
Gettysburg, May 5, 1848.

### OYSTER SALOON.

HENRY SMITH, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg that he has opened an Oyster Saloon, in Chambersburg street between Paxton's Hat Store and the Temperance House, where he will constantly be prepared to serve up the Best Fresh Oysters, in every style, Fried, Roasted, Stewed, &c. He invites the patronage of the public, and pledges the best efforts of the establishment to please. Call, gentlemen, and judge for yourselves. The subscriber would also respectfully inform the public that he intends prosecuting the Tonsorial business in all its varied and various branches. His razor's good and sharp. He'll shave your face without a smart. Gentleman, call and see for yourselves. His sponge is good, his towels are clean, and in his shop he's always seen. He also respectfully informs the gentlemen that they can at any time have their boots blacked in the very best style. Gentlemen can also have grease removed from their clothes.

HENRY SMITH.  
Gettysburg, Dec. 21, 1849.

FOR RENT. A STORE ROOM, in a very desirable situation in the country. Possession given the first day of April next. Enquire at this office.  
Dec. 21, 1849.

### THE POOR.

In the country, in the honest, beautiful, and healthy country, charity prevails to a greater extent than in large cities. The workers of the soil are not as numerous, and the people in the interior are less liable to be laid upon by travelling pretenses. Yes, Charity lives amid the pure streams, beautiful scenery, and fragrant air of the country. It is there that the heart has time to beat in sympathy with the unfortunate—it is there where the benevolent eye can look with emotion—it is there where the soul is thrilled with the touching appeal of the poor man—it is there where the distressed are comforted, the hungry fed, and the naked clothed. It is not generally so in the city. "Go to the Poor-house," is a stereotyped remark applied to the poverty-stricken, by those most able to aid and assist their less favored brethren. We annex a truly beautiful and touching poem, written by A. J. H. Dugan, Esq., in the last number of his *Irish Man*. It should be read and studied by every man and woman in the land. It is a touching illustration of the suffering of the poor. Read it.

### THE POOR.

The storm is out upon the sea— I hear the hollow sound— As seated in my elbow chair, In silent thought profound, I listen to the dropping rain That patters on each pane.

Now, shrieking through the stormy night, The wind is rushing wild, And far above, in heaven's height, The sturdy clouds are piled; And not a single star looks down, To smile away the frown.

The signs are creeping in the streets, The vanes are whirling fast, And drearily the driving sheet Is laboring upon the mast; And gusty rain, and icy hail, The close-barred doors assail!

The watchman shrinks in his box, As fast the chill rain falls, And with the clanging city clocks His hollow warning calls— Oh, close in his mantle wound, He shivers at the sound!

But wandering up and down the streets, O, many hapless ones he meets! Upon his round, I wail! The child of shame, of want, of woe, Who wanders to and fro.

Alas! he has many homeless ones— Are sinking on the ground— The ones who have no friend one shroud— The friendless and the orphan child, Amid the storm as wild.

Creeping away through alleys old Before the tempest dies, With hunger cramped, benumbed with cold, Every requisite convenience will be guaranteed to all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage.

Oh, there are little children there, With lean and shrunken limbs, Within whose eyes the tear of care The light of childhood lingers; Pale as the white cheeks so white— O, 'tis a fearful sight!

Heary is the wind that whistles by— O pattered ones of pride! On it was borne their broken sigh— Who in the streets slide. Ye on your beds of down will sleep— They shiver when the wind weeps.

Feel ye the glowing flame that warms The one who shivers with cold? O, could ye mark the wasted forms, Along the streets that crouch— Ye might perchance a moment feel Your blood, like theirs, congeal!

O, that I had what vein mine! Or worse than mine, expand— I'd buy the noblest name on earth— "The wretched outcast's friend!" And treasure up the income pure— The blessing of the poor!

Be this the poet's heart-felt prayer— That he who rules in Heaven May have within his kindly care The wretch to misery driven! Though the world scorn the poor man's name, God knoweth who's to blame.

Another and momentous series of influences was also arising. The west was now awaking from the barbarism into which it had been thrown by the fall of the Roman empire. Arts and commerce revived in Italy. The Moors were expelled from Spain. The discovery of a passage around the Cape gradually withdrew what was remaining of the Indian trade of Alexandria. Egypt sank lower and lower. Commerce and science had seen their best days in the East, and their seat was henceforth transferred to the Western world. In proportion to the rapid advance of European supremacy, was the decay and disorganization of the Turkish empire; when Bonaparte invaded Egypt, he found the country groaning under the sway of a handful of Mameluke Bays—a dynasty of foreign slaves, who had risen and overpowered their masters, and who, tributary to the Porte only in name, were occupied solely in restless intrigues for supremacy, and outwitting with each other in extortion, while they totally neglected to improve the resources of the sinking country.

At that period, although politically speaking the Turkish Empire was in a very unsettled state, Egypt and other provinces being rather nominally than really dependent upon the Sultan, there existed a strong bond between them in their bigoted profession of Mahomedanism and hatred of all European innovation, which has since been greatly weakened, and become a passive rather than an active feeling.

The Janissaries in Constantinople, and the Mamelukes in Egypt, formidable under the old system of warfare, despised the tactics with which they were yet unacquainted. When the Mamelukes first heard of the invasion of Bonaparte they exclaimed, "What! the French come to invade us? they are the people of whom we buy our cloth; we had better send our sons (groome) to drive them away. By Allah! if they come near us we will cut them up like cucumbers!" The battle of the Pyramids, however, opened their eyes, and disclosed the weakness of their only arm of defence. Egypt fell an easy prey to the invaders, who first accustomed the inhabitants to European arts and arms.

The reputation of feeling occasioned by defeat was great. Despondency succeeded to previous confidence, and though the country was wrested from the French, the inhabitants knew that this had not been effected by their own power, but by that of England. The prestige of Mussulman invincibility was destroyed forever.

The editor of the Charleston Courier had a morsel of green corn in his tub last week, raised in the open air in his own garden, which he long compelled to submit to the Por-

### BIG BRINDLE.

In Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, was possessed of hard common sense. Col. W. had been elected to the Legislature and had been also judge of the county court.

His elevation, however, had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a large and mischievous ox, called "Big Brindle," which frequently broke down his neighbor's fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning, after breakfast, in presence of some gentlemen who had staid with him over night, and who were now on their way to town, he called his overseer to him: "Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle, in order that I may hear no more animal-devotions on his eternal depredations."

Allen bowed and walked off, sorely puzzled to know what the Col. meant. So after Col. W. left for town, he went in his wife and asked her what Col. W. meant by telling him to 'impound' the ox. "Why," said she, "the Colonel meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, for it was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was a wild and vicious one, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation he succeeded. "Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow and sobbing, "this is impounding, is it? Now I am dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I impounded Big Brindle, and I'll be 'l' puzzled him as bad as he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party, and as he was not aristocratic, Allen, the overseer, sat down with the company. After a second or third glass was discussed, the Colonel turned to the overseer and said: "Oh, Mr. Allen, did you impound Big Brindle sir?"

Allen straightened himself, and looking around at the company, said: "Yes, I did, sir, but old Brindle transcended the impound and scattered himself all over the equanimity of the forest."

The company burst into an immediate fit of laughter, while the colonel's face reddened with discomfiture. "What do you mean by that, sir?" said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel," said Allen, "that old Brindle being protracted with an idea of the cholera, ripped and lacerated, snorted and pawed dirt, jumped the fence, stuck to the woods, and would not be impounded no how!"

"This was too much; the company roared, in which the Colonel was forced to join, and in the midst of the laughter Allen left the table, saying to himself as he went, 'I reckon the Colonel won't ask me to impound any more oxen.'"

### CÆSAR'S RIDE.

Cæsar had been a faithful servant at one of our country inns many years. His master was kind to him, fed and clothed him well, and told him he should always be cared for in his old age. Cæsar took it in his head one day, that he should like to go on a ride, put up at an inn, be waited on, as he did others, and put things through in style.

"Well, Cæsar," replied his good master, "you shall have my best horse and chaise and take Phillis with you; and here is a five dollar note for you to spend. So you may go and blow it out straight!"

Cæsar and his lady were soon 'done up' in their 'fixins,' the chaise was ready, they jumped in, and drove off in high glee— They pulled up at the inn at the next village! Cæsar gave his horse in the charge of the ostler, with directions to give him a peck of oats, and rub him down well—he then waited upon Miss Phillis into the house, called for a room, a pack of cards, and a bottle of brandy, and a good dinner.

As soon as dinner was over, the brandy used up, and they tired of playing "high low juck," Cæsar called for his team and his bill. The horse was soon harnessed, and the 'items' placed in Cæsar's hand—he could not read, but when the landlord told him the amount was two dollars and a half the eyes of our ebony hero

"In their relaxing circles, rolled in white," in utter astonishment. "Is dat all?" he exclaimed—"wail, if dat be de case, just you take out de hoss again, rub him down, gib him annudder peck, and send up annudder dinner, bottle ob brandy, and cards for me on a blow out, you see, and missus give me de yo to do it brown!"

Just Wit.—One of our eminent lawyers, of Irish descent, was engaged some time since to defend an Irishman who had been charged with theft. Assuming the prerogative of his position, the counsel, in a private interview with his client, said to him, "Now, Patrick, as I am to defend you I want you to tell me frankly whether you are guilty or not. Did you steal the goods?"

"Faith, then," says Pat, "I s'pose I mustall yez. In troth, I did stee 'em." "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here and disgrace your country by stealing," said the honest counsellor.

"In troth, Mr. B— maybe I ought, but then if I didn't stee, you wouldn't have the honor and credit of gettin' me off, 'y' see."

A HAPPY WORLD.—This is a happy world—who says contrary is a cynic. There is every thing to make us happy, and contribute to our enjoyment. The man who has a good heart, sees pleasure where a bad person sees nothing; but gloom.—Who is the most cheerful and contented man—he who is the most honored and has the most wealth? No. It is he who has nothing but a kind heart. Nothing ruffles his temper or disturbs his serenity. It is his whose mind is led from nature up to nature's God—and every day he is contented and happy as it is possible for a man to be. Dependent upon it the world is beautiful, and contains a thousand sources of enjoyment, which they can only see or feel whose hearts are pure, and whose lives correspond with the word of eternal truth. Such persons have a perennial fountain of enjoyment within them that gladdens all around them.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The rapidity with which the population of these islands is decreasing is really astonishing.—Four-fifths have disappeared since the first visit of Captain Cook, a period of seventy years. About one-sixth of the remnant have died within the last six years. One of the oldest foreign residents there, a physician, has lately avowed his belief, that in five years scarcely a native will be found on the islands. Probably the time stated by him is too short; but the result will certainly be realized soon, perhaps within ten or fifteen years. The immediate cause of this rapid decrease may be explained in various ways. But the grand reason, equally applicable to all Polynesian, seems to satisfy all inquirers: it is the destiny of the race.—Boston Courier.

THE YANKEES "FOUKD" OUT.—A recent Boston correspondent of the Herald says that he has found out the secret of Yankee prosperity. "It is universal, incessant, persevering, calculating, well directed labor. Work has done it all. With a natural capital of rocks, and harbors, and forests, and waterfalls, industry has lined the valleys with factories, the hills with cottages and schools, the plains and peninsulas with cities and villages, has penetrated the country in every direction, with railroads, and has whitened all the seas with the sails of Yankee ships freighted with Yankee notions.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE requires the Post Masters to put the initials of the State on every letter mailed at their office when the writer has neglected to do this, or has written in the State name, and this sometimes are received by others, who are unable to tell who sent them, or they come from, when they are sent by officers of the same name in the same territory.

A BRAVE IRISHMAN.—An Irishman who was a soldier of the revolution, and of Warren's brigade, was suddenly stopped near Boston by a party, during a dark night; a horseman's pistol was presented at his breast, and he was asked to which side he belonged. The supposition that it might be a British party rendered his situation extremely critical. He replied, "I think it would be more in the way of civility, just to drop a hint which side are you pleased to favor."

"No," testily said the speaker; "declare your sentiments, or die!" "Then I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American to extremity! Do your worst, you spalpeens!"

The officer replied, "We are your friends; and I rejoice to meet with a man so faithful to the cause of his country."

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