

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. NUMBER 35. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, 1861. VOLUME XXII.

## The Irish Emigrant's Lament.

BY MRS. BLACKWOOD.  
I'm sitting on the sofa, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
One bright May morning long ago,  
When you were first my bride;  
The corn was springing fresh and green,  
And the dew was on your hair,  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.  
The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then—  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;  
But I miss the soft glow of your hand,  
And your breath warm on my cheek,  
And still I keep thinking for the words  
For the words you never more may speak.  
'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near—  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
And the aisle you loved so dear,  
But the grave-stones are overgrown,  
And the ivy has crept on my cheek,  
And my step might break your rest,  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.  
I'm very lonely, now, Mary,  
For the poor man has no friends;  
But oh, they were the better side,  
The few who were your friends,  
And you were all I had, Mary,  
My blessing and my pride—  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.  
You're the brave good heart, Mary,  
That all get talking on;  
When the mist in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength had gone;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for all that's gone,  
Through you I've seen the light.  
I thank you for the patient smile,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there,  
And you hid it for my sake;  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
Oh! I'm thank full you are gone, Mary,  
Whose grief can't reach you more.  
I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you, I cling,  
In the land I'm going to.  
They say they'll work and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there,  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!  
And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies.  
And I'll think I see the little stile,  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springing corn and bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride.

## The American Altar.

BY HARRIET BECKER STOWE.  
The setting sun of a chill December light-  
ed up the solitary front window of a small  
tenement on — street, which we now  
have occasion to visit. As we push gently  
aside the open door, we gain sight of a small  
room, clean as busy hands can make it,  
where a neat, cheerful, young matron wo-  
man is busy at an ironing table; a basket-  
full of glossy-boasted shirts and faultless  
collars and wristbands is beside her, into  
which she is placing the last few items with  
evident pride and satisfaction. A bright,  
black-eyed boy, just come in from school,  
with his satchel of books over his shoulder,  
stands, cap in hand, relating to his mother  
how he has been at the head of his class,  
and showing his school ticket, which his  
mother, with untiring admiration, depos-  
its in the little red china tea-pot—which,  
as being their most reliable article of gen-  
tility, is made the deposit of all the money  
and most special valuables of the family.  
“Now, Henry,” says the mother, “look  
and see if father is coming along the street,  
and she begins filling the little black tea-  
kettle, which is soon singing on the stove.  
From the inner room now daughter Mary,  
a well grown girl of thirteen, brings the  
baby just roused from a nap, and very im-  
patient to renew his acquaintance with his  
mamma.  
“Bless his bright eyes—mother will  
take him,” ejaculates the little woman,  
whose hands are by this time in a very  
floury condition, in the incipient stages of  
wetting up biscuit—in a minute,” and she  
quickly frees herself from the flour and  
paste, and deputed Mary to roll out her  
biscuit, proceeds to the consolation and suc-  
cor of young master.  
“Now, Henry,” says the mother, “you'll  
have time before supper, to take that basket  
of clothes to Mr. Seedin's. Put in that  
nice bill you made out last night. I will  
give you a cent for every bill you make  
out for me. What a comfort it is for one's  
children to be gettin' learnin' so!”  
Henry shouldered the basket, and pass-  
ed the door just as a neatly dressed col-  
ored man walked up with his pail and white-  
wash brushes.  
“Oh, you're come, father, have you?—  
Mary, are the biscuits in?—you may as well  
put the table now. Well, George, what's  
the news?”  
“Nothin', only a pretty smart day's  
work. I've brought home five dollars—and  
shall have as much as I can do these two  
weeks,” and the man having washed his  
hands, proceeded to count out his change  
on the ironing table.  
“Well, they do say—those that's had me  
ooce—that they never want any other hand  
to take hold in their rooms. I 'spos it's  
a kinder practice I've got, and kinder nat-  
ural.”  
“Tell ye what,” said the little woman,  
“taking down the family strong box—to wit  
the china tea-pot above mentioned—and  
pouring out the contents on the table,  
“we're getting mighty rich now! We can

## ESCAPE OF MADAM KOSSUTH.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.  
During the month of August, 1848, the  
President Governor of Hungary, Louis  
Kossuth, with the principal officers of his  
provisional government, were in the town  
of Arad, on the river Marosch. Between  
that place and the town of Regadin, on the  
Tisza, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey,  
with the Hungarian troops his command,  
already besieged Temeswar, and he had  
been carried in a third wall. Between  
him and the Tisza lay the united Austro-  
Russian forces. The army of Bem had  
been defeated at Hermannstadt by the Rus-  
sian General Luders, and he had fled with  
a small band of faithful followers toward  
Temeswar.  
With this position of the combatants,  
the plan of Dembinski was to unite with  
Georgey near Arad, and then to attack  
the Russian forces. Before this was effec-  
ted, news reached him of the capitulation of  
Georgey, and that the Governor, M. Kos-  
suth, had been compelled to forsake Arad,  
and compelled to retire to the town of Vil-  
lago. Before leaving Arad, the Governor  
with his wife and children, and their  
parting scene is said to have been one  
of the most touching nature. Under the  
circumstances of the moment, it was a  
subject of more than doubt whether they  
would ever meet again on earth. It was  
only when a young Hungarian nobleman,  
named Ashbot, now in exile in Kutayah  
with M. Kossuth, solemnly swore to  
his wife that he would never leave her  
saw that Madam Kossuth would  
consent to be separated from him, and seek  
safety in flight. The children were con-  
fided to the care of a private society of the  
Governor, and this individual subsequently  
delivered them up to the tender mercies  
of Haynau, for the purpose of securing his  
own pardon and safety. The children set  
out before their mother, and the latter, in  
her flight, endeavored to keep at least so  
near to them as to hear now and then of  
their safety.  
Madam Kossuth sought out a brother  
of hers residing in the town of Villago,  
and he is now imprisoned in the fortress  
of Comoro, with many others of the un-  
fortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen  
years, on account of the success which he  
then gave to his sister. Leaving him, she  
went in search of her children, and  
wandered to a post, or farm-house, and  
delivered them to a relative. There  
she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly  
ended her life; and when so far recovered  
as to be able again to travel, she continued  
her journey in search of her children.  
She soon learned that they had been given  
up by their protector to the Austrian Gen-  
eral Haynau, and taken to Pesth. Her  
own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity  
of the Hungarian peasants, and on their  
attachment to her husband.  
Now, having no other object in view  
than her own safety, without friends better  
off than herself, she soon became reduced  
to a state of complete destitution. In dis-  
guise, she wandered over the most inter-  
ested part of Hungary. She even, as a  
means of safety, as well as support, sought  
for service as a servant, and by telling that  
she was a poor woman just discharged  
from a public hospital—which, indeed, she  
very much resembled—was so fortunate as  
to find employment in the family of an  
humble carpenter, in the town of Orash  
Haya, who little thought he was serving  
the lady of Louis Kossuth, the late Gov-  
ernor of Hungary. Every where notices  
were exposed in the streets offering forty  
thousand florins for her capture, and pro-  
claiming death as the punishment of the  
person who should dare to harbor or con-  
ceal her from the authorities.  
Among the persons who fled with M.  
Kossuth before the overwhelming number  
of his enemies, was an elderly lady, whom  
it is necessary to designate as Madam  
L—, and who, long as she was  
stronger and younger than herself, soon be-  
came exhausted, and was left behind.  
She had a son, a Major in the Hungarian  
army, near the person of the Governor,  
and both the son and the mother were  
warmly attached to his interests. Madam  
L—, when unable to proceed longer  
with the fugitives, in order to reach a place  
of safety in the dominions of the Sultan  
of Turkey, determined to remain in Hun-  
gary and devote herself to the finding of  
Madam Kossuth, and restoring her to her  
husband.  
For this benevolent purpose Madam  
L—, disguised herself as a beggar; and  
after a long and weary journey, often on  
foot than in any conveyance, she reached  
the vast sandy plains near the southern Hun-  
gary, and length reached the place in which  
Kossuth's children were, but could hear  
nothing of their mother.  
She learned that the children had been  
sent, soon after their mother had lost sight  
of them, to the house of General C—,  
now in the service of the Sultan of Syria,  
to be kept with his own three children,  
hoping that they would thus be screened  
from those who sought after them. The  
eldest, named Louis, after his father, was  
seven years old; and all were told that if  
they acknowledged they were the children  
of the Governor, they would be imprison-  
ed by the Austrians, and never see their  
parents again. So that when an Austrian  
officer traced them to the house of General  
C—, he was at a loss to know which  
were those of General C—, and which  
were those of M. Kossuth; and approach-  
ing the eldest of the latter, said: “So, my  
little man, you are the son of the Govern-  
or?” To which the youth replied: “I  
am not, sir.” His firmness surprised and  
waxed the officer, who was certain from  
the statement of their betrayer, that those  
before him were the long-lost treasures of  
his ambitious search. He now endeavored  
to frighten the children, and drawing a  
pistol, directed it to the breast of the boy,  
and said that it did not at once acknowl-  
edge that he was the son of Kossuth, he  
would put a ball through his heart. Young  
Louis—who, it is said, shows himself  
now in exile at Kutayah, much of the

## Madame L.—

character of his father—replied in a tone  
equally firm: “I tell you, sir, I am not the  
son of Kossuth.” The officer, baffled by  
the child's simplicity of manner and ap-  
parent sincerity was diverted of his con-  
ceit, and led to believe that he had been  
imposed upon.  
Before Madame L.— could get near  
them, other agents of the Austrian Gov-  
ernment had been more successful, and the  
three children had been carried off in se-  
cret to Pesth, near the clutches of the  
butcher Haynau. The mother and sister  
of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and  
placed in strict confinement. It may be  
here mentioned, in this little narrative of  
the sufferings and deliverance of the rela-  
tives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L.—  
on finding where and how his children  
were situated, found out her own maid-  
servant, and so succeeded as to have her  
self engaged at Pesth as the nurse. This  
person never left them until the moment  
of their final deliverance from their Aus-  
trian jailors was arrived. After thus hav-  
ing provided for the welfare of the chil-  
dren of M. Kossuth, Madame L.— renew-  
ed her search for the destitute, suffering  
mother.  
Finding no trace of her, Madame L.—  
determined to follow the fugitives, and if  
she reached Wildin, to ascertain from M.  
Kossuth himself where his poor wife had  
gone, and then return in search of her.  
Continuing in the disguise of a beggar,  
sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer's  
cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers  
of Hungary, crossing them from the  
fortified and walled town of Wildin,  
where the late Governor of Hungary, and  
his brave unfortunate companions then  
were enjoying the protection and hospital-  
ity of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame  
L.— applied to M. Kossuth, but not be-  
lieving him to be personally, and the Aus-  
trian General having set so high a price on  
the capture of his wife, he at first regarded  
her in the light of an Austrian spy. Hav-  
ing, however, soon found her son, who  
had followed the Governor into Turkey,  
he readily convinced Kossuth of the iden-  
tity of his mother. All the information  
which M. Kossuth could give her was,  
that there was a lady in Hungary in whose  
house he believed his wife would seek  
a refuge; and if she was not still there she  
lady would most probably know where she  
was.  
The Governor now furnished Madame  
L.— with a letter to this lady, and an-  
other with his own signet-ring for his wife,  
which would be evidence of her fidelity.—  
It is not here necessary to follow Madame  
L.— on her laborious journey. Devoted  
to the philanthropic work which she had  
undertaken, she wandered over the sandy  
steppes of Hungary, until she succeeded  
in reaching the little town in which the  
lady resided, and delivered to her the  
signet-ring. This she read and immedi-  
ately turned it over to her M. Kos-  
suth to exist in her possession. This lady in-  
formed Madame L.— that the wife of  
Governor Kossuth had left her residence in  
the guise of a mendicant, and intended as-  
suming the name of Maria F—; that  
she was to learn herself to be the widow  
of a soldier who had fallen in battle, and that,  
if possible, she would go to the very cen-  
tre of Hungary, in those vast pasture-  
lands, where she hoped no one would seek  
after her.  
With this information Madame L.—  
again resumed her journey. She feigned  
to be an aged grandmother, whose grand-  
son was missing, and she was in search  
of him. She made many narrow  
escapes while passing guards and spies;  
until at length she reached the  
plains before mentioned. She went from  
house to house, as if in search of her grand-  
son, but in reality to find one who would  
answer the description of poor Maria  
F—. At length in a cabin she heard  
that name mentioned, and on inquiry learned  
that she was the widow of a Hungarian  
soldier who had fallen in battle, and that  
she had a child, who was with his grand-  
parents. They then described her person,  
but added that she had suffered so much  
from illness and grief that she was now  
weak and infirm. This she saw, and she  
said: “But she is dead here,” said  
she; “she worked for bread, even when  
she was ill; but after her arrival she became  
much indisposed to labor, on account  
of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity  
for a physician, who came, bled and  
bled her; and when she was able to go  
she had been conveyed to the institution of  
the Sisters, where she then was.” Mad-  
ame L.—, feeling convinced that the poor  
sufferer must be none other than the object  
of her search, expressed a desire to visit  
her.  
At the Sisters of Charity, Madame L.—  
had much difficulty in procuring access to  
Maria, and the latter was as much con-  
vinced to receive her. At length Madame L.—  
told the Sisters to inform her that she had  
a message for her from her husband, who  
was not dead, as she had supposed, and  
that she would soon contrive her, if she  
would permit her to enter. Poor Maria,  
between fear and hope, gave her consent,  
and Madame L.— was allowed to see  
her. Madame L.— handed her the let-  
ter of Governor Kossuth. She recognized  
at once the handwriting; kissed it; pressed  
it to her heart; devoured its contents, and then  
destroyed it immediately. Soon a story  
was made up between the females. They  
told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's  
husband “still lived,” and that she would  
rejoin him. A little wagon was procured;  
as many comforts as were put in it as could  
be had without suspicion; and these two  
interesting women set out on their escape  
from the enemies of their country.  
It is not known by what route the ladies  
reached the capital of Hungary; but it is certain  
that the Sisters were not to be suspected  
at Pesth, they heroically proceeded to the city,  
then in the possession of Gen. Haynau. It has  
since then become a source of pride to both  
of them, that they, safe in their disguise, passed that  
dreaded military “butcher” in the streets  
of Pesth. Among the letters with which this  
lady was charged by the exiles of Wildin,  
was one for the martyr of Hungary, Casimir  
Bathany, then confined in a prison of the city,  
and the cruel fate to which the “butcher” sub-  
jected him. When it was decided that he should  
be ignominiously put to death by the hangman's  
noose, and executed and very young Hungar-  
ian patriot volunteered to put an end to his own existence  
with a razor; and unfortunately not succeeding;

## When Madame Kossuth descended

from her carriage, she found herself in the  
presence of her husband, who had risen  
from his bed of illness to receive the  
poor “Maria F—” of the plains of  
Hungary. In place of receiving her in his  
arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings  
of admiration for the sufferings which his  
wife had undergone, and by gratitude for  
her devotion to the cause of her country,  
threw himself at her feet and kissed them.  
She endeavored to speak and offer her  
husband consolation and tranquility, while her  
own poor feeble heart was ready to burst  
with emotion. Her words failed her, and  
amid the reiterated shouts of Hungarians  
and Poles, this heroic woman was carried  
to her husband's apartments.  
In March of the last year some eighty  
persons—the chief of the Hungarian refu-  
gees, among whom were several Poles—  
were conveyed in one of the steamers  
of the Sultan of Turkey to the place des-  
tinated for their future residence in Asia  
Minor. From Shumla they traveled by  
land to Yarna, on the Black Sea; from  
thence they were taken in the steamer to  
Genlik, in the Gulf of Mesaden, in the  
sea of Marmora, without being allowed to  
stop at Constantinople. They “breached  
from that place to Broussa, at the foot of  
Mount Olympus, and after a short delay  
there, agitated by hopes and fears they  
continued on to Kutayah; where they re-  
mained until the Sultan, chiefly through  
the intervention of the Government of the  
United States, sided by the representatives  
of Lord Palmerston, determined to set them  
at liberty. Madame Kossuth, with her  
husband, and, gratefully through the labors  
of Madame L.—, who undertook another  
journey into Hungary for this purpose, who  
now also has her children with her. A-  
mong the individuals who “perished” re-  
maining at Kutayah with the ex-Governor  
of Hungary and his lady, are Madame  
L.— and the relatives who during the dan-  
gerous wanderings in Hungary figured as  
her husband.  
In the United States they will all find a  
hearty welcome, and in the paths of pros-  
perity each will find that sympathy and  
assistance to which their patriotism and  
sufferings so strongly entitle them.

## We have already alluded to the

retreat of Almira Beszley, who was re-  
cently arrested at Providence, charged  
with murder. The accused is a girl of  
fourteen, and her victim was a young broth-  
er. The Providence Journal says that  
she has been acquitted on the ground of  
insanity, and the editor makes these com-  
ments—  
“She was a medium” in the spiritual  
rappings, and was sane enough to practise  
and keep up a deception upon this subject,  
which excited the wonder of the neighbor-  
hood, and baffled the scrutiny of those  
who came to hear the revelations. By  
her own confessions, she made all the rap-  
pings herself, and accomplished, by un-  
tutored hands, the pretensions which she  
pretended to receive from the spirits.—  
She predicted the death of her little broth-  
er, she sent to an apothecary, bought some  
arsenic, administered it to the child, and it  
died. When told that the body was exam-  
ined, she asked if the doctors could detect  
poison in a dead body. Every thing she  
did the cool calculation of a mind, sound  
enough to conceive of the conception and ex-  
ecution of so horrible and unnatural a crime.  
The grounds of insanity were, the phys-  
ical changes in which girls of her age are  
subject, and which presented nothing un-  
usual in her case, and the influence of a  
belief that she was in communication with  
spirits, which belief she did not entertain,  
as, by her own confession, she made the  
rappings herself.”  
The demeanor of the prisoner during  
the trial, was modest, gentle and unaf-  
fected. The expression of her face is said  
to be simple and amiable, without a trace  
of malignity or remorse. During the ex-  
amination of the witnesses she seemed  
to be listless and inattentive to what  
was said; the only evidence that seemed  
to interest her being that relative to the  
“spiritual rappings,” at which an occasion-  
ally melancholy smile strayed over her  
face, to be quickly lost in her customary  
listlessness. With Mrs. Underwood, the  
woman with whom she had lived, she  
conversed with an apparent unconcern-  
ness, and played with the infant which she  
held in her arms with girlish interest and  
affection. When Mr. Porter commenced  
his argument and spoke of her friendless-  
ness and desolation, and of the unhappy  
circumstances of her early life, she buried  
her face in her handkerchief and wept,  
and always seemed deeply affected by any  
pathetic allusion to her fate; while an ex-  
pression of abhorrence at the crime with  
which she was charged passed quickly  
unheeded by her. During the later stages  
of the trial she was more attentive than  
at first. When called upon to hear her ver-  
dict, she stepped forward without betray-  
ing any visible trepidation, but, when ac-  
quitted, received the congratulations of  
her counsel and friends with much appar-  
ent pleasure.  
A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—The opposing  
cliques of the Lecomptocracy in Lancaster  
county could not agree in nominating  
candidates for Senators. The result was  
that the Buchanan wing supported Mr. Bunch-  
man, the candidate nominated by their friends  
in Lebanon, and the Frazer wing support-  
ed Mr. Eohernacht, the candidate nomi-  
nated by the Frazer Convention. The  
result of the polls is Eohernacht, 4091,  
Boughter 2363, which affords pretty con-  
clusive proof that even his own party in  
Lancaster county.  
The Locomptocracy of Wisconsin have  
nominated Hon. HENRY DOUGLASS, of that  
State, for the Presidency.

## THE AMERICAN ALTAR

OF 1851.  
BY HARRIET BECKER STOWE.  
The setting sun of a chill December light-  
ed up the solitary front window of a small  
tenement on — street, which we now  
have occasion to visit. As we push gently  
aside the open door, we gain sight of a small  
room, clean as busy hands can make it,  
where a neat, cheerful, young matron wo-  
man is busy at an ironing table; a basket-  
full of glossy-boasted shirts and faultless  
collars and wristbands is beside her, into  
which she is placing the last few items with  
evident pride and satisfaction. A bright,  
black-eyed boy, just come in from school,  
with his satchel of books over his shoulder,  
stands, cap in hand, relating to his mother  
how he has been at the head of his class,  
and showing his school ticket, which his  
mother, with untiring admiration, depos-  
its in the little red china tea-pot—which,  
as being their most reliable article of gen-  
tility, is made the deposit of all the money  
and most special valuables of the family.  
“Now, Henry,” says the mother, “look  
and see if father is coming along the street,  
and she begins filling the little black tea-  
kettle, which is soon singing on the stove.  
From the inner room now daughter Mary,  
a well grown girl of thirteen, brings the  
baby just roused from a nap, and very im-  
patient to renew his acquaintance with his  
mamma.  
“Bless his bright eyes—mother will  
take him,” ejaculates the little woman,  
whose hands are by this time in a very  
floury condition, in the incipient stages of  
wetting up biscuit—in a minute,” and she  
quickly frees herself from the flour and  
paste, and deputed Mary to roll out her  
biscuit, proceeds to the consolation and suc-  
cor of young master.  
“Now, Henry,” says the mother, “you'll  
have time before supper, to take that basket  
of clothes to Mr. Seedin's. Put in that  
nice bill you made out last night. I will  
give you a cent for every bill you make  
out for me. What a comfort it is for one's  
children to be gettin' learnin' so!”  
Henry shouldered the basket, and pass-  
ed the door just as a neatly dressed col-  
ored man walked up with his pail and white-  
wash brushes.  
“Oh, you're come, father, have you?—  
Mary, are the biscuits in?—you may as well  
put the table now. Well, George, what's  
the news?”  
“Nothin', only a pretty smart day's  
work. I've brought home five dollars—and  
shall have as much as I can do these two  
weeks,” and the man having washed his  
hands, proceeded to count out his change  
on the ironing table.  
“Well, they do say—those that's had me  
ooce—that they never want any other hand  
to take hold in their rooms. I 'spos it's  
a kinder practice I've got, and kinder nat-  
ural.”  
“Tell ye what,” said the little woman,  
“taking down the family strong box—to wit  
the china tea-pot above mentioned—and  
pouring out the contents on the table,  
“we're getting mighty rich now! We can