

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,** ever 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. He feels 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 Laines 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, Cashmeretts,** 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 **D. D. ZIMMERMAN,** 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.

Their 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, Battinetts, 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 in the most fashionable.

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,** traveling and stable 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,

There will my heart be turning ever,

There's where the blest ones stay;

Through all 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.

One hour is forever bringing

Memories of love;

'Twas when my sighs were changed to singing,

Of the blest ones above;

When shall I see my Saviour reigning

On his white throne!

When will he hush my heart's complaining,

With with the blest ones at home!

All till then is dark and dreary

Every where I roam;

O, brothers, how the heart grows weary

Longing for the blest ones at home.

A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"First our flowers die—and then

Our hearts, and then our faces—and when

These are dead the debt is due;

Do not claime 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 witness

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—"Lead 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 chang-

ed! 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. Slow-

ly 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 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

a smile to her pale lips, when it came to

her bed fragrant from the rose-thickets,

and the white clover-field which lay be-

neath the windows they so cruelly dark-

ened. The gloom of that death-chamber

made me very sorrowful, but I went to

the bed, turned down the linen, and laid

my hand carelessly on the pale face

which lay so white and motionless in the

dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew

back frighted, and stealing from the room

sat down alone, wondering and full of

grief.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on

the high bank of a river. A waterfall raised

its eternal anthem near by, and the

sunset flings his last golden shadows among

the long grass that shelters her. I re-

member it all—the grave with its newly

broken sod—the coffin placed on its brink.

The clergyman with his black surplice

sweeping the earth, and the concourse of

neighbors gathered around that grave,

each lifting his hand reverently as the so-

lemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by

the lofty anthem surging up from the wa-

terfall, and the breeze rustling through

the dense boughs of that gloomy tree—

Then came the grating of the coffin as it

was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull

hollow sound of the falling earth, and those

most solemn words of "dust to dust," and

"ashes to ashes." With mournful distinc-

tion were all those things impressed on

my young mind, but my mother's last

prayer is written more forcibly than all

characters that but deepen with maturity.

It has lingered about my heart a blessing

and a safe-guard, pervading it with a me-

lanch that cannot die. Many times, when

the heedlessness of youth would have led

me into error, has that sweet voice, now

hushed for ever, intermingled with my

thoughts, and like the ray of a fairy

chain, drawn me from my purpose. Oft

when my brow has been wreathed with

flowers for the festival, when my cheek

has been flushed, and my eyes have spark-

led with anticipated pleasure, have I

caught the reflection of those eyes in the

mirror, and thought of the look which

that broken application to Heaven has

come back to my memory, the clustering

some have been torn from my head; and

gentle memories have drank the unnatural

glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts

have been carried back to my lost parent,

and from her, up to the heaven she in-

habits.

The festival, with all its attractions,

has been lost in gentle reflection, and I

have been "delivered from temptations."

Again, when the sparkling wine-cup has

almost bathed my lips, and merriment

and smiles and music, has the last sad

prayer of my mother seemed to mingle

with its ruby contents, and I have put a-

way the goblet, that "I might not be in-

duced to temptation." When my hand has

rested in that of the dishonorable, and

in his heart there is no God, as that voice

seemed to flow with his luring accents, I

have listened to it and fled as from the

tempter of my native forests.

Again, when the throbbings

of ambition have almost filled my soul, and

the pride of my fellow-men have become

a precious incense, the still small voice of

my mother's prayer has trembled over each

heart-string, and kindled it to a more

healthy music. In infancy, youth, and

womanhood, that prayer has been to me a

holy remembrance—a sweet thought full

of melody not the less beautiful that there

is sadness in it.

I Believe.

"I believe in God the Father, Almighty

Maker of heaven and earth.

So says a beautiful child as with dark,

holy eyes uplifted, she repeats the Ap-

ostle's Creed.

Oh, what would many a sin-hardened

criminal give, could he but say with ear-

nest purpose, "I believe!" But darkness

shrouds soul and spirit. He has lost the

childish faith taught him at his mother's

knee. He can faintly remember the far-

off home—the calm hour when he thought

every star the presence of angels—when

the melody of a bird, the curious folding

of a flower, the argosies of white cloud,

mercy freighted, sailing in fleets of the

upper deep, wafed his little thoughts to

the great mystery which, while he felt, he

comprehended not.