

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1853.

NUMBER 25.

## FRESH ARRIVAL.

One of the largest and prettiest stocks of **Fancy & Staple Goods,**

Never offered in this place, **J. L. SCHICK** has just returned from the eastern cities with his Spring stock of **FANCY & STAPLE GOODS,** which he invites the public to examine, at his new location, South-West corner of the Diamond. It is felt confident that he can please every taste, in style, quality and price. His assortment comprises:

**Black and Fancy Silks,** Satins, Bourges de Laines, Mous, de Jaines Laines, Swiss, Jackson and Cambrie Muslin, Gingham, Calicoes, Trimmings, Canton Crapes Shawls, A splendid article; Bonnets, Ribbons & Flowers; Gloves, Hosiery, Irish Linens, Muslins, and hundreds of other articles, in this line. Also, **Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerets,** Indian Cloth, Tweeds, Cottonades, Litan Check, plain and fancy Vestings, &c.

Call and examine for yourselves, at the South-west corner of the public square, and if you don't say that my stock of goods is one of the most desirable that you ever saw, the fault will not be mine. Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to me by a generous public, I ask a continuance of the same, promising that nothing shall be left undone on my part calculated to please and accommodate.

**J. L. SCHICK,**  
Gettysburg, April 8, 1853.

## NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a **NEW HARDWARE STORE** in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of **DANIEL ZIMMER,** Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of **HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,**

**GROCERIES,** **CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS,** Springs, Axles, Saddlery, **Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,** Paints, Oils, & Dye-stuffs, in general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally. Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee (for the Ready Money), to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased any where. We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

**JOEL B. DANNER,**  
**DAVID ZIEGLER,**  
Gettysburg, June 13, 1851—14.

## MORE NEW GOODS.

The richest and best assortment of **FALL & WINTER GOODS** FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, EVER OPENED IN GETTYSBURG.

**SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH** MAKE pleasure in calling the attention of their friends and the public to their extensive stock of Fashionable Goods for gentlemen's wear, just received from the city, which, for variety of style, beauty and finish, and superior quality, challenges comparison with any other stock in the place. Our assortment of **Cloths, plain and fancy Tweeds and Cassimeres, Vestings, Sattinets, Overcoatings, &c.** CAN'T BE BEAT! Give us a call and examine for yourselves. We have purchased our stock carefully and with a desire to please the tastes of all, from the most practical to the most fastidious. **CALLING,** in all its branches, attended to at heretofore, with the assistance of good workmen. **THE FASHIONS FOR FALL and WINTER** have been received. **Gettysburg, Dec. 10, 1852.**

## EDWARD DANNER, SADDLE, HARNESS, & TRUNK MANUFACTURER.

3 doors East of White Hall, York, Pa.

THE subscriber continues to carry on the above business, in all its various branches, in Market street, York, 3 doors East of White Hall, where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment in his line, consisting of all kinds of fashionable **SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Girths, Circles, Trunks, Trunks, Trunks,** traveling and saddle bags. These wishing a handsome, durable and pleasant saddle will do well to call and see them. He also manufactures Harness, Bridles, Collars and Whips in all their varieties, and confidently believes from the general approbation of his customers, that he makes the neatest and best gears, in all their variety of breadth, that is made in the country. All the above articles will be made of the best material and workmanship, and with the utmost despatch. **E. DANNER,**  
York, August 5, 1853.

## THE BLEST ONES AT HOME.

Away on the banks of life's bright river,  
Far hence, and then our fathers—  
There will my heart be turning ever,  
There's where the blest ones stay;  
All through this world of sin and sorrow,  
Steady I roam,  
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,  
And for the blest ones at home.  
All without is dark and dreary,  
Every where I roam,  
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,  
Sighing for the blest ones at home.  
Through all earth's sunny scenes I wandered,  
In youth's gay morn;  
How many precious hours I've squandered,  
How many merles scored;  
When seeking sin's d'elusive pleasures,  
Wretched was I,  
But now my heart has found 'Tis true,  
There with the blest one on high,  
All without is dark, &c.

## A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"First our flowers die—and then  
Our hearts, and then our fathers—and when  
They are dead the debt is due;  
Dust claims dust—and we die too."  
I was very young, scarcely beyond the  
verge of infancy; the last and most help-  
less of the three little girls who were gathered  
around my poor mother's death-bed.  
When I look on the chain of my varied  
existence—that woof of gold and iron wov-  
en so strangely together—the remem-  
brance of that young being who perished  
so early and so gently from the bosom of  
her family, forms the first sad link which  
ever gives forth a thrill of funeral music  
when my heart turns to it—music which  
becomes more deep-toned and solemn as  
that chain is strengthened by thought,  
and bound together by the events of suc-  
cessive years. The first human being that  
I can remember was my invalid mother,  
moving languidly about her home, with  
the paleness of disease sitting on her beau-  
tiful features, and a deep crimson spot  
burning with painful brightness on either  
cheek. I remember that her step became  
unsteady, and her voice fainter and more  
gentle day by day, till at last she sunk to  
her bed and we were called upon to wit-  
ness her spirit go forth into the presence  
of Jehovah. They took me to her couch,  
and told me to look upon my mother be-  
fore she died. Their words had no mean-  
ing to me then, but the whisper in which  
they were spoken thrilled painfully through  
my infant heart, and I felt that something  
terrible was about to happen. Pale, trou-  
bled faces were around that death-pillow—  
stern men, with sad, heavy eyes—women  
overwhelmed with tears and sympathy,  
and children that huddled together shud-  
dering and weeping, they knew not where-  
fore. Filled with wonder and awe, I crept  
to my mother, and burying my brow in  
the mass of rich brown hair that floated  
over her pillow, heavy with the damp of  
death, but still lustrous in spite of disease,  
I trembled and sobbed without knowing  
why, save that all around me was full of  
grief and lamentation. She murmured,  
and placed her pale hand on my head—  
"My little heart swelled, but I lay motion-  
less and filled with awe. Her lips moved,  
and a voice tremulous and very low, came  
faintly over them. Those words, broken  
and sweet as they were, left the first deep  
impression that ever remained on my mem-  
ory—"Lend her not into temptation, but  
deliver her from evil." This was my mo-  
ther's last prayer. In that imperfect sen-  
tence, her gentle voice went out forever.  
Young as I was, that prayer had entered  
my heart with a solemn strength. I raised  
my head from its beautiful resting place,  
and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of  
my mother. Oh, how an hour had changed!  
The crimson flush was quenched on her  
cheeks, a moisture lay upon her fore-  
heads, and the grey, mysterious shadows of  
death were stealing over each thin feature,  
yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue  
eyes were bent on me, surcharged with  
spiritual brightness, as if they would have  
left us of their vivid, unearthly rays, as  
the seal of her death-bed covenant. Slowly  
as the sunbeams pale at night-fall from  
the leaves of a flower, went out the star-  
like fire of her eyes; a mist came over  
them, softly as the dew might fall upon  
that flower, and she was dead. Even then  
I knew not the meaning of the solemn  
change I had witnessed, but when they  
bore me forth from my mother's death-bed,  
my heart was filled with fear and misgiv-  
ing.

All were overwhelmed with the weight  
of their own sorrow, and I was permitted  
to wander around my desolated home un-  
checked and forgotten. I stood wonder-  
ing by as they shrouded my mother, and  
smoothed the long hair over her pale fore-  
head. Silently I watched them spread  
the winding sheet, and fold those small,  
pale hands over her bosom; but when they  
closed the blinds, and went forth, my little  
heart swelled with a sense of unkindness  
in shutting out the sunshine, and the  
sweet summer air which had so often called

## THE TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE.

From the New York Tribune.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."  
"Why you see, we don't think it is  
right for us to be living together this way  
any longer, and we have been talking over  
the matter to-day and you see—"  
"Yes, yes, I see you have been talk-  
ing over the matter, but the bottle and  
conclusion to get married. When you get  
sober you will both repent of it, proba-  
bly."  
"No, sir, we are not very drunk now,  
not so drunk but what we can think, and  
we don't think we are doing right—we are  
not doing as we were brought up to do by  
pious parents. We have been reading  
about the good things you have done for  
just such poor outcasts as we are, and  
we went you to try and do something for  
us."  
"Read! Can you read? Do you read  
the Bible?"  
"Well, not much lately, but we read the  
newspapers and sometimes we read  
something good in them. How can we  
read the Bible when we are drunk?"  
"Do you think getting married will  
keep you from getting drunk?"  
"Yes, for we are going to take the pledge  
too, and we shall keep it, depend upon  
that."  
"Suppose you take the pledge and try  
that, first, and if you keep it all you  
can wash some of the dirt away, and  
get some clothes on, then I will marry  
you."  
"No, that won't do. I shall get to  
thinking what a poor, dirty, miserable  
wretch I am, and how I have been living  
with this woman, who is not a bad woman  
by nature, and then I will drink, and then  
I will drink—oh, cursed rum!—and what  
is to prevent us? But, if we were married,  
my wife, Mr. Pease, my wife would say,  
"Thomas—she would not say 'Tom,  
you dirty brute, don't tempt me!—and  
who knows but what we might be some-  
body yet—somebody that our own moth-  
ers would not be ashamed of."  
"Here the woman who had been silent  
and sober, burst into a violent  
flood of tears, crying, "Mother, I  
know not whether she is a wife or not, and  
dare not inquire; but she was married  
and reformed; I would make her happy  
once more."  
"I could no longer stand the appeal,"  
said Mr. P., "and determined to give  
them a trial. I have married a good many  
poor, wretched-looking fellows, but none  
that looked quite so much as this. The  
man was hatless and shaggy, without  
coat or vest, with long hair and beard  
grimed with dirt. He was a trades-  
man, a brewer, one of the best in the city."  
She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet,  
and something that might pass for shoes,  
and an old, very old dress, once a rich  
merino, apparently without any undergar-  
ments.  
"And your name is Thomas—Thomas  
what?"  
"Eling, sir, Thomas Eling; a good  
true name and true name; that's all if  
you marry us."  
"Well, well. I am going to marry  
you."  
"Are you? There, Mag, I told you  
so."  
"Don't call me Mag. If I am going to  
be married, I'll be called by my right  
name, the one my mother gave me."  
"Not Mag. Well, I never knew that."  
"Now, Thomas, hold your tongue,  
you talk too much. What is your  
name?"  
"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes,  
I will, and I never will disgrace it. I  
don't think I should ever have been as-  
hamed if I had kept it. That bad woman  
who first tempted me to rum, made me take  
a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl  
to give up her name, unless for that of a  
good husband. Matilda Fraley. No-  
body knows me by that name in this  
city."  
"Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take  
each other by the right hand, and look at  
me, for I am now going to unite you in  
the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordi-  
nance. Do you think you are suffi-  
ciently sober to comprehend its solemn-  
ity?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Marriage being one of God's holy or-  
dinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery,  
filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will  
you take Matilda to be your true, only,  
wedded wife?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You promise that you will live with  
her, in sickness as well as health, and  
nourish, protect and comfort her as your  
true and faithful wife; that you will be  
her true and faithful husband; that you  
will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself  
and keep clean."  
"So I will."  
"Never and answering until I get  
through. You promise to abstain totally  
from every kind of drink that intoxicates,  
and treat this woman kindly, affectionately,  
and love her as a husband should love  
his wedded wife. Now all of this, will  
you, here before me as the servant of the  
Most High—here in the sight of God in  
Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I  
give you this woman to be your wedded  
wife?"  
"Yes, I will."  
"And you, Matilda, on your part, will  
you promise the same and be a true wife  
to this man?"  
"I will, sir."  
"But do you promise all this faithful-  
ly?"  
"Yes, sir, I will."  
"Then I pronounce you man and  
wife."  
"Now, Thomas," says the new wife,  
after I had made out the certificates and  
given it to her, with an injunction to keep  
it safely—"now pay Mr. Pease, and let  
us go home and break the bottle." Thom-  
as felt first in the right hand pocket, then  
the left, then back to the right, then he ex-  
amined the watch-fob.  
"Why, where is it?" says she, "you  
had two dollars this morning!"

## NOTES OF A TRIP TO EUROPE.

No. 5.

Messrs. Editors:—The traveller leaves  
Scotland, fascinated by the grandeur and  
beauty of her scenery; by the most inter-  
esting historical associations and tradition-  
ary legends of her ancient castles and pal-  
aces; and by the many virtues of her peo-  
ple. The reverence which the Scotch pay  
to religion, their high-toned morality, in-  
flexible integrity, civility, hearty spirit of  
hospitality, valor and patriotism, have won  
for them an enviable name, and given to  
Scotland the proud title of "The nurse of  
men." The channel being rough, the night  
dark, and the passengers on board the boat  
few, the party in the cabin became remark-  
ably sociable. Could you have seen us,  
you would have thought we were old friends  
met after a long separation.

The sympathy which I always had for  
Ireland was only equalled by my desire to  
see it. We arrived at Belfast in the morn-  
ing, after enjoying the sight of the highly  
rich and beautiful coast along the coast.  
Having reached my hotel through the as-  
sistance of a half-starved looking man, a  
most emaciated horse, and a worn-out Ir-  
ish jaunting car, I started out to see the  
city. It was early in the morning—the  
streets were very quiet, and the only peo-  
ple to be seen were the watchmen going  
their rounds and numerous miserable filth-  
y, ragged and most abandoned looking  
creatures skulking and reeling along the  
courts and alleys from one door of vice to  
another. Here, among the lowest class,  
you see poverty, ignorance and vice going  
hand in hand. Belfast presents a very odd  
appearance, contains many elegant dwell-  
ings, churches, and public buildings, is fast  
increasing in size, and is beautifully situ-  
ated and surrounded by a very rich coun-  
try. It would be a much more prosperous  
seaport town, were it not that the entrance  
to the harbor was so very narrow and in-  
convenient. The reputation of its literary  
institutions, and its many extensive li-  
braries, have brought it into general  
notice. Walking out several miles into  
the country, I found the farms as well  
cultivated as any I have ever seen. But the  
elegant farm-houses and the lowly mud hut  
contrasted too strongly. The beautiful  
dark green fields, well drained, and the  
harrowed hedges, well trimmed, gave the  
garden-like appearance. The green  
sod of "Auld Ireland" possesses a richness  
of color peculiar to itself. It is the bright-  
est and liveliest green I ever saw. After  
spending several days in Belfast and the  
surrounding country, I started for Dublin.  
There is a pleasure in travelling through  
Ireland, everywhere you are treated in the  
most kind and friendly manner, and every-  
thing is done to add to your pleasure and  
comfort. The more you see of the Irish  
the more you like them. They love their  
country and kindred supremely and hate  
England most bitterly, and not without a  
cause. They love to talk of America, be-  
cause it is the adopted home of so many  
of their kindred. On entering every town,  
when travelling in Ireland, you pass  
through a long line of most despicable  
looking hovels and see a most fearful array  
of poverty and filth. Throughout the  
whole island the poor are extremely de-  
stitute, and the rich live in the greatest af-  
luence. After travelling the greater part  
of a day we arrived at Dublin and found  
that the all absorbing topic of conversation  
was the Great Dublin Exhibition, which  
would be open to the public in the course  
of ten days. None of the cities which I  
visited made as favorable an impression  
upon my mind as Dublin. Some of the  
others were larger and contained many  
more elegant and magnificent build-  
ings, but to me there was something in the  
appearance of Dublin and the manners and  
customs of its citizens which was peculiarly  
fascinating. Here you are not watched  
with a suspicious eye and treated as a  
stranger until you prove yourself the con-  
trary, as in England; neither are you  
charged most exorbitant prices for incon-  
sistently non-sensical mealy-beds, as at their  
Hotels, nor surrounded on all sides by hun-  
dred valets who would draw the last  
drop of blood if they knew it contained  
gold—as many English business men;  
but by an honorable and honest people.

The Quays of Dublin are among the prin-  
cipal beauties; they are bounded by the  
river Liffey which is banked and walled the  
entire length of the city in the most dur-  
able manner. The river is spanned by  
numerous bridges, which add greatly to the  
beauty of the city. Among the buildings  
of greatest note is the Bank of Ireland,  
formerly the old Parliament House, the  
scene of many interesting historical events;  
the University of Dublin which ranks high  
and compares favorably with any in the  
world; the Royal College of Surgeons, with  
its extensive and eloquently arranged  
museum; the Exchange a most magnifi-  
cent building which does great honor to  
the energy and zeal of the merchants by whom  
it was erected; and Dublin Castle, which  
contains many a large and elegant apart-  
ment as well arranged chapels, decorated  
with beautiful carving on oak. To give  
you an idea of the feelings of the Irish in  
regard to their present form of Govern-  
ment, I will relate what I saw one night  
at the Theatre Royal Dublin. The per-  
formances were by the particular request  
of Mr. Needham Nichols, in Reading,  
Mass., was struck by a thunderbolt and  
nearly ruined. Half a dozen bolts descend-  
ed upon the house simultaneously. A  
hole was made in the side of the chimney,  
and a large hole some six feet square was  
torn in the roof. The lightning spread to  
all parts of the house, completely shatter-  
ing it, so that it will have to be rebuilt.  
The windows were torn from their hinges,  
windows smashed, timbers charred, and a gen-  
eral wreck prevailed everywhere. No  
person was injured.

Henry Ward Beecher says "there is a  
great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread  
sometimes, than in an old dry sermon."

It is said that a boy or girl fifteen years  
of age may be bought, in the interior of  
Africa, for four yards of Manchester cotton  
—value, sixpence.

## GOOD-BYE.

The editor of the Albany Register com-  
ments thus upon this simple word, so com-  
mon yet so full of solemn and tender  
meaning:  
"How many emotions cluster around  
that word. How full of sadness, and to  
us, how full of sorrow it sounds. It is  
once within the year as we hope never  
to hear it again. We spoke it on an oc-  
casion, such as we hope never to speak it  
again. It was in the chamber of death at  
the still hour of night's noon. The cur-  
tains to the windows were all closed, the  
lights were shaded, and we stood in the  
dim and solemn twilight, with others,  
around the bed of the dying. The damp  
of death were on her pale young brow,  
and coldness was on her lips, as I kissed  
her for the last time while living. "Good-  
bye, my daughter," we whispered, and  
"Good-bye, father," came faintly from  
her dying lips. "I know not if she ever  
spoke more, but "Good-bye" was the last  
word ever heard of her sweet voice. We  
spoke that sorrowful word often, and often  
as we sit alone, busy with the memories  
of the past. We hear it in the silence of  
the night, in the hours of nervous wak-  
fulness, as we lay upon our bed thinking  
of the loved and the lost to us. We hear  
it in our dreams, when her sweet face  
comes back to us, as it was in its loveliness  
and beauty. We hear it when we sit be-  
side her grave in the cemetery where she  
sleeps, alone, with no kindred as yet by  
her side. She was the hope of our life, the  
prop upon which to lean when age should  
come upon us, and life should be coming  
to its close. "The hope and the prop is  
gone, and we care not how soon we go  
down to sleep beside our darling, beneath  
the shadow of the trees in the city of the  
dead."

**Moral Character.**  
There is nothing which adds so much  
to the beauty and power of man as a good  
character. It dignifies him in every sta-  
tion. Such a character is more to be desired  
than anything else on earth. No ser-  
vice, no crowning achievement, no  
teachings, honors, or ever have such a  
character; the pure joys of righteous-  
ness never spring in such a person. If  
young men but knew how much a good  
character would dignify and exalt them,  
how glorious it would make their pros-  
pects even in this life, never should we  
find them yielding to the grovelling and  
base-born purposes of human nature.

**DISTANCE OF THE SPIRIT LAND FROM  
THE EARTH.**—According to a vision of  
A. J. Davis, "between the spirit home  
and the earth, there are strewn along and  
throughout the intervening distance, like  
mile-stones marking the length of the pub-  
lic roads—thus making space an actual and  
reliable fact in infinity—more than four  
hundred thousand planets and fifteen thou-  
sand solar bodies of lesser magnitude."  
He professed to see the constituent par-  
ticles of our atmospheric globes as sit-  
tuated as the natural eye can see the shot  
in a glass bottle.

A young buck, of the soap-buck order,  
who wore an unshaven face, because, as  
he said, it "looked foreign," lately follow-  
ed a Yankee as follows: "I say, fellow,  
some individuals think I am a Frenchman,  
and some take me for an Englishman—now  
what do you think I am?" "I think you  
are a darned fool!" replied Jonathan.

We once heard of a darkey, who was  
hoeing corn bare-footed, and seeing his big  
toe protruding through the dirt, mistook it  
for the head of a toad, and hitting it a smart  
blow with his hoe chopped it completely  
off.

Alice Carey in, a late poem, uses this  
very beautiful figure:—  
"Even for the dead I will not bid  
My soul to grief—death cannot lend grief;  
For it is not as if the rose had climbed  
My garden wall and blossomed on the other  
side!"

Mrs. Partington is of the opinion that  
Mount Vesuvius should take old Town-  
send's sarsaparilla, to cure itself of eruptions.  
The old lady thinks it has been vomit-  
ing so long, that nothing else would  
stay on its stomach.

**ADVICE GRATIS.**—In walking, always  
turn your toes out, and your thoughts in-  
ward. The former will prevent you from  
falling into cellars, the latter from falling  
into iniquity.

When you are addressing blackheads,  
be as grandiloquent as possible—for the  
less such people understand, the more pro-  
found they think you are. In vacuum,  
recollect feathers fall as fast as guineas.

There are no hands upon the clock of  
eternity; there is no shadow upon its  
dial. The very hours of heaven will be  
measured by the sunshine—not by the  
shadow.

**EXTRAORDINARY DAMAGE BY LIGHT-  
NING.**—On Saturday evening last the per-  
formance was by the particular request  
of Mr. Needham Nichols, in Reading,  
Mass., was struck by a thunderbolt and  
nearly ruined. Half a dozen bolts descend-  
ed upon the house simultaneously. A  
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