

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

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To My Mother in Heaven.

BY MARY NEAL.

I'm thinking of the time, mother,
When, on thy bed of rest,
Thy low, heart-breaking voice was raised,
To God in prayer for me—
That, were it all, all-true,
That death should call thee home,
He'd guide my youthful steps, as through
Life's tangled paths I roam.
I could not understand, mother,
Why sorrow should oppress
Thy heart, or cast upon thy brow
Such shadows of deep distress.
But now I know the agony
That wrings a mother's heart,
When gazing on her darling child,
And thinking that you must part.
My life was like a dream, mother,
A joyous dream of love,
Till the Father summoned thee away
To thy home of rest above.
My slight bright summer sun had become
To me a dim, dim star,
Ere the blighted flowers of spring had shed
Their fragrant odor on thy tomb.
That sad and dreary morn, mother,
Is fresh in memory yet.
The moon that made me motherless,
Oh, how can I forget!
Yet it was wrong to grieve for thee,
Thou' it was from love and awe,
And the widow's hope, the orphan's friend,
Hath answered all thy prayers.
Oh, many a bitter tear, mother,
Of anguish have I shed,
As I watch a heartless business man's
Cold, unfeeling hand,
And I think of thee, dear mother,
Who would have been my guide,
Till it seemed as if thy soft blue eyes
Smiled on me from above.
Oh, often do I look, mother,
Back to my childhood days,
And wonder how I passed my youth,
Through youth's bewildering maze,
Without a mother's holy voice,
To warn me or approve;
No sister dear—no gentle friend
Whom I could call to me.
And as often do I think, mother,
That though they were in Heaven,
Free from the toil and care of earth,
Still, still to thee was given
The powers to watch thy orphan child,
And guide his feet from afar.
And how I feel how I might be
Through life's best path—
Oh, would that thou couldst know, mother,
How kind a friend I am,
Thy child; methinks 'twould gladden thy heart,
E'en were thou yet in heaven.
Perhaps 'tis so—I will believe
Thy spirit hovering near,
Still blessing him who cherishes
And loves thy daughter here.
Lancaster Journal.

Woman at Home.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY is one of woman's
dearest duties. Home, blessed home. Thanks to our
800 fathers for it. Not for the name merely,
but for the realities it expresses. An Eng-
lish, an American home, is a Bethlehem
star in the horizon of earth's sorrows, the
shadow of a great rock in a weary land—
"There is a magic in this little word,
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comfort and virtue never known beyond
The hallowed limit."
The tabernacle of our best joys,
And sorrow, hope and fear—this home of ours,
is it not pleasant?
Yes, home is the centre of all that is
sweet in the sympathies, dear in the affec-
tions of the soul. There the kiss of love
is impressed in its purity, the warm pres-
sure of the hand knows no betrayal, the
smile of joy plays no doctress's part. All
is candid, cordial, sincere. The faults and
failings which belong to humanity fallen,
are there covered by the mantle of charity,
and the feeling of every member of the fam-
ily is, "With all thy faults I love thee
still."
How the traveller, climbing the Alpine
summits, looking forth on the sublime
creations of Jehovah, thinks of home, and
wishes that he loved ones there could
share his rapture. How the wretched mar-
iner on some desert isle longs for a moth-
er's fond endearment, a sister's kindly care.
Home is in all his thoughts.
It is worth the while, then, to strive to
make home happy; to do each his part
towards rendering it the spot of all pleasant
associations. In the normal relations of chil-
dren, wife, mother, lot kindness and cheer-
fulness reign.
Kindness comes over the spirit like the
music of David's harp over the passions of
Saul. It softens and subdues. It mani-
fests itself in a thousand different forms,
but all beautiful. It is a crown of glory
on the head of old age, a jewel on the
bosom of childhood. The life it diffuses
is soft, the rays it emits are melting.
"And oh, if thou who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!"
Beautiful in the family is the spirit of
cheerfulness; and surely it is an office of
woman to cherish it. It can be wooed and
won. Wherever woman goes, and espe-
cially at home, let it be as an halo of light
around her head, and then, shall she be a
blessing to the circle in which she moves.
Dependancy is death, cheerfulness life.
But remember that levity and boisterous
mirth are not essential ingredients of this
wholesome cordial. Its chief element is
rather that which Paul speaks of when he
says, "I have learned in whatsoever state I
am, to be content."—*Prof. Ag-
new.*

A Chapter from the Life of a Fortunate Woman.

OR HOW THE MAINS LAW WORKS.

"It's almost time," said little Elsie, fix-
ing her troubled eyes on the old church
clock opposite the window where she sat,
and then turned her sharp but sickly glance
on her pale-faced mother.
"Yes, Elsie; but don't be alarmed if he
should be himself," replied the wan look-
ing woman, with a heavy sigh, "the fright
you took lately has injured you more than
a thousand colds. No one shall harm you,
dear; I will defend you to my death," she
added, with determination, as if speaking
to herself.
"I don't care for me, mother, a bit;
but when he tries to strike you, oh! how
I shiver, and how I almost hate him. I
can't help it, mother, indeed I can't," she
quippedly continued, as her mother looked up
reproachfully; "just think of that sweet
patient little sufferer, a cripple perhaps for
life; how pale and helpless he lies there,
my dear, darling little brother."
The mother turned her head slowly, un-
til her dim, blue eyes rested fully upon
an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a
broken cradle.
"Your father was good and kind once,"
she murmured, even while a frown gather-
ed on her brow at the sight, "and now,
when he makes one of his resolves, which,
alas! is but of short duration, his old na-
ture comes out like sunshine. Poor little
Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a
father's hand; but who is responsible?" she
exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat,
while her temples and cheeks were
crimsoned; "Oh! had I the power, not a
rum shop should stand in this city by night-
fall."
"Mother don't look so angry," said Elsie,
with quivering lip.
"God forgive me," replied the woman,
stooping and kissing the blueish forehead
of her child, "but when I think of what he
has been—"
The door was pushed violently open and
a girl of some fifteen summers burst into
the room. Her face was lighted up, and
her eyes shone like two brilliant stars, as
she exclaimed, with vehemence, "oh! moth-
er, mother, can you imagine what news I
have for you? It is so good, so glorious;
the new liquor law has passed, and they say
that in one week not a glass of intoxicating
drink can be had for love or money. I felt
so delighted when I heard it," she contin-
ued as the tears struggled with her smiles,
"that I left the shop on the instant, and
hurried home to tell you. Now I must be
back again; it's worth a thousand dollars
to see that smile on your face," and she
hurried again back from the room.
The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily.
She could hardly bring her mind to realize
the truth of what she had heard; present-
ly the consumptive child at her side pressed
the trembling hand of her mother, and in
sweet but faltering tones, uttered the sim-
ple sentence, "God is good, mother."
Instantly rising, the poor woman laid a-
side her work, and hurrying to her little
narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her
knees, completely overpowered by her emo-
tion. An hour passed before she re-
joined her sick children. The hour had
been spent in prayers of thanksgiving, and
tears of joy.
With a more cheerful heart than she had
known for many years, she hurried about
her work. It was impossible to make the
room look neater, for the most battered
furniture shone with cleanliness; but she
went out herself and purchased some lux-
uries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed
for many a day, and drawing the table to
the middle of the floor, she set it out with
all the ware that the closet contained. Elsie
looked on, pleased and happy, only ask-
ing her mother if she thought her father
would be home to supper.
"I know he will," was the firm answer.
When the two little boys came from
school towards evening, they crept around
the table peeping at the pie, and asking all
sorts of questions; whether that was really
tea that stood on the stove, and if they
might have butter on their bread? and
when they were assured that they might,
they moved around on tip-toe, for fear of
disturbing their sick brother, talking to
each other with the delighted glances of
their intelligent faces.
At dark the eldest daughter returned,
and with a beautiful smile she said, "moth-
er, I saw father at the corner of the street,
and what do you think? he had a lobster
in his hand for supper; and he was as sober
as he could be. He did not notice me, but
I heard him say with a laugh, that if he
could not get liquor in Portland, he was sure
that he shouldn't get out of the way for it;
and the man he was talking with, mother,
was Mr. L., President of the temperance
society. O! it does seem as if we should
be happy once more. And how nice every-
thing looks, not more than usual," she ad-
ded quickly, "but we see through different
eyes this night, I suppose."
The mother was still silent, but how high
was her heart beating with new and joyful
hope. It seemed as if that heart would
at times leap from its enclosure; and
when the husband and father neared

And What Next?

A young man, hiding near the city, over-
took a gentleman, and invited him to a
seat in his carriage.

"And what next?" said the gentleman to
the young stranger, "are your plans for the
future?"
"I am a clerk," replied the young man,
"and my hope is to succeed, and get into
business for myself."
"And what next?" said the gentleman.
"Why, I intend to marry and set up in
establishment of my own," said the youth.
"And what next?"
"Why to continue in business and ac-
cumulate wealth."
"And what next?"
"To retire from business, and enjoy the
fruit of my labors."
"And what next?"
"It is the lot of all to die, and I of course
cannot escape," replied the young man.
"And what next?" once more asked the
gentleman; but the young man had no an-
swer to make—he had no purpose that
reached beyond the present life.

What I Would Do.

If I were possessed of the most valuable
things in the world, and were about to
leave them, the following would be my plan
of distribution:
I would will the world truth and friend-
ship, which are very scarce.
I would give an additional portion of truth
to lawyers, traders and merchants.
I would give to physicians skill and learn-
ing.
I would give to printers their pay.
To gossiping women short tongues.
THOMAS HOOD was as remarkable for
the purity of feeling, which characterized
his serious productions, as for the brillian-
cy of wit and humor which sparkled in his
comic effusions. In proof of this the fol-
lowing lines from his stanzas on childhood,
might be quoted:

"I remember, I remember,
The first tree dark and high,
I used to think its slender spire
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy."

All Look Upward.

Were there no other evidence of a God,
if might be found in this fact, that every-
thing in nature rises instinctively to some-
thing higher than itself. The simple herb
expands as if seeking the law of its growth
in the shrub that bends over it, like a guar-
dian angel. The shrub finds its type in
the tree; and the tree itself, because there
is nothing higher, looks up to heaven. The
tide swells to the moon; the vapor expands
in the bosom. So all animals that are
brought into connection with him, look up
to man. Is it beyond this to be a blank
void? Is there nothing higher than him-
self, which may preserve for man the up-
ward tendency of all things—nothing
which can stimulate and sustain, and be
ultimate in his aspiration?
Nature and reason alike reject the idea.
If there were no great sustaining power to
preserve the balance—if the connecting
chain were ruptured here, man would be
thrust by the projective forces below into
universal annihilation, even to his
physical being, because he could not
from his own strength alone, resist the up-
ward impulses. The philosophy of steam
will illustrate this; for the expansive force
is powerfully from below, and if there
is no support from above, the accumulation
of power must terminate in explosion.—
In nature nothing is abrupt, therefore the
chain of being cannot terminate thus sud-
denly in man; for as his body is an elu-
sion of the refined elements of all below,
so his spirit reaches out of itself, and ex-
pands into the essence of all above.

The Garret Home.

A gentleman was one day visiting some
destitute families in one of the poorest
parts of London. After climbing a number
of stairs which conducted him to the top
of one of the houses, he observed a ladder
leading to a door close upon the stairs—
He thought it most unlikely that any liv-
ing being would be found dwelling there;
but in order to satisfy himself, he resolved
on ascending the ladder. On reaching the
door, he found it so low, that he was
obliged to stoop before he could enter.
"Is there any one here," he inquired.
"Oods-in," answered a feeble voice.
He entered, and found a little boy, the
holly tenant of this wretched home.
There was no bed—no furniture of any
kind: Some straw and shavings in one
corner formed the poor fellow's seat by
day, and couch by night.
"Why are you here?" inquired the
kind visitor, "Have you a father?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where is your mother?"
"No, sir; mother is in the grave."
"Where is your father?" "You must
wait very much for his coming home in
this dark and solitary place!"
"No, sir," replied the boy sorrowfully,
"My father gets drunk. He used to send
me out to steal, and whatever I stole he
used to spend in drinking."
"Does he make you do it still?"
"I won't," replied the boy, "no Ragged
School, and I was there taught the
words, 'Thou shalt not steal.' I was
told about heaven and hell—that Jesus
Christ came to save sinners, that God
punishes the bad and loves the good; and
I resolved from that time I would steal no
more."
"Now," continued the little suf-
ferer, "my father himself steals, and then
gets tipsy; and then he gets angry at me,
and is cruel to me, and whips me, because
I will no longer steal."
"Poor little boy," said the gentleman
deeply interested in the sad history. "I
am sorry; indeed, for you. You must
feel lonely here."
"No," said the other, with a smile on
his face, "I am so alone. God is with
me; Christ is with me. I am not alone!"
The gentleman shook out his purse and
gave him a trifle, promising that he would
come back again and see him on the mor-
row.

She is Mine.

She is mine—the word is spoken!
Hand to hand, and heart to heart!
Though all others may be broken,
Time these bonds shall never part.
Thou hast taken her in gladness,
From the altar's holy shrine;
Oh, remember in her solemn
This is mine, and only mine!
In so fair a temple never,
Angels of light can come to come!
Good will strive, and striving ever,
Make so pure a shrine as mine!
Each the other's love possessing,
Say what care should cloud that brow;
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou.

A Bit of Advice.

"Marry the lass that's got the cow,"
was the advice of an old gentleman to a
lad who had consulted him on a choice
between a girl with a cow and one with
a pretty face—"so far as beauty is consid-
ered, there is not the difference of a cow between
any two girls in Christendom."
This is not my notion, however, though
there is something in it. But marry the
girl who will manage your domestic affairs
to advantage—who is prudent, sensible,
economical—if you get a good disposition,
and an accomplished mind with it, it will
be all the better; and beauty, if you find
it united with all those, will complete the
tout ensemble.
Do not marry for money merely; there
is neither love nor reason in that. It may
buy many fine things, but it will not buy
happiness; and without that a man is
poor creature. Money is no objection; it
may, indeed, be an important object—but
every other consideration tends to the
point of being matched as well as paired,
when Love and Reason join hands.

Penitence and the Witness.

There is a point beyond which human for-
titude cannot go, and the most even of
tempers will become ruffled at times. At
the assizes held during the past year at
Lincoln, England, both Judge and counsel
had much trouble to make the timid wit-
ness upon a trial speak sufficiently loud
to be heard by the jury; and it is possi-
ble that the temper of the counsel may
thereby have been turned aside from the
even tenor of its way. After this gentle-
man had gone through the various stages
of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threaten-
ed, and even bullied witnesses, there was
called into the box a young outster, who
appeared to be simply petrified.
"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone
that would at any other time have been
denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we
shall have no difficulty in making you
speak out."
"I hope not, sir," was shouted, or rather
believed, out by the witnesses, in tones
that almost shook the building, and would
have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.
"How dare you speak in that way, sir!"
said the counsel.
"Please, sir, I can't speak any louder."
said the petrified witness attempting to
speak louder than before, evidently think-
ing the fault to be in his speaking too
softly.
"I have never been drinking this
morning!" shouted the witness; and had
said, thoroughly lost the remnant of his
temper.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"And what have you been drinking?"
"Coffee, sir."
"And what did you have in your cof-
fee, sir?" shouted the exasperated coun-
sel.
"A spoon, sir!" innocently shouted
the witness in his highest key, amidst
roars of the whole court—excepting only
the new thoroughly wild counsel, who
flung down his brief, and rushed out of
court.

A Little Farm Well Titled.

We know of no greater obstacle to the
improvement of American agriculture,
than the general passion for owning more
land than can be cultivated to advantage.
This is the principal reason why we see
unproductive land, which under different
management might be made to yield a
rich and generous return. It is usual to
expand a great deal of money in the pur-
chase of a farm, and reserve little—if any
—for its subsequent cultivation. He has
been happily compared to a merchant,
who consumes all his capital in the erection
of a hardware store, and may daily be
found gazing upon its bare walls with
complacency. It is sad to see a farmer
pride himself on the number of his acres,
rather than on his fatness, his sleek oxen,
or his well-filled granaries.
We pity such a man. He has shelled
out for himself a hard lot, and enters into
a state of servitude worse than Egyptian
bondage. He tills at all hours, and yet
never manages to catch up with his work.
So do many things throughout the world.
The buildings are out of repair—his cattle
starved—his fences in ruins—his pastures
overrun with bushes, and his crops choked by
weeds. He has no opportunity for mental
improvement; the present is a full
of anxiety and drudgery, while a cloud rests
upon the future. He has little reason to
exult in the extent of his possessions,
and, paradoxical as it may appear, he
would, in nine cases out of ten, add to his
riches as well as to his enjoyment, by giv-
ing away at least one half.
The same amount of manure and labor
which is expended on fifty acres of fine
farm, would render twenty-five highly pro-
ductive. This is why garden is so profit-
able; all the resources of the owner are
devoted to a small surface, and hence we could
point out farmers of twenty acres who are
in more easy circumstances, than their
owning five times as much. It is a prin-
ciple which has long since been acknowl-
edged in other countries. The densest
population in Lombardy may be found in
Flanders and Lorraine, where the lands
are divided into small parcels, and by abun-
dant of thorough culture, produces abun-
dant supplies of food for the inhabitants.
And the experience of a quarter of a cen-
tury in France proves, that the land is pro-
ducing one-third more, and supporting a
population one-third greater, than when
it was possessed in large masses.
"This only in the extreme to till
Extensive fields, and till them ill!
Far more one fertile acre yields,
Than the huge breadth of barren fields."

Penitence and the Witness.

COMMITTEES OF THE SENATE.

Finance—Muhlenberg, Packer, Meyers,
Fralley, McCaslin.
Judiciary—Kunkel, M'Murtrie, Guernsey,
Malone, Craton,
Accounts—Forsyth, Evans, Slifer, Ham-
ilton, Halett.
Public Buildings—Darlington, Caroth-
ers, Slifer.
Estates and Executors—M'Murtrie, Guernsey,
Kunkel, Hoge, Sanderson.
Pensions and Gratuities—Carson, Ham-
ilton, M'Farland, Kinzer, Shiner.
Corporations—Hasett, Matthias, Jones,
Fernal, Buckelover.
Library—Malone, Carothers, Carson.
Banks—Crabb, Malone, Fralley, Robert-
son, Shimer.
Internal Improvements—Packer, Halett,
Forsyth, Barris, Evans—Robertson, Darlington,
Baily, Buckelover, Hamilton,
Rerestment and Reform—Meyers,
Hamilton, Carson, Hamlin, Fernal.
Education—Carothers, Matthias, Dar-
lington, Packer, Hoge.
Agriculture and Domestic Manufactures
—Kinzer, Meyers, Shimer, Robertson, Ful-
ton.
Military—McCaslin, Packer, Muhlenberg,
M'Farland, Fulton.
Roads and Bridges—Guernsey, Bally,
Barnes, Hamlin, Jones.
Private Claims and Damages—Matthias,
Malone, Forsyth, Evans, Fralley,
Carson, Sanderson, Fulton.
Commerce—Forsyth, Jones, Kunkel, Hamil-
ton, M'Caslin, Robertson.

COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.

Ways and Means—Messrs. Bonham,
Hart, M'Kean, Goodwin, M'Case, Bened-
ict, Blair, Lilly, and Miller, of Allegheny.
Judiciary—Messrs. Jackson, Broomall,
James, of Warren, Bonham, Sebell, O'Neil,
Gillis, Hubbard, and Shauffer.
Pensions—Messrs. Ely, Bigelow, M'Con-
nel, Herbert, Follmer, Freeland, and Miller,
of Northampton.
Claims—Messrs. Souder, Dungan, Shull,
Kean, Harris, Ross, and Ringer.
Agriculture—Messrs. Evans, Landis,
Craig, Sharon, Thomas, Blaine, and Ander-
son.
Education—Messrs. M'Kean, Flamingo,
Wise, Rocklow, Rubican, James, of Chester,
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ers, and M'Granahan.
Accounts—Messrs. Gibbs, Maclay, Gif-
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Vote and Immorality—Messrs. Laury,
M'Connell, Walton, East, Brock, Gabe and
Hoody.
Admits—Messrs. Black, Mowry, Beyer,
Hoek, Pownall, Panny, and Torbett.
Election Districts—Messrs. Laughlin,
Dongler, Springer, M'Cluskey, Herbert,
Merriman, and Moley.
Banks—Messrs. Leckhow, Hart, Leach,
Acker, Merriman, James, of Warren, Lau-
ry, Hill, and Miller, of Philadelphia county.
Estates and Executors—Messrs. Schell,
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bell, and Smith.
Corporations—Messrs. Shugart, Goseler,
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Shaffer, and Kilbourn.
Local Appropriations—Messrs. Rhoads,
Freeland, Myers, Mellinger, Kingley,
Reisnyder and Moley.
Lands—Messrs. Harris, Appleton, Black,
Anderson, Gabe, Sharon, and Dungan.
Divorces—Messrs. Frite, Lilly, Reel,
Mellinger, Gibbs, Shull, and Flannagan.
New Counties—Messrs. Guffey, Miller of
Allegheny, Keiley, Maclay, Palmer, Beyer,
and Pownall.
Commerce Bills—Messrs. Huplet, Acker,
Evans, Hoek, and Harris.
Library—Messrs. Stewart, Craig, and
Leach.
Island Navigation—Messrs. Bond &
Gillis, Gosler, Hill, Madonia, Ross, Mott,
Chandler, M'Cluskey, Kean, Myers, Tor-
bett, and Hamilton.
Printing—Messrs. Wise, Souder, and
Shugart.
Public Buildings—Messrs. Goodwin, Ely
and Guffey.
TALLEYRAND.—There is a set of men
continually boring people for autographs; but
few persons have the talent of refusing them
with politeness. Talleyrand being once
asked a similar favor by an English
nobleman, promised to send him one in a
few days, and kept his word in the follow-
ing manner: He sent him an invitation
to dinner, couched in these terms: "Dear
sir, will you oblige me with your com-
pany to dinner, on Wednesday next, at
eight o'clock? I have invited a number
of exceedingly clever persons, and do not
like to be the only fool among them!"
—*Archie's Cyclopaedia.*
"Quit that holier-in!" cried a rough
looking man on Christmas day to a young
specimen of humanity who was shivering
in his companion on the other side of the
street.
"What'll I quit for, in?" said Young A-
merica, archly looking up at his reprover.
"What'll I quit for, in? this holier-day!"
The man threw him a cent.
Be Useful.—Every young man should
be brought up in small quantities, in rainy
weather, under trees, a most beautiful re-
sult may be obtained. I have used it
under the birch trees in my ground, and
the grass always looks green. Having
enclosed so well on a small scale, I have
now some acre of soil among the
long grass of the plantation, which has
cattle never would eat. A new kind of
this herbage is prepared to that of any other
part of the field.—*Am. Farmer.*