

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30, 1853.

NUMBER 40.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.
One price—and that as low as at any Establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER
RETURNS his acknowledgments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and invites attention to his present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz: Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS

FANCY GOODS.
embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Waters, Sealing Wax, Portmanteaux, Snaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST RATES.

Call and examine for yourselves at the old established BOOK & DRUG store in Chambers street, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

LADIES, THIS WAY!

Miss McClellan

HAS opened, at the corner room in the FRANKLIN HOUSE, (McClellan's) Centre Square, Gettysburg, a neat and well selected assortment of

FANCY GOODS,

of every variety—comprising Bonnet Silks, Satins, and Velvets, Ribbons, Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Gowns, Hoopery, Millinery, French worked Collars, Canopies, Lace and Swiss Edgings, in Scraps and muslin &c., &c., and generally every description of Fancy Goods, to which the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of town and country is invited.

Nov. 18, 1853—11

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just opened a fresh supply of

Seasonable Goods,

comprising a general assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, in which the early and particular attention of persons wanting cheap goods is again respectfully invited.

D. MIDDLECOFF.
April 22, 1853.

HAY WANTED.

PERSONS having Hay to sell will do well by calling on the subscriber, in Gettysburg, who is desirous of purchasing. The highest Market price will be paid at all times. As he is inclined having the Hay, after being packed, hauled either to Haver or Baltimore, the preference to haul will be given to those from whom he may purchase.

SOLOMON POWERS.
Dec. 24, 1852—11

TAILORING.

E. & R. MARTIN,

At the Old Stand, N. W. Corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg.

ENDER their thanks to their customers for past favors, and respectfully inform the public that they continue to

Cut and make all Garments, in the best manner and on reasonable terms. This cutting will be done as heretofore, by ROBERT MARTIN. Efforts are regularly received, and every fashion made to secure a good fit and substantial wearing. The subscribers hope by their long experience in the business, and renewed efforts to please, to merit and receive a continuance of the public patronage.

All our work is made by regularly employed journeymen; upon this, our customers may rely.

The Fall and Winter Fashions have just been received from the city.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.

E. & R. MARTIN.
Oct. 14—11

COLLECTORS TAKE NOTICE.

THE Collectors of Taxes in the different townships of Adams county have hereby notified that they will be required to settle up their Duplicates on or before Friday, and Saturday the 30th and 31st days of December next, on which days the Commissioners will meet at their office to give the necessary exhortations, &c.

Collectors of Taxes assessed prior to 1853 are hereby notified that if their Duplicates are not settled up in full by the above date they will be dealt with according to law, without regard to persons.

ABRAHAM KNOLL,
Agent for Harrisburg Bank.

Domestic

ORCHARD OF CHOICE FRUIT

on the premises. A fair proportion of the Farm is in good TIMBER; also good meadow land. Persons wishing to view the premises, can do so by calling on Mr. Bollinger residing there, or on the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

For terms and other information apply to

JAMES A. THOMPSON,
Agent for Harrisburg Bank.

December 8, 1853—31

Trunks & Trunkers

I have just received a large lot of TRUNKS, which I am selling with regard to cost, to make room for new ones.

ABRAHAM KNOLL,
Agent for Harrisburg Bank.

Domestic

ORCHARD OF CHOICE FRUIT

on the premises. A fair proportion of the Farm is in good TIMBER; also good meadow land. Persons wishing to view the premises, can do so by calling on Mr. Bollinger residing there, or on the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

For terms and other information apply to

JAMES A. THOMPSON,
Agent for Harrisburg Bank.

December 8, 1853—31

Trunks & Trunkers

I have just received a large lot of TRUNKS, which I am selling with regard to cost, to make room for new ones.

ABRAHAM KNOLL,
Agent for Harrisburg Bank.

Domestic

ORCHARD OF CHOICE FRUIT

on the premises. A fair proportion of the Farm is in good TIMBER; also good meadow land. Persons wishing to view the premises, can do so by calling on Mr. Bollinger residing there, or on the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

For terms and other information apply to

JAMES A. THOMPSON,
Agent for Harrisburg Bank.

BOOKS & FANCY GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS.
The most superb stock of Elegantly Illustrated Works.

IN every style of Binding, and at the LOWEST RATES, are to be found at KELLER KURTZ'S Book Store—S. E. Corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa.
Dec. 23, 1853.

HOT CORN! HOT CORN!!
Superior to Uncle Tom's Cabin—Second Edition ready this morning.
25,000 COPIES PRINTED.

HOT CORN, or Life Scenes in New York, illustrated, including the Story of Louie Kay, Madalita, the Rag-picker's Daughter, Wild Maggie, &c. Price \$1 25. Call and look at it, or send to headquarters at KURTZ'S Bookstore.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS received a large supply of the best

ANNUALS & GIFT BOOKS,

handsomely bound, and suitable for Presents, to which the attention of the Public is invited. Also, a large assortment of FANCY GOODS, including Gold and Silver Pens and Pencils, Portmanteaux, Fancy Stationery, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Gettysburg, Dec. 16, 1853.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

BY W. R. HAYDEN.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier in the French army on the battle-field. He was an almost universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Visselle, and many were the hearts which beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and I returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment but would have been proud to have shed his last drop of blood to resent an insult to the bright star of Visselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but only one whose passion was returned, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passions, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was as universally detested as Martel was beloved. On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she had resented with scorn, but still he became more importunate, until, finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness, which she readily granted, promising that she would trouble her no further; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit, he would load her with presents and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline," said he, "my rank and station, and that your position would be higher than the proudest lady in the village; besides, you shall have attendants, and all the luxury and refinement that I can bestow upon you."

"Ab, Colonel Lavillier, what would these splendid gifts be without the heart?" said Cadeline.

"You will soon learn to love me."

"No, Colonel, we can never love but one."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," returned Cadeline.

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the Colonel, ironically, "may I be permitted to ask the name of the cherished gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What! a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival! By heaven!" he exclaimed, in a terrible passion, "unless you instantly accept my suit and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime—he has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel of the French army, and he only a common soldier?"

"Nay, Col Lavillier, I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure any one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun shall have risen an hour in the heavens, his heart will cease to beat."

"Oh, heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a shadow in the doorway, but it was not perceived by either of the persons within the room, so deeply absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

"If I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before I give you a final answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly consent to become my bride, or you sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife."

"Anthony Martel, you have just been named by the Colonel of officers, who came to witness the punishment of Death."

Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step, and a look of defiance on his face, when he was suddenly arrested by the Colonel's order. He was seized by the collar, and dragged to the spot designated for his execution. He was calm and composed, and with a look of defiance on his face, he raised his eyes to the approaching executioner, and said:

"I have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

PHANTOMS.
All houses wherein men have lived and died. Are haunted houses. Through the open doors The harmless phantoms of their errands glide. With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stairs, Along the passages they come and go, Impalpable impressions on the air, A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are some guests at table, than the hosts invited;—the illuminated hall Is thronged with quiet, ineffable ghosts, As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see; The form I see, nor hear the sounds I bear; He but perceives what is; while unto me All that has been is beautiful and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands; Owners and occupants of earlier days, From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands, And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit world around this world of sense Flits like an atmosphere, and everywhere Flashes through these earthly mists and vapors A vital breath of more ethereal air. (I deem Our little lives are kept in equilibrium By opposite attractions and desires; The struggle of the instinct that enjoys, And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual flux Of earthly wants and aspirations high, Come from the influence of that unseen star, That undecorated planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark spot of cloud, Throws out the sea a floating bridge of light, Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd, Into the realms of mystery and night; So from the world of spirits these descends A bridge of light connecting it with this.

Or as those unsteady floors that sway and bend, Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

BY W. R. HAYDEN.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier in the French army on the battle-field. He was an almost universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Visselle, and many were the hearts which beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and I returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment but would have been proud to have shed his last drop of blood to resent an insult to the bright star of Visselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but only one whose passion was returned, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passions, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was as universally detested as Martel was beloved. On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she had resented with scorn, but still he became more importunate, until, finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness, which she readily granted, promising that she would trouble her no further; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit, he would load her with presents and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline," said he, "my rank and station, and that your position would be higher than the proudest lady in the village; besides, you shall have attendants, and all the luxury and refinement that I can bestow upon you."

"Ab, Colonel Lavillier, what would these splendid gifts be without the heart?" said Cadeline.

"You will soon learn to love me."

"No, Colonel, we can never love but one."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," returned Cadeline.

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the Colonel, ironically, "may I be permitted to ask the name of the cherished gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What! a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival! By heaven!" he exclaimed, in a terrible passion, "unless you instantly accept my suit and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime—he has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel of the French army, and he only a common soldier?"

"Nay, Col Lavillier, I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure any one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun shall have risen an hour in the heavens, his heart will cease to beat."

"Oh, heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a shadow in the doorway, but it was not perceived by either of the persons within the room, so deeply absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

"If I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before I give you a final answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly consent to become my bride, or you sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife."

"Anthony Martel, you have just been named by the Colonel of officers, who came to witness the punishment of Death."

Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step, and a look of defiance on his face, when he was suddenly arrested by the Colonel's order. He was seized by the collar, and dragged to the spot designated for his execution. He was calm and composed, and with a look of defiance on his face, he raised his eyes to the approaching executioner, and said:

"I have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

"You have done nothing to be punished for. I have only loved a woman who has loved me true."

Thus, then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips."

And clasping his arms around the fair form of Cadeline, Col. Lavillier endeavored to put his throat to execution.

"Help! mercy! help!" exclaimed she. At this moment the report of a pistol, in the hands of the stranger whom we before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the form of the aggressor, rendering him powerless, but when the shot came both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door. Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divined the whole, and with a powerful blow he laid the base traitor at his feet. By this time the report of fire-arms had brought a detachment of soldiers to the spot, who, on entering, were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence; they dragged him away and confined him under a strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commander. Although a court martial is not a very unusual affair, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract great attention in a camp.

Some the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened, and were ready to try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were gathered a large number of officers in full uniform. Seated on a raised platform was Gen. Levaque, acting as judge. Another roll of the drum announced the entrance of the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked the judge.

"With an attempt to destroy the life of his superior officer, Colonel Lavillier," said the advocate.

"Where is the accuser?" continued the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency," replied the Colonel, whose arm was bound up with a shing.

"How came Martel to attempt your life?"

"I know not," said Lavillier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is his excellency."

A short consultation with the other officers, the judge turned to the prisoner, and thus addressed him—

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer in the French army, the punishment of which crime is death. What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel