

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 21, 1854.

NUMBER 19.

## Professional Cards.

### BOUNTY LANDS.

PERSONS entitled to Bounty Lands under the acts of Congress of the United States and have their claims promptly and efficiently attended to by application either personally or by letter to the subscriber, at his office in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where applications have been suspended on account of deficiency in proof may find it to their advantage to apply to him for a full and complete statement of the law in each case, payable upon the delivery of the warrant. The subscriber will also attend to claims for Pensions for Revolutionary or other services and the location of lands. The sale and purchase of Land Warrants attended to, and the highest cash price paid for the same. R. G. MCCREARY, Attorney at Law, May 14—1f.

### D. MC CONAUGHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

(Office removed to one door West of Buehler Drug & Book Store, Chambersburg street.) Attorney and Solicitor for Patents and Pensions, Bounty Land Warrants, Back-Pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and lands for sale in Iowa, Illinois, and other Western States; and Agents engaged locating Warrants thereon. Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 11, 1853.

### LAW PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned have associated themselves as partners in the Practice of the Law. Their Office is in the room long occupied by the senior partner, where one or both of the firm can at all times be consulted. The business of CONVEYANCING in all its branches, will be attended to with promptness, neatness and accuracy. MOSES McCLEAN, WM. McCLEAN, May 5, 1854.—3m

### DAVID WILLS, Attorney at Law.

HAS taken Mr. Stevenson's office, North West Corner of Centre Square. REFERENCE—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., Lancaster, Dec. 30, 1853.

### W. A. M'GINLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in the South West corner of the Square formerly occupied by D. McConaughy, Esq., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. May 12, 1854.—1y

### Dr. J. Lawrence Hill, DENTIST.

OFFICE in Chambersburg street, one door West of the Lutheran Church, nearly opposite Grammer's store, where he may be found ready and willing to attend to any case within the province of the Dentist. Persons in want of full sets of teeth are invited to call. REFERENCES: Dr. C. P. Keatts, D.D., D. H. Hoxey, Prof. M. Jacobs, H. S. Hoxey, H. L. Bader, D. C. Greener, H. A. Moorehead, Rev. R. Johnson, M. L. Snyder, July 7, 1848.

### DOCTOR JOHN A. SWOPE.

HAVING located permanently in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the public. Office and residence in York Street, opposite the Bank. April 28, 1854.—1y

### DOCTOR J. J. BENDER, (HOMEOPATHIST).

LATE from Philadelphia, would respectfully offer his services to the citizens of Gettysburg and Adams county in general. Office in Gettysburg, where he can at all times be found and consulted, when not professionally engaged. Gettysburg, May 20, 1854.—6m

### NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Adams county to make the distribution of the assets remaining in the hands of ROBERT SMITH (deceased), to 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.—1d

### NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county to make the distribution of the assets remaining in the hands of JACOB S. HOLLANDER, Assignee of DAVID TRIMMER, assignor, creditors, will attend for that purpose at his office in Gettysburg, on Saturday the 29th 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.—3t

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

There is many a life scene more touching—more worthy of immortality—than the deeds of conquerors or the heroes of history. The following, from the St. Louis Republican, is one:

We saw, says the editor, last evening, an apt illustration of the affection of woman. A poor intemperate wretch had been taken to the calaboss. His conduct in the street and after he was placed in the cell was of such a violent character that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon run had possession of his soul, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock the senses of his fellow prisoners, one of whom, in the same call, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hands she had a rattle tray, upon which were placed some slices of bread, fresh from the hearth-stone, and other little delicacies for her erring husband. She stood at the bar gazing intently into the thick gloom, where her man crouched, his hands, with their heavy iron shackles, and she called his name, its utterance was plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit.

The tears streamed from her eyes, and there, in the dark prison house, the abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young and injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears such only as a man can weep.

Through the iron still bound his wrists, he placed his hands, with their heavy iron shackles, and she called his name, its utterance was plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit.

## POETRY.

A father sits by the chimney post,  
On a winter's day enjoying a rest,  
By his side is a maiden—young and fair,  
A girl with a wealth of golden hair,  
And she tenses the father's stem and cold,  
With a question of duty true and old,  
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do  
When a man of merit comes to woo,  
And father, what shall I do on my head?  
Married or single—which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair—  
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,  
He answers, as ever do fathers old,  
To the question of duty true and old:  
"She who weddeth keeps her father's name,  
She who weddeth not dishonors him."  
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,  
"I'll wed with the wealth of golden hair,  
I'll wed with the wealth of the Holy Letter,  
Content to do well without doing better!"

## AN HONEST BOY.

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again; "at ways be honest; it is the best policy."  
"Should I say what that honesty is the best policy? Why, it is a time-honored old saying. I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing; but the spirit is rather narrow. I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

"The merchant turned abruptly towards the desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called at the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a boy of twelve, (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant, "do you see that lad yonder?"  
"With that noble brow? Yes, what of him?"  
"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what every body tells me who has boys to dispose of. No doubt he will do well enough before your face. I have tried a good many and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right side. He would restore a pin, indeed, (the merchant colored) he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods. I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—"

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## IDA AND ROSALINE.

OR, A CHAPTER ON FORGIVENESS.

"Papa, I cannot forgive her! It was a willful, malicious falsehood, and intended to injure me with my class; and has indeed too well succeeded. I was doing all I could to add to their pleasure and promote their gratification, and in the midst of it all here she comes, like an evil genius, whispering her baneful falsehood, saying that I myself acknowledged that all my solicitude and liberality tended but to the consumption of one object, and that was to be my own elevation to the head of our newly-organized 'Dorcas society; and now, no matter what plan I propose, some selfish motive is attributed to me, even though they are convinced it would be conducive to their enjoyment. No, no, papa; I can never forgive her while I live!" And the young girl burst into tears.

"The father set patiently waiting till this sudden burst of emotion should pass away, which it quickly did; for, pride, overcoming the poignancy of her feelings, Ida blew away her tears and said, "I will never speak to her again."

"Make no rash promises, Ida," said Mr. Blair; "but come, tell me my daughter, have you never done anything that you would wish to be forgiven?"

"I suppose I have, papa," answered Ida; "but I never told the truth to injure any one; and besides what injury she has done me in the estimation of others, I am also disappointed in her. She pretended to be my best friend, and certainly enjoyed my confidence; for indeed I loved Rosaline; and the disappointment I feel is more than any thing that she has done to me. I will love her no more, neither can I forgive her."

"If my memory serves me right, my child," replied Mr. Blair, "I have read an account of one who never refused to do a kindness for any, even though he knew those whom he was befriending were among his deadliest foes; he employed his time in conferring benefits and favors for which his only remuneration was, ill-treatment and abuse."

"But then, papa," said Ida, interrupting her father, "I don't reckon that any one told him how to lessen him in the opinion of others; and he never believed that all his kindnesses were performed through selfish motives."

"Yes, Ida, they did all that; they falsely accused him of raising dissensions among and prompting the people to insubordination; they also spread the rumor abroad that all his deeds of mercy and kindness might be the people were performed that he might be made a king; they called him a Sabbath-breaker, a madman, and said he had a devil. Several times they took up stones to cast at him, and at length, as the crowning point of their hatred and black ingratitude, they put him to a violent death. Thus was he rewarded for his mercy and love. But I no where read of his saying, 'I will ever forgive them; but what shall I do for the severest enemies I have prayed for by their enemies and said, 'Each of you, forgive them; for they know not what they do!'"

"Oh, papa, I thought you were relating an incident of real life, and I find you have been telling me a narrative from the Bible."

"Well, my daughter, is not this narrative an incident of real life? Did not our blessed Saviour in his own sacred person actually bear these and far worse sufferings that I have here enumerated, or do you indeed look upon the Bible as a cunningly devised fable?"

"No, no, papa, not a fable surely; but you were recounting the deeds of charity, mercy and love of no ordinary man. He was God, holy and divine, papa, and certainly you cannot expect me to be perfect as he was perfect."

"No, Ida, my expectations never soared so high for you, my daughter, but I had flattered myself with the hope that you might at least be able to emulate so holy an example; I fondly hoped you were not unmindful of this declaration, 'Unless you have the Spirit of Christ you are none of his.' So likewise the words of our blessed Redeemer, 'If you forgive not one another, neither will your Father in heaven forgive you.' Now, Ida, there is not a day passes over your head in which you do not commit some trespass against your heavenly Father, and should he be as severe and vindictive in marking them against you as you are this one transgression of Rosaline, how awful will be the account and how dreadful the penalty. Do you not see, my child, that in this one circumstance itself you have sinned and come short of your duty to your God and charity toward your little schoolmate. You have hardened your heart against the little girl, and said in the bitterness of your feelings that you never would forgive nor speak to her again. Suppose such a decree had gone forth from your Maker for your condemnation, where would your lot be cast? True, Rosaline has done wrong; but is that any reason that you should not do right?"

"Would it not seem much more like following the example of your Saviour and obeying his benign precepts, to do to the little girl and in gentleness and love point out to her the evil consequences of persisting in a course of sin and folly; let her know your kindness and attention, as well as the assurance of your words, that you have forgiven the offence, and take for the same no merit to yourself, but remember it is your duty to do so in obedience to the commands of Him who has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;' and in performing this duty you will have the conviction that you are doing to others what you would they should do unto you, and which you would your heavenly Father should extend to you. Say, Ida, can you forgive Rosaline?"

"Yes, my dear, kind papa," cried Ida, while her utterance was almost choked with sob; "I will, I do forgive her from my heart, as I hope to be forgiven. And I will now go and tell her so; but first let me thank you, dear papa, for your timely advice and beneficent counsel, which I hope my heart will ever retain."

## THE LOST STEAMER.

All hope of the safety of the steamer City of Glasgow, seems now to be utterly hopeless. The few sparks that few lingering, feeble rays of hope that for so long and weary days animated those hearts whose happiness of misery was inseparable from the fate of this vessel, have died out, leaving their place to the darkness of grief and despair. Four hundred human beings have sunk together into the vast depths of the ocean, their wild shrieks and prayers unheard, their grief-stamped countenances unseen by any save by each other and by God.

How many heart strings have been torn asunder by this sad occurrence! How many bright hopes quenched! How many life-plans thwarted among the living! During the latter part of our career in the Philadelphia Post Office, we became acquainted among the crew of a vessel of the Philadelphia, which appeared daily at the "general delivery window," where we were stationed, with an intelligent happy looking Englishman, of about fifty-five years of age, who came frequently to inquire for letters from home. He was a man of pleasing manners, and evidently had been well educated and accustomed to the refinements and elegances of really good society. Being a stranger on our shores, he was glad to avail himself of an opportunity of conversing with us, and spoke freely of his past and hoped-for future. He had come over to Philadelphia, bringing with him a little son apparently about twelve years of age, to seek residence for the rest of his family which had left in England, and to make all the arrangements necessary to their comfort when they should arrive. He had accomplished this—had taken and furnished a house in Philadelphia, and was expecting letters from his wife informing him of her sailing with their other children, in the steamer City of Manchester. We handed him a letter—it spoke of her expectation to sail in that steamer; and he went away with such glad anticipations as might be supposed to fill the heart of a husband and father long absent from his wife and children whom he so much expected to meet and embrace again. A few days passed and another foreign mail arrived, and in it another letter to our friend from his wife, saying that she had not been able to make her arrangements in time to sail in the Manchester, but that she should certainly sail in the Glasgow. Some time after this, letters came, which she had mailed at the time of her embarking in this ship, and now he was unspeakably happy with the almost certainty of seeing his wife and children in a very few days, for the New York mail steamers generally make the passage but a few days sooner than our other steamers. Soon, he with many others, commenced going down to Queen's street wharf, to look for the incoming steamer. His heart would leap up with joy at the thought of meeting his wife and seeing children—Visions of his and their future happiness danced before his joy-sparking eyes. He thought of the advantages and privileges those children would enjoy in this blessed land, of the many opportunities here offered for them to attain to circumstances of wealth and honor, and he felt that this was the dawning of a new and brighter existence to him and them.

But who shall speak of the horrors to come? Day after day did he, with many others in that sad walk, go down to that wharf and strain his vision to descry among the numerous vessels down the river, the anxiously expected steamer. We saw him when the vessel had been some thirty days out, and were started at his appearance. The plump, happy-looking face of one month before, was haggard as the face of death, the eyes that so shortly before we had seen dance in the light of inward joy, were blood-shot, wild and glaring upon us with a maniac expression. He walked moopingly away, but his face haunted us still. A few days after this, a steamer arrived, bringing the report that a vessel somewhat resembling the Glasgow had been seen off the Bahamas; this report brought him to us again. Oh, how that false hope had brightened his countenance! His eyes had regained their expression of intelligence, and he clung to this baseless hope, as a drowning man to a straw.

We left the Post Office a few days after this. Yesterday we inquired concerning this wretched man, and was told that he had been for some time in the Lunatic Asylum, a raving maniac! May God reward him in eternity!—*Joseph Blue.*

"Don't carry on so," said Mrs. Partington to Ida, as she saw him resting his head on the ground, in a vain attempt to throw his heels into the air. "There was a mistake in her name, and a corn brought in her hand, as she looked at him. 'You must not act so gymnastically, dear,' continued she, 'you will force all the brains you have got into your head, if you do. You can't do like the circus riders, because Providence has made their purpose for what they do, out of loggia rubber, and it don't hurt 'em at all. There's a't good bones like other people, and can turn heels over head with perfect impunity.' 'Don't do it!' screamed she, as the boy stood on one leg upon the wooden horse, and made a leint as about to throw a number of 'you'll disgrace your neck, with your nonsense, and then you'll regret it as long as you live.' Like desolate as the dome steeple, and here a circular piece of copper before his gaze, such potency had that snail over him, backed by the copper.—*Boston Post.*

PRETTY LITTLE CROWD.—Mr. Frederick Keubell, from the neighborhood of Rumney, Harrison county, Ohio, arrived in Steubenville, last Wednesday, by rail-way, with his wife and nineteen children—twenty-one in all. It is said that he owns enough land in that State to give each of his family one hundred and sixty acres, and retain a "valley" for himself.

"Sambo, why am a locomotive engine like a bed bug?" "I gib dat up, Mr. Dixon, 'fore you ax it." "Because it runs on sleepers."

## Useful hints on Matrimony.

No woman will be likely to dispute with us when we assert marriage is her destiny. A man may possibly fill up some sort of an existence without loving; but a woman with nothing to love, cherish, care for and minister to, is an anomaly in the universe—an existence without an object. It is as natural for a woman to have some one to look to for advice and assistance, as to breathe. Without it no woman ever or ever can be happy. It is the want of her nature, and nothing can satisfy her heart with such a void unfilled. Now with the exception of some occasional irregularities in the relative proportion of the sexes, produced by circumstances, such as the settlement of new countries, there is no reason why every man should not have a wife, and every woman a husband, and this would easily be brought about by the exertions of common sense and less ambitious. Each sex is looking up for something above its own sphere. The son of an industrious and successful mechanic must be a professional man, instead of following in his father's footsteps; and this is, in the first instance, when he looks for a wife, the nearest, industrious daughter of a mechanic like his father is not good enough for him; he must make love to some fine lady, who is an age in advance—that is, her grandfather was a mechanic instead of her father, a very aristocratic distinction. On the other hand, the girl who works for her living, earning by her honest labors, would not deign to encourage the addresses of a laboring man; she would set her cap for a gentleman's son. Each sex is looking up for something above its own sphere. The son of an industrious and successful mechanic must be a professional man, instead of following in his father's footsteps; and this is, in the first instance, when he looks for a wife, the nearest, industrious daughter of a mechanic like his father is not good enough for him; he must make love to some fine lady, who is an age in advance—that is, her grandfather was a mechanic instead of her father, a very aristocratic distinction. On the other hand, the girl who works for her living, earning by her honest labors, would not deign to encourage the addresses of a laboring man; she would set her cap for a gentleman's son.

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## A Western Love-Letter.

1000 eight hundred and 60 fore,  
My DEAR HENRY!—I embrace this here opportunity to let you know as how I had a spell of yeg, and I doo hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same God's blessing! Why don't you only ride a slow line to tell sufferin' Katherin all about her sweetest Henry—Oh! my sweetest Henry, dear Henry—my piding—my dear, dear Henry—how my poor soul is longin for to hear you sing Yanky Doodle as he comes from his plow now. Oh, my Henry! do cum out and let's get married. So no more at present, but remain your lovin'  
KATHERIN AN TILDEN

To my sweetest Henry,  
P. S.—Part skund.  
Jeem Blaislet has rezed a nue house, and Sally does live so snug, she fits him sumtimes when he's a little over. My sweetest Henry let's keape how, and if you lov me I want you wud include it in your next letter to me, so I wud. Daddy says as how I must get married, because I have run 2 long already. So no more at present.  
K. A. T.

P. S.—Part Third.  
my pen is bad, my ink is pale,  
my love is wud shell over-ripe,  
for Henry is my true love,  
my piding, Jack and turtle-dov  
so no more at present.  
K. A. TILDEN

P. S.—Noty Beeny—Mutlurs ded, and Timothy are got the fever.  
So no more at present from yer lovin'  
Noty Beeny 3—1 forgot to say as how that are born on a fog but don't hurt as it used to do. So wince now yer wife as is to be, conds 2 kisses and sex farewel. Yours, all dotti do us part.  
K. A. T.

Imparting pleasure is like putting money at interest—it benefits both lender and borrower at once. And no one can be long and truly happy unless others sympathize in and share that happiness. The purest friendship is the most unselfish in its nature. It will labor—suffer alone and uncomplainingly; to procure the happiness of the beloved, one, and "verily hath its reward"—its abundant reward.

"Ma, didn't the minister say last Sunday that the sparks flew upward?"  
"Yes, my dear, but how came you to be thinking of it?" "Because yesterday, I saw cousin Sally's spark stagger along the street and fall downward." "Here, Bridget, put this child to bed, she must be getting sleepy."

It is an amusing fact that the initials of four Congressmen from Ohio, who voted for the Nebraska bill, spell—*Dinsley, Oida, Oreckan, and Slanodoo.*

There is more fatigue in business than in labor.  
Home is the refuge of our earthly happiness.  
All virtues are in part when all pities gives way.

If you would have a good servant, pay yourself.  
Nothing is troublesome that is done skillfully.

There is more fatigue in business than in labor.  
Home is the refuge of our earthly happiness.  
All virtues are in part when all pities gives way.

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