

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

VOL. XII.—NO. 57.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1841.

WHOLE NO. 607.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.



The undersigned respectfully informs his old friends, and the Public generally, that he has re-commenced the above business, in South Baltimore street, one door south of Mr. Samuel Fahnestock's Store, where he is prepared to manufacture

BOOTS AND SHOES

of every description, and of the best Materials. He invites his old customers to give him a call, as he is determined to please those who may favor him.

N. B. FOUR JOURNEYMEN SHOE-MAKERS wanted immediately, to whom constant work and liberal wages will be given.

In addition to the above he has opened a

GROCERY STORE;

and having just received an extensive assortment of GROCERIES, comprising Coffee, Sugar, Teas, Molasses, Cheese, and other articles embraced in this line of business, he feels confident that he will be able to sell, for Cash or Country Produce, on as pleasing terms as any other establishment in the place. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

JOHN BARRETT,
Gettysburg, Nov. 16.

TURNPIKE ELECTION.

The Stockholders of the Hanover and Carlisle Turnpike Road Company, are hereby notified that an Election will be held at the public house of James Husby in south Middleton township, Cumberland county, on Tuesday the 14th day of December next, for the purpose of electing TWO MANAGERS, for and on behalf of the Stockholders of said Company for the ensuing year;—at which time and place the Commissioners of Adams and Cumberland counties are to meet to choose three Managers.

GEO. EGGE, Secretary
of the Board of Managers.
Nov. 16, 1841.

LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale the Farm on which he now resides, situated in Green township, five miles from Chambersburg, on the Cumberland Valley Rail Road, adjoining lands of Geo. Chambers, Robert Criswell, and others. It contains

131 Acres and 70 Perches

of first-rate tillable land, in a good state of cultivation. The buildings consist of a good

DWELLING HOUSE,

Log Barn, and a sufficiency of stabling.—Also, a

Saw Mill and Clover Mill.

This is a valuable property, and is well worth the attention of persons wishing to purchase.

Persons wishing to view the premises, will please to call on the subscriber.

WILLIAM THOMSON,
Esq. or of Andw Thomson, Esq. dec'd.
Nov. 23, 1841.

TEMPERANCE.

PETITIONS,

asking for a change in the laws regulating the licensing of Taverns, may be obtained at the office of Hon. James Cooper and A. R. Stephenson, Esq. Those who are willing to exert themselves to get signatures are requested to furnish themselves with copies.

Gettysburg, Nov. 23, 1841.

TEMPERANCE.

The York Springs Total Abstinence Society will hold a stated meeting at the Petersburg Academy on Tuesday evening the 7th of December next, at 7 o'clock A. M., when an election will take place for a board of officers to serve the ensuing term.

W. B. BRANDON, President,
H. A. PICKENS, Sec'ry.
Nov. 23, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Sale.

Will be exposed at Public Sale, by virtue of an order of Orphans' Court, to the Subscribers directed for that purpose, on Friday the 17th day of December next, at 12 o'clock, M. on the premises, the following real property, late the Estate of HENRY GROVE, deceased—viz:

A Tract of Land,

Situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Isaac Rife, Peter Mickle and others, containing

170 and One half Acres,

Dwelling House,

a Log Barn, a wagon shed, and a Spring House, with a never failing Spring of water. The land is well watered, with a due proportion of Wood land and Meadow, and an excellent Orchard.

ALSO

A Tract of Woodland,

Situate in Franklin township, Adams county, containing

41 ACRES AND 27 PERCHES,

adjoining lands of Peter Mickle, — Scott and others.

Any person wishing to purchase can view the property before Sale, by calling on Jacob Saum, residing on the premises.

The terms will be made known on day of sale by

JACOB GROVE, Trustee.
HENRY GROVE, Trustee.

By the Court,
S. R. RUSSELL, Clerk.

Nov. 30, 1841.

PUBLIC SALE.

The Subscriber will offer at Public Sale on the premises, on Saturday the 25th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described property—viz:—

A Tract of Land,

Situate in Straban township, Adams county, Pa., directly on the road leading from Hunterstown to New Chester, adjoining lands of John Sholl, Jacob Cashman, and others, containing

21 Acres and 54 Perches,

of good tillable land, in a high state of cultivation, on which are erected a

TWO-STORY FRAME

Dwelling House,

Back building, with a never failing Spring of water near the door, and a LOG BARN. About five Acres of the above land is well timbered.

Any person wishing to purchase can view the property by calling on Mrs. Catharine Hoffman, residing on the premises. Terms made known on day of sale by

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
Nov. 30, 1841.

NEW STORE,

With Goods at prices to suit the times.

The subscriber has just returned from the Eastern cities, and is now opening at his New Store room, on Chamberburg street, immediately opposite the English Lutheran Church, in Gettysburg, a large, splendid, and entire new selection of seasonable

Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

among which are Cloths, Cassimers, Satinetts, Vestings, Irish Linens, Muslins, Silks, Bombazines, Merinos, Mouslin de Laines, Chintzes, Flannels, Blankets, Checks, Tickings, Saxones, Shawls, Scarfs, Hankerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. Together with a full assortment of

Groceries, Hardware,

China, Glass and Queensware,

all of which have been bought at the present low rates for Cash, and will be sold at a very small advance on the original cost.

D. MIDDLECOFF,
October 16, 1841.

REMOVAL.

H. VANORSEDEL, Tailor.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg and the public generally, that he has

REMOVED HIS SHOP

to the building occupied as the Post Office, next door to the American Hotel (Kurtz's) and directly opposite the Bank of Gettysburg, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of work in his line of business in the neatest and most durable manner, and at very moderate prices.

He earnestly invites his country friends to favor him with a call—they may expect their work to be made in a good, substantial manner, and on the most accommodating terms.

The Subscriber feels grateful for past encouragement, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

August 10, 1841.

THE GABLAND.



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

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

The song of birds, the breath of flowers,
Are sweet at early morning hours;
The ring dove's love, the folding rose,
Are sweet at gentle evening's close;
But all the sweets of earth above
Are the first dawning hours of Love!

The fountain in the sunny noon,
The leafy bowler in glowing June;
The spreading palm, 'neath eastern skies,
Are sweet to wand'ring pilgrim's eyes;
But all the sweets of earth above
Are the first whisper'd words of Love!

The waving fields, where Summer sings
The glory of her ripening wings;
The clustering hop, the purple vine,
Are sweet to Autumn's fruitful shrine;
But all the sweets of earth above
Are the requited hopes of Love!

The snow-crown'd hills, the trackless plains
Where Lapland's endless winter reigns,
The leafless bough, the sterile field,
The cheerless aspect Nature yields,
Are joy to what the heart must prove
That mourns the first decline of Love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine of October.

KATE BEVERLY,

A STORY OF THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

BY FERDINAND SHELTON.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we passed on the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the valley of Wyoming beneath us. "Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre. God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet, if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy no," said the old man, sadly. "I will tell it, for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to-day as if I could narrate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock, and give me a moment to rest; I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-rimmed summer hat, I took the place pointed out by him near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narration in gazing at the landscape before me.

Sitting on a huge knoll, at the edge of the mountain, just where the hill began to slope down into the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our left rose up the mountain, bold, rugged and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky—but on the right nothing interposed to destroy the view: whose loveliness so far exceeded even my expectations, that for some minutes I gazed on the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley, diversified with gently sloping elevation, and sprinkled with fields of waving golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue, lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the tree-tops. Right through the centre of the valley, meandered the river, now rolling betwixt bluff banks, and now stealing gently among the rich meadow lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and skirting the foot of the far off hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In the centre of the vale was the village, with its white houses and airy church steeples, smiling over the scene. Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark blue summits half hid by the clouds, which wrapped them as in a veil of gauze. No sound came up from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard from the surrounding trees—while the low tinkle of a tiny waterfall on our left kept monotonously sounding in our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright, and gay, and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence his tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this valley, a young frontier-man, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border: the place was, at that time, settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore traces of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days—and altogether the society was more re-

fined than was usual on the frontier. Among all the families, however, in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly—and, of his fireside circle his second daughter, Kate, was, in my eyes, the gem. How shall I describe her beauty? Lovely, without being beautiful, a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, and a disposition so amiable as to win, irresistibly, the love of all who met her. Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say, perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same town in Connecticut, and had been school-mates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife.

"Oh! happy were those days—too happy, indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony—Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out—and, after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act—she rather loved me the more for it. Though her woman nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her I was right, and she bid me God speed.

"Heaven bless you, Harry," she said, "and bring this unnatural war to a conclusion. I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity for your absence may be short.

"Time rolled by—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had risen to be a captain in the — regiment when I received information that the Tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of the Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and I trembled for the lives of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor—chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that not a moment was to be lost if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken—I solicited for leave of absence—it was refused; I then resigned my commission, and set forth to Wyoming.

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near the ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the massacre—and the first infliction I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst surmise fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood thunderstruck refusing to believe that beings in human form, could perpetrate such deeds—but it was all too true.

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate. No one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight, told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict—and that, deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for their selfishness!—And could I expect aught else of human nature, than that each one should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate—so that if dead I might revenge her, and if living, I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle and struck boldly into the forest, trusting in the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities.

"I will not tire you with a protracted narrative: I will only say that, after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages,—this was sufficient for a clue,—I once more began to hope. I waited until eight-fall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me as the one where Kate had been last seen—and, never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the neighboring forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had, doubtless, been torn from her in passing.

"I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately I had met, in the group of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obligations to her family; and he was easily persuaded to join me in my search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in forest warfare—could follow a trail as a hound the chase—knew the course which would be most likely to be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and what, was one of the keenest shots who had carried a rifle on the border.

"It is my opinion," said he "that these varmints did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think, however, he would not suffer a deed like

this. These villains seem to have acted on their own behalf—and, if so, they would fly to the back country as soon as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way."

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after first discovering the trail, we were threading the forest in pursuit of the savages.

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour, all through the livelong day, we pursued the flying Indians—crossing swamps, clamboring over rocks, fording streams, and picking our way through the labyrinthine woods, until, towards night-fall, we reached the edge of an open space, or, as it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills.

"Hist," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder aged hemlock?"

"Ay—it must be them—let us on."

"Softly, or we lose all. We know not, certainly, that this is the party we seek; let us reconnoitre."

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest even a twig should crackle under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of a meadow—and peeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the objects of our search in six tall swarthy savages, sitting around the remains of a fire. At a little distance knelt, with her hands bound, but her eyes upward to heaven, my own Kate. Oh! how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively, and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand, and said:

"Softly, or you spoil all. Let us get the varmints in range, and then we shall fire with some effect. Hist!"

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in, and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his hand on my arm, and pointed from my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him. At this juncture the advancing savage, warned of our presence by the cracking of an unlucky twig beneath my companions' foot, sprang back, with a loud yell, towards the fire.

"Now," said my companion, sternly. "Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same.—The retreating savage and one of his companions fell dead on the ground: each of us then sprang to a tree, loading as we ran. It was well we did it, for in an instant the enemy was on us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight? My emotion forbids it. A few moments decided it. Fighting from tree to tree—dodging, loading, and endeavoring to get sight on a foe, we kept up the conflict for nearly five minutes—at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four out of the six savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed on her, and before we could interpose, had seized their helpless victim. I had only been prevented, hitherto, from rescuing Kate by the knowledge that an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain death of us both,—but now, worlds could not have restrained me, and, clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my cover, shouting to my companion—

"On—on, in God's name, on."

"Take care of the taller varmint, thundered my companion.

"The warning was too late. In this tumult of my feelings I had not observed that the savage furthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side; had I not sprang involuntarily aside at my companion's cry, I should have been shot thro' the heart.

"On—on," I groined in agony, as I soazed my tomahawk in my almost useless hand.

"Stoop," said my companion, "stoop lower," and as I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air, and the Indian fell dead.

"All this had not occupied an instant. I was now within a few feet of her I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hands in her long hair—his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the look of demoniac fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope. My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward, and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch, and buried itself, quivering, in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony—there was a yell of triumph on the air—a sudden flashing in the sun, like a glancing knife, and—but I cannot go on. She I loved as my own life; she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex; she with whom I had promised myself a long life of happiness—oh! must I say it—she lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer, ay! he was cloven through the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

The old man ceased—big tears rolled down his turrowed face, and his frame

shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat by his side in silence.

I subsequently heard his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right—she had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him directly after the massacre.

Beautiful as the Valley of the Wyoming is, I never have seen it, from that day to this, without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.—It is no unusual thing to see men in this country rise to eminence at the bar, and in the State, by their own unaided energies, and the natural vigor of their minds. Of this kind was Judge S—, of Maryland. He had come to the bar late in life, avoiding, or overstepping the dull technical formalities which surrounded the usual approaches to the practice. Having reached the profits and advantages of his profession without them, he felt or affected for them indifference or contempt, and the old "Martinetts" of the law were often made to stare at the liberties he would take, with what they deemed indispensable and necessary forms and rules of practice. To S— the form was nothing, so that he could seize right.

A notorious offender, who had long escaped the meshes of the law, by means of flaws and holes in indictments, was to be tried before him. Gen. Mason was his standing counsel, and the fellow's good fortune, and the ingenuity and tact of his counsel, was considered as good as law proof. Judge S—, was well satisfied that the fellow deserved punishment, and was determined that he should receive it, may be the talents of Mason, or any legal difficulty that might interpose.

The prosecution went on and the counsel for the state made out a very clear case; the offence was proved point blank, and Mason began to think his client rather cornered. When the prosecuting attorney, to make assurance doubly sure, called one more witness, a very respectable man in the county, he confirmed all that had been proved by former witnesses as to the offence, and with it this additional important fact, that the offence was committed in Pennsylvania, not Maryland,—it being one of the border counties. Apparently the court paid no attention to this part of the testimony. But the criminal's counsel remarking that he supposed he need call no witnesses, as this fact, so well ascertained, must at once put an end to the prosecution. "Not at all—not at all—go on," said the court. "Your honor will not attempt to try an offence committed in another State?"

"I tell you I will, sir, and show you good reason for it. The offence has been clearly proven, and he deserves punishment—we have him here and can punish him. In Pennsylvania they cannot catch him, and the law is not to be balked by such technicalities."

The counsel here remarked that he could convince the Court of its error, if he had time to look up authorities—he had them in the books with him, but could procure them in half an hour.

"O, I will give you as much time as you want," replied the judge. "Take half a day if you choose."

So soon as Mason had left the court, in search of these unanswerable authorities, the judge turned, and remarked to the jury, "that they had heard the testimony, and could not doubt make up their verdict, and he would take care of Tom Mason." The court sentenced him to receive 50 lashes on the bare back, and ordered the sheriff to execute the sentence forthwith. His counsel returned with the least possible loss of time, and without noticing the absence of his client, commenced quoting his authorities, and arguing therefrom—the court taking notes and listening very attentively all the time. Mason at last missed his client, and inquired where he was. "Never mind, never mind—go on, Mr. Mason." But Mason had become alarmed, and refused to go on further until satisfied of the whereabouts of his client. "Well, Mr. Mason," said the judge, "if you will step up to yonder window, you can see him." Mason proceeded in the direction indicated by the judge's gesture, and had no sooner looked out than he turned to the court, with the exclamation, "Why, sir, they are flogging him." "That makes no difference," replied the imperturbable judge, "proceed in your argument." What good will my argument do—the man is already sentenced and punished! I have nothing to gain by convicting the court! "O yes, I will grant you," said the judge "a new trial!"

FOR THE LADIES WHO LOVE FLOWERS.—

The Western Farmer says that the lovers of sweet flowers may derive advantage from the knowledge, that sandy or gravelly soils promote the secretion of aroma. Those flowers of the richest perfume are natives of sandy lands, Persia, Arabia, &c., and these in pots should therefore be supplied with a portion of sand or gravel.

A SMART ANSWER.—A gentleman recently travelling in the country, called out to a boy, "Where does this road go to, my lad?" "Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along."

"We'll let that pass!" as the pig said to the locomotive.