

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1854.

NUMBER 18.

## A STEWARD WANTED at Pennsylvania College.

THE present Steward of Pennsylvania College being about to leave, applications will be received by the undersigned from persons desiring the situation. Information in regard thereto can be had of either of the undersigned. Possession will be given on the 1st of April, or sooner if desired. **Moses McLean, S. FAHNESTOCK, H. S. HUBER,** Committee of Board of Trustees. Gettysburg, March 3, 1854.—4f

## HAY WANTED.

PERSONS having Hay to sell will do well by calling on the subscriber, in Gettysburg, who is desirous of purchasing. The highest Market price will be paid at all times. As he intends having the Hay, after being packed, hauled either to Haver or Baltimore, the preference to haul will be given to those from whom he may purchase.

## SOLOMON POWERS.

Dec. 24, 1852.—4f

## CALEDONIA COLD SPRINGS, (LADS SWENEY'S).

Adams County, Pa.

THESE Springs, situated on the South Mountain, a short distance from the pike leading from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, Pa., will be opened for visitors on the 15th of June next. Large and commodious buildings, including extensive Bath Houses for hot and cold plunges, have been erected. The grounds have been much improved, and every effort made to render these Springs a popular place of resort. An efficient and obliging Manager will have the general superintendence, while the best servants the country affords have been engaged. The table will be furnished with all the delicacies of the market, and nothing left undone to render this old favorite resort worthy the patronage of the public. Persons leaving Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia in the morning trains will arrive at Chambersburg in time to take the Coaches for tea. For further particulars address **J. C. RICHARDS,** Chambersburg, Pa. May 26, 1854.—2m

## AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS for the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and Pennsylvania Mutual Horse Thiel Insurance Company, York, Pa., wanted for Adams County. For particulars address, **D. STRICKLER,** York, Pa. **DAVID STRICKLER, Sec'y.** June 23, 1854.—3f

## TIMBER LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has still a few more lots of TIMBER LAND for sale, which will be disposed of reasonably. For information apply to **J. D. PAXTON,** Gettysburg, May 12, 1854.—4f

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Adams County to make distribution of the assets remaining in the hands of **ROBERT SMITH,** Administrator of the Estate of **WALTER SMITH,** deceased, and among the parties entitled thereto, will attend for that purpose at his office in Gettysburg, on **Monday the 31st of July inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.,** of which all persons interested are hereby notified. **D. A. BUEHLER, Auditor.** July 7, 1854.—4f

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, to make distribution of the assets remaining in the hands of **JACOB ST. HUBERTSON,** Assignee of **DAVID TRIMMER,** amongst creditors, will attend for that purpose at his office in Gettysburg, on **Saturday the 20th day of July inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.,** of which all persons interested are hereby notified. **D. A. BUEHLER, Auditor.** July 7, 1854.—3f

**Breitt, Froufield & Co's,** VEGETABLE CATTLE POWDER, AND CATTLE LINIMENT. SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by **S. H. BUEHLER,** agent for Adams County. Dec. 30th, 1853.

## SAVE YOUR MONEY!

**ESSENCE OF COFFEE.** H. BUEHLER keeps constantly on hand for sale, the Genuine ESSENCE OF COFFEE, of best quality. The use of this article in families will be found a very great saving in the course of the year. For sale, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the Drug & Book Store of **S. H. BUEHLER.** Dec. 20, 1853.

Received and for sale a large quantity of **Fresh Groceries.** Also a quantity of second hand **COOK STOVES.** very cheap by **GEORGE ARNOLD.**

**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.**

## While 'tis Daytime let us Work.

Every mortal has his mission. In this world of active strife, Whether in a high position, Or a lowly walk of life.

He it is, who now fulfilling Every duty day by day, Shows the mind and spirit willing To perform its upward way.

Life's a hard upon the ocean, Foes and rocks by every gale; Now scuds on with speedy motion, Now with rest and tattered sail.

Life's a bright and sunny morning, With some light refreshing shower, Followed by dark cloudy warning Of the storm that's yet to lower.

Life's the cord of silver, binding Man in contact with his kind, Death is but that bond unwinding, Setting free the earth-bound mind.

Life's the pitcher of the fountain, Whence immortal sills descend; 'Tis the fragile wheel surrounding Clatters where pure waters blend.

Life's the way for deed and action, 'Tis the rest, the time of night; He who works with satisfaction, Works while yet the hour is light.

Forward, then, the day is waning, Westward sinks the setting sun; Onward I, without complaining, Work, while yet it may be done.

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## AN AFFECTING COURT SCENE.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

We take pleasure in relating an incident which greatly enlisted our sympathies, and finally made our hearts leap for joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 1853 we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was court week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life we stepped into the room where the court was convened.

Among the prisoners in the box we saw a lad about ten years of age, whose sad, pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the Judge to the boy left no room to doubt that it was his mother.

We turned with sympathy to inquire of the officer of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now expressed the cares of the aged.

His young sister, a bright-eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope.

But that sweet voice, which before court-day had been heard with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case, acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss—the extent of which was but a dime, no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty."

It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would often see it, and least suspect the trap. The day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so he let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the boy's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft! A crime the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making the "little rogue" an example to others by punishing him. Before I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for aught else but conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered in his defence gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden pleas—his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk behind him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks; among which we heard a harsh fellow, close to us, cry out:

"He forgets what it is. Thinking to get hold of some pious law-book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

"The remark made the young attorney blush with anger, and turning his flashing eyes upon the audience he convinced them that there was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no better book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober Judge on the bench.

"The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst breathless silence he read the jury this sentence: "Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our hearts throbb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking; and the jurymen exchanged glances as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence.

## The prisoner looked hopeful; the mother smiled again; and, before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the courtroom that was not moist.

The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transcribe before the verdict of the jury could be learned was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering conversation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip, the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there that did not join in the acclamation that hailed the lad's release.

The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth.

The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances, and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than of the tempted.

## A Degraded Woman.

Some eighteen years ago a woman was seen to emerge from a dark, narrow alley. It was yet early on a foggy morning. The woman looked haggard, pale and filthy. She wore an old pelisse, shoes she had no use for, her bonnet was dirty and shapeless. It was obvious she had spent a night on the hard stones in that secluded lane.

With unclean steps, this poor creature hurried to a neighboring gin shop. Her long head and feet were on the bar, while her coat was muffled "gin." She drank, and after leaving the gin den, walked up the street towards the suburbs of the town.

She reached the poor house, knocked and was admitted. Before night she was duly enrolled among the paupers.

But who was this degraded woman?—How came she so fallen? Whose influence made her a pauper? Was she a child of poverty from her birth? Had irresistible misfortune driven her to the cup of desperation; or was she once a fair daughter of virtue, denuded of womanly excellences by the unprying hand of vice?

Reader, that loathsome paper was once a beautiful, accomplished and virtuous young lady! She had been the mistress over one of the most flourishing ladies' schools in the country. As a teacher of youth she was deemed unsurpassed. In personal beauty she had her equals. Her society was courted and her friendship valued.

Whence, then, the vast change? It proceeded from the dread power that had destroyed millions. The wine cup was her enemy.

She learned to love wine through the enticements of a sage. The wine cup was her enemy, and she was to be a beggar.

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## INITIATING AN OUTSIDER.

A "KNOW NOTHING" YAK.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning, roused from the slumber usually pervading the pious, prim and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—

"What's it all about?" "When did they come?" "How many are there?" "What do they look like?" "Did you see 'em?" "Are they human critters?" "What are they going to do?"

"Who?" "What?" "The Know Nothings?" "Know Nothings?" says a native. "Know Nothings?"

"Well, I'd give a f'g piece to know," continued the native, "what in sin it's all about?"

"O, you hav'nt seen 'em, eh?" says a jolly, round visaged, bright-eyed individual of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night caused, saw, and took the town. "Hav'nt seen 'em?"

"Seen who?" says the native. "The Know Nothings."

"Know Nothings! Well, I kinder cal'late I hav'nt," says a fellow.

"O, you are one of 'em, eh?" "Look here, squire, if you don't want to be squatin cross-legged in your heap of mud, I callate you'd better not say my education has been neglected in any such a way."

"Not at all, my dear friend; I only predicted that your wife—this, hang it! mean do you know what's out?"

"Yes, I'll tell you what's out, squire."

"Good; what is it?" "A writ against Josh Pruden for breaking the Sabbath all to flinders, play in keards in Deacon Dinkle's barn."

"Pshaw!" said the jolly man, "I don't mean that sort of work. I suppose you are like the rest of these Know Nothings, too, eh?"

"Well, now, look 'ere, a fellow never made much by dodging ignorance in this land of universal liberty and equal education; and a fellow know nothing that's a fact; but, squire, I've got in, but darn my buttons to apple sass, if I went as poor a fellow as I be, gin, gins, tin milline and upwards to know what's kinder busted around here."

"Would you?" "Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, I guess your critter kin just tel us all about it."

"His-h, his," said the humorous man, "his-h, his! I've been soundin' you."

"You don't say so?" echoes the citizen of Nutmeg.

"Yes, squire, we have to be cautious."

"Can't speak out to everybody?" "No."

"Yes, sir; now I know you're a good egg."

"Good egg—good to the core."

"Saw'd I wouldn't wonder; never a bit but once in my hull life; then I had the darndest scratchin' time you ever did see, I reckon. Ever had the itch, squire?"

"Never, thank you."

"O, not at all, squire; you are quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the lugger."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper, an idea of what's up; and if you love your country—"

"Me?" "The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

"Great-a Fourth of July! pitch in the big licks, squire."

"Our own dear native land!"

"That's the ginger! go it, squire!" says Nutmeg.

"Well, sir; now you just follow me over to the hotel; so, now take I chair. Here we are; now I'll give you the secret. You see this is a grand secret society."

"Eh, yes."

"And the greatest secrecy is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands high above your head, so I now swear—"

"Swear I can't dew it, squire—agin my religion."

"Are you an American?" "Am I! I ain't nothin' else, by Bunker Hill!"

"Will you stand by your country?" "Will I! Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn!"

"Then swear, that you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and stripes, and never reveal the secrets."

"Fourth of July, and Bunker Hill!" chimed in the excited Yankee.

"That's it, good, good egg!" said the humorous man. "Now, sir, you are one of us—you are a Know Nothing."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, sir! now we have some mysterious signs and counter signs, by which you can tell a brother of the society. When you see a man looking at his pockets, and his right eye shut, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar—should he be smoking—in the left side of his mouth—you may know he is a Know Nothing."

"Eh, yes."

"Well, then, you go towards him, and shut your left eye, so; you bite your thumb of the left hand; if he bites—"

"Bites?"

"Yes, if he bites; if he is really one of 'em, he will say something in a grumbling tone—something like 'what do you mean?' or 'do you mean that for me?' Then he bites, you see; then you advance close, and say, slowly, 'nix a teed in a cully!'"

"Dutch, ain't it?" says Yankee.

"Well, no, not exactly, in our language. Then he'll say, 'what do you mean?'"

"Well, he'll be very apt to say that once or twice, sure. You rep's, 'nix, don't forget 'nix—stag his nibe cilly!'"

"Nix, eh, yes."

"Nix, cully, how's nibe?" You then approach close up, shut the right eye, grasp his hand and put your left forefinger

along side of your nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it!"

"He will? How many fellows in this town have joined this society?"

"O, hundreds; nearly everybody you meet are members; it's raising the great excitement imaginable!"

"Beats everything out of 'em. Now here's the oath; you swear by this emblem!" (elevating a boot jack.)

"What, a boot jack?"

"Yes, it looks like a jack, but it ain't, it's a blind, a mystery; we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these our secrets, so help you Independence day! Now to-night, there will be a crowd near the depot, about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to the secret chamber, where you will learn more particulars. Now scoot!"

"Eh, yes; and Nutmeg left."

He had just got into the street, when a veritable rizz got his eyes. A long-legged, double-fisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molars. The man with the closed eye looked daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, or doing something like it, inwardly.

"Nix a weed in cull!" says Nutmeg, advancing.

"What in yaller thunder d'ya mean I say?" says the one-eyed man.

"Nix—Stag his nibe, cully, how's nibe!" continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long, sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, mistrusting the move, made no good, drew off, and put in such a 'soul paw' that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—*double!*

"Goll darn you, ain't you one of 'em? Why didn't you say so?" bawled Nutmeg, travelling into the hotel to find the Professor of Know Nothingness, and settle his hash! But Professor Pete Morris had suddenly left for parts unknown! Nutmeg has been looking for Pete for some time.

## The Emperor Nicholas.

About the year 1836 or '7 an American Supercargo at St. Petersburg took one evening on the bank of the river Neva, puffing his cigar in real Yankee style; and while indulging in his luxury, he was accosted by a gentleman who asked him if he knew he was violating the municipal laws of the city; he replied he was not aware of it, and asked wherein he was violating the laws; he told him of smoking his cigar in the street; he immediately threw his cigar into the water, and fluffed the gentleman rather communicatively, concerning a walk with him, supercargo could not help uttling wherever they went, the people all lifted their hats to say that he must be greatly beloved by the people, as he observed they all lifted their hats to him as they passed. His companion replied he did not think they had much love for him, but the respect they paid was probably in consequence of the office he held, for, said he, "I am their Emperor."

"Never, thank you."

"O, not at all, squire; you are quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the lugger."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper, an idea of what's up; and if you love your country—"

"Me?" "The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

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