THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1854. NUMBER 3.

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

and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS,

embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Sealing Wax, Portmoneaus, Soaps, 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 *Chambersburg street*, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

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, Axles, 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, 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 as reasonable terms as they 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—tf.

OVER COATS, OVER COATS,

Prepare for Winter.

THE subscriber has just received and opened a choice lot of Overcoats of every description, made in the best manner, and latest styles, which he is determined to sell cheaper than any other establishment in the County. To test the truth of this call and examine. Remember no trouble to show GOODS.

MARCUS SAMSON.

NEW & SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

A. B. KURTZ has just opened an immense stock of all the new and desirable styles of DRY GOODS, also *Queensware* and *Groceries*—which he invites his numerous customers to call and see, all of which will be sold on the principle of "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

Oct. 14, 1853.

CLOTHING—CLOTHING.

ABRM. ARNOLD has now on hand and is constantly making up, Overcoats, Dress Coats, Frock Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, and every article in the Clothing line, which he will sell 30 per cent cheaper than any CLOTHING STORE or SLOP SHOP in the Town or County.

Call and examine for yourselves.

Oct. 7, 1853—tf

NEW AND VALUABLE LAW LIBRARY.

PURDON'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 Attornies, Magistrates, and citizens is directed to the above valuable series of books; call and examine at KELLER KURTZ'S Book store.

Jan. 20, 1854.

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 Gettysburg to Millerstown, 1 mile from the former place and known as "Oak Ridge." For terms, &c. call on

DAVID WILLS.

Gettysburg, March 3, 1854.—tf

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 Merinoes, Paramatta and Coburg Cloths, Alpaccas, De Bage, plaid, figured and plain De Laines, Bombazines, Sack Flannels, Ginghams, Calicoes, Shawls, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Sleeves, Chemisettes, Gloves and Stockings, Combs, Laces and Edgings, Bibinets, &c., &c.

For Gentlemen's Wear,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Jeans, Cords, a splendid lot of Vestings, Cravats, 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 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

FNACY 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 discription of Fancy Goods, to which the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of town and country is invited.

Nov. 18, 1853—tf

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

ABRAHAM ARNOLD has just returned 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, Satinetts, Tweeds, Ky. Jeans, Satin & other Vestings, Alpacas, Merinoes, 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—tf

A DAGUERREOTYPE FOR 50 CENTS,

CAN be had at Weaver'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 vest 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.

WHITE HALL ACADEMY.

THREE MILES WEST OF HARRISBURG.

THE Seventh Session of this flourishing 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 solicited to inquire into its merits, before sending their sons or wards elsewhere.—It is favorably situated, the instructors 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	$55 00
Instruction in Ancient or Modern Languages, each,	5 00
Instrumental music,	10 00

For circulars and full particulars address

D. DENLINGER,
Harrisburg, Pa.

March 3, 1854.—2m

SPOUTING! SPOUTING!

GEORGE and Henry Wampler will Make House Spouting and put up the same low, for cash or country produce. Farmers and all others wishing their Houses, Barns, &c. spouted, would do well to give them a call.

G. & H. WAMPLER.

April 15—1853.

The Orphan's Tear.

Beside a grave, where flowers wild
Supplied the place of flatter's scroll,
There stood a lovely artless child.
As down her cheek the tear-drop stole.

She knew not then a mother's worth,
But still the name alone was dear,
And the first grief she knew on earth
Was that which caused the orphan's tear.

In after years, though fortune smiled,
And every earthly blessing gave,
When mirth and joy the hours beguiled,
A word would oft recall that grave.

For when she heard companions say,
That parents' words both soothe and cheer,
She felt she lost life's greatest stay,
When first she shed the orphan's tear.

It strikes us that that lady who thinks of nothing else but her beauty, her flashing dress, and her frothy novels, will find herself in a melancholy fix when old Time shall have scratched her pretty face full of wrinkles, and exploded her romantic dreams by the realities of old age. Surely it will be taking away her gods, and what will she have left? We have seen some such who had nothing left but desperation, the full and terrible weight of which fell upon the devoted heads of divers sufferers in the shape of husbands, &c., who were sufficiently sensible that intelligence in the old was as attractive as beauty in the young. Women in their early years should be mindful that as life advances they cease to have any other attractions but those which arise from a cultivated intellect and heart, and therefore study sensible books, and cultivate their heads and hearts.

"Pick out," writes Mr. Wallace, the naturalist, who has just spent four years in collecting specimens on the banks of the Amazon, "pick out the loveliest spots where the most gorgeous flowers of the tropics expand their golden petals, and for every scene of this kind we may find another at home of equal beauty, and with an equal amount of brilliant colours. Look at a field of butter-cups and daisies—a hill side covered with gorse and broom—a mountain rich with purple heather—or a forest glade azure with a carpet of wild hyacinths, and they will bear comparison with any scene the tropics can produce.—I have never seen anything more glorious than an old crab-tree in full blossom; and the horse-chesnut, lilac and laburnum will vie with the choicest tropical trees and shrubs. In the tropical waters are no more beautiful plants than our white and yellow water-lilies, our irises, and flowering rush."

What a mighty procession has been marching toward the grave during the past year. At the usual estimate, since the first of January, 1853, more than 31,500,000 of the world's population have gone down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle, as they "move on," tramp, tramp, tramp—forward! upon this stupendous dead march!

Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating—
Funeral marches to the grave!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—When a man sounds his own trumpet, be sure there's a crack in it. How few women deal in more than the bare necessaries of conversation. There are minds, as well as streets, that want draining. The best word in many books is "Finis." He that confesses to one particular weakness, has many more in reserve. How few come within ear-shot of Fame! The tears of his hearers, are the preacher's applause.—Mammon ties as many marriage-knots as Cupid. He that says "I know a secret," will tell it, if pressed. Friend-ship often ripens, under the seed of intimacy, into love.

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says: if you care for pleasure marry: if you prize health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

What a meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl, who was rendering testimony against an individual in a New Orleans court, a short time since. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile!" There is a biography of unkindness in that simple sentence.

This fine stanza is from a poem in the New Era, on the death of Webster:

How well he fell asleep!
Like some proud river, widening toward the sea,
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
Life joined eternity.

A nation cannot become degraded while the women remain intelligent and virtuous. A virtuous women sometimes has a brute of a husband, and an exemplary mother a wretch of a husband—but these are individual instances.

The only governments of the world that have an excess of their receipts over their expenses, are republics—the United States and Switzerland.

It is said that among the last words of the great and lamented Henry Clay were, "*My mother—mother—mother!*"

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn; drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he's the querist.

Chip Talking.

The Rev. J. Williams, in his Narrative of Missionary Enterprise, gives the following interesting anecdote:

"In the erection of this chapel, (at Raratonga) a striking instance occurred illustrative of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing, for the first time, the effects of written communications. As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and, with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him—

"Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had lost an eye, and giving an inexpressible look with the other, he said—

"Take that! She will call me a fool, and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not; take it and go immediately, for I am in haste."

Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked—

"What must I say?"

I replied—

"You have nothing to say; this chip will say all I wish."

"With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood and said,—

"How can this speak? Has it a mouth?"

I desired him to take it immediately and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house he gave it to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said,—

"Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," replied she, "did you not give me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply, "for it made known to me what he wanted; and all you have to do is to return as quick as possible."

With this, the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went.

"See the wisdom of these English people: they can make the chips talk! they can make chips talk!"

On giving the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the information in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with interest while he narrated the wonders the chip had performed.

FOUND HIS FREEDOM.—"Rebellion lay in his way and he found it." A Brazilian negro slave, some months ago, found his freedom in the diamond mines, having discovered a diamond of great size, weighing 254 carats, and valued at one million, three hundred thousand dollars. A Rio Janeiro firm have had it deposited in the Bank of England. It will probably not find a purchaser for a long time, as money is so tight in Europe at present.—The slave received his freedom as a reward. So it seems that $1,300,000, in Brazil, are considered the price of liberty. This should make every freeman skip for joy, for he is a millionaire, even if he has to starve to death. We hope the slave who found his freedom will be made aware of that *other* price of liberty, "eternal vigilance," or he may find himself working in the mines again, one of these dark days.

An Affectionate Spirit.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its frozen fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than any one of these families without a heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not rather follow his wife to the grave, than to entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. Love everybody and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God.—Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Religion is love—love to God—love to all men.

"Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, can you tell me whether the calf was a male or female calf."

"It was a female calf."

"How do you know that?"

"Because (looking the chap in the face) I see the mule is alive now."

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" remarked Cushing to a companion, "why it's an awful smelling thing."

"Oh, no! it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply."

"What is it, then?" inquired Cushing.

"Why it's your nose that smells, of course, that's what noses are made for."

The Blackest Page in English History.

The following is an extract from "A Child's History of England," by Charles Dickens. It relates to the horrible atrocities committed by James II. and his satellites, avowedly with the object of sustaining religion and law:

"The atrocities committed by the Government which followed the Monmouth rebellion, form the blackest and most lamentable page in English History. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leader having been taken, one would think that the implacable King might have been satisfied. But no: he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a Colonel Kirk, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers—called by the people Kirk's lambs, because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity—were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say, that besides most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favorite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the king, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to be beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable king informed him, as an acknowledgment of these services, that he was "very well satisfied with his proceedings." But the king's great delight was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the west, with four other judges, to try persons accused of having any share in the rebellion. The king pleasantly called this "Jeffrey's campaign." The people down in that part of the country remember it to this hour as "The Bloody Assize."

It began at Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady, Mrs. Alicia Lisle, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First (who was murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins,) was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into a false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said:—"Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty!" as I dare say he would. He sentenced her to be burned alive that afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favor, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the king made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead on the judgment seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man who plead not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly plead guilty at once. At Dorchester alone, in the course of a few days, Jeffreys hanged eighty people, besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed in all two hundred and fifty or three hundred.

These executions took place among the neighbors and friends of the sentenced in thirty-six towns and villages. Their bodies were mangled, steeped in cauldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the road sides, in the streets, over the churches. The sight and smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal cauldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called Jack Ketch, because a man of that name went hanging and hanging all day long, in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the honors of the French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, no doubt; but I know of nothing worse, done by the maddened people of France in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the King of England, in the Bloody Assize.

Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as fond of money for himself as of misery for others, and he sold pardons wholesale to fill his pockets. The king ordered, at one time, a thousand prisoners to be given to certain of his favorites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. Those young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible, were bestowed upon the maids of honor at court; and those precious ladies made very bad bargains with them indeed—employing a Quaker to drive the said bargains. When the Bloody Assize was at its most dismal height, the King was diverting himself with horse races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the Royal Gazette; and when the king heard through drunkenness and raging he was very ill, his odious Majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former sheriff of London, named Cornish, was hanged in sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having a share in the Rye House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directy opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell.—And on the very same day, a worthy widow named Elizabeth Gaunt, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about her with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly; and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God, to give refuge to the outcast, and not to betray the wanderer.

After all this hanging, beheading, burning, boiling, mutilating, exposing, robbing, transporting, and selling into slavery, of his unhappy subjects, the king not unnaturally thought that he could do whatever he would. So he went to work to change the religion of the country with all possible speed."

A Lawyer's Story.

Have you heard what happened to Green, last term of our County Court?—No! Well, I'll try to give you a faint description. Green, you know, Judge, but Lovel perhaps don't; has the sobriquet of Sandy Green given him by the bar, because, in the first place his name is Alexander; and secondly, his complexion, hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, are of the color of Bristol brick. He is mightily ashamed of his hair, however, and a year or two ago had his head shaved, bought a curled, black wig, and has been the meanest looking man ever since—he's unparalleled—and he has no second. There was a chap stopping at the City Hotel one day—a dwarf, not over four feet high, hump-backed, with a shrewd monkey face, most horribly scarred and pitted with the small pox. Green was going by, and the fellow, who was in the portico smoking, hailed him. "Hillo, stranger!" said he, "hold on, I want to see you." So Green stopped, and the Dwarf looked at him curiously. "I win," said he. "I rather think so." "Think what?" asked Green.—"Never mind," said the dwarf, "come in, come in and take a drink." Sandy never refused such an invitation; so in they went and liquored, and the day being warm, Sandy took off his hat to wipe his forehead. His new friend chipped his hands. "By dash," said he, "I've found him." "Found whom?" asked Sandy. "Found you," cried the dwarf. "What do you mean?" said Green, who is mighty afraid of being put on. "What's your business?" asked the stranger. "A lawyer, sir," replied Sandy, with dignity.—"Good!" cried the dwarf "I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll go out to Cincinnati, and win a suit for me; and I'll pay all expenses." "But if I don't win it?" asked Sandy, "what then?" "By dash, I know you will," exclaimed the stranger, positively. "But what is the suit," persisted Green. "Well, I'll tell you," replied the dwarf, around whom a crowd had collected. "I'm courting a girl in Cincinnati, and she's willing to have me, for I'm rich; but she says she hates to have the name of being the ugliest man's wife in the United States. I told her there might be a man uglier than I; and she said if I could find one she would marry me, and not without. I've travelled all over the country six months, and was just about going home in despair, when, thank God, I saw you. Will you go, stranger?" But hold on—that's not the story. Green is, of course, rather touchy on the subject of hair, and is amazingly given to pathetic eloquence. He was trying a breach of promise case against me last term. It was his closing turn for the plaintiff, and he was just winding up with great effect, highfaluting about blighted hopes, withered hearts, blasted affections, peace of mind forever fled, and all that—jury much affected—the foreman, an old fellow, with a family of six marriageable and unmarried daughters, looking with the spirit of a father, intent and stern, first at Green and then at my client, who sat behind me chewing tobacco vehemently, and sweating like a trooper; the youngest juryman, a spooney, just old enough to be in love and on a jury, all in tears. Sandy was picturing the plaintiff's agony when she found herself jilted; how she wrung her hands—and here he rubbed his fists like a washerwoman; how she beat her bosom—and if his vest hadn't been well padded, he would have knocked himself speechless; and how she tore her raven locks—and in his smiting the action to the word, may I be translated if his wig didn't come off in his hands and tumble on the floor, from which it got kicked into a spittoon. I never saw such a looking head in my life. It looked like the desert of Sahara. Perhaps Sandy didn't submit his case to an intelligent and enlightened jury of his countrymen in just about a minute from that time. It saved my client fifteen hundred dollars. I did not tell him so, though, but took all the credit to myself, of course."

The following is copied from a tombstone in the Isle of Wight, written by the late Rev. Legh Richmond, of that place:

TO THE MEMORY OF LITTLE JANE.

Ye, who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as you explore
The short and simple annals of the poor;
A child reposes underneath this sod—
A child, in memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear—
Jane, the "*Young Cottager*," lies buried here.

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day, to her family physician, kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?

"Why, hem! why certainly, madam," replied the doctor, "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech."

"La me! remarked the old lady, now jest see what it is to have a physic education; I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times, that are same thing, and all I could ever git out on him was "*cause they is!*"

"Well, I'm glad I axed you, for I never should a died satisfied without knowin' it."

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to a year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are *Lent*."

"Mother put this boy to bed. He's getting too forward."

TOWNSHIP & BOROUGH ELECTIONS.

The following are the names of the officers elected in the several Townships of this county, and the Borough of Gettysburg, on the 17th inst. Several of the returns are not as explicit as they should be: hence if inaccuracies be found in this list, the reader will be good enough to attribute them to that fact:

Gettysburg.—Judge, Anthony E. Kurtz; Inspectors, Jeremiah Culp, Isaac Miller; Assessor, Hiram Warren; Constables, John L. Burns, William T. Smith; School Directors, John Winebrenner, Jacob Aughinbaugh.

Berwick.—Judge, George Ickes; Inspectors, Henry Kohler, George Oaster; Assessor, John Pfleiger; Constable, Joseph Noll; Supervisors, Isaac Wolf, John Flickinger; School Directors, Michael Crist, Joseph Kepner, Joseph Graft, Samuel Metzger; Auditor, Henry Speck; Township Clerk, Theodore Pfeiffer.

Butler.—Judge, Francis W. Kuhns; Inspectors, John M. Peters, Burkhart Wertz; Assessor, James McDannell; Constable, Geo. Lower; Supervisors, Jacob Shank, Michael Deatrick; School Directors, John Hoover, Jacob Rebert; Auditor, Jesse Houck; Clerk, Henry Hartzell; Treasurer, Henry G. Koser.

Cumberland.—Justice of the Peace, John Black; Judge, Henry Lott; Inspectors, David Schriver, Levi M. Plank; Assessor, John W. Weikle; Constable, Henry B. Cromer; Supervisors, Uriah McDowell, James Black, Sr.; School Directors, Eli Horner, Daniel Polley; Auditor, Samuel Pitzer; Clerk, John Currens.

Conewago.—Justices of the Peace, John Bushey, John L. Gubernator; Judge, Daniel Gilt; Inspectors, E. J. Owings, Joseph V. Stombaugh; Assessor, Joseph Heagy; Constable, John Krug; Supervisors, Jacob Bollinger, George Krug; School Directors, Sam'l. Schwartz, Jesse Waltman; Auditor, Henry Eichel; Clerk, Joseph Burkee.

Franklin.—Judge, James Ewing; Inspectors, James K. Wilson, Frederick Diehl; Assessor, Charles Sterner; Constable, David Chamberlin; Supervisor, Nicholas Sterner; School Directors, William McCullough, Jacob Cover; Auditor, C. H. McKnight; Clerk, Peter Mickley, of D.

Freedom.—Judge, James Cunningham; Inspectors, John Crouse, Joseph Creager; Assessor, Jacob Myers; Constable, George Spangler; Supervisors, Abraham Weybright, Abraham Flenner; School Directors, Wm. Reilly, David Rhodes; Auditor, James Cunningham, Jr; Clerk, Jesse Nunemaker.

Germany.—Judge, Wm. Staub; Inspectors, David Weikert, Abraham Harner; Assessor, John Mehring; Constable, Christain Reck; Supervisors, Michael Fink, Barnabas Menchy; School Directors, George Myers, Geo. Sherly; Auditor, Solomon Sell; Clerk, Eph'm. Myers.

Hamilton.—Justices of the Peace, Jacob Bushey, Dan'l Lynch; Judge, Geo. Schwartz; Inspectors, John Rupp, Samuel McFarland; Assessor, George Baker; Constable, Daniel March; Supervisors, John Mummert, Daniel Bender; School Directors, B. Hildebrand, G. Schwartz; Auditor, Henry B. Rabert; Clerk, Andrew Resser.

Hamiltonban.—Justice of the Peace, Samuel W. Culbertson; Judge, Christian Musselman; Inspectors, Thomas Newman, Geo. Trenkle; Assessor, Robert Slemmons; Constable, Wm. Johnston; Supervisors, Jacob Musselman, Christian Byers; School Directors, Christian Musselman, Sam'l Gobean, Dr. D. Mahon; Auditor, Joseph Kittinger; Clerk, John McCleary.

Huntington.—Justices of the Peace, James Davis, Abraham Fickes; Judge, Wm. Moorhead; Inspectors, Jacob Hartman, George W. Wierman; Assessor, John Spealman; Constable, Leonard McElwee; Supervisors, Abraham Trostle, Benjamin Weaver; School Directors, John L. Sadler, Benjamin Shelly; Auditors, John C. Stephens, 3 years, John D. Becker, 2 years; Clerk, G. F. Gelwicks; Treasurer, B. F. Gardner.

Latimore.—Judge, Owen Griest; Inspectors, Jonathan B. Myers, Joseph A. R. McBride; Assessor, David Hoffman; Constable, Peter F. Smith; Supervisors, Abraham Livingston, Samuel Miller; School Directors, Jacob Griest, Abraham Ziegler; Auditor, Howard Miller; Clerk, Conrad E. Myers.

Liberty.—Judge, Jacob Eiker; Inspectors, Frederick McIntire; Nathaniel Grayson; Assessor, James Corey; Constable, John Eckt; Supervisors, David Eiker, Joseph Bollinger; School Directors, Blasius Kivel, John Nunemaker; Auditor, Daniel Stonerl; Clerk, Geo. A. Krise.

Menallen.—Justices of the Peace, John Burkholder, Jacob B. Meals; Judge, Jonas Rontzahn; Inspectors, John Knous, Amos Scribner; Assessor, Jeremiah Slaybaugh; Constable, Barnhard Myers; Supervisors, John M. Miller, Jago Doyle; School Directors, Christian Cashman, Ferdinand Meals; Auditors, John McKnight, 3 years, Wm. B. Wilson, 1 year; Clerk, John Collings; Treasurer, Samuel Meals.

Mount Pleasant.—Judge, Wm. Stock; Inspectors, David Sneeringer, Jacob Cashman; Assessor, Joseph Herman; Constable, John Sholtz; Supervisors, Henry Miller, Isaac Witt; School Directors, John Felix, Wm. Kohler; Auditor, Cornelius Houghtelin; Clerk, Jas. McIlvain.

Mountjoy.—Judge, Wm. Walker; Inspectors, Daniel K. Snyder, Peter Cownover; Assessor, Francis Allison; Constable, Jacob Fetterhoff; Supervisors, Peter Epley, Wm. Koons; School Directors, Jas. W. Barr, Samuel Durborow, David Clapsaddle; Auditor, Smith Barr.

Oxford.—Justice of the Peace, Geo. B. Himes; Judge, Henry Bart; Inspectors, Samuel McTaggart, Anthony Felix; Assessor, James Timmins; Constable, Anthony Storm; Supervisors, Francis Marshall, Anthony Ginter; School Directors, Wm. D. Himes, Henry J. Kuhn; Auditor, Jacob Martin; Clerk, Aaron Heagy.

Reading.—Judge, Wm. S. Hildebrand; Inspectors, Samuel Heinard, John Brought; Assessor, Michael Brown; Constable, Philip Hess; Supervisors, Job Dicks, Emanuel Chronister; School Directors, Samuel Thomas, W. S. Hildebrand, W. Hallacher, 2 yr.—Hampton District, Wm. Picking, Jacob C. Schriver; Auditor, Levi Chronister; Clerk, Jacob Wolf.

Straban.—Judge, Samuel Deardorff; Inspectors, Samuel Hollinger, George Yeagy; Assessor, Christian Rindlaub; Constable, John McCreary; Supervisors, Jno. Taughinbaugh, Frederick Mortz; School Directors, Philip Donohue, Ephraim Deardorff; Auditor, Jacob Monfort; Clerk, John Brown.

Tyrone.—Justice of the Peace, Peter Hummer; Judge, Henry Spangler of G.; Inspectors, Geo. F. Eckenrode, Wm. Snyder; Assessor, Samuel Sadler; Constable, Enoch Routzong; Supervisors, Jacob Brame, Geo. Eichelbergr; School Directors, Jacob Harman, Nicholas Dietrick, Francis Fickes, 1 year; Auditor, James Miller; Clerk, Jacob Pittenger.

Union.—Judge, John Troup; Inspectors, David Boyers, Jacob Houston; Assessor, Pius Unger; Supervisors, Jacob Bashore, Frederick Palmer; School Directors, Daniel Bashore, John Mickley; Auditor, Michael Kitzmiller; Clerk, Peter Zeugo.

"Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

TRUTH is always sure to win.