

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1854.

NUMBER 1.

## FARMS FOR SALE, NEAR GETTYSBURG.

No. 1—160 Acres: good Stone House and Barn, with out-buildings, plenty of good timber, meadow, and never-failing water.

No. 2—175 Acres: large Stone House, large new Barn, Sheds, Cider-press, water in nearly every field; plenty of good fruit, magnificent timber and good meadow.

No. 3—125 Acres: first rate House and Barn, and out-buildings, excellent meadow, good running water, choice fruit, timber, &c.; near the turnpike.

No. 4—180 Acres: good large Brick House, with out-buildings, plenty of never-failing water at the house and in the fields; 60 Acres excellent timber, plenty of good meadow, first rate Orchard, of all kinds of fruit, good tenant-house, &c.

No. 5—200 Acres: large Brick House, with back-buildings, large stone Bank Barn, with sheds and crib, and all other out-buildings, such as dry-house, smoke-house, &c.; between 50 and 60 Acres in good meadow, plenty of good timber, good fencing, Orchard of all kinds of choice fruit, several wells of water, &c.

No. 6—247 Acres: near Pipe Creek, Frederick county, Md., large Stone House, Barn, Smoke-house, Spring-house, sheds, pens, cribs, plenty of water and fruit, from 50 to 60 acres good timber—can be bought cheap.

No. 7—105 Acres: adjoining the above, good Stone House, Swiss Barn, out-buildings, good water, &c. [These two Farms are handsomely situated on the public road.]

No. 8—A Mill with 30 Acres of land, good buildings, shops, sheds, other out-buildings, &c.

Any person desirous of buying or selling property will please call on F. E. VANDERBILT, Agent, Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 17—1854.

Dr. F. E. VANDERBILT, Surgeon Dentist, will be at home hereafter the last two weeks in every month.

## BUILDING HARDWARE

AND  
TOOL STORE EXCLUSIVELY,

The Largest Establishment of the kind in the United States.

WM. M. MCCLURE & BRO.,

No. 37 Market Street, above Seventh, Philada.

MANUFACTURERS DEPOT for  
Lumber of all kinds, warranted quality.

Patent Sash, Glass, &c. Premium  
Portland Cements, over 100 Patterns,  
Silver Plated Knives, Hinges, &c., with  
the most complete assortment of all the  
Modern Goods in the Line. Purchasers  
are invited to call and examine our  
Stock. Catalogue sent by Mail if desired.

Hot Air Registers and Ventilators  
at Factory Prices.

All orders put up under the immediate supervision of the firm.

CALL AND SEE US.  
March 3, 1853—6m

## HARDWARE & SADDLERY.

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS would

respectfully inform their friends and

customers, that they have received an

extensive supply of British Saddlery,  
all Paints, Glass, &c., which will be

sold cheaper than they can be had else-

where, also every variety of Coach Trim-

mings, Springs, Axles, Oil Carpets, Drab

Clouts, Saddlets, Dames, &c. Builders

and Painters are requested to examine

their Stock before purchasing. As they

are determined not to be undersold by any

market.

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

211 N. Front Street.

## WHITE HALL ACADEMY.

THREE MILES WEST OF HARRISBURG.

THE Seventh Session of this flourish-

ing Institution will commence on

Monday the 1st day of May next.

The advantages which it affords, it is

believed, are of a superior character, and

parents and guardians are respectfully so-

licited to inquire into its merits, before

sending their sons or wards elsewhere.

It is favorably situated, the teachers are

all competent, and experienced men; the

course of instruction is extensive and

thorough, and special attention is paid to

the comfort and health of the students.

TERMS.  
Boarding, Washing, Lodging, and Tuition in

English, and Vocal Music, per session, of five

months, \$25.00  
Instruction in Ancient or Modern Lan-

guages, each, 10.00  
For circulars and full particulars address

D. DENLINGER,  
Harrisburg, Pa.

March 3, 1854.—3m

## VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale,

that property (formerly the residence

of Mr. H. HAUPT), situated

on the road leading from Get-

tsburg to Millerstown, 2

miles from the former place,

and known as "Oak Ridge." For

terms, &c., call on

DAVID WILLS,  
Gettysburg, March 3, 1854.

## AN IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW GOODS, Just from the Cities!

J. L. SCHICK has just arrived from the Cities with an immense stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS, which he offers at greatly reduced prices. His

stock embraces every article in the Staple and Fancy Goods line, embracing all the

latest and most approved styles, which for beauty and attractiveness are rarely if ever surpassed. He can enumerate but a portion within the limits of an advertisement to wit:

**Ladies' Dress Goods,** such as Silks and Satins, French Merinos, Parapetta and Coburg Cloth, Alpacas, DeBage, plain and plain DeLaines, Bombazines, Sack Flannels, Gingham, Calicoes, Shawls, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Merino, Shirts and Stockings, Combs, Laces and Edgings, Bobbinets, &c., &c.

**For Gentlemen's Wear,** Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, Corda, splendid lot of Vestings, Calvats, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Merino, Shirts and Drawers, &c., &c.

Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of patronage. His goods have been selected with care, and he flatters himself will please. His motto is—Small profits and quick sales.

Oct. 7, 1853.

## NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

ABRAHAM ARNOLD has just re-

turned from the Cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, with the

Largest, Cheapest, & Best selected Stock of

Fall and Winter Dry Goods,

ever before offered to the citizens of Adams county—such as Blue, Black, and

Brown French and German Cloths, Black & Fancy Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, Ky. Jeans, Sain & other Vestings, Alpacas, Merinos, Cashmeres, De Bages, M. De Laine, Prints, and a great variety of Goods for Ladies' wear, too numerous to mention. Also, a large and beautiful assortment of long and square Shawls, and Sack Flannels.

Call and see for your selves, as he is determined to under sell any Store in the Town or County.

Oct. 7, 1853—1f

## 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, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, French worked Collars, Cambric, Jaconet and Swiss Edgings, insertings and muslins, &c., &c., and generally every description of Fancy Goods, to which the custom of the Ladies and Gentlemen of town and country is invited.

Nov. 18, 1853—1f

## A DAGUERRETYPE FOR 50 CENTS.

CAN be had at Wearer's Gallery in Chambersburg street. Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, and will be put up at this Gallery in all the different styles of the day, at prices varying from 50 cents, to \$6.00. So now is the time for obtaining the cheapest likeness ever offered in this place. Persons will find it to their advantage to call soon while the opportunity is before them, and in order to secure a satisfactory likeness, subjects are requested to wear dark apparel.

Gentlemen should wear black, with black neck and cravat, and ladies should avoid dresses of pink and blue. Plaid and contrasting colors are very suitable for children.

I return my sincere thanks to my numerous friends for their past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same, hoping by strict attention to business to satisfy the tastes of all who may visit my gallery.

SAMUEL WEAVER.

April 29—1853.

## NEW AND VALUABLE LAW LIBRARY.

BURDON'S Digest, New edition from 1700 to 1853, in one Volume, price \$5.00.

Robert's Digest, price \$1.50

Binn's Justice, " 4.00

Graydon's Forms, " 3.50

The attention of Attorneys, Magistrates, and citizens is directed to the above valuable series of books; call and examine at KEELER KURTZ'S Book store.

Jan. 20, 1854.

## HO! THIS WAY!

IN this age of Signs and Wonders, the subscriber would remark that he neither brags nor boasts, but desires the County to produce a fine stock of

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,

than he is now opening; of every variety and description, of all qualities and prices, suitable for men, women and children.

Call, examine and judge for your selves.

W. W. PAXTON.

Gettysburg, Sept. 30, 1853—1f

## CLOTHS, Black Blue and Fancy Cassimeres, Cassinets, Overcoats, Kentucky Jeans, Corda, a new style, French cord, Satin, Silk, Velvet and Faney Vestings, are offered very cheap at:

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,

Sign of the Red Front.

## THE DYING GIRL.

This pathetic and touching effusion was written by the Rev. Robert Henson, and is inscribed to Philip Rea, the founder of the Hospital for Consumptives in England. It originally appeared in one of the British magazines, and it is not often we meet with a production of equal merit. In the tenth stanza, the author has beautifully quoted the dying words of John Quincy Adams—

"The last of Earth."

## TIE DYING GIRL.

A beauty glows the hectic cheek,  
A radiant smile the sunken eye,  
But when her mellowed accents speak,  
They make the saddest heave and sigh;  
For softer sigh they in her cadence fall,  
Than autumn's dying tones, beneath some mournful

They bore her to that faithful bed,  
Where rocks of terraced verdure rise  
And catch the morn's celestial smile,  
Responsive to the greeting skies;  
And vainly prophesied the island breeze,  
Would waft her white cheeks, and waft away disease.

But there she sickened day by day,  
In sinking pulses, like a flower;  
Yet from her glance there flashed a ray  
Of some supernatural power—  
So bright the light of her eyes became,  
It touched the tender mind with more than woman's spell.

For mother, too, and far off home,  
Her plaintive heart in secret cried,  
And lanka and longed her soul to roam—  
Sipped in the churchyard, side by side,  
Under the green turf, with sister lay,  
Who hoped her dust might quit the awful judgment day.

And there she bled her once again  
In her own room, with placid brow;  
So pale, you see each azure vein  
Gleamed through her beauty now;  
Yet, like a pulse of rosy light at even,  
Oh! to her faded cheek a crimson flush is given.

Seldom she sighs, but tells within  
Much that would grieve fond love to know;  
And when some promise true begins,  
She tries to check their ardor;  
Safe in the arms of Jesus rests her soul,  
Nor does the early grave with gloom the mind control.

Not for herself, but for the heart  
Of love maternal she could weep,  
And often in young dreams will start,  
As if she saw her mother weep,  
While faintly through her lips there steals a word—  
And, "Oh! my mother dear!" is like low moan heard.

She dies—as beauty ever dies,  
When all consumption finds a tomb—  
With brilliance set in her deep set eyes,  
And on her face a healthful bloom;  
No harsh transition, but a soft decay,  
Like dream-born visions of night that melt by day.

What shall we round each garden walk,  
Where oft her infant childhood played,  
And loved to hear the old nurse talk  
And smile her when she seemed afraid,  
More played than the birds she loved to gaze upon,  
She looks as she alone who feel—  
"The last of earth" before them lies;  
While oft she softened mem'ries steal  
Which melt the heart into the eyes—  
For trees and turf, woods and uplands, all  
Back to the dying girl, her child, and recall.

Dream-like the hush of twilight hours,  
As if she saw her mother weep,  
While in the air melodious notes  
Of soft dejection ever sound;  
The landscape, like a consecrated murmur, seems,  
To lie in brooding shade, and sadden as it dreams.

Now to her chamber home returned,  
Before the campfire she retired,  
Just as the breeze horizon burned,  
With the last blush day left behind—  
Her eye reposed upon the dying sun,  
Fading like feeble youth, before life's course is run.

Hushed in the breezy air, and deep  
The awe around each mother's streaming;  
Bend o'er her form, but do not weep—  
Death is too grand for outward feeling!  
So sinks the soul beneath her golden sea,  
As if her spirit back to God's eternity.

## The Marriage Altar.

Judge Charlton, in a eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Georgia, thus sketches the marriage scene:

I have drawn for you many pictures of bright; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you date, there is no happiness on earth.

See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done so fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen man is noble and true, and that she will be his helpmeet and his comforter. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wing shall the raven sweep,  
O'er the false-hearted,  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit  
On his grave ever,  
Blaming shall follow it,  
Never! Oh! never!

DON'T MEAN IT!—A recent anecdote reminds us of a story we have read somewhere of Mont Lewis, the author, who was remarkable for extreme sensibility, so much so, that he was very easily affected to tears. One day he had been to pay a visit to some duchess or other, and he came out of the house with his eyes filled with tears. A friend passing, stopped him, and inquired the cause of his emotion.

"Oh," replied Lewis, in a whining tremulous voice, "the duchess has said so many kind things to me."

"Never mind my dear fellow," responded the friend in a soothing tone, and patting the sensitive man on the shoulder, "never mind; bear up under it. She didn't mean it!"

Punch says that the reason why editors are so apt to change their manners spoiled is because they receive from one correspondent and another, such a vast number of evil communications.

## The Turn of Blinnerhasset.

Let us turn, for a time, from the man, to contemplate and gaze upon the person and character of his companion. History affords but few instances where so much feminine beauty, physical endurance, and many social virtues, were embodied with so brilliant a mind, as in the person of a female.

Her stature was above the ordinary height of her sex; her form well proportioned and beautifully symmetrical; her manners a most captivating gracefulness, with sufficient dignity to repel familiarity, and command respect. Her dark blue eyes, beaming with love and affection, and "sparkling with life and intelligence," looked forth from beneath the long brown lashes, which hung as curtains to conceal their charms. Features of Grecian mould, embellished by a complexion whose carnation hue, health and the hand of nature had painted. Her hair, which was of a dark brown color, was neatly coiled beneath a headress of rich colored silk, worn after the manner of the Turkish Turban.

Her mind was not less polished than her manners; and the fluency with which she wrote and spoke the French and Italian languages, indicated a high degree of cultivation, which few, even in this golden age of science, have ever attained to.

Her taste for dramatic composition led her to adopt, as a favorite pastime, the rehearsal of Shakspeare's plays. These were usually executed with an effect which would have done credit to more professed comedians, and exhibited a talent which would have led to laurels in the theatrical world. Her familiarity with various authors, French and English, rendered her an agreeable companion for the man of letters, and proved a valuable assistant to her husband in recalling to mind some opinion or expression of an author which had escaped his memory.

She cultivated, to some extent, a taste for poetry, and produced several pieces which are still in existence. But it is only in the every day affairs of life that we can gain a perfect knowledge of the true character of individuals. It was in this peculiar sphere that Mrs. Blinnerhasset exhibited an uncommon degree of excellence, and won the affections of all within her influence. She adorned her customs to the society around her, and joined in their amusement and festivities with all the spirit of one accustomed to frontier life from earliest infancy. Riding on horseback was a delightful and healthy exercise, in which she frequently participated. At such times she was usually richly bespangled with gold and glittering ornaments. Her dowry had waved "the graceful plume of the ostrich," and their folds of her drapery fell gayly over the flanks of her noble steed. Over hill and through dale, with the fleetness of the deer, she took her course, and seldom did her attendant get a glimpse of his sprightly charge until she checked her speed to await his coming.

That she was capable of extraordinary physical endurance was frequently demonstrated by the long and speedy walks she performed, whether on business or visiting some favorite friend. She has been known to accomplish a pedestrian tour, of from ten to twenty miles, with as much ease as other ladies would make their usual calls among city or village acquaintances. Bounding over them with astonishing agility, she carelessly pursued her way, as though tracing the more familiar paths of the wild woods.

Although she participated in the various amusements of the country, and was the ruling spirit of every assembly, she never neglected the ordinary duties of her household; every apartment received her personal attention, from the kitchen to the chambers, and was duly cleansed and arranged according to her direction. By her were the daily tasks of the servants assigned, while she performed with cheerfulness the duties devolving on herself.

In short, like Shakspeare's Portia, "she was, indeed, a rich-souled creature, in whom the first-gems of womanhood had blossomed forth, without a weeds' check, or a chill to blight their growth."

## A Husband in Trouble.

A few days since, a lawyer in the city was seated in his office, busily employed in studying out a plea, when the door opened, and a young, stout son of Erin entered, doffed his hat, and said that he desired to take an advice of his honor.

"The lawyer bade him sit down, and inquired his business. "Sure," he replied, "I want a divorce from my wife Biddy."

"The lawyer asked what was the trouble, but Pat seemed very loth to tell. "Does she not treat you well, does she not take care of your house, has she not a good eye for the farm, and does she not take care of herself?" were inquiries made by the lawyer, who endeavored for sometime in vain to pump out the reason of a desire for a divorce. At last, weary of the investigation, the disciple of Coke informed his would-be client that he could do nothing for him without knowing all the facts of the case. "Well, if I must, I must," replied the husband; "sure there's a little darling I love better than Biddy."

"The lawyer could hardly refrain from laughing sufficiently to inform the Irishman that the law could not touch such a case as his, and Pat left with countenance more of sorrow than of anger.

## The Young Ladies' Shortest Catechism.

What is the whole duty of woman? To dress to sing—to dance—to play on the piano forte—to gabble French or German—and to preside gracefully at the tea table! What is a man? A thing to be waltzed with—to flirt with—to make one to the theatre—to laugh at—to be taken to—to pay one's bills—and—to keep one comfortably! What is life? A polka—a gallop—dance that one must whirl through as fast as possible! What is death? It is—something that is unwhimsical to talk of—to whisper of—to think of—so the less that's said about it is the better!

## A Leaf of Memory Lost.

An old man's memory is a queer place. Indeed it resembles an old-fashioned parlor, full of relics and souvenirs of the rubbish of a day, but the riches of yesterday.

In conversation yesterday with an old man, who has spent a long and useful life, and with whom it is now Indian Summer, we were impressed with a remark he unwittingly made. He had seen the opening of near seventy springs; at first the winters came and went, but by and by unmolested snow flakes lingered in his hair, and he saw them drifting over the grave of one after another, whose feet with him had brushed the morning dews together.

At last they whirled over his old wife's last resting place—over her who knew when the shadows fell in the westward, and the "day was before" them both—who never thought him old, though all the world pronounced him so. Every body said when she died, "it's a terrible blow to the old man," and a few did all they could to make him forget, but there was no need for that, "for," said he, "they didn't seem to know where the blow fell, they so deplored—they didn't know how much I missed somebody to help me remember!"

Those few words, indeed, contain a world of meaning. He did miss the other leaf from memory's table. Two pair of eyes had but one rainbow; but one pair beheld it now. Two hearts had lived over again the past, but one remembered it—and imperfectly now. Who would have life's little thread extended, "will he too," should be compelled to take up the words and say, "I miss somebody to help me remember!"—New York Tribune.

## The Greek Lent is over, and it is Easter at Constantinople.

All night long great guns have been firing afar off, and small arms are being discharged by excited persons at every street corner. You might fancy the town was being stormed, instead of holding high festival—so violent is the uproar. During the day the streets are crowded as a fair, and perambulated by itinerant vendors of goods of all descriptions, as on a Saturday night at Wapping. Fowls, swine, rags, rags, various preparations of milk and rakes, seem to be the chief things which furnish a Greek merry-making at Constantinople. Little boys with eager black eyes and tall white complexions are in their glory, and go yelling and whooping about, to the dismay of staid wayfarers. Here is a Greek and there is a Greek with splendid military regalia, and dark matted hair falling about in wild array. I know no race of men more romantic in appearance. They go swaggering about from street to street, and the many of their various ornaments, and they may hear their voices a hundred yards off as they wrangle and glare at each other on the unequalled occasion of dispute. The domineering rage, the grave and dignified Turks, carry themselves very differently. They sit about, cross-legged, on the benches of coffee-houses, or before their itinerant stalls of *hoshille* and *ganzer*. However dirty, poor, and miserable they may be, he always smokes his pipe with the same stately calm air. *Dicken's Household Words.*

## What a Scotchman may Become.

At a meeting held in Edinburgh to obtain justice for Scotland, Sir A. Allison, the historian, related the following anecdote:

"Gentlemen, one curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshall Keith had the command of the Turkish army, which long combated the Austrian force on the banks of the Grand Vizier, and after a long and bloody combat, the two generals came to a friendly agreement. This the Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel with all the pomp of eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshall Keith, from the neighborhood of Turf in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long experience, and after the conference, the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Marshall Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshall Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and joining to Marshall Keith, said, "Oh, Johnnie, hood's 'a' ye, man!" [Loud laughter.] And he thus discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was an old school-companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a particular school near Methie.—London Paper.

## Schenck in the Ministry.

Every one who has heard Robert Schenck speak for the first time in a cause in which his feelings are deeply interested, knows what a vivid impression his withering sarcasm and impassioned manner is calculated to produce, upon one unaccustomed to listen to animated debates.

An unphilosophical farmer, who lived in a distant portion of the country, and whose business seldom called him to court, accidentally heard that Schenck was appointed Minister to Brazil, a country in South America. The terms preacher and minister of the gospel were inharmoniously associated in his mind, and he took it for granted that Schenck had turned preacher, and had been sent off on a divine mission. With this impression he went home.

"Wife," said he, "what do you think I heard at Dayton to-day? That little, white-headed lawyer you have heard me speak of so often, has been sent away to preach, and has been sent away as a missionary to a heathen nation, away down in South America! If the devil ever made his match, I guess he is got him now; for if 'grees' don't change him too much, he will give the old reprobate rest for the sole of his foot until he leaves the country!"

"Uncle Tom" has been introduced into Athens under the gentlemanly title of *Omparpa Thomas*.

## The Frenchman and the Key.

A citizen of la belle France, who has an inveterate habit of confounding everything which is said to him, and has been vainly attempting to acquire a knowledge of our vernacular, was about leaving his boarding house for more comfortable quarters. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last of *la chemise* and umbrella, had been carefully packed up, when he thought to himself the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him, that of bidding "ze folks" his good-bye.

After shaking his fellow boarders cordially by the hand, and wishing them with incessant bowing, "zeo verree bene-sic-cess in zee vid," and "zee benediction du ciel," he retired in search of his "dear landlady," to give her also his parting blessing. He met her at the foot of the staircase, and addressing her in his usual and unpolished French, he commenced his speech: