

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1853.

NUMBER 44.

VALUABLE TIMBER-LAND, FOR SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county will be offered at Public Sale...

Tract of Timber-Land, situate in Hamilton township, Adams county, containing 69 ACRES AND 54 PERCHES...

FOR RENT. WILL be for Rent, from the 1st day of April next, the DWELLING now occupied by D. A. BUEHLER...

GIFT BOOKS.

S. H. BUEHLER has just received from Philadelphia a large and full assortment of the best ANNUALS and GIFT BOOKS...

HAY WANTED. PERSONS having Hay to sell will do well by calling on the subscriber...

NOTICE. ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to us by Note or Book Accounts...

LOOK OUT!

THE subscriber hereby gives notice to those who have promised him WOOD on account, that he is in want of it...

WANTED.

A large quantity of WHEAT, RYE & Yellow CORN, for which Hanover prices will be paid...

LOOK HERE!

FARMERS wanting a barrel of Superior Flour made of 240 POUNDS of wheat, by Bonnell's new process...

TRUNKS! TRUNKS!

I HAVE just received a large lot of Good TRUNKS which I will sell cheap.

The New Aristocracy.

A little one could only show The signs of noble birth; And men of rank were years ago...

Those were the days when books were things "The people" could not touch;

Time was when just to read and write Was thought a woman's feat;

Now look abroad—the light of Truth Is spreading far and wide;

We scorn not those of high Degree, For so 'twere wrong to do;

Then give not to the "good old times," Behold a brighter day!

The husband's tears may be few and brief, He may weep and win another;

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed Since the heart that for years had beat...

THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

The husband's tears may be few and brief, He may weep and win another;

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed Since the heart that for years had beat...

"My dear Edith," said he, fondly pushing back the hair from her forehead:

"Oh, no! don't do that," said the young step-mother, anxiously;

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness.

"Oh, to die, and be forgotten! This warm life cold—these active limbs still—these lips dead!

"Oh, no, no, no; don't quite forget! Close your eyes sometimes, and bring before you the face that once made sunshine in your home—feel again the twining clasp of loving arms;

"Oh, to die, and be forgotten! This warm life cold—these active limbs still—these lips dead!

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Wiltforce's Great Speech on Potatoes.

The following amusing sketch of a joke, of a Parliamentary reporter, is taken from the Great Metropolitan:

About five-and-thirty years ago, when only one sentence of a speech was given on an average, every five or six minutes...

"Dear Harry!" said a welcome voice at his side. "God bless you, Mary," said the happy husband...

"Dear reader, (won't you tell?) there are some husbands worth all the sacrifices a loving heart can make!"

Death of the Righteous. "Many things," said the dying Schiller, "are becoming clearer to me..."

"Dear Mary," said Harry to his little wife, "I have a favor to ask of you— You have a friend whom I dislike very much..."

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Love for Children. There is not in this world a more lovable object than a young child—its fair brow unshadowed by care...

The Festival of Life. Life is a ball-room, whose guests are constantly pouring in at the front door, and out at the back-door...

Wouldn't He?—"Mother," said a little shaver, the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea...

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Blanks of all kinds for sale at this office.

PAULINA'S PAID!