

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

"PEARLESS AND FREE."

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, 1850.

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

VOL. XX—46.

## FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

**T**HE subscriber will sell at private sale the FARM on which HENRY HERSHHEY, Jr., now resides, situated in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of King Wilson, Andrew Heintzelman, and others, containing

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 HERSHHEY, Sen.

Franklin, June 1, 1849.—t

## NEW GOODS.

**T**HE subscriber tenders his acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, and respectfully informs them that he has just received from the Cities a copious assortment of new Goods, comprising in part a fine stock of

SHAWLS, GINGHAMS, DELAINES, GLOVES, STOCKINGS, RIB BONS, FLOWERS, COLLARS,

Muslins, Irish Linens, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

The subscriber deems it unnecessary to enumerate the different articles which comprise his stock. He would therefore earnestly invite all to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

J. L. SCHICK.

Gettysburg, Sept. 28, 1849.—t

## VALENTINES.

**W**HILM be opened on the 1st of February, and will be found on examination to be one of the largest and cheapest varieties ever offered in the place. Don't neglect calling to see them. Remember the only true and genuine assortment is to be found at the cheap Book Store of

KELLER KURTZ,

S. E. Corner of Centre Square, and H. Schriener & Son, Littlestown, J. A. Gardner, Petersburgh, Jacob Hildebrand, East Berlin, Lilly & Riley, New Oxford.

Jan. 25, 1850.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

NEW ARRIVAL!

PLAID LONG SHAWLS at \$7.50

" " 5.50

BAY STATE " 5.00

and from that down. Also, a fine lot of Cashmere, &c. Ladies, call at KURTZ'S Corner before purchasing elsewhere.

Nov. 30, 1849.

**J**UST RECEIVED and now opening a large lot of Long and Square SHAWLS, Turkere do., which will be sold lower than they have ever been offered in the country. Ladies, call soon at KURTZ'S, and examine for yourselves and secure, ere too late, one of the handsomest and most graceful articles that so richly enhances the costume.

## LAST NOTICE.

**T**HE subscriber hereby notifies those who know themselves to be indebted to him over a year, that he is much in need of money, and respectfully requests such to make payment as soon as possible.

T. WARREN.

## FOR RENT.

A SMALL FARM, Situate in Germany (p., Adams Co., Pa. GEO. ARNOLD.

Nov. 23, 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. 24, 1849.

**G**OLD PENS AND SILVER PEN-CILLS (best quality) Card Cases, Visiting and Printing Cards, Fancy Note Paper, Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Fancy Sealing Wax, Letter Stamps, &c., for sale by S. H. BUEHLER.

**S**ILKS—now opening a splendid assortment of those rich CHANGEABLE SILKS, Chameleon Silks, Chameleon Strips Armure, Satin Du Chene, besides a great variety of Black Silk, which will be sold 20 per cent. cheaper than at any other establishment in town.

A. B. KURTZ.

## NOTICE.

**A**LL those indebted to me either by bill of exchange or book account, of a long standing will please call and pay the same by the first day of April next, and oblige

Very Respectfully,

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Feb. 1, 1850.—t

## NOTICE.

P. & S. Small & Son's Execution Docket, No. 4, Jan. Term, 1850.

P. A. & S. Small, Jan. 23, 1850, more than Allen Payne, in Court—Rule for

Civils H. Redding, distribution of the sum on the 26th day of February next. Notice to be given by publication for three weeks in one newspaper published in Gettysburg.

JOHN PICKING, Prothon'y. Prothon'y's Office, Gettysburg, Feb. 1, 1850.

## NOTICE.

Plain and Figured Clasps, Steel Beads, Purse Twists, Tassels, Silk Canvas, and Reticules, constantly on hand and for sale at SCHICK'S.

## STRIVE ON.

Strive on—the ocean never was crossed  
Reaching on the shore;  
A nation's freedom never was won  
When sloth the banner bore.  
Strive on—'tis cowardly to shrink  
When dangers rise around;  
The swifter far, though linked with pain,  
To gain the vantage-ground.  
Bright names are on the roll of Fame,  
Like stars they shine on high;  
They may be hid with brighter rays,  
But never, never die!  
And these were lighted 'mid the gloom  
Of low obscurity;  
Struggling through years of pain and toil,  
And poverty.

But strive—this world's not all a waste,  
A wilderness of care;  
Green spots are on the field of life,  
And flowered bloom fair.  
Then strive—but, ah! let Virtue be  
The guardian of your aim;  
Let pure, unclouded love blume,  
The path that leads to fame!

## THE TEMPEST.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness, I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange that after the lapse of many years that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as glow upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a free nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful as it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods; the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations; the flowers were basking their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxuriant sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the afar off garden of Paradies.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief for me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

## AN AFFECTING STORY.

JACK IS A METHODIST LOCAL PREACHER.

In one of his sermons he told this story; when I was a lad, there were no religious people near where I lived. But I had a young master about my age, who was going to school; and he was very fond of me. At night he would come into the kitchen, to teach me the lesson he had learned himself during the day at school. In this way I learned to read.

When I was well nigh grown up, said Jack, we took up the New Testament, and agreed to read it verse by verse. When one would make a mistake the other was to correct him, so that we could learn to read well.

In a short time we both felt that we were sinners before God, and we both agreed to seek the salvation of our souls. The Lord heard our prayers, and gave us both a hope in Christ. Then I began to hold meetings for prayers and exhortation among the colored people.

"A man came to my room—the same at whose instance a few days ago I presented a memorial calling upon Congress for the purchase of Mount Vernon for the use of the public—and without being at all aware of what purpose I entertained in the discharge of my public duty to-day, he said to me: 'Mr. Clay I hear you make a remark the other day which induces me to suppose that this precious relic in my possession would be acceptable to you.' He then drew out of his pocket, and presented the object which I now hold in my hand. And what, Mr. President do you suppose it is? It is a fragment of the coffin of Washington—a fragment of that coffin in which now repose in silence, in sleep, and speechless, all the earthly remains of the venerated father of his country. Was it not a fragment that it should destroy that which was dearer to me? Was it a sad present of what might happen to that fabric which Washington's virtue, patriotism, and valor established? No, sir no. It was a warning voice coming from the grave to the Congress now in session to beware, to pause, to reflect before they lend themselves to any purposes which shall destroy that union which was cemented by his exertions and his example. Sir, I hope an impression may be made on your mind such as that which was made on mine by the reception of this precious relic."

From that time I continued to preach and pray on Sabbath and Sabbath nights; and on Monday morning my old master would tie me up, and put my back to pieces with a cowhide, so that it never had time to get well. I was obliged to do my work in a great deal of pain from day to day.

Thus I lived near a year and a half. One Monday morning, my master, as usual, had made my fellow-slaves tie me to a shade tree in the yard, after stripping my back naked to receive the cowhide. It was a beautiful morning in the summer time, and the sun shone very bright. Every thing around looked very pleasant. He came up to me with cool deliberation, took his stand, and looked at me closely, but his cowhide hung stiff at his side. His countenance was at work, and it was a great moment in his life.

Well, Jack, said he, your back is covered with scars and pores, and I see no place to begin to whip. You obnoxious wretch, how long do you intend to go on in this way?

Why, master, just as long as the Lord will let me live, was the reply.

Well, what is your design in it?

Why, master, in the morning, of the resurrection, when my poor body shall rise from the grave, I intend to show these scars to my heavenly Father, as so many witnesses of my faithfulness in his cause.

He ordered them to untie me, and sent me to hoe corn in the field. Late in the evening, he came along, pulling a weed here, and a weed there, till he got to me, and then told me to sit down.

Jack, said he, I want you to tell me the truth. You know that for a long time your back has been sore from the cowhide; you have had to work very hard, and are a poor slave. Now tell me are you happy or not, under such troubles as these?

Yes, master, I believe I am as happy a man as there is on earth.

Well, Jack, said he, I am not happy.

Religion, you say, teaches you to pray for those that injure you. Now, will you pray for your old master, Jack?

Yes, with all my heart, said I.

We kneeled down, and I prayed for him.

He came again and again to me. I prayed for him in the field till he found peace in the blood of the Lamb. After this we lived together like brothers, in the same Church. On his death-bed he gave me liberty, and told me to go on preaching as I lived, and at last met him heaven.

I have seen, said Jack, many christians whom I loved, but I have never seen any I loved so well as my old master. I hope I shall meet him in heaven.

[Western Christian Advocate.]

OMITTING TOO MUCH.—A green good-natured, money-making, up-country Johnathan, who said every thing dilly, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony: having no regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a green-horn country justice to put up the tasking. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with prayer, but he believed he would omit that"—on tying the knot he said, "it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that also." The ceremony being over, he led the bride to the parson, and the minister said, "I'll omit that."

GRACE AFTER MEAT.—One day at the table of the late Dr. Pease, dean of Ely, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers.—

"We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"For his supposed stupidity, in thus giving his head exposed, he wittily observed, 'Hat belongs to me, head belongs to messa.'"

A negro, having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity, in thus giving his head exposed, he wittily observed, "Hat belongs to me, head belongs to messa."

A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw an amethystine peak! And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tol-

## MR. CLAY'S SPEECH—INTERESTING INCIDENT.

—The scene in the Senate on Tuesday, during the delivery of Mr. Clay's speech on his compromise resolutions upon the slaves' question, was of more than ordinary interest. No language, says an intelligent correspondent, can describe the manner of Mr. Clay. His lofty patriotism and manly courage make his every word eloquent, as his talents and statesmanship make all who says wise. The galleries and floor of the Senate were crowded to suffocation. Many were moved to tears and at times it was difficult to suppress the applause. Before leaving his lodgings that morning, some one had presented to Mr. Clay's piece of the coffin of Washington, which he took with him to the Senate, and toward the close of his remarks, he thus referred to the thrilling incident:

"A man came to my room—the same at whose instance a few days ago I presented a memorial calling upon Congress for the purchase of Mount Vernon for the use of the public—and without being at all aware of what purpose I entertained in the discharge of my public duty to-day, he said to me: 'Mr. Clay I hear you make a remark the other day which induces me to suppose that this precious relic in my possession would be acceptable to you.'

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