THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI—49. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, 1851. NEW SERIES—NO. 211.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of JACOB HOWARD late of Mountpleasant tp., Adams co. dec'd, having been granted to the subscribers, residing in Straban township, notice is hereby given to such as are indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

WM. HOWARD,
GEO. HOWARD,
Jan. 3, 1851.—6t Adm'rs.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of MARY HECK, late of Mountjoy township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make payment, and to those having claims to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

WILLIAM KUHNS,
Jan. 3, 1851.—6t*

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration, on the estate of CHRISTIAN TOPPER, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in same township, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ABRAHAM REEVER, Adm'r.
Jan. 3, 1851.—6t

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of JOSEPH MILLER, late of Mountjoy township, Adams co., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said Estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present the same properly authenticated, to the subscriber, residing in said township, for settlement.

SAMUEL DURBORAW, Ex'r.
Jan. 3, 1851.—6t

EXTRACT OF COFFEE.

A NEW ARTICLE.

THIS Extract is composed of the best and healthiest herbs, and affords the following advantages: 1st, its great saving, one pound being equal to ten pounds of store coffee; 2d, the excellent aromatic taste afforded, when mixed with store coffee; 3d, it gives a very fine color, and makes the coffee, without any ingredient, perfectly clear; 4th, coffee, mixed with this ingredient, is more wholesome than without it.

The above article can be had at the Store of WM. W. HAMERSLY, North West Corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg. Price 12½ cents.

Dec. 20, 1850.

EXTRACT OF COFFEE.

THE genuine, original *EXTRACT OF COFFEE*, which has been recently so extensively brought into use as a substitute for Coffee, and which recommends itself by reason of its cheapness as well as its excellence, can be had, at all times, at the Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.
Dec. 27, 1850.—tf

FOR RENT.

DWELLING HOUSES, OFFICES, SHOPS & A

Public Hall

FOR Exhibitions, Concerts, Associations, &c. ☞Apply, before 15th of January, to D. M'CONAUGHY.
Dec. 20, 1850.—tf

For Rent,

A STORE ROOM, in a desirable situation in the county. Possession given immediately. Enquire at this office.

An Agent Wanted.

THE "Perry County Mutual Fire Insurance Company" wish to employ an AGENT for the counties of Adams, Cumberland and York. Application, by letter, post-paid, accompanied with references as to character, qualifications, &c., to be made to the undersigned at New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

J. M'FARLANE,
A. B. ANDERSON,
C. ROTH, jun.
Jan. 31.—3t Executive Comm.

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, to make a further distribution of assets in the hands of JOHN WOLFORD, one of the Assignees of HENRY BITTINGER, notice is hereby given that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, on *Thursday the 20th day of February next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the house of JOHN D. BECKER, in Petersburg, Huntington township, Adams county, when and where all persons interested will please attend.

GEO. ROBINETTE,
Jan. 31.—3t Auditor.

Fans! Fans!

A Large variety of FANS just received and offered to the Ladies at KURTZ'S Cheap Corner

Shawls! Shawls!

J. L. SCHICK has just received a splendid lot of *Bay State Shawls*, to which he would ask the attention of the Ladies. Also, a fine article of *Gum Shoes*

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!

THE Ladies' attention is asked to a very large and varied assortment of plain MANTUA and SATIN RIBBONS, of every width and color that may be desired.

Oct. 4. J. L. SCHICK.

NOTICE.

Adams County, SS.

At an Orphans' Court held at Gettysburg in and for said County on the 20th day of January, A. D. 1851, before Daniel Durkee Esq., President, and James McDivit and Samuel R. Russell, Esqs., Judges, &c., Assigned, &c.

On motion, the Court grant a Rule on all the heirs and legal Representatives of Jacob Grass, late of Straban township, Adams county, dec'd, to be and appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Gettysburg in and for said county, on the *25th day of February next*, to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of said deceased, at the valuation thereof made, and in case the said heirs or any of them neglect or refuse to take the same at the valuation, then to show cause why the same should not be sold agreeably to the intestate laws of this Commonwealth personal notice to be given to all heirs residing in Adams county; and to those residing out of the County, by advertising the same three times successively in one newspaper in the county, a copy thereof to be deposited in the Post-office at Gettysburg, directed to John Grass, at Manchester, Carroll co., Md., and to George and Leah Heyd, at Shepherdstown, Cumberland county, Pa., at least ten days before the meeting of Court.

By the Court,
H. DENWIDDIE, Clerk.
Jan. 31, 1851.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the *Administration Accounts* of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned, will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Tuesday the 25th day of February next*, viz:

199. The account of Charles Smith, Administrator of the estate of Andrew Smith, deceased.

200. The first and final account of John Plank, jr., Guardian of Henrietta Wehrly, minor daughter of George Wehrly, deceased.

201. The first account of Abraham Scott, Administrator of the estate of Hugh Scott, deceased.

202. The account of Christian Bishop, acting executor of Philip Bishop, sen., deceased; also, the first account of Philip Bishop, Executor of Philip Bishop, sen., deceased.

203. The first and final account of James J. Wills, Esq., Guardian of Martha, Ann and Rebecca Wright.

204. The second account of Henry J. Kuhn, Guardian of Mary Ann, Elizabeth, and George J. Felty.

205. The account of Jeremiah Sellers, Executor of the last will and testament of Abraham Sellers, deceased.

206. The account of Peter Mickley, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Rife, deceased.

207. The first and final account of Maxwell Shields, Executor of the last will and testament of Rachel Flohr, deceased.

208. The account of Robert Smith, Executor of Walter Smith, deceased, who was Guardian of George O. M'Ilheny.

209. The first account of Peter Ketterman and Peter Solleberger, Executors of the last will and testament of Deder Smith, deceased.

WM. W. HAMERSLY,
Register's Office, Gettysburg, Jan. 31, 1851. } Register.

Removal.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed from East Berlin, to YORK, Pa., where he has purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the Store formerly occupied by Dr. A. H. BARNITZ, which he has refitted and furnished with an entire new stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c., &c., all of which he is prepared to sell to his old friends, customers, and the public generally, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices.

E. T. MILLER.
Jan. 17.—tf

FOR THE LADIES.

A. B. KURTZ has the pleasure of announcing to his numerous Lady Customers, that he has now in store, a large and fashionable assortment of

GOODS,

which he now offers for their examination. With a desire to please all, he earnestly solicits a continuance of their patronage and favors.

LAST NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted by Note or Book Account to the late firm of COBEAN & KING, to call with the undersigned and make payment immediately, as it is necessary that the Books be closed up without delay.

ALEXANDER COBEAN.
Gettysburg, Jan. 10, 1851.—3t

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of LUDWICK KING, late of Germany township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

ADAM KING, Ex'r.
Jan. 31.—6t

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.

THE undersigned has opened an Office in Carlisle street, next door to the "STAR" office, where he will be found at all times, prepared to attend to all business that may be placed in his hands.

D. A. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, May 10, 1850.

To Jenny Lind--'Huah! Huah!'

Park Benjamin thus gracefully thanks the "nightingale" for the pleasure she gave him one evening at Tripler Hall. It is one of the sweetest things yet elicited from our native poets by the surpassing charms of the noble Swede.

I heard you sing, oh Northern bird,
The South's artistic strain,
And fancied that the Heaven of sound
Fell in melodious rain—
I listened till the raptured sense
To wild amazement grew,
Wondering if nightingales indeed
Could sing as sweet as you.

But when you sang your native song,
I heard the gushing rills,
And felt the bracing winds that blow
Among your Swedish hills;
I sate no more in Tripler Hall,
But high among the rocks,
And saw the herdsmen as they cried,
Responsive to their flocks.

And "hush! hush!" to my ear
By distance made more sweet,
Came echoed back until the sounds
Were gurgling at my feet,
And so I said, a happy land
The land of Swede must be,
When every gale that wafts her clouds
Is full of melody.

Your singing ceased, oh Northern bird!
Yet still the Herdsmans' call
Went floating round the frescoed forms
That bent o'er Tripler Hall.
Methought how wonder grows to hear
Italia's strains of Art!
But Nature's simple music speaks
A language to the heart!

[From Graham's Magazine.]

THE WIDOW INDEED.

BY RICHARD P. SMITH.

"She that is a widow indeed and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplication and prayers night and day"

Poor old Miriam! we behold objects in childhood that remain our inseparable companions through life, whose lineaments are still fresh in memory, though myriads of intervening things may have passed away like shadows. Such is the impression made upon my mind by the patient creature whose humble career I am about to record.

Miriam's parents were too unobtrusive to awaken malevolence, and too independent to apprehend oppression. She was their only child. Possessed of intellect, they afforded her every opportunity of cultivating it, and with their virtuous example before her, she attained the years of womanhood, lovely and beloved—Gray-haired men still speak in raptures of her youthful beauty, and deny that the present age can produce her paragon.—True, it sounds strange to hear her queen-like figure, raven hair, and pearl teeth enlarged upon by decrepid age, sans teeth, sans hair, sans every thing; but where breathes the artist who can portray in such glowing colors as memory, when she places before the eyes of the aged their themes of young delight!

Miriam married; her choice was worthy of her, and her husband fully appreciated the good bestowed upon him. Their union was one cloudless summer day; nor was their happiness confined to themselves; its influence was felt wherever they appeared, for no one ever received at their door the answer given at the coming of the bride-groom—"not; lest there be not enough for us and you."

Their union was blest with an only daughter. Their cup of joy was filled without one dash of bitter, and daily thanks to the Fountain of all, hallowed their happiness. But "boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

They had been married some ten years when her husband died. In the spring time of life when earth laughs out as the primitive Eden, few reflect that the winged hours are incessantly working a fearful change, and that the time must arrive when the magic spell will be broken, and nothing remain but "the flaming sword that turneth every way" to bar man from his lost happiness.

Miriam anticipated the blow as little as others, but she was better prepared than most to meet it. She knew from whose lips the mandate issued: that whatsoever He doeth it shall last forever; nothing can be put to it nor any thing taken from it."

She had watched by the bedside of her companion with that unwearied devotion which a true wife alone can display. She had marked the gradual inroads of disease but continued to hope on, for while he breathed, it did not occur to her how nearly allied life is to death; how brief the passage from the one to the other—a single respiration and no more. But when the last sigh was breathed she awoke to a full sense of her loneliness. He was all to her on earth, and now nothing remained to her on earth but the recollection of departed joys. When the paroxism had subsided, she arose—grief and resignation struggling for the mastery—she clasped her hands, and turning her tearful eyes towards heaven, meekly articulated—"not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Years passed away, for time pursues the same even course whether this world smiles or weeps. Her spirit did not shrink from the severity of her trials, for there were duties to be performed, hopes uncrushed—and the human heart, like the dove of peace when flitting over a deluged world, bears up, trusting still to find the solitary resting-place amidst universal desolation.

Her husband had left sufficient for the support of herself and child. The widow devoted her days to the instruction of little Mary, and she was rewarded, by seeing her as she approached womanhood, surpass a fond mother's anticipations. She was a delicate flower, nurtured in an atmosphere where no breeze passed over her rudely, but where all around was fragrance and sunshine. Such plants soon pine away and die when removed from their native soil.

Mary knew nothing of the world beyond her mother's threshold. Her young imagination peopled it with such beings as her own kind mother. In her mind all had their peaceful homes—the universe all love and harmony—the flowers, the streams, the hills, unfailing fountains of delight—all joyous, and she the most glad some being in a joyful world. Morn but awoke her to twitter her light-hearted song like a summer bird, and at night she hymned his praise in the same innocent strain of rejoicing, while her glad mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for the blessing conferred. They indeed were happy.—

Happy! If you have entrusted your happiness in the hands of your fellow-creature, await the rising of the morrow's sun. Call no man happy until death.—He alone is happy who cares not how soon the sun may set forever—and he himself arise beyond the influence of that sun. That man may dream that he is happy.—Dream on, thou glorious dreamer!

There lived in the village a young man named Mark Moreland. He was handsome and possessed a taste for books and abounding in animal spirits, he was usually the victor in all the village sports.—As he wore his laurels proudly, the young men envied him, but the aged shook their heads, and prophesied that Mark would come to no good, for he was idle.

Mary's beauty did not escape his notice, and her mother's little possessions rendered her more attractive. It was his custom when returning from shooting or fishing, to stop at the widow's cottage, and to present her with the choicest of his spoils. He would read to them of evenings, and the notes of his flute harmonizing with the clear joyous voice of little Mary, often arrested the step of the passing villagers. To the inexperienced girl he appeared to be all he assumed; not so in the eyes of her mother.

Mary loved him with that depth of devotion the human heart can feel but once. Imagination had clothed the object of her idolatry with all the attributes of perfection. Young love bends to an idol of its own creation, and zealously threads the universe in pursuit of the richest offerings to increase its ideal beauty; but when the charm is broken, and the cloud of incense dispelled, the object is frequently found to be as repulsive as the ass's head around which Titania entwined her fairy garlands.

The widow discovered with grief the bias of her child's affections, and used all persuasion to estrange her feelings. She referred to their peaceful condition, and deprecated a change. "He's idle," said she, "and such seldom obtain the respect of their fellow men. Our lives have been simple and harmless, his the reverse. He is not of us—a scoffer at those tidings we hold most sacred; and remember the ingrate to his God is never trusted by his fellow man—not even by *his* fellow scoffer."

The scoffer will be somewhat astonished, if, after all, the things he scoffed at should turn out to be eternal truth, and the wisdom of ages has been exceedingly favorable on that side of the question.—Scoff on, thou fool! You first assume to yourself the attribute of Omniscience, and then impudently deny that omniscience can exist elsewhere than in your own brain. Thou know-all-worm! it is possible that by chance you have missed a figure.

Mary wept, for it was the first time she had given the mother pain: the first time she believed her to be in error; still she appreciated her motives and struggled to comply with her wishes. It was a conflict of deep-rooted feeling—a strife between duty and love. It is unnecessary to add which proved the victor.

Aware that Miriam would never consent to their union, Mark persuaded the infatuated girl to be married privately. It was her first act of disobedience; she no longer felt herself the guileless being she had been up to that hour; it seemed to her that she had changed nature with some abhorred and guilty thing, and Mark endeavored in vain to assuage the poignancy of her feelings. She had deceived her mother—confidence had ceased to exist—and she trembled as a criminal in her presence.

When the unhappy tidings were divulged, the widow wept in secret over her blighted hopes, but not a word of reproach fell from her lips to embitter the chalice her deluded child had prepared for her own lips. She recieved Mark in her humble dwelling, and treated him as her son.

Mark's conduct underwent a thorough change, and Miriam imagined that she had seen the error of his ways, and turned from them. In the simplicity of her heart she said—"this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Mark having gained her confidence proposed to embark in business, as he was weary of an idle life. But he had not the means and he applied to Miriam to assist him. Mary added her entreaties, and the widow pledged her little all to promote the welfare of her children. The result might have been foreseen Inexperienced—reckless—self-willed—in a few years he exhausted the widow's means and deeply involved all who trusted in his visionary speculations. He became bankrupt; the widow destitute.

The descent to adversity is easy, but to retrace our steps over obstructions which we had, ourselves thrown in the pathway, requires energy passed by few. Bad became worse daily with Mark Moreland. The amusements of his boyhood assumed the features of his vices in his riper years. The budding of sin, in a child, to some appears attractive, but when matured—repulsive. The most poisonous weed, in the spring time, may produce a gorgeous flower, but in autumn the seed is death.

The widow seeing all was lost, trusted to her own resources. She opened a school, that the children of the village might benefit by her moral and intellectual culture, and she maintain her independence. There was a purity of purpose within her threshold which creates an atmosphere the impure cannot breathe. Mark, returning from his midnight orgies to behold the quiet simplicity of the widow's home, felt as did the rebellious angels when the sublimated atmosphere of heaven drove them mad.

Mary had a child; a boy, some two years old. Late one night Mark returned from his companions, ill-humored and intoxicated. He would fondle with the boy but Mary alarmed for the child's safety, opposed his wishes. He snatched the boy from her arms and fell with the infant beneath him. From that day the child, who had given promise of all that partial parents anticipate from their first born, became an idiot. Mark was now a melancholy man. He daily witnessed the desolation he had occasioned, no part of which came within his power to alleviate. He was chained, a hopeless spectator of a scene that drove him wild. The vacant stare of his beloved boy—the silent but ill-concealed repinings of his wife, that were inevitably hurrying her to an untimely grave; the conflict between resignation and despair which was laying desolate the widow's heart, strewed the pathway to duty with thorns, and the purer he became the more pingnant became repentance. Destitute of the means to relieve their necessities; too infirm of purpose to contemplate the result of his own vices, he fled from the ruin in its desolation, selfishly hoping to find a Lethe for remorse in the hurried vortex of a heartless world.

Deserted by her husband, and reproaching herself for the trials her disobedience had imposed upon her mother, Mary wasted to the grave with a disease that knows no cure. If the body be afflicted, there is hope for extraneous remedy; if the mind sickens it must be its own physician.—Mary watched over her idiot child—sat statue-like beside her patient mother—seldom spoke—never smiled—and died.—The innocent to die thus—of self-reproach and broken hearted, is, indeed, the human agony of the cross and crown of thorns.

Miriam was now destitute and alone, but she knew that "he who faints in the day of adversity, his strength is small."—Her time was devoted to her little school and unwearied efforts to infuse light into the mind of her benighted offspring. At length he could imitate the sound of a few words, but not for the purpose of imparting ideas. She took him repeatedly to his mother's grave, and taught him to pronounce the word—mother, and kneel in the attitude of invoking a benediction.—She taught him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, word by word, as it fell from her lips; and though its import made no impression upon his mind, still, morning and night, he prayed with as much outward zeal as many who do possess all the advantages of the light of revelation. The principal difference consisted in this—he prayed in their lowly chamber, with no other witness than his grandmother and his God, while many seldom invoke the attention of the Creator without requiring a crowded congregation to bear witness. Why hide your candle under a bushel? Let the meek and lowly behold with what audacity pride and ostentation can approach the Diety—as if there were an aristocracy in heaven.

A few years rolled on rapidly. One evening as the boy was paying his accustomed homage at his mother's grave—zealously repeating the overwhelming appeal of deity to deity—too often an unwinged prayer, and doubtless, at times, a malediction self-invoked upon the head of a Pharisee, the boy, as he arose, beheld a man standing beside him.

"Whose grave is that, my child, you are kneeling on?"

"My mother sleeps here."

The stranger read the simple inscription on the head stone—shuddered, and inquired in a tremulous voice,

"Your father—do you know your father?"

"Our father who art in heaven," began the boy, standing erect, and with uplifted hands—

"His name?"

"Hallowed be thy name."

"I mean your father."

"I have no other father."

The thunder of heaven could not so have shaken the iron nerves of that strong man, as did the simple reply of the idiot boy; but it was not the thunder of heaven that spoke in that small voice—"I have no other father."

"Come, come," said the boy, taking him kindly by the hand—and the unnerved man suffered himself to be led away as if he were both maimed and blind. Marvel not at that; men of the strongest minds, at times, allow themselves to be led away by idiots.

They reached the widow's cottage as she was in the act of dismissing her little school. They paused, and overheard the admonition and blessing bestowed upon her pupils, about to leave her for the night, whilst each shook hands with her as if impatient for the coming morrow. The man bowed his head and wept as if he were a child again. Children always make good men feel as children, and at times they restore the blurred record of childhood so vividly to the minds of the impure, that they wish they were children again. But as that is impossible, let them indulge in a prospective view of their second childhood—early vice in the seed.

They entered the cottage—Miriam was surprised at beholding a stranger thus introduced; she turned her face toward him—recognized him, and clasping her hands, sunk upon a chair exclaiming, "Mark Moreland!"

Where she sat was the place where the boy was accustomed to pray of nights. He ran to her, and knelt, saying, "Mother, I pray as Christ prayed;" a phrase she had taught him. He commenced, and coming to the passage, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us"—which the widow had taught him to pronounce with the solemnity due to its importance—she looked into the eyes of the contrite man, then into the secret recesses of her own heart, and the prayer, passing from the untutored lips of an idiot child, sunk more deeply than ever before, though aided by theatrical jesture—pomp—and the studied elocution of the preacher. Mark was forgiven as far as human infirmity can forgive.

During his absence he had acquired some property. His habits had undergone a change, and all with whom he had dealings pronounced him an upright, benevolent, and industrious man. Yet he felt himself a vagrant on earth, without the prospect of ever becoming the denizen of heaven.

The widow received him as her son, and he employed himself to render their home the abode of peace. True, it was lighted up with the genial sunshine, but bright rays never played there. Clouds seldom intruded, except upon Mark's soul, when he contemplated the vacant stare of his child. He had brought him into the light of life only to give him darkness.—Morning and evening he beheld the boy appealing to his God in the darkness of his intellect, and arise from his prayers happy. The thought occurred—I have intellect of which I was once proud, yet stand aloof from the path that leads to him who gave it! He knelt a humble man beside his idiot son, and prayed. The boy smiled to see him pray, and patted him on the head in imitation of his grandmother's benediction, and ever after led him to their bedside, and they prayed together. Truly, in this instance, "the child was father of the man," though not in the sense the poet intended.

All nature is at times oracular, speaking in a voice too plain to be misunderstood. The earth, the sky, the ocean, are unwearied and eloquent teachers. The rustling of the autumnal leaf may awaken faculties that would slumber on the sea-beach—the rippling brook babbles its lesson, and even the stroke of the dark iron upon the dull flint, may elicit a spark sufficient for some minds; man knows not when nor whence he may imbibe the seminal idea that expands the soul, until darkness becomes luminous, and light gleams through chaos. God's ministers are legion.

We move in circles, Miriam's unoffending life had promised all. Her child died harmless; had she lived longer, would she so have died? The widow infused a glimmer of light into a blank mind, which guided the foot-steps of a cast-away. His sacrifice of the unoffending had worked out his own salvation. Good came out of evil. The purest on earth was sacrificed for the sins of man, and human nature should strive to imitate the example. The greatest evil has conferred on man the greatest good.

The boy lived and died a blank, still he was born for good. The widow soon followed him to the grave, having fulfilled her duty; and Mark is living to this day a gray-haired, wealthy man—and, of course, respected—by all; and yet he would give all earth to be respected by himself and his God.

A FATHER RECLAIMED FROM PROFANITY BY HIS CHILD.—During a protracted meeting in a certain town in Kentucky, a gentleman of some considerable note called on me at my lodgings. He wished to connect himself with the church on the following Sabbath. He had been remarkably profane; but the Lord had been merciful to him, and he was now, as he hoped, a converted man. The case was this:—He once had a lovely boy, an only son; this beloved child gave evidence of early piety. When perhaps not more than nine years of age he was laid upon a sick and dying bed. He talked sweetly about Jesus, and much about heaven. On one occasion, when near his end, he called his father to his bedside, and, with great respect and affection, said, "Papa, I wish to make one request of you before I die!"

"What is it, my darling?" said the weeping father, bending over his beloved and now dying child. "O my dear son, your father is willing to do anything in the world for you; what do you wish me to do?"

"Papa," said the dying child, "dear papa, if you please, don't swear any more."

The father, as he narrated the affecting incident, wept,—tears rolling down his cheeks. "O, sir," said he to me, "I never had any thing come with such power to my soul before the language of my dying boy, "Papa, dear papa, if you please, don't swear any more." Sir, it was blessed to my soul."

I need only add, that the next day I saw that man seated at the table of the Lord; and may we not suppose that when he comes to die, his cherub boy will hover over his dying bed, and be the first to welcome his happy spirit home to glory and to God!

LOCUST YEAR.

The seventeen year Locusts will appear this year in all those parts of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Delaware, embraced in the following boundaries: Commencing at the Delaware river, near Germantown, Pa., thence southwesterly to the Blue Ridge of the Alleghany mountains, along the east side of the Ridge to Loudon and Fauquier counties, Va.; thence easterly through a portion of Fairfax, across the Potomac, above Georgetown, through Montgomery, and upper portion of Anne Arundel counties, Md., to the Patapsco; along the northeast side of the Patapsco to the Chesapeake bay, thence to Havre-de-grace, through Cecil county, and Delaware, to the Delaware river; up the west side of that river to the beginning. These boundaries are nearly correct, as they appeared in 1834, though they may now vary. The Locust will certainly appear on the south side of the Patapsco, at least in small numbers, as, during the breeding season in 1834, great numbers were blown over the river by a high wind that prevailed in the height of that season. Over the whole of the large tract of country embraced in the above boundaries, the Locusts will appear in myriads. They will begin to leave the ground about the 20th of May, a few days earlier or later, according to the weather. From the 1st to the 10th of April, their chambers may be uncovered by simply shaving off an inch of two of the surface soil with a spade, in any place where trees or shrubbery stood in 1834. They will resemble small sugar holes, 2 to 4 inches apart; and the grub or larva may be found by digging a foot or two deep in the same situations. Those who have valuable shrubbery, will do well to protect it by covering it with cheap gauze, from the 1st to the 20th of June. They do no other harm than that of causing the death of the small twigs, by their perforations for depositing their eggs.

GIDEON B. SMITH, M. D.

For the "Star and Banner."

Railroad from Gettysburg.---No. 2.

TO THE FARMERS OF ADAMS COUNTY.

The rambling thoughts in my first communication set forth some of the principle advantages of a railroad from Gettysburg to some one of the several points which present themselves to your consideration for connection. Erroneous impressions may exist on the minds of some in reference to a Railroad from the fact that in some localities their beneficent effects have not yet become apparent. This is due to circumstances of an adverse character, which are peculiar to such localities.—Thus a railroad may have been made through a district of country, which at the same time experienced a great loss in its business from improvements elsewhere. There the road does well in enabling such district to sustain itself under its loss; for if the road had not been constructed, the business of the district would have been ruined. Some sections of country allow no immediate improvement because a road for heavy tonnage is not required either for exportation or importation purposes. When products may consist mainly of grain, their soils require no foreign manures; and having an abundance of wood, very little coal is transported upon it. Again there may be an utter destitution of enterprise amongst the inhabitants, and the road not made available for manufacturing purposes and other enterprises; or the inhabitants may be so embarrassed with previous debt as to require years, with all the advantages of the road to hire, to extricate them. Had a road been presented to the people of Adams co. in 1834, it could not have saved them from the then existing embarrassment, so as to show a profit to persons resident to persons unacquainted with the pecuniary difficulty then existing. But a careful examination shows that, notwithstanding such adverse influences, every road that has yet been built has resulted in great commercial and pecuniary advantages to the communities to which or through which it has been extended. Whilst this is true in a general way, it will prove itself peculiarly so in reference to our county. Many of our products are heavy and bulky and cannot now be taken to market in wagons with profit, except when very high in price, as in the items, apples, potatoes, &c. So also in regard to articles which we need in return, such as coal, lumber and lime. We are now too far from market for these and many others to constitute a profitable portion of our trade. Our people the being comparatively free from debt with their known enterprise will make the road available for many purposes for now thought of.

When we consider all these known facts and look at the effects produced by roads, we arrive at a most cheering conclusion as to the benefits of a road to our county. Railroads every where have given increased value to land. A paper before me states that the Nashville and Chatenoog road has doubled the price of land in that part of Tennessee. In Schuylkill county coal lands have increased in price a hundred fold, and the agricultural lands in the valley of the Schuylkill have doubled in price. The poor farms of Chester county have been changed by lime into the most fertile in the State, and are now tripled, and in some instances quadrupled, in value, because doubly productive and brought near to market. The following facts I have before me in a letter from an intelligent citizen of York County:—"The town of York has increased over two thousand in population, and there have been more buildings put up since the road has been built than in 25 or 30 years preceding. Some farms in the vicinity of the road, at one time considered almost worthless on account of the difficulty of getting to market and barrenness of the soil, are now worth from $50 to $70 per acre. I did at one time know the quantity of milk taken to market daily, but I have forgotten it; it was almost incredible. I would have doubted it had it not been elicited upon oath, before a jury, in a case for damages. One man sends, during the summer months, $75 worth of Ice Cream, made on his own farm, to market every day. Another sends off from 40 to 60 perch of Lime Stone per day, besides large quantities of burnt lime.—There are about a dozen perpetual Lime Kilns in operation in the neighborhood of the borough.—For the last month one hundred wagons a day have come to York with produce sold there or sent to the cities. One house alone sends an average of 20 Cars daily."

Without a Railroad, taking Gettysburg as your point of departure, you are twenty-six hours wagon carriage from Baltimore, and fourteen from York. Allowing only 15 miles per hour for railroad transportation, you are upon the same circle with all places at a distance of 390 miles from Baltimore direct and 270 by way of York. In the manner you are on an equality with all places on a circle of 310 miles from Philadelphia—all intermediate places between these points having an advantage over you which is equal to the diminution of their respective distances from the cities named. That is, your relative locality in the circle is as if it were in Western Pennsylvania, near the Ohio line.

On the other hand, make this Road and you will place yourselves upon an equal footing with all places equally distant with you from these points by railroad, and within four miles wagoning distance of York, and in the same proportion to the other points. Brought thus near to the cities, your lands will be appropriated to the cultivation of articles of produce with profit, which, without railroad conveniences, cannot be taken on wagons so as to pay. Apples are now one dollar a bushel in Philadelphia and hardly ever less than fifty cents. Quinces are never less than $2, generally $3 and often $4, per bushel in Philadelphia. And yet, owing to the distance and injury sustained in wagon transportation, you dont send either of these products except on very rare occasions. Thus I might mention many other articles which could be carried cheaply and would command good prices. When we look at the present population of the two Cities with which you would thus become connected, we are able to form an estimate of this species of trade. Unitedly, they contain about 600,000 persons, without including sojourners. It is generally conceded that each individual consumes a barrel of flour annually—making over 600,000 barrels of Flour, amounting to 24,000 Wagon loads of 25 barrels each. Add to this a proportionate amount of Meats, Roots, Vegetables, Fruits, and small marketing, and you can form some idea of the immense consumption of this vast population; to supply your quota of which is now accomplished so imperfectly, since you can send but a few of the numerous articles of consumption needed.

Another immediate gain is increase of population. Many are induced, during the summer months, to leave the crowded cities and take up their residence in the country. York has not been able to accommodate all who have thus desired to take up their abode there. Numbers of such, no doubt, would come on to Gettysburg. This being the terminus of the road, Gettysburg would become the depot for the produce of many miles to the West and South, and in turn supply these districts with their lumber, and coal and merchandise. Besides many others would be attracted by the various openings to industry, developed by such improvement, and thus in these and other ways our population would be increased. When it is remembered that every person thus added to a community consumes to the amount of one or more hundred dollars annually, such additions to population become very important, since their money finds its way into the pockets of the producers of the articles consumed. In this way only can we account for the comparatively prosperous condition of our people at present. There engaged in the various departments of coach-making, tanning, foundry, and other mechanical establishments are consumers, and by their industry indirectly bring money from abroad which circulates among