

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1857.

NUMBER 6.

THE FARMERS & MECHANICS' SAVINGS INSTITUTION

OF ADAMS COUNTY.

Opens Saturday, 11th of April.

This institution receives deposits for which it pays interest as follows:—

For over 12 months, 4 per cent. per annum.

For 3 and not over 12 months, 3 per cent. per annum.

For transient deposits, not less than 30 days, 2 per cent. per annum, payable on demand without notice.

The weekly deposits share the dividends declared and payable semi-annually.

At the first meeting, weekly deposits were subscribed by responsible citizens, for the current year, to an amount exceeding \$10,000, which will be paid in as required by the business of the association.

For loans apply on Wednesday.

Interest received on deposits as low as a dime.

Summers to be allowed whenever the deposits amount to \$1.00, and on each additional \$5.00 and upwards.

Office in South West Corner of Public Square, next to George Arnold's store. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and for receiving deposits, every Saturday, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

PERMANENT.

GEORGE THIRONE.

TREASURER AND SECRETARY.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

DIRECTORS.

John Brown, George Thirone, Samuel Harbrow, George Arnold, A. Hentzel, Jacob H. Bushman, David McCree, D. McConaughy, William Culp, John Mickle, Robert Horner, John Thirone.

April 10, 1857.—17.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legates and other persons concerned, that the *Administrators Accounts* hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 20th day of April, next, viz:—

224. The first account of Daniel Bricker and David Bricker, Executors of the last will and testament of William Bricker, deceased.

225. The account of John J. Kerr and James Moore, Executors of the will of Mary Kerr, deceased.

226. The first account of William Myers, Andrew Myers and Adam Myers, Executors of Philip Myers, deceased.

227. The first and final account of Joseph A. H. Adams, Administrator of the estate of Samuel H. Brown, deceased.

228. The account of Joseph Taylor, Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Taylor, deceased.

229. The first account of Levi Jones, Executor of the last will and testament of Albert Decker, deceased.

230. The first account of Robert Bleakley, Administrator with the will annexed of Hannah Bleakley, widow of Robert Bleakley, deceased. (Joint testatrixes.)

W. M. F. WALTER, Register, per DAVID PLANK, Deputy.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, March 27, 1857.—14

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas, in the Counties comprising the 19th District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said district, and JOHN HENRY and DAVID ZIEGLER, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Adams, have issued their precept, bearing date the 21st day of Jan., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, and to be directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Gettysburg, on Monday the 17th day of April, next.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Adams, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their Halls, Records, Inquisitions, Examinations, and other necessary papers, to do those things which to their offices, and that they be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

HENRY THOMAS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, March 27, 1857.

Jurors for April Term.

GRAND JURY.

Tyrone—James N. Pittenuff, George P. Eckenrode.

Liberty—Lewis Wittmer.

Cumberland—Scott Mackey.

Hamilton—John Herbel.

Moutjoy—Abraham Garber.

Oxford—Elias Slagle.

Germany—Isaac Sull, George Sheely.

Huntington—Jacob Pickens, Wm. Jensen.

Union—Jacob B. Baughman, Wm. Miller.

Mechanic—Henry Rice, Jacob Group.

Lancaster—John Tudor.

Barwick bor.—Henry Mayer.

Hawilton—George Saylor.

Strickland—Wm. Black, Samuel W. Hoffman.

Freedom—George J. White, Jacob Myers.

Mountpleasant—Peter Weikert.

Reading—John I. Mullin.

GENERAL JURY.

Borough—Peter Stallmuth, John Winebrenner, H. J. Stahl, Samuel K. Foulk, Joseph Martin, Robert Oberon, John Ziegler, Huntington—Abraham Garber, J. H. Ziegler, Lancaster—Nicholas Bushy, Abraham Ziegler, Conrad B. Myers, Wm. F. Bonner, George Christian, Wm. Lear.

Reading—Samuel Deardoff.

Cumberland—Frederick Herr, John Oyer.

Mountpleasant—Alexander Shorb, Abraham Struban, Peter Mackley.

Hamilton—David Hollinger.

Union—Daniel Geiselman, Charles Spangler.

Peter Long.

Tyrone—George Miller, of P. Moutjoy—Joseph Mackley, Moses Hartman, Watson Barr.

Mechanic—Wm. B. Wilson, Jeremiah Slaybaugh.

Barwick bor.—Matthew Eicholtzberger.

Conowingo—Samuel Weikert.

Hats, Hats.

THOSE in need of the above article, would do well to give to a call, before purchasing elsewhere, for cannot be beat in giving

LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

Lately Discovered, and Published in the Recent Edition of the Poet's Works.

I am old and blind!

Afflicted and deserted by God's frown!

Afflicted and deserted by my mind—

Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—

I murmur not that I no longer see—

Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,

Father Supreme! to Thee.

O, merciful One!

When men are farthest, then Thou art most

nearly!

Thy glorious face

Is leaning towards me—and its holy light

Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,

And there is no more night.

On my benighted knees

Recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—

My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see

Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear!

This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—

Beulah it is! I am almost sacred—here

Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand

Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath

been,

Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,

Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—

Shapes of resplendent beauty around me

throng—

From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow

Of soft and soothing tones.

It is nothing new

When Heaven is opening on my sightless eye,

When stars from Paradise redden my brow,

The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime

My being fills with rapture—waves of thought

Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime

Break upon my unthought.

Give me now my lyre:

I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;

Within my bosom glows an earthly fire,

Lit by the skill of mine.

BEWARE OF DRIFTING.

Few people form habits of wrong-doing

deliberately and wilfully. They glide into them

by degrees, and almost unconsciously, and be-

fore they are aware of danger, the habits are

confirmed, and require resolute and persist-

ent effort to effect a change. "Resist unto the

end, and thou shalt overcome." The

Baltimore Sun has a good article on the

slight beginnings of danger, which end in fatal

ruin:

"It was only the other day that a man fell

asleep in his boat on the Niagara River—

During his slumber, the boat broke loose from

her mooring, and he awoke to find himself

showing down the rapids directly towards the

entrance. In vain he shrieked for help; in

vain he tried to row against the current—

When he was borne rapidly to the brink of the

abyss, and leaping up with a wild cry, went

over and disappeared forever.

In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the

united fleets of France and Spain attacked

the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic

floating batteries broke from her anchorage,

and began to drift directly into the hottest of

the British fire. The thousand men who

formed the crew of the unwieldy mass vainly

strive to arrest its progress or divert it from

its path. Every minute it drifted nearer to

the English guns; every minute another score

of its hapless defenders were swept like chaff

from its decks. The most superhuman efforts

failed to prevent its drifting, with its human

frigate, to inevitable death.

"A ship was wrecked at sea. The passen-

gers and crew took refuge on a raft, the boats

having been torn in the attempt to launch

them. For days and weeks these unfortun-

ates drifted about, without oar or sail, on the

broken tropical ocean. At last their pro-

visions failed, and then their water. Still

they drifted about, vainly looking for a sail, or

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

By N. Y. Tribune.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

NO. XII. FURTHER ON NORTHWARD—

CHRISTMAS AND A STORY.

PITKA (Northern) Dec. 28, 1855.

We arose betwixt the hills, but the

grim and deliberately detained us. An

hour in preparing to go. I was in the

yard about five minutes only my cloth

overcoat and no wind found the air

truly sharp and about not painfully

severe. Presently I came running in

with the thermometer, with a yell of

triumph: "The thermometer" (30 deg. of

Reaumur, equal to 50° zero of Fahrenheit).

"We were waiting for this sign of our

approach to the Arctic.

The horses were ready, we muffled

up carefully, and the dawn was just

striking the hills. The air was crystal-clear

and not a breath stirring. My beard

was soon a solid mass from the moisture

of my breath, and I required constant

friction. The day of the ice which had

gathered on my face against my face

seemed that the flesh to freeze over my

cheek bones, and I then then being oblig-

ed to be particularly cautious. As it grew

lighter, we were able to find that our

position was a grid that a heavy sheep-

skin over her knees, for her hands, and

a shawl around her having only the eyes

visible. Thus accoutred she drove on mer-

ely, and, except the red of her cheeks

became as white as snow, and showed no

signs of the weather. Approached Sorjolle,

the first station, we had a broad view of

the frozen Bothnia, over which hovered

a low cloud of wreath. Looking

down into the snow of Sorjolle, we

saw the straight pipe smoking from the

stove high into the air, not spreading, but

gradually breaking a solid mass which

gradually again fell hollow, almost con-

cealing the houses. The white, handsome

church, with its tall spire on a mound,

rose above its pale, thin and alone softly

in the growing twilight.

We ordered horses, after drinking a

bowl of hot milk with cinnamon—

This is the favorite drink of the people

of the Arctic, and is very good. But

the milk of the cow is very good. But

the milk of the cow is very good. But

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