

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. FEARLESS AND FREE. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. NUMBER 44. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9, 1862. VOLUME XXII.

### NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of David Ziegler, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of

### HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, GROCERIES, CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS, Springs, Axes, Saddlery, Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings, Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally.

Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee (for the Ready Money,) to dispose of any part of it on reasonable terms as we can be purchased any where.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL B. DANNER, DAVID ZIEGLER. Gettysburg, June 13, 1851.—f

### INSURE YOUR PROPERTY!

THE Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, and for low rates, economical management, and safety in Insurances, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Books of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring in it. As no travelling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be gained.

The Managers are: Samuel Miller, A. R. Stevenson, Geo. Swapp, and D. A. Buehler, Gettysburg; Wm. B. Wilson, Mendlin; Robert M. Curdy, Cumberland; Jacob King, Straban; Andrew Heintzelman, Franklin; A. W. Maginly, Hamiltonian; J. L. Noel, Oxford; J. Musselman, jr., Liberty; H. A. Pickling, Reading; Jacob Griest, Latimore. Nov. 21, 1851.—f

### TO BRIDGE BUILDERS.

SEALED Proposals will be received at the office of the Commissioners of Adams county, in Gettysburg, until Tuesday the 20th day of January next, for building a Wooden Bridge, latticed and roofed, over Marsh Creek, where the road leading from Gettysburg to Nunnemaker's Mill crosses said Creek. The bridge to be of one Span of 100 feet in length. Plans and Specifications for the Bridge can be seen at any time by persons wishing to bid, by calling upon J. Aughinbaugh, Clerk of the Commissioners in Gettysburg.

JOHN MUSSELMAN, JACOB GRIEST, ABRAHAM REEVER, Commrs.

Attest: JACOB AUGHINBAUGH, Clk. Commissioner of Adams Co. Dec. 12, 1851.—f

### FOR SALE OR RENT, THE VALUABLE THREE-STORY DWELLING HOUSE

in which my family now resides in the Borough of Gettysburg. It is one of the best in town, and will be sold or leased on low and accommodating terms. For further information, call on my brother-in-law Mr. George Swapp in Gettysburg, who is fully authorized to act for me in the premises. Possession given on the first of April next.

N. B.—There is a perpetual Insurance in one of the best Fire Insurance Companies in the State, the policy for which will be transferred to the purchaser.

DANIEL M. SMYSER. Nov. 28, 1851.—f

### FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

H. BUEHLER has just received a very large assortment of

### Annals and Gift Books.

Suitable for presents during the approaching HOLIDAYS.

to which he invites the attention of purchasers in the character of their work, as constantly on hand for sale, and in view of the fact that the Month-books of these Ploughs is one-fourth heavier than that of other ploughs, it is decidedly the cheapest that can be obtained.

WHEATROW PLOUGHS and other Castings for the Woodcock Plough, Wind-mill Machinery, Castings and Hollow-ware, with every article usually made at Foundries can be obtained here.

Blacksmithing and Shoe Making as usual.

T. WARREN & SON. Dec. 12, 1851.—f

### PROSPECTUS OF THE AMERICAN WHO REVIEW.

In the original prospectus of the American Review, issued at Washington by Mr. Colton, its former Proprietor and Editor, a number of the leading Whig Members of the 27th Congress (1845-6) subscribed their names to the following resolution:

"Earnestly approving the plan of such a National organ, long needed to give to the people a fair and impartial account of the proceedings of their representatives, and to be conducted by a man of high character, and whose communications may be necessary to set forth and defend the doctrines held by the United Whig Party of the Union. Signed by G. P. Marsh, Daniel D. Barnard, J. McPherson Berrien, J. R. Ingalls, E. J. Morris, T. W. Clingman, Daniel Webster, R. C. Winthrop, Thomas B. King, H. Fish, J. P. Kennedy, J. Colburn, Wm. S. Archer, R. Choate, Alexander P. Stephens."

An engraved portrait of some distinguished person will be found in every number of the Review. These will usually be portraits of living American Statesmen, and whenever that is possible, will be accompanied with an authentic Memoir of the person represented.

The first objects of the Review are of course political: to defend the principles, the measures, and the men of the United Whig Party of the Union. It has been a matter of just reproach to that Party, that though it embraces its due proportion of the intelligence and learning of the country, it has had no Quarterly or Monthly Organ devoted to the expression and defense of its opinions and measures. The conductors of the American Review have done within their limits to remove this reproach, by devoting their contributions from sources of ability and truth.

The literary department of the Review will agree in spirit with the political.

Edited by D. W. HOLLY, Publisher, 120 Nassau st., N. Y.

### JUST FROM THE CITY.

SEBASTY & HOLLEBAUGH. HAVE just received from the city, and are now opening, at their establishment in Baltimore street, the best assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Kentucky Jeans and Tweeds, ever brought to this place. Also, Vestings in great variety, combining plain and fancy Satin, fancy Silk, fancy Merinos, &c., that can't be beat. The above articles will be found to be as cheap as they are good, and demand the attention of all who desire to purchase advantageously.

Oct. 17, 1851.

### HATS AND CAPS.

A large assortment, cheaper than ever, including Young Gentlemen's Fashionable SLOUCH HATS, is now opening at the Cheap Store of

KEILLER KURTZ.

### TIN WARE.

OF every description, constantly on hand and for sale at BUEHLER'S Tin Ware Establishment, opposite the Post Office.

### ELIA LEE.

A SONG OF THE SOUTHERN LAND.

Lay her where the woodbine clingeth,  
To the dark magnolia tree;  
Where the breeze low muses bringeth  
From the bosom of the sea;  
Where the leaves keep gentle motion  
To the breathing of the sea.  
There, there lay her—  
Our fair Elia,  
Our young Elia,  
Our lost Elia,  
Elia Lee.

Ever blooming as the summer,  
Ever humming like the bee,  
We believed her some bright comer  
From the land where souls are free.  
Oh, she was so sweet and holy,  
Mortal we could hardly be,  
And she left us brightly, slowly,  
As the sunset leaves the sea.  
Yes, we've lost her,  
Ever lost her,  
That our sweet Elia,  
Our fair Elia,  
Our young Elia,  
Our lost Elia,  
Elia Lee.

Lay her where the long grass sweepeth  
On the bank of many a tree—  
Where the lowly willow weepeth  
Like a mourner by the sea.  
She was lovely, she was gentle,  
As all gilded spirits be;  
Folded in a linen mantle,  
Slumbering near the sighing sea.  
We have lost her,  
Sadly lost her,  
Our fair Elia,  
Our young Elia,  
Our lost Elia,  
Elia Lee.

### Willie and the Birds.

A TRUE STORY.

A little black-eyed boy of five  
Thus spoke to his mamma;  
"Do look at all the pretty birds;  
How beautiful they are!  
How smooth and glossy are their wings—  
How beautiful their legs;  
Besides, mamma, I really think  
That they are prettier than  
"Why so, my dear!" the mother said,  
And scarce suppressed a smile;  
The answer showed a thoughtful head,  
A heart quite free from guile.  
"Because when each one bows his head,  
His bill to rest,  
To lift a thankful glance above,  
He never does forget.  
And so, mamma, it seems to me,  
That very pious they must be,  
Dear child, I would a lesson learn  
From this sweet thought of thine.  
And beawared with a glad heart turn  
These earth-bound eyes of mine;  
Perfected praise indeed is given,  
By babes below, to God in heaven."

### GENTLE WORDS.

Who has not felt the influence of a gentle word? What person have they not overcome more readily than harsh words or taunting remarks? Yet how few are in the habit of using them. Persons of the most trying dispositions, breaking forth in loud exclamations of anger, without any regard for the feelings of the individual for whom they were intended, become as calm as a summer's day when the answer in return is all gentleness; they become ashamed and humbled before their victim. Again, we see those who have met with others like themselves, answering each other tauntingly, and so keep up the controversy for hours, when a gentle word would have settled all difficulties.

What words of luxury do they afford the weary culprit; he receives with heartfelt gratitude one little word in kindness spoken; they revive the better feelings of his heart. To the old, they are a balm of consolation that will light up the aged features with a smile, beautiful to behold. They bind the links of affection we have for our children nearer to our hearts, and cause their little breasts to palpitate with joy; so it is with every one, even the most depraved. Why, then, should we not endeavor to smile sweetly upon all, and ever strive to use gentle words to those that surround us? They are little words, that require no further wealth or exertion upon our part to bestow.—*Waverley Magazine.*

### THE OLD MAN.

No expression that we are acquainted with grates so harshly on our ear as that of "The Old Man," who it comes from the lips of a son speaking of his father.—A person who habitually uses the expression, is either intimate with low characters or he does not feel that respect and deference due from a son to a parent.

There are several stages to be gone through before "the old man" is brought on. Pa, Papa, and father have had their day. As the young awfully rolls his cigar or quid of tobacco in the corner of his mouth, and his goose-down chin, and replies with a curl of the lip, to the gentleman by whom he is interrogated—"that's nobody but the old man."

Young chaps that frequent oyster-cellars, beer-saloons, and fashionable wine-shops; who can smoke a "regalia" or chew "Indies' twigs" without making them sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champagne—these are the sprigues who talk of "the old man" who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mother as the "old woman." True, it is no heinous offense, yet it shows as plainly as any other swag, what company they have kept, and the estimates they place upon their parents' love and care for so many years.

### BYRON'S TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.

The following lines were written by Lord Byron on the blank leaf of a Bible, a short time before his death. They show that, although his life was one of Profligacy and impiety, his conscience compelled him to do homage to this wonderful book.

Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of our destinies,  
Happiest life of human race,  
To whom, that God has given grace,  
To read to live, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way,  
But better they had ne'er been born,  
They read to doubt, or read to scorn.

"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his other half, "that our boy, Otho, is going steady." He is grinning at the plow, and he is grinning at the barn; and he is grinning at the table; and he is grinning at himself wherever he goes. "Poh," replied the old woman, "don't you know he got a love letter this morning?"

### MELODY.

Voices of melting tenderness, that blend  
With pure and gentle meanings, till the soul  
Communing with the melody, is borne,  
Rapt and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

Portrait.—Have you the lays of the last minstrel? said a city miss, addressing a young man, who stood behind the counter of a grocery in — street.

"No; we haven't any of them kind," said the obliging clerk, "but we have good fresh hen's eggs, that we can warrant were laid no longer ago than last week."

### THE UNBELIEVER'S OWNERS.—By BUCK OF HORNE.

I believe that there is no God—but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there be any God or no.

I believe also that the world was not made—that the world made itself—that it will last forever; world without end.

I believe that man is a beast—that the soul is the body, and the body is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion, and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses—I believe in the first philosophy—I believe not the evangelists.

I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury. I believe in Lord Bolingbroke—I believe not in St. Paul.

I believe not in tradition—I believe in the Talmud—I believe in the Koran—I believe not the Bible—I believe in Scripture—I believe in Copernicus—I believe in Spinoza—I believe in Mahomed—I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbeliefs.

### A VOTED WHITE.

There is a voice within me  
And 'tis an awful voice,  
That is not sleeping within me,  
That starts to mine eyes,  
Dreary from my soul it springs,  
Like hidden melody,  
Like ever-ready sighs,  
This song of songs to me:  
"This world is full of beauty  
As other worlds above;  
And if we do our duty,  
It might be full of love!"

### THE HONORABLE RUFUS CHOATE.

In a late speech in Boston, referring to the stormy aspect of the political horizon in Europe, said: "It has seemed to me as if the prerogatives of crowns, and the rights of men, and the hoarded up resentments and revenges of a thousand years were about to unseat the sword for a conflict, in which the blood shall flow as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the bridles of the horses, and in which a whole age of men shall pass away—in which the great bell of time shall sound out another hour—in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel—whether it is of nature and nature's God, or not?"

### A PERRY TRIAL.—The Hon. Rufus Choate, in a late speech in Boston, referring to the stormy aspect of the political horizon in Europe, said: "It has seemed to me as if the prerogatives of crowns, and the rights of men, and the hoarded up resentments and revenges of a thousand years were about to unseat the sword for a conflict, in which the blood shall flow as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the bridles of the horses, and in which a whole age of men shall pass away—in which the great bell of time shall sound out another hour—in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel—whether it is of nature and nature's God, or not?"

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### Heaves in Horses.

It has often been remarked to us that the disease in horses called the "heaves," is more prevalent now than it was formerly. We cannot say whether this is a true statement, but there are more horses troubled with this disorder than there used to be, or whether, as there are more now in existence, there are consequently more seen troubled in this way, while the comparative number and diseased ones may be the same. We have never been satisfied in regard to the real cause of this disease, or the real state of it. Every one however, can soon distinguish the symptoms. It consists in a difficulty in breathing—the flanks or respiratory muscles seem to do the whole work, and that too, very laboriously. The air is drawn into the lungs when the horse is pushing out the breath, and after pressing in with good deal of action, they drop suddenly as if to catch or spring had left of them, and they fell by their own weight. There is also a dry, hacking cough attending the disease, and on driving the horse quick, the cough is often excited, and this laborious breathing is brought on very severely. This would seem to fix the seat of the disease in the lungs. We have noticed, however, that heavy horses; they are called, are generally enormous eaters, and if suffered to eat as much as they desire, will fill their stomachs to a most uncomfortable extent, and when thus distended, are much worse troubled than when springing food. Many cases have been noticed as producing this prevalence—such as feeding more freely on clover hay than formerly—dusty hay caused by the smothering of the modern horse power, threshing-machine, in barns where hay is kept &c. &c. It would seem, from the fact of an increased or morbid appetite in the horse, that the stomach has also taken a diseased action.

Various remedies have been proposed, and some of them relieve, or palliate the disease for a time. We believe that care and attention in feeding is of great consequence. Don't let him fill his stomach too full with dry food. Let his food be moist, and of a nature that contains much nourishment in small bulk. You do not feed heavy horses troubled much with this complaint while they are at grass. Then let their food approximate as near to the condition of grass as you can. Cut the hay, wet it, and sprinkle on meal.

A writer in a recent number of the *Rural N. Yorker*, J. Libbey, of Eagle Harbor, speaking of this disease, attributes it to feeding on clover hay that has become dry in consequence of being badly cured. He says he treated a horse that he owned, and had the heaves in the following manner: He took the hay entirely away from him, and fed him with straw, mill feed, &c., &c., we suppose, and grain. He thinks if he had cut the straw and wet it with oats or corn meal, it would have been better; but as it was, the heaves did not trouble him.

Those who have good horses that are troubled with heaves—and most heavy horses, are those which are naturally most strong and active—should furnish themselves with a straw-cut and mash-puck, and give them cut and moistened feed.—They will thus not only keep their horses more economically but will improve their health and keep him in a comfortable condition for any kind of labor.

Maine Farmer.

### HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Take honestly hold of life, as expatiated for, and destined to, a high and noble purpose.—Study closely the mind's best for a labor or profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the temporal furrow, but forward to the new growth, and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men, and our great men, have carved their paths to fortune and fame by this eternal principle—a principle that cannot fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over lack of inheritance, is unmanly. Every man should strive to be a creator instead of an inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race, in this respect, want dignity and discipline. It prefers to wish the sword of valorous forefathers, to forging its own weapons. This is a man and noble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the God in him, and the providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust, than to inherit coffers of gold. This spirit of self-reliance once learned, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich, in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest among men.

### SKELTON CORN.

Do you sell corn in the ears? If you do, you act unwisely. You pay for transportation of the cob to the market, where you get nothing—you can, in that state, only send him a load, while you pay for a full one—you give your cobs away, whereas if you were to shell your corn, keep your cobs, have them ground into cob meal, with one-fourth their volume of grain, they would make excellent food for cattle. Why then do you not economize your cobs? Why then should you pay for carrying them to market, and get nothing for them, when your cobs and young stock, mixed with a quart of grain meal mixed up with hot water and chopped hay, will make a much better feed, and give a full supply of milk?

### TO FARMERS.—Whoever will apply an ointment made of gunpowder, brimstone, and common grease, behind the necks of their lambs, will be sure of having them preserved from all kinds of rot. The quantity necessary to be made use of is small, and a sheep's worth is sufficient to dress a quantity of 200 lambs.

### SPEAKING WITHOUT THINKING.

Speaking without thinking is the worst thing without taking aim. It is like shooting without aiming. It is like sailing without a compass. It is like walking without a path. It is like driving without a driver. It is like eating without a palate. It is like drinking without a thirst. It is like sleeping without a bed. It is like living without a purpose. It is like dying without a soul.

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