

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6--NO. 31.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 291.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Store for sale.

THE subscribers, wishing to decline business, feel disposed to sell off their **Stock of Goods**

on reasonable terms to any person wishing to commence the Dry Goods and Grocery business. The situation would be a very desirable one, as the rent of the Store will be moderate, there being but one other Store in the place and having a good surrounding neighborhood.

For particulars apply to
DAVIS & GROVER,
Littlestown, Pa. Oct. 19, 1835. 1f-20

THOMAS J. COOPER
RESPPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers, that he has just received a fresh supply of

FINE GOODS,

CONSISTING AS FOLLOWS:
Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Cloths, Cassinets, Merinos, Iron, Lumber, Hollow-ware, &c.

All of which he will sell low for Cash or Country Produce. Call and examine for yourselves.
T. J. C.
October 19, 1835. 3f-29

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD,
HAS just received and now offers for sale, AS LARGE AND WELL SELECTED

STOCK OF GOODS
as ever been offered to the public in this place!

HIS STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF
Fine and Superfine all colors,
CLOTHS:

Milled CASSIMERES, plain, striped, plaid and corded,
Fine and Superfine CASSINETTS, SATINETTS and CORDS,
BEVERTEENS, MOLESKINS and PETERSHAMS,

FLANNELS and BLANKETS,
Merino, silk and common VESTINGS,
3-4, 4-4 and 6-4 English and French MERINOES,

Oil and common 3-4 and 4-4 CHINTZ,
CALICOES and GINGHAMS,
Merino, Thibet Wool, Cashmere and silk SHAWLS.

Merino, Thibet Wool, Cashmere, Silk and Game Dress HANDKERCHIEFS,
Italian LUTESTRINGS,
Plain and plaid GROS DE NAPES,
Fur CAPES, CRAVATS, BOAS,
Fur and Chinilla CAPS, &c. &c. &c.

WITH ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE IN THE
DRY-GOOD LINE.

ALSO—A LARGE STOCK OF
Hardware, Bar Iron and Steel;
Sheet, hoop and strap IRON,
HOLLOW-WARE and CASTINGS,
SHOVELS and TONGS,
Brass AND-IRONS, &c. &c. &c.

WITH A LARGE STOCK OF
Fresh Groceries,
Queensware, Woodware, &c. &c.

Country Merchants can be supplied with Nails by the ton at City prices.
The Public are invited to call, examine, and judge for themselves.

P. S. OLD DEBTS would be thankfully received.
G. A.
Gettysburg, Sept. 29, 1835. 1f-26

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers at Private Sale, **SIX OUT-LOTS of Land** in the Borough of Gettysburg and near thereto. They are under good fence and well improved.

WALTER SMITH,
October 26, 1835. 1f-30

PUBLIC SALE.

THE Subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at the house of Henry Rex, in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa. on **Saturday the 28th of November next,** at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Three Lots of Timberland:
One of which is about half a mile from Wolf's tavern, adjoining lands of George J. Hartzell, John Rex and others—containing **8 Acres,** more or less.

The second, about half a mile from Hapkees' tavern, adjoining lands of John Crum Henry Peter and others, containing **5 Acres,** more or less.

The third, about two miles from Hapkees, adjoining lands of Geo. Plank, Philip Long and others—containing **12 Acres** more or less.

All Patented Land—late the Estate of DANIEL REX, deceased.

Persons wishing to view the property can be shown the same by calling on Henry Rex, or the subscriber.

Terms made known on the day of Sale, by
WILLIAM REX, Esq.
October 26, 1835. 1f-30

CABINET-WAREHOUSE,
Chambersburg Street.

Where there is constantly on hand
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

FURNITURE,
Ready for purchasers, for Cash or Produce

Orders for **COFFINS** punctually attended to,
DAVID HEAGY,
Gettysburg, Oct. 31, 1834. 1f-29

SPECIAL COURT.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that, in pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act for holding Special Courts of Common Pleas," passed the 15th day of March, 1816, and its supplements, a **Special Court of Common Pleas** will be holden at the Court-House in the borough of Gettysburg, in and for the county of Adams, on **Monday the 28th day of December next,** (being the fourth Monday in said month,) at 10 o'clock, A. M. to try and determine all such matters as shall properly be cognizable by the said court.

JAMES BELL, Jr. Sheriff.
October 26, 1835. 1f-30

FARM FOR SALE.

WILL be Exposed to Public Sale, on the premises, on **Saturday the 28th of November next,**

A FARM,
Situate in Mountpleasant township, Adams County, Pa. adjoining lands of John Hornberger, the Heirs of Cornelius Lot, George Wolford and others, containing

163 Acres, and allowance,
more or less. The improvements are A LOG DWELLING

HOUSE,
Log Stable, a Spring-house, with never failing water. There is a sufficient proportion of Woodland and Meadow.

Any person wishing to view the premises, can see the same by calling on William Cownover.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M. when and where attendance will be given, and the terms made known, by
WM. COWNOVER, Adm'r.
G. COWNOVER, Adm'r.
October 26, 1835. 1f-30

N. B. If the above property is not sold on the day of sale, it will be offered for rent, for one year from the 1st day of April next.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

IN pursuance of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, will be Exposed to Public Sale, on **Friday the 6th day of November next,** in Abbots-Town, Adams county, Pa. the following Property, late the Estate of Geo. BAVONER, Esq. deceased, viz:

NO. 1.
The Mansion House, Brick Barn & Tannery,
with 4 or 5 Lots in Abbots-Town, known on the plan of said Town by Nos. 44, 85, 86, 87, and 88.

NO. 2.
Lot No. 92, with House and Black-smith Shop.

NO. 3.
Lot No. 89, with a Loo House.

NO. 4.
A Lot with a BRICK TAVERN STAND now occupied by S-bastian Heffer, jr. with Stabling.

NO. 5.
A Half Lot of Ground, with a Stone Dwelling and Stabling, adjoining the above.

NO. 6.
Lot No. 51, with a Loo House and Barn, fronting on Water-street.

NO. 7.
Not No. 52, with a Loo House, fronting on Water-street.

NO. 8.
A Lot, with an Orchard, containing 1/2 an Acre, on Water-street.

NO. 9.
A Lot unimproved, containing 1/2 an Acre, fronting Fleet-street.

NO. 10.
A Lot unimproved, containing 1/2 an Acre, fronting Fleet-street.

NO. 11.
A Tract of Land, containing 17 Acres, on the Berlin and Hanover Turnpike.

NO. 12.
A Tract of Land, containing 15 Acres, adjoining the above.

NO. 13.
A Tract of Meadow, containing 12 Acres, adjoining Town Lots.

NO. 14.
A Lot, containing 1 Acre 38 Perches, in town.

NO. 15.
A Tract of Land, containing 12 Acres, adjoining Klinepeter's and Berlin and Hanover Turnpike.

NO. 16.
A Tract of Land, adjoining the above and Berlin and Hanover road, containing about 20 Acres.

NO. 17.
A Tract of Land, adjoining T. Kepner, Esq. and Michael Hoffman, containing about 25 Acres.

NO. 18.
A Tract of Land, part in Adams and part in York counties, containing about 125 Acres, with a two-story DWELLING HOUSE, Log Barn, Spring-house, and other Out-buildings.

NO. 19.
An undivided 1/2 part of a House and Lot of Ground, in Abbots-town.

NO. 20.
An undivided 1/2 part of a Lot of Ground, fronting on Middle-street, in the borough of Gettysburg.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, when attendance will be given, and the terms made known by
HENRY GITT,
JOSEPH CARL,
F. BAUGHER, Adm'rs.

By the Court,
THOS. C. MILLER, Clerk.
October 19, 1835. 1f-29

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens call'd with care."

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

My mother! look not on me now
With that sad earnest eye;
Blame me not, mother, blame not thou
My heart's last wish—to die!

I cannot wreathe with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not! on my brow is set
The age of grief—not years;
Its furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears.

And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary even to sigh,
Oh, mother, mother! thou would'st start,
And say, "Thine best to die!"

I know 'tis swerve on the earth—
I hear a pleasant tone;
Of waters in their chiming mirth—
I feel the breath of June;

The roses through my lattice look,
The bee goes singing by,
The peasant takes his harvest-hook—
Yet, mother, 'tis no die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers
That hath a voice for me—
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free!

There's nothing but the own deep love,
And that will live on high!
Then, mother! when my heart's above,
Kind mother, let me die!

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. XIX.]

JAPHET,
IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

She then went out again, & did not return for nearly an hour, when she was accompanied by her mother. "Kathleen has told me all, young sir," said she, "and do what we can, we will; but we hardly know what to do. To go to the castle would be madness."

"Yes," replied I; "but cannot you give me one of your horses to return the way I came?"

"That was our intention; but I find that the O'Tooles have taken them all out of the stable to prevent me; and the house is watched. They will come at midnight and attack us, that I fully expect, and how to conceal you puzzles my poor head."

"If they come, and we can but persuade them that he has escaped," replied Kathleen, "they will no longer watch the house, and he will then have some chance."

"There is but one chance," replied the mother, who took Kathleen aside, and whispered to her. Kathleen coloured to the forehead, and made no reply. "If your mother bids you, Kathleen, there can be no harm."

"Yes; but if Corney was——"

"He dare not," replied the mother; "and now put this light out, and do you get into bed, sir, with your clothes on." They led me to a small bed-room, a miserable affair; but in that part of the country considered respectable. "Lie down there," said the mother, "and wait till we call you." They took the light away, and left me to myself and my own reflections, which were any thing but pleasant. I lay awake, it might be for two hours, when I heard the sound of feet, and then whispering under the window. Shortly afterwards a loud knocking at the door, which they were attempting to burst open. Every moment I expected that it would yield to the violence which was made use of, when the mother came down half dressed, with a light in her hand, hastened to me, and desired me to follow her. I did so, and before she left my room, she threw the window wide open. She led me up a short of half stairs, half ladder, to a small room, where I found Kathleen sitting up in her bed, and undressed. "O mother! mother!" cried Kathleen.

"I bid ye do it, child," replied the mother, desiring me to creep into her daughter's bed, and cover myself up on the side next the wall.

"Let me put on some clothes, mother."

"No, no, if you do they will suspect, and will not hesitate to search. Your mother bids you."

The poor girl was burning with shame and confusion.

"Nay," replied I, "if Kathleen does not wish it, I will not buy my safety at the expense of her feelings."

"Yes, yes," replied Kathleen, "I don't mind now; those words of yours are sufficient. Come in quick."

There was no time for apology, and stepping over Kathleen I buried myself under the clothes by her side. The mother then hastened down stairs, and arrived at the door just as they had succeeded in forcing it open, when in pounced a dozen men armed, with their faces blackened. "Holy Jesus! what is it that you want?" screamed the landlady.

"The blood of the tithe proctor, and that's what we'll have," replied the O'Tooles.

"Not in my house—not in my house!" cried she. "Take him away, at all events; promise me to take him away."

"So we will, honey darlin'; we'll take him out of your sight, and out of your hearing too, only show us where he may be."

"He's sleeping," replied the mother, pointing to the door of the bed-room where I had been lying down.

The party took the light from her hands, and went into the room, where they perceived the bed empty and the window open. "Devil a bit of a proctor here any how," cried one of them, "and the window open. He's off—hurr! my lads, he can't be far."

"By the powers! it's just my opinion, Mrs. M'Shane," replied the elder O'Toole, "that he's not quite so far off; so with your leave, or by your leave, or without your leave, we'll just have a look over the premises."

"O! and welcome, Mister Jerry O'Toole; if you think I'm the woman to hide a proctor, look every where just as you please."

The party, headed by Jerry O'Toole, who had taken the light out of Mrs. M'Shane's hand, now ascended the ladder to the upper story, and as I lay by Kathleen, I felt that she trembled with fear. After examining every nook and cranny they could think of, they came to Mrs. M'Shane's room. "O! go in—go in and look, Mr. O'Toole; it's a very likely thing to insinuate that I should have a tithe proctor in my bed. Search, pray," and Mrs. M'Shane led the way into her own room.

Every part had been examined, except the small sleeping room of Kathleen; and the party passed before the door. "We must search," observed O'Toole doggedly.

"Search my daughter; very well, search if you please; it's a fine story you'll have to tell, how six great men pulled a poor girl out of bed to look for a tithe proctor. It will be a credit to you any how; and you, Corney O'Toole, you'll stand well in her good graces, when you come to talk about the wedding day; and your wife that is to be, pulled out of her bed by a dozen men. What will ye say to Kathleen, when you affront her by supposing that a maiden girl has a tithe proctor in bed with her? Ye think that ye'll ever have the mother's consent or blessing?"

"No one goes into Kathleen's room," cried Corney O'Toole, roused by the sarcasms of Mrs. M'Shane.

"Yes, Corney," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "it's not for a woman like me to be suspected, at all events; so you, and you only, shall go into the room,—if that will content ye, Mr. Jerry O'Toole."

"Yes!" replied the party, and Mrs. M'Shane opened the door.

Kathleen rose on her elbow, holding the bed clothes up to her throat, and looking at them as they entered, said "O Corney! Corney! this to me?"

Corney never thought of looking for any body, his eyes were riveted upon his sweet heart. "Murder, Kathleen, is it my fault? Jerry will have it."

"Are you satisfied, Corney?" said Mrs. M'Shane.

"Sure enough I was satisfied before I came in; but Kathleen would not have any one in her bed-room, replied Corney.

"Then good night, Corney, and it's to-morrow that I'll talk with ye," replied Kathleen.

Mrs. M'Shane then walked out of the room, expecting Corney to follow; but he could not restrain himself, and he came to the bed side. Fearful that if he put his arms round her, he would feel me, Kathleen raised herself, and allowed him to embrace her. Fortunately the light was not in the room, or I should have been discovered as in so doing she threw the clothes off my head and shoulders. She then pushed back Corney from her, and he left the room, shutting the door after him. The party descended the ladder, and as soon as Kathleen perceived that they were all down, she sprang out of bed and ran into her mother's room. Soon after I heard them depart. Mrs. M'Shane made fast the door, and came up stairs. She first went to her own room, where poor Kathleen was crying bitterly from shame and excitement. I had got up when she came into Kathleen's room for her clothes, and in about five minutes they returned together. I was sitting on the side of the bed when they came in; the poor girl coloured up when our eyes met. "Kathleen," said I, "you have in all probability, saved my life, and I cannot express my thanks. I am only sorry that your modesty has been put to so severe a trial."

"If Corney was to find it out," replied Kathleen, sobbing again. "How could I do such a thing!"

"Your mother bid you," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "and that is sufficient."

"But what must you think of me, sir?" continued Kathleen.

"I think that you have behaved most nobly. You have saved an innocent man at the risk of your reputation, and the loss of your lover. It is not now that I can prove my gratitude."

"Yes, yes; promise me, by all that's sacred, that you'll never mention it. Surely you would not ruin one who has tried to serve you."

"I promise you that, and I hope to perform a great deal more," replied I. "But now, Mrs. M'Shane, what is to be done?—Remain here I cannot."

"No; you must leave, and that very soon. Wait about ten minutes more, and then they will give up their search and go home.—The road to E——" (the post I had lately come from) "is the best you can take; and you must travel as fast as you can, for there is no safety for you here."

"I am convinced that rascal M'Dermott will not leave me till he has rid himself of me." I then took out my purse, in which I still had nearly twenty guineas. I took ten of them. "Mrs. M'Shane, I must leave you in charge of my portmanteau, which you may forward by-and-by, when you hear of my safety. I'll should not be so fortunate, the money is better in your hands than in the hands of those who will murder me.—Kathleen, God bless you! you are a good girl, and Corney O'Toole will be a happy man if he knows your value."

I then wished Kathleen good bye, and she allowed me to kiss her without resistance; but the tears were coming down her cheeks as I left the room with her mother. Mrs. M'Shane looked carefully out of the windows, holding the light to ascertain if there was any body near, and, satisfied with her scru-

ny, she then opened the door, and calling down the stairs to protect me, shook hands with me, and I quitted the house. It was dark cloudy night, and when I first went out I was obliged to grope, for I could distinguish nothing. I walked along with a pistol loaded in each hand, and gained, as I thought, the high road to——, but I made a sad mistake; and, puzzled by the utter darkness and turnings, I took, on the contrary, the road to Mount Grinnis Castle. As soon as I was clear of the houses and enclosure, there was more light, and I could distinguish the road. I had proceeded about four or five miles, when I heard the sound of horses hoofs, and shortly afterwards two men on horseback passed me. I enquired if that was the way to——. A pause ensued, and a whisper; "All's right!" replied a deep voice. I continued my way, glad to find that I had not mistaken it, and cogitating as to what I must be the purpose of two men being out at such an hour. About ten minutes afterwards I thought I again heard the sound of horses' feet, and it then occurred to me that they must be highwaymen, who had returned to rob me. I cocked my pistol, determined to sell my life as dearly as I could and awaited their coming up with anxiety; but they appeared to keep at the same distance, as the sound did not increase. After half an hour I came to two roads, and was undecided which to take. I stopped and listened—the steps of the horses were no longer to be heard. I looked round me to ascertain if I could recognise any object so as to decide me, but I could not. I took the road to the left, and proceeded until I arrived at a brook which crossed the road. There was no bridge, and it was too dark to perceive the stepping stones. I had just waded about half way across, when I received a blow on the head from behind, which staggered me. I turned round, but before I could see my assailant a second blow laid me senseless in the water.

When my recollection returned I found myself in the dark, but where I knew not. My head ached, and my brain reeled. I sat up for a moment to collect my senses, but the effort was too painful; I fell back, and remained in a state of half stupor. Gradually I recovered, and again sat up. I perceived that I had been lying on a bed of straw, composed of two or three trusses, apparently. I felt with my extended arms on each side of me, but touched nothing. I opened my eyes, which I had closed again, and tried to pierce through the obscurity, but in vain—all was dark as Erebus. I then rose on my feet, and extending my hands before me walked five or six steps on one side, till I was clear of the straw, and came to a wall. I followed the wall about twenty feet, and then touched wood; groping about, I found it was a door. I then made the circuit of the walls, and discovered that the other side was built with bins for wine, which were empty, and I then found myself again at the straw upon which I had been laid. I was in a cellar no longer used—but where? Again I lay down upon the straw, and as it may be imagined, my reflections were any thing but pleasing.

"Was I in the power of M'Dermott or Melchior?" I felt convinced that I was, but my head was too painful for long thought; and after half an hour's reflections, I gave way to a sullen state of half dreaming, half stupor, in which the forms of M'Dermott, Kathleen, Melchior, and Fleta, passed in succession before me. How long I remained in this second species of trance I cannot say, but I was roused by the light of a candle, which flashed in my eyes. I started up, and beheld Melchior in his gipsy's dress, just as when I had taken leave of him.

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for this treatment?" cried I.

"No; not to me," replied Melchior. "I do not command here; but I knew you when they brought you in senseless, and being employed in the castle, I have taken upon myself the office of your jailer, that I might, if possible, serve you."

I felt, I knew this to be false, but a moment's reflection told me that it was better at present to temporise.

"Who then does the castle belong to, Melchior?"

"To Sir Henry De Clare."

"And what can be his object in treating me thus?"

"That I cannot tell you, because I am a party concerned. You remember the little girl, Fleta, who left the gipsy camp with you—she is now somewhere under your care?"

"Well I grant it; but I was answerable only to you about her."

"Very true, but I was answerable to Sir Henry; and when I could only say that she was well, he was not satisfied; for family reasons now make him very anxious that she should return to him; and indeed, it will be for her advantage, as she will in all probability be his heir, for he has satisfactory proof that she is a near relative."

"Grant all that, Melchior; but why then did not Sir Henry de Clare write to me on the subject, and state his wishes, and his right to demand his relative? and why does he treat me in this way? Another question—how is it that he has recognised me to be the party who has charge of the little girl? Answer me those questions, Melchior, and then I may talk over the matter."

"I will answer the last question first. He knew your name from me, and it so happened, that a friend of his met you in the coach as you were coming to Ireland; the same person also saw you at the post-house, and gave information. Sir Henry, who is a violent man, and here has almost

regal away, determined to detain you till you surrendered up the child. You recollect, that you refused to tell his agent, the person whose address I gave you, where she was to be found, and, vexed at this, he has taken the law into his own hands."

"For which he shall smart, one of these days," replied I, "if there is law in this country."

"There is law in England, but very little, and none that will harm Sir Henry, in this part of the country. No officer would venture within five miles of the castle, I can assure you; for he knows very well that it would cost him his life; and Sir Henry never quits it from one year's end to the other.—You are in his power, and all that he requires is information where the child may be found, and an order for her being delivered to him. You cannot object to this, as he is her nearest relative. If you comply, I do not doubt but Sir Henry will make you full amends for this harsh treatment, and prove a sincere friend ever afterwards."

"It requires consideration," replied I; "at present I am too much hurt to talk."

"It was afraid so," replied Melchior, "and that was one reason why I obtained leave to speak to you. Wait a moment."

Melchior then put the candle down on the ground, went out, and turned the key. I found, on looking round, that I was right in my conjectures. I was in a cellar, which, apparently, had long been in disuse. Melchior soon returned, followed by an old crone, who carried a basket and a can of water.—She washed the blood off my head, put some salve upon the wounds, and bound them up. She then went away, leaving the basket.

"There is something to eat and drink in that basket," observed Melchior; "but I think, Japhet, you will agree with me, that it will be better to yield to the wishes of Sir Henry, and not remain in this horrid hole."

"Very true, Melchior," replied I; "but allow me to ask you a question or two.—How came you here? where is Nattee, and how is it, that after leaving the camp, I find you so reduced in circumstances, as to be serving such a man as Sir Henry De Clare?"

"A few words will explain that," replied he. "In my early days I was wild, and I am, to tell the truth, in the power of this man; nay, I will tell you honestly, my life is in his power; he ordered me to come, and I dare not disobey him—and he retains me here."

"And Nattee?"

"Is quite well, and with me, but now very happy in her present situation; but he is a dangerous, violent, implacable man, and I dare not disobey him. I advise you, as a friend, to consent to his wishes."

"That requires some deliberation," replied I, "and I am not one of those who are to be driven. My feelings towards Sir Henry after this treatment, are none of the most amicable; besides, how am I to know that Fleta is his relative?"

"Well, I can say no more, Japhet. I wish you well out of his hands."