

THE STAR AND BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NUMBER 34

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FR."

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22, 1856.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an Order of the Orphans Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius McCallion, late of Liberty township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at Public Sale on Saturday the 13th day of September next, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the premises, the valuable

REAL ESTATE of said deceased, situate in said township, about one mile from Zimmlingburg, containing 93 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Maxwell Shields, James Bowser, Samuel Daphorn, and others. The improvements consist of a two and a half story

LOG WEATHERBOARD HOUSE, Stone Spring House, with two Springs of never failing water near the dwelling, a good Log Stable, and other out buildings. About 15 Acres are in good

Timber, and the balance cleared and under good cultivation, with a fair proportion of good soil. Persons wishing to view the premises, can call on Joseph McCallion, residing on the same, or on the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on the day of sale.

JOHN C. McCALLION, Adm'r.

August 1, 1856—41.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of the last Will and Testament of MARY FEHL, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, deceased, the undersigned, Executor, will sell at Public Sale, on Tuesday, the 19th day of August next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

A Lot of Ground, situate in said Borough, on East York street, adjoining lots of Russell and Wills on the East, and Mrs. Mary Thompson on the West, on which are erected a two-story weather-boarded DWELLING HOUSE, a one-story do., a stone Spring, a well, a house, Woodshed, Stable, and other improvements. There is an excellent well of water at the door, and a number of choice fruit trees on the lot.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on the day of sale by

JEREMIAH CULP, Executor.

July 18, 1856—41.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of the Will of WM. WALKER, late of Mountain township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, I will expose to Public Sale, on Saturday the 6th day of September next, on the premises, the following described Real Estate, situate in said township:

No. 1.—A House and Lot, fronting on the Baltimore road, containing 25 Acres, the improvements being a two-story weather-boarded House, log Barn, &c.

No. 2.—About 49 Acres, of land, with a good proportion of Timber and Meadow, adjoining the last mentioned tract. The whole will be sold together, or separate to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the property will call on the subscriber residing near the same.

Sale will commence at 1 o'clock P. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by

SAMUEL DURBORAW, Ec'r.

July 25, 1856—41.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

at the SAND-STONE FRONT.

NOW received and for sale the largest, practical, and cheapest stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING that has ever been offered in this place at any time. They are all our own make, manufactured out of our own Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. &c. We have Coats from \$1 to \$20; Pants from 50 cents to \$10; Vests from 25 cents to \$5.00.

Boys' Clothing in Great Variety. Our stock of Cloths consists of Blue, Black, Olive, Brown, Green, Drab, Claret, and all other colors. Our Cassimeres consist of Black, Brown, Steel, mixed, and every variety of Shad of fancy colors. Also Marine Cassimeres, in great variety, Plain, Plaid, and Figured. Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Drab Detaches, Silk Warp, Alpacaes, Buff Suits, Buff White, Plaid and Fancy Muscivole Vesting. Call and see us, if we cannot fit you we will take your measure, and make you a garment on the very shortest notice. Having the very best Tailors constantly at work cutting out and making up, we do things up in the best and best manner at the SAND-STONE FRONT, and are glad to be.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

April 4, 1856.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Increased Assortment.

A. D. BUEHLER has added to his former stock of Goods an unusually large assortment of Classical, School and Miscellaneous Books.

embracing all the text Books used in the Colleges, Common Schools, and standard Classical authors, with the recent popular publications, constituting a large assortment than ever before opened in Gettysburg. Also

STATIONERY of all kinds; Cap, Letter and Note Paper, of the best quality; Envelopes, Gold Pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, &c., with a large assortment of

Fancy Goods, which he invites attention, being prepared to sell at unusually low prices. He has also largely increased his stock of

Drugs and Medicines, which can be relied upon as the best in the market. Arrangements have been effected by which any article in his line of business can be promptly ordered from the city.

Gettysburg, Nov. 2, 1855.

AGENTS WANTED.

An enterprising and responsible Agent wanted to canvass the County of Adams, for a responsible Insurance Company, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Address: D. B. Box 142, York, Penna.

July 11, 1856—31.

The Dog Noble, and the Empty Hole.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had all along a very intelligent dog named Noble. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-like exultation of the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall he could not be persuaded that he was not there for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular rump with Noble. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence, almost within reach, they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation under all this apparent rashness, that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran into a chink, emerged at a little distance, and sprang into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then with tail extended, and every hair thereof electrified, he would rush at the empty hole with prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face to the tree, and crouching in a crotch, would sit steadily watching the whole process of the barking and scratching with great sobriety and relief. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that the hole had a squirrel in continued unabated for six weeks. When all other occupations failed this hole remained to him. When there was no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all his dog-skip would hold, he would walk out into the yard, yawn and stretch himself; and then look wistfully at the whole, as if thinking to himself, "Well if there is nothing else to do may as well try that hole again."

We had almost forgotten this little trait of the dog's nature, when the New York Register brought it indubitably to mind again. Col. Fremont is, and always has been, sound a Protestant in the faith and has never been in the habit of attending to the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended that Church with two or three exceptions, when curiosity, or some extrinsic reason, led him up as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say: We say it upon our own personal honor and proper knowledge. Col. Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont to attend that Church. Nor has he in any way, directly or indirectly, given occasion for this report.

It is a gratuitous falsehood, utter, barren, absolute, and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated for that reason, and like other political lies, it goes from top to bottom, from the pulpit, through the skin, and into the marrow, and total truth, and they who spread it bear false witness. And as to all the stories of the Palmer, etc., as to which he defended the mass, and what not, they are pure fictions. They never happened. The authors of them are slanderers, the men to believe them are dupes; the men who spread them become endorsers of wilful and corrupt libellers.

But the Express, like Noble, has depended on this hole in the wall, and never can do better at it. Day after day it resorts to this empty hole. When every thing else fails this resource remains. There they are, indistinguishably the Express and Noble—a church without a Fremont, and a hole without a squirrel in it!

In some respects, however, the dog had the advantage. Sometimes we thought that he really believed that there was a squirrel there. But at other times he apparently had an inkling of the ridiculousness of his conduct, for he would drop his tail, and walk towards us with his tongue out and his eyes a little askant, seeming to say, "My dear sir, you should understand a dog's feelings. I should of course much prefer a squirrel, but if I can't have that, an empty hole is better than nothing. I imagine how I would catch him if he was there. Besides, people who pass by do not know the facts. They think that I have got something. It is needful to keep up my reputation for sagacity. Besides to tell the truth I have lapped into that hole so long that I have half persuaded myself that there is a squirrel there, or will be, if I keep on."

Well, every dog must have his day, and every dog must have his way. No doubt if we were to bring back Noble now; after two summers' absence, he would make straight for that hole in the wall just as much as usual as ever.

We never read the Express now-a-days, without thinking involuntarily, "Goodness! the dog is letting off at that hole again."

It is a little singular, in the present state of politics, that the southwest corner of Iowa—the one nearest Kansas—should be named Fremont, and the town where the Kansas route crosses into Nebraska, Dayton. So the way to Kansas, literally, is through Fremont and Dayton.

This sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like the human soul, for all their glory comes from the sun.—Jean Paul.

The Martyred Blind Boy.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In the reign of "Bloody Mary," of England, when the good Sir Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to thimshop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester, for confessing the truth. After the bishop had examined him concerning his faith, and he cause of his imprisonment, he look on him steadily, tears standing in his eyes, and said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath been to thy outward sight, for we reason thy soul with the eye of knowledge, and God give thee grace continually to glory unto him, that thou forget not that sight; for thou shouldst these blind both in body and in soul."

The boy's name was Thom Dowry. How often or how long he had been imprisoned for the truth's sake, is not known; but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Willis, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the register of the diocese, in his consistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the set articles, chiefly urging that on treasonable and saying:

"Dost thou not believe that her the words of consecration spoken by the priest, remaineth the very body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?"

"No," answered the blind boy; "that I do not."

"Then," said the chancellor, "thou art a heretic, and shalt be burned. Unto who taught you this heresy?"

"You, Master Chancellor."

"Where, I pray thee?"

"Even in your place," replied the boy, turning and pointing with his hand toward where the pulpit stood. The chancellor again inquired:

"When did I teach thee so?"

Dowry answered, "when you preached there (pointing a dry) 'a sermon' to all men, as well as to me upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally, and really, as the papist hath taught heretofore."

The shameless apostate answered: "Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live as I do, and escape burning."

The blind boy said: "Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock God, the world, and your conscience, yet will I not do so."

"Then God have mercy upon thee," said the chancellor, "and let thee be a young martyr."

Hereupon the register, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the chancellor: "For shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself! Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment."

"No, register," said the fearfully hardened man; "I will obey the law, and give sentence myself according to mine office."

He did so; delivered him to the secular power, who on the very same day led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor bricklayer, and another man, who was sentenced to the same punishment. In the usual manner of the execution, the men were bound together with their hands behind their backs, and they were led to the gallows, where they were hanged. The blind boy, however, was not bound, but he was led to the gallows, where he was hanged. The blind boy, however, was not bound, but he was led to the gallows, where he was hanged.

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Correspondence of the "Star & Banner."

Letter from Virginia.

The Red Sulphur Springs—Location and use—The Route through Virginia—The Indications of the Country—Natural advantages and artificial weakness of Virginia—The Cause—The practical effect of Slavery upon Slaveholders, Poor Whites and the Slaves—Politics, &c.

Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe Co., Va., August 5, 1856.

These Springs, well known in the Southern country for their efficacy in throat and lung diseases, are beautifully situated in a very narrow valley in one of the spurs of the Allegheny Mountains. They are west of the main ridge, and in the South-west portion of the State. The valley is about 100 yards in width, and the surrounding mountains of such height as to keep out the sun until 7 o'clock in the morning, and to throw a shade over the valley at about 4 in the afternoon. As a consequence, the spot is rarely oppressively warm; and, during the excessive heat of last week, was always pleasant during the day, and so cool at night as to require the aid of blankets.

The company is composed chiefly of invalids, and numbers probably 160. Most of them are from Virginia and other Southern States, into which lung diseases are insidiously themselves a place of resort for 40 years, and are growing in public estimation. Some remarkable cures have been effected by the waters, and few think its use without deriving much benefit. The access is so difficult as might be supposed. But 40 miles of the ride are in stages, and these are over the best mountain road I ever saw. Our great difficulty is the irregularity of the mails, and our consequent ignorance of the progress of the hour, world of which we are scarcely a part, so removed are we from its excitements.

The route we travelled was from Washington City, via Aquia creek, to Richmond, and thence by Lynchburg to a station named New Bern, and from there by Eastern, Southern and Western Virginia; and gave opportunity for observing some of the peculiarities of each. All your readers have heard of the fertile soil, the wonderful animal advantages and the wretched farming of Eastern Virginia; and so many have seen it that anything more than a passing reference to it is unnecessary. Until one reaches Lynchburg, the same wants and deficiencies are generally observable. But around that point, and thenceforth to the mountain region, the farming improves. The land is divided into small fields, which are better worked—fine barnyards, the presence of good methodical farmers—clean lands provide the industrious husbandman—and the more numerous farm-houses, and all the indications of the country, remind one of the poorless farmers of Pennsylvania, many of which have penetrated this region, and inaugurated the more successful system of labor whose results are palpable to all. These mountains are also full of industrious men; and are really attractive to all who appreciate the honorable triumphs of the hard headed over the ruggedness of nature.

But, while there is much to admire in the agricultural features of this part of the country, one cannot fail to observe the painful absence everywhere of manufactures of every character. One or two saw mills only are on the line of all the railroads we travelled; and probably as many grist mills, and no diversity of employment, such as is necessary to the prosperity of a community. There are but four or five towns on the route—nearly all the stations being, notwithstanding villages, but mere huts for the accommodation of travelers—Lynchburg and Richmond are improving places; but they are the outposts of immense districts of country, and under a different system, would be capable of supporting many more and larger towns. In comparing the prospect with that which strikes the eye while travelling over any Pennsylvania railroad, Virginia has much to be ashamed of and have regret for. The latter has the largest concentration of all the States in the Union. It has more navigable rivers, and fine harbors. It has a choice soil, which is ready to yield the most abundant fruits at the call of the laborer. It has magnificent mountains, full of coal, iron and other minerals; it has pathless forests, capable of furnishing as fine timber as the world can boast. It has almost countless valuable streams, which should be musical from the hum of machinery upon their banks. It has a central position, which could have commanded the choice trade of the west. It is the natural outlet of the large portion of the famous Mississippi Valley, whose treasures would have made Virginia rich; and it has a healthy climate, which, without enervating, has a business peculiarly favorable to mental and physical effort, and to prolonged life. Why, with all these advantages, which neither State possesses, in an equal degree, is not Virginia the first commercial and business State in the Union? Why do she sell her rivers, steamers plow her harbors, and more prolific harvests cover her fields? Why is not more machinery in her borders, extracting her ore into a source of immense profit, selling her forests, and thus contributing to the wealth and comfort of her citizens? Why are her towns desolating? Why are her trade comparatively stagnant? Why is she paying tribute to others instead of receiving it from others? Why is she importing what she should manufacture, and why have less enlightened States monopolized that giant trade which enriches all who touch it? Why, in a word, is Virginia not only not advancing, but retrograding, in population, wealth and influence?

There can be but one answer: The depressing, demoralizing, degrading, corrupting influence of that domestic slavery which she hugs insanely, while it stings her fatally. This institution, which to be understood must be observed, operates fearfully to the injury of the white as well as to the degradation of the black race. It makes the one tyrannical, and the other syphilitic. It corrupts one, with the possession of arbitrary power—the other with the crushed spirit, slavery always visits upon the weak. It tempts the morals of the one, in making the other easy victims of the arts of the passionate. It degrades labor by associating it with a condition of inferiority—a pregnant truth which white laborers at the South feel keenly every day of their existence. It creates a privileged class, who fatten upon the exhausting toil of the oppressed. It establishes a community of class, in which one race has every privilege—the other none, not even that of life, liberty, or property, which our chart of liberty declared equally the right of all in virtue of their manhood. And it furnishes facilities for all the crimes, the corruptions and the iniquities which every description of slavery has always entailed upon the serving and the served. Yet this system, which is founded upon wrong, which cannot be sustained upon the declared principles of our government, which blights and blasts the naturally most favored portion of our confederacy, and which in its various forms in this country, Europe, Asia and Africa, is the monster which of the age, an infamous, shameless party in this land has taken under its protection, and seeks to force into new and free territories, to corrupt their future population, and debase their promising natures—a work, worthy only of cold-blooded executioners of man, and eminent meriting the detestation, the hate of all, who revere liberal principles, and have hearts to feel, and grow indignant at the contemplation of the outrages which man in his pride and power has from the beginning inflicted upon the weaker of his fellow-men.

As a consequence of slavery white laborers are of no social consequence in Slave States, and have not practically the same enjoyment of personal rights as the Slaveholding aristocracy. These are lords both of the soil and people, and such is the perversion of justice in the South, that no man belonging to the higher circles is ever convicted of crime, no matter how low the guilt—a wounded sense of honor, a justifiable resentment, or some other false idea, also the effect of the peculiar institution, is the ready excuse manufactured to afford a pretext for the denial of justice. In Massachusetts, gentlemen are hung who commit murder. In England, the nobility are incarcerated in prison, or end their lives, upon the gallows, who invade the laws of their country. But in the South, where poor men are killed by rich, there is no punishment awarded. This is a sober history; and it arises from the principles upon which alone slavery can be defended. For if it be believed that one set of men were made to rule and another to be ruled, it is not far to proceed before the conclusion is reached, that one set were made with that peculiar privilege of acting independently, in which they should not be disturbed. Yet this system which imperils the morals of the Slaveholder, vitiates the hearts of the enslaved, and degrades the poor; white to a lower level than even the Slave occupies, is considered worthy of especial protection by the hypocritical, criminal, mis-named Democratic party of the country—a party which professing to advance man, is leagued with the policy and the system which debase and deprive him. Thus far, that party has been unchecked in its crime against humanity. It may always be so. But there will be a hereafter; and we then to these traitors of Freedom, these enemies of Right, these treacherous foes of the Human Family.

Naturally enough, the South is, in its political condition, intensely Democratic. It knows its friends. It has bought them with price. Northern Locofocos have no conscience, and the South knows it. The leaders were plunderers, and the South knows it. They have no settled, well-defined, consistently-upheld principles, and the South has taken advantage of it. They love money and place, more than Men, or Principle or Right; and the South knows it. Hence the South is sure to be faithful to Buchanan and Democracy. The South, the home of privileged classes, where plain rights are denied to many of the people, the practical embodiment of such an aristocracy as that of the feudal Ages, the ally of the Democratic Party—a Union as impossible as that of oil and water, if the party were really one of Democracy. But it is no such thing—it is false to all Democracy of sentiment. It has become an enemy of the principles upon which it was founded; and the South, the slavery-propagating South, thinks it worthy of its votes.

I have heard considerable conversation on the subject of this canvass, and have met but one or two friends of Fillmore. Yesterday, I heard a Fremont man boldly proclaiming his opinions and defending them ingeniously. The speaker was an intelligent German who voted for Pierce, thinking he was a friend of the Union, but now regrets the vote, as he found him at heart a Disunionist. He says Fremont is the only man who can settle the Kansas question honorably, and preserve the Union, and he will support him. But nearly all the Virginians and Southerners are for Buchanan. I have conversed with three, who avowed themselves Disunionists. All these are for Buchanan. And for this reason: They wish to accomplish three purposes: first, make Kansas a Slave State, second, establish the right of a Southerner to take his slave with him into all the territories, wherever the National Flag waves, and third, to purchase Cuba and thus add one or more Slave States to the Union. They don't think the North will submit to the accomplishment of these purposes, but they press them in the hope that they may result in a separation. One old gentleman, a member of the Democratic party, told me in the cars that he did not care much about the good politics of the next President, but he wanted him to be a Southerner. I remark-

| States | Slaveholders | White |
|----------------------|--------------|---------|
| Alabama | 29,295 | 426,514 |
| Arkansas | 6,999 | 162,189 |
| District of Columbia | 1,471 | 37,169 |
| Delaware | 19,193 | 592,064 |
| Florida | 8,320 | 47,203 |
| Kentucky | 88,285 | 761,4 |