

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1854.

(NUMBER 17.)

"KNOW NOTHING" MEETING.

THE "KNOW NOTHING" MEETING. WILL meet at the Store of J. S. GRAMMER, not to tear asunder former parties, but to examine his stock of new **SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,** this being his second arrival, which consists of:

Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Silks, Barges, Berge de Laine, Jaconet, and French Lawns, Debris, Alpaca, Alpaca, Linen Lustre, Calicoes, Ginghams, Cambric, Ginghams, Jaconet Cambric and Swiss Muslin, Linen Cambric, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Sleeves, Black Lace Veils, Edgings, Gimps, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN, Cloths, Cassimeres, Italian Cloth, Casimeres, of every color and an assortment of every kind; also a fresh supply of

GROCERIES, which will be sold very low. His stock of Goods has been selected with great care, and bought exclusively for cash, and he guarantees to dispose of them on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased elsewhere.

Terms Cash, or Country Produce. To punctual customers a credit of six months.

J. S. GRAMMER.
Gettysburg, May 19, 1854.

A FRESH SUPPLY!

THE undersigned has just returned from the City, with a large assortment of **FRESH GOODS,** which he is prepared to sell at prices which cannot be beat. His stock consists of:

GROCERIES

of all kinds, Sugars, Molasses, Coffee, Tea, Fish, Salt, Crackers, Cheese, Pickled Cucumbers, &c. Also,

Fruits & Confections, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins, Prunes, &c.; also, Powder, Shot, Tobacco, Seagars, Gail's celebrated German Smoking Tobacco, and a variety of other articles. Also a first-rate assortment of the best qualities of

LIQUORS,

Wines and Brandy, of different kinds, N. E. Rum, Holland Gin, Old Rye, &c.—all of which can be had on the lowest terms at the Store of the subscriber, in South Baltimore street, next door to the "Star" office.

Also, always on hand a variety of Stone Jugs, &c. Give us a call.
EMANUEL ZIEGLER, Jr.
Gettysburg, May 19, 1854.—if.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

A BRAM ARNOLD has just returned from the City with the **Largest, Cheapest, & Best Selected Stock of Spring and Summer Goods,** ever before offered to the town or country, consisting in part of German, French and Domestic Cloths, Black & Fancy Cassimeres, Satin and other Vestings, Italian Cloths, Cashmere, Tweeds, Ky. Jeans, Berge de Laine, M. de Laine, Prints, Ginghams, and a great variety of Goods too numerous to mention. Also, a large assortment of Bonnets, Parasols, &c.

Call and see, as I am determined to undersell any establishment in the Town or Country.
March 31 1854.—if

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

WE have just received the largest stock of **GROCERIES** ever offered in the county, comprising

25 Hubs of prime Sugar,
60 Barrels of best N. O. Molasses,
6 Hubs of finest quality of Syrup,
together with a large assortment of Coffee, Rice, Tobacco, &c., to which we invite the attention of purchasers, either wholesale or retail. Now is your time for cheap and desirable Groceries; the place to furnish them is FAHNESTOCK'S.

Sign of the Red Front.
May 12, 1854.

MORE NEW GOODS!

A SECOND SUPPLY.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just returned from the City with another supply of seasonable Goods, among which is:

Ladies' Dress Goods, of every variety, very handsome and cheap. Sleeves, Collars and Cuffs, in great variety and of the latest styles. White and Red Crapes and other shawls, embroidered and plain. Linen Shawls, Ribbons, a beautiful variety. Bonnets, Trimmings, Calicoes, Ginghams, Hosiery, Dress Silks, Bonnet Silks and Satins, Edgings, Insertings, &c., &c.—with almost any article in the DRY GOOD line, also a lot of

FRESH GROCERIES,

all of which will be sold as cheap as they can be had at any other establishment in the place. Please call, examine and judge for yourselves.
May 12, 1854.

MOROCCOS.

THOSE who select from a large assortment of Madras, and Boot Morocco, Pink and Laid Linings of a superior quality and at low prices should call early at the cheap store of

FAHNESTOCK'S.

BONNETS, Ribbons and Flowers, a large assortment of the different styles to be found at

SCHICK'S.

Summer Hats.

OF the very latest fashion, including Panama, China Pearl, Single and Double Leghorn, Canton, Straw, and Palm Leaf Hats, on hand and for sale by

S. S. M'CREARY.

NEW FANCY GOODS.

CALL AND SEE THEM!

MISS McCLELLAN

HAS just returned from Philadelphia with a large and well selected assortment of **FANCY GOODS** of every variety, (to which she invites the attention of Ladies and Gentlemen,) comprising fashionable

Bonnets & Bonnet Trimmings,

Silks, Satins,

Ladies' Dress Trimmings,

Velvets, Ribbons, Artificial, Black Veils, Blue do. Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, French worked Collars, Cambric, Jaconet and Swiss Muslin, Linen Cambric, Black Lace Veils, Edgings, Gimps, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Italian Cloth, Casimeres, of every color and an assortment of every kind; also a fresh supply of

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LET ME GO HOME.

"Let me go home!"—it is a plaintive cry On the weary path of duty! The train is weary and brimful-torn, And it longs in a mother's arms to mourn, And to feel its troubles hushed to sleep, Where a mother's love its watch shall keep, "Oh, child, rest! And never more wander away from thy father's door."

"Let me go home!"—it is the exile's prayer— O, what to him is the balmy air Of the genial south, when far away From the snows of the north are on the track O'er which the looked-for comes not back! He comes! and hush! the earth shall turn To light the joy of that brief return.

"Let me go home!"—from the wanderer's breast Bursts the heaving sigh of a soul's unrest: Long hath he roamed through countries strange, Breaking ties in the love of change; One, long forgot, hath his prize unmann'd— He would make his grave in his native land. Through a ruined hall the night winds sweep As we lay him down where his father sleep.

"Let me go home!"—"Poor outcast, say, Hast thou a home?" "Yes, a home of clay— Wherever my tottering feet shall fall, There my life shall end its mournful tale; And they'll make me a home and I'll there abide, Nor any of the living part of me Let me go home—to him who gave Yet another home—beyond the grave!"

A Child's Evening Prayer.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet S. T. Coleridge, for the use of his daughter when a child. A very little ingenuity will be sufficient to make such alterations as may be necessary to suit the prayer to the circumstances of every fireside:

On my bed my limbs I lay—
God grant me grace my prayer to say—
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due,
And may I best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings from their youth;
May always love each other;
Our friends, our father, and our mother;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day! AMEN.

"Never Forget Your Mother."

The editor of the Lawrence Courier, referring to the death of the Hon. Jas. Davis, remarks, that he owed much to the personal suggestions and advice of the Hon. Governor, kindly and earnestly bestowed in earlier years; and adds: "The last counsel we received from him was characteristic of the man; it was on the deck of a vessel that lay with loosened sails and shortened cable, that we still in boyhood, just commencing years of wandering and hardship, received a parting grasp of his pure hand with these words: 'God bless you! Remember what I have said; and wherever you go, NEVER FORGET YOUR MOTHER!' What better charge could be given a lad, launching forth on 'life's deceitful tide,' where the chart and compass of his young head and heart must be his only protection from shipwreck. Many years have passed away, and that good man has finished the voyage of time; he has disappeared under the dark storm of death, and we doubt not, has reached that celestial haven, where the storms of earth are never known, and has exchanged the anchor symbol which he ever carried at the prow during life, for blissful realization."

"I Cannot Pray for Father."

She knelt at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for ease through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest "God bless dear mother, and," but the prayer was stilled; the little hands clasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child, "I cannot pray for father any more!" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after mother's name, for he had said that must come first; and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out! No wonder the now thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.

I waited for some moments, that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered, too much almost for utterance, she said, "O mother, I cannot leave him all out! let me say, 'Thank God that I had a dear father once!' so I can still go on, and keep him in my prayer." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for mercies past as well as to ask blessings for the future.—Presbyterian.

Women.

The following passage is from "Rural Hours," by Miss Cooper, daughter of the late Jane Pennington Cooper. It beautifully expresses the sentiments of all women of pure feelings and correct principles:

"We American women certainly owe a debt of gratitude to our countrymen for their kindness and consideration of us generally. Gallantry may not always take a graceful form in this part of the world, and more flattery may be worth a little here as elsewhere; but there is a glow of generous feeling toward women in the hearts of most American men which is highly honorable to them as a nation and as individuals. In no country is the protection given to woman's helplessness more full and free; in no country is the assistance she receives from the stronger man so general; and under these conditions, and under these conditions, we have always on hand a complete assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

To satisfy you of the truth of our assertion, we only ask you to call and examine for yourself, if you want bargains. Call early at FAHNESTOCK'S.

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From evil doings from their youth;
May always love each other;
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A Little Child among Lunatics.

A day or two ago a gentleman whose official duties required him to visit a large asylum near this city, devoted to the indigent insane, took with him a little boy some three years old, and it was an interesting study to watch the effect which the presence of the young visitor produced among the lunatics of every grade. An unusual degree of quiet and order prevailed in every hall, and touching manifestations of the softening and subduing influence of childhood were exhibited by those who were ordinarily most intractable.

This was particularly the case with those who had passed the season of youth. One man, incurably insane, approached the little boy with a countenance for the moment full of gentleness and kindness, and with a polite gesture handed him a straw—by which all that he had to give—and showed great satisfaction when it was accepted, and bemoaned as if it had been of value. Almost all approached and shook hands with the infant, and so mild was their bearing that he did not for a moment hesitate, and although abashed at what was to him an unusual crowd, he cheerfully yielded his little hand to their caresses. But the most interesting scene was in the women's apartments. They were ready to devour the child with their eyes, and yet when they observed that their crowding and volatility annoyed him, instinctively withdrew and modulated their voices to tones of tenderness, to which many of them had long been strangers. One woman, herself a mother, engaged with tearful eyes—"Dear little fellow, is his mother lying?" An affirmative reply seemed to relieve her apprehensions, and her expressions of interest assumed a more cheerful tone. The violent, closely confined in cells, watched every movement of the boy with intense interest, and some begged, by all the affection of their own offspring—which insanity in its worst form had not eradicated—to be permitted to embrace him. The whole scene was calculated to deepen the sympathy felt for the most unfortunate class who were the objects of the visit, and to show how strongly the society of children is calculated to win back to gentleness those who, from any cause, have passed that irremediable line which separates effects of course transient, but it was something to obtain for these poor wretched souls even a moment of calm delight.—New York Courier and Enquirer.

A Good Story.

Some of the students of the Indiana State University, were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it was a mystery. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store, the proprietor asked him "how that sick student, Mr. Carter, came on?" Smelling a rat, the doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that they said he was quite low, and was kept alive by stimulants; that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This Carter was a fictitious character, and the doctor had the secret. However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in chapel for the Sabbath, he satisfied himself that Carter's nurses were all present. The deacons were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a painful task to perform—as President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which time he was kept alive by stimulants, he had breathed his last. He had no doubt that this announcement would fall sadly upon the ears of those who had so faithfully attended to his wants, but he hoped they would reflect on the oft-repeated words, "Memento mori"—that he would now no longer detain, but leave them to their own reflections! The result of the announcement was startling. None of the Professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of Carter. "Who is he?" was whispered; none knew, but the "kind friends who attended him," they wouldn't tell; and the President seemed so deeply affected, they didn't like to ask him.—Brookville Am.

Singular Case.

About eighteen months since, Ida, a little girl about four years old, daughter of Mr. M. Taylor, residing in Saratoga, near Pearl street, complained very much of a sharp pain in the lower part of the left groin, and upon examination a protrusion of the flesh was discovered as if rupture had occurred. Dr. Reilly, one of our most distinguished physicians, attended the case, and ordered a truss, the pressure of which, however, the child could not bear. Soon after, on the right side of the abdomen, a hard lump was detected, inflammation ensued, and a tumor was manifested. The usual remedies were applied for a long time, but the child grew worse, and a great rigidity of the system supervened, and their seemed no probability of relief but in death. Suppuration, however, was in process, and the tumor was finally lance, when a considerable opening ensued. Temporary relief was experienced, but the child presently grew worse, complaining of something sticking her. About two weeks since, being very fractious, Mrs. Taylor carefully examined the open wound, and perceiving something that looked like a foreign substance in the core of the tumor, she managed to get hold of it, and to her utter amazement drew out a large pin, corroded. Dr. Reilly at once pronounced this the sole cause of the disease, and it so turns out, for the child has recovered its usual health, after its long prostration, and runs about as well as ever. The child is supposed to have swallowed the pin, but when or under what circumstances is unknown.—Baltimore Sun.

How to take ink from linen—jerk and editor out of his shirt.

I was sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at my door. The servant opened it when a man rushed in, in the wildest disorder.

"God God's sake doctor," said he, "come with me! it's a case of life and death.—A young girl has stabbed herself! she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars if you save her. Come, oh, don't delay!" and he rushed toward me as if to drag me along.

I hurried away with him, snatching my instruments from the table as I passed it. I think I now man's face expressed. He was a handsome man, with jet black hair, clustering in waving curls over a white forehead. The lower part of his otherwise feminine features, was relieved by a deep jet black beard.

I asked him for the particulars of the case.

"Doctor," said he, "make haste, I shall go mad. Why? I would give every drop of blood in this body to save one of hers. Oh, God!" said he, "preserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste doctor—oh, my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin couch, in a splendid room—the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood—lay a young girl. There was a deep wound upon her heart, and it was evident that the blow had been given with right good will. On the floor, covered with blood, lay the weapon—a silver damascene dagger, the handle richly set with pearls, strongly lit with the reflection from the blood stained ivory.

I was too late. Alas, the life blood was slowly dropping away. That masterpiece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying love upon the young man who had summoned me to the scene of death. She sank back, and death closed upon her eyelids.

My companion felt some time strangely sitting on the lifeless form, upon the couch. I could perceive that reason was tottering on its foundation. I was fascinated by his strange look. At last I went up to him. "Sir," I said, "help is near. Death has released her from her troubles."

"Dead! did you say she is dead, doctor?" said he, with a strange and curious stare at me. "Ah, you have murdered her," yelled the madman—for such he was now—"You have murdered her, and—I shall murder you. Ah! ha! it will be rare sport."

Before I could prevent him, he had picked up the dagger. "Yes," said he with a wild, mad-glance upon me, "I will murder you. Oh, it will be rare sport to see you grow and struggle like she did. Ah, ha!" and he made a bound at me.

Now this was far from pleasant. In fact, it was a very awkward fix to be in. I did not know how to act. The madman made a grab at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark, I seized the lamp and cast it on the floor. The room was now dark.

The madman set up a terrible yelling, and I could hear him look the door and put the key in his pocket, while he kept muttering, "I will kill him. Oh, it will be rare sport to see him die as she did. I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him, but I knew the increased strength which the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent. What should I do? I must do something. I would again be in his power. I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and as luck would have it, I found a heavy dumb-bell in the corner where I lay concealed. Presently I heard the madman slowly searching for me. I raised the dumb-bell—"may God forgive me," I said; it descended and I was free.

The madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, unashed in the lock with the heavy metal and rushed down stairs. Presently the house was all in confusion. Oh! what a scene—the girl dead in a pool of blood—the man insensible, with the dagger firmly clenched in his hand. I bled him and he slowly recovered. But his reason never returned. He is a madman to this day. I never heard the history of my patient of that night. They were strangers in the house. I will never forget that night's adventure.

ONE OF THE VANDERBILTS.—The Portmouth Journal, under the head of "Traditionary Sketches," publishes the following account of a model jury of the olden time: "About eighty years ago, a man came to his end by casualty at the Isle of Shoals, and a coroner, from Portsmouth, visited the Island to make an inquest. Twelve jurors were summoned from those who were first met with, and directed to sit on the body. They went into the house, and soon some of them returned and informed the coroner that he would hold but six. They were again instructed and sent in. They reported that he was drowned. They were again sent back for further investigation. In due time they returned with the report that they had noticed on one stick all his good deeds they could find, and on another all of his bad ones. The latter numbered most, and therefore they gave their verdict that he had gone to the wicked place. One of his good qualities was reported to be, that he could carry a can of flip at arm's length around the island, and not spill a drop.

Bush your Tomatoes.

It is just as sensible to grow wheat without bushing them as it is tomatoes. You may grow both in a slovenly sort of a way, if you have plenty of room on the ground; but you can grow either twice as well upon something to support them, and tomatoes are decidedly better grown up in the air, than near the ground, under the shade of the mass of vines. The best support for a tomato vine is a short bush set firmly in the ground. The branches have room to spread, among the limbs and support the fruit. The plan is much better than tying to stakes and trimmings, according to our experience. We have tried both ways.

A night in the life of a Physician.

I was sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at my door. The servant opened it when a man rushed in, in the wildest disorder.

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