

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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A Lovely Woman's Kiss.

By an Enthusiastic Young Man.

I've banqueted on luxuries,

I've feasted on rich little cups;

But nothing so delicious is,

Within a world like this,

As soft caresses, seasoned by

A lovely woman's kiss.

I've gorged o'er the festive board,

And drunk deep draughts of wine—

But oh! never, never met,

Such sweet excess of bliss,

As thrills the soul, when lips receive

A lovely woman's kiss.

In glittering halls of splendor rare,

I've passed the night in—

In gardens beautiful and fair,

But there's a dearer joy than those—

For I would not miss—

A heavenly rapture which is found

In a lovely woman's kiss.

In my last hours, when death draws near,

In darkness, in gloom,

May your smile be pathway cheer,

And light me to the tomb—

And when my soul shall take its flight

May it be wafted to the skies

By lovely woman's kiss.

An Indian Execution.

The Clinton County (Mich.) Express publishes the following and vouches for its authenticity. It is certainly a curious story:

In different parts of central Michigan there are two tribes of Indians, the Ottawas and Chippewas. They are friendly to each other, and during the hunting season, frequently encamping near each other. In the Fall of 1855, a party of one tribe built their cabins on the banks of Maple river, and a party of the other tribe, about eighty in number, encamped in what is now the town of Dallas. It is unnecessary to speak of their life in these camps suffice it to say that the days were spent in hunting, and the nights in drinking "fire water" and carousing. In one of the revolts at the camp on Maple river, an Indian, maddened by liquor, killed his squaw, and to conceal the deed, threw her body upon the fire.

Discovering from the stupor of the revel, he saw the signs of his guilt before him, and fearing the wrath of his tribe, he fled towards the other encampment.

His absence was noticed—the charred remains of the poor squaw were found, and the cry for blood was raised. The avengers were soon upon his track—they pursued him to the encampment of their neighbors—he was found, apprehended, and in solemn council condemned to the death which, in the stern old Indian code, reserved for those only who shed the blood of their kin. It was a slow, torturing cruel death. A hatchet was put in the victim's hands; he was led to a large log that was hollow, and made to assist in fixing for his coffin. This was done by cutting into it some distance on the top, in two places about the length of a man's arm; then slitting off, and digging the hollow until larger, so as to admit his body. Thus done, he was taken back and tied fast to a tree. Then they smoked and drank of the "fire water," and when evening came, they kindled large fires around him, at some distance off, so that they would shine full upon him. And now commenced the orgies they drank to in intoxication—they danced and sang in their wild Indian manner, chanting the dirge of their mate's brave. The arrow was fitted to the bow string, and over and anon with its shrill twang it sent a missile into the quivering flesh of the homicide, and to heighten his misery they cut off his ears and nose.

Afterwards drinking, dancing, beating their rude drums, and shouting their war-cries around the victim, the night was passed.

The next day was spent in sleeping and eating, the victim meanwhile still bound to the tree. What his reflections were we of course can't tell, but he bore his punishment as a warrior should.

When night was closing around, it brought his executioners to their work again. The scene of the first night was re-enacted, and it was the next night, and the next and the next, and so on for a week. Seven long and weary days did he stand there tortured with the most cruel torture, before his proud head dropped upon his breast, and his spirit left its clay tenement for the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. And when it did they took the body, wrapped it in a clean new blanket, and placed it in the log coffin he had helped to hollow.

They put his hunting knife, by his side that he might have something to defend himself on the way, his whisky bottle that he might cheer his spirits with a draught now and then, his tobacco and pipe, that he might smoke. Then they put over the cover, drove down stakes at each side of the log, and filled up between them with logs and brush. The murdered squaw was interred. The camp was broken up, and the old stillings and quiet once more reigned over, the forest spot where was consummated this sign of art to retribution justice.

Our informant has visited the spot often since then; the log is still there with its cover on; and beneath may still be seen the skeleton of the victim.

Let no Ohe-mo-ke-mu call this a dead of barbarity; there was a double murder it is true; but the pale face who sold the "fire-water" that oraved the poor victim and caused him to shed the blood of his squaw has been to answer for it, in the day of final reckoning.

RULES FOR STUDY.

1. Learn one thing at a time.

2. Learn that thing well.

3. Learn its connection, as far as possible, with other things.

4. Believe that to know everything of something, is better than to know something of everything.

An Angel in Every House.

There is an angel in every house,

No matter how fallen the inmates, how de-

pressing their circumstances, there is an

angel there to pity or to cheer.

It may be in the presence of a little child;

or it may be inclosed in a stooping or wrinkled

body, treading the downward path to the

grave. Or perhaps in a cheerful spirit,

looking upon the ills of life as so many

steps toward heaven, if only bravely over-

come, and mounted with sinless feet.

We knew such an angel once, and it

was a drunkard's child. On every side

wherever she moved she saw only misery

and degradation, and yet she did not fall.

Her father was brutal, and her mother

discouraged, and her home thoroughly

comfortless. But she struggled along

with angel endurance, bearing with an

almost saintly patience the infirmities of

him who gave her existence, and then

hourly embittered it. Night after night,

at the hour of ten, twelve, and even one,

barefooted, ragged, shawless, and binnel-

less, has she been to the den of the drun-

kard, and staggering home with her arm

around her father. Many a time has her

flush been blue with the mark of his hand,

when she stepped between her hapless

mother and violence. Many a time has

she sat upon the cold carbuncle with her

head in her lap; and many a time knew

how bitter it was to cry for help, when

the money that should have bought bread

was spent for rum.

And the patience that the angel wrought

with made her young face shine, so that,

though never acknowledged in the courts

of this world, in the kingdom of heaven

she was waited for by assembled hosts of

saints, and the crown of martyrdom

realy lay waiting for her young brow.

And she was a martyr. Her gentle

spirit went up from her couch of anguish

—anguish brought on from ill-use and

neglect. And never till then did the

father recognize the angel in the child;

never till then did his manhood arise from

the dust of his dishonor. From her home

she went away to steep his re-

venge for the better in bitter tears; and

will tell you to-day how the memory of

her son's conduct of his life, and then die

again.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, don't interrupt me—

Doubtless much of this is owing to their

cleanness, duplex cleanliness, purity of

blood and soul. I saw a face in the cars,

not long since—a face that had calmly en-

dured the storms of seventy years meet-

ings. It was a hot, dry day; the windows

were all open; dust was pouring in

to the cars; eyebrows, eye-lashes, ends of

hair, moustaches, wife, coat-collars, elec-

tric waist-coats, and trousers of the world's

people' were touched with a hue tawny

color. Their faces had a general appear-

ance of humanity in streaks, now and then

tattooed with a black cinder; but there,

a small bonnet, (Turk's satin,) a bonnet made after the fashion of Professor

Egypt's patent ventilator, was a face of

seventy years, calm as a summer morning,

smooth as an infant's, without one speck

or stain of dust, without one touch of por-

spiration, or exasperation. Mrs. S. No

was there on the cross-ribbed kerchief,

in the elaborately plain dress, one at

earily contact; the very air did

seem to respect that aged Quakeress.—

Putnam's Magazine.

BAGGED AND DROWNED.

The following story is told in papers brought by the steamer Pacific:

Near the villa of the Pasha of Constan-

tinople is the hospital where the wounded

and debilitated French officers are healed

and quartered. Some of the convalescent

managed to open a communication with

some of the Pasha's wives, who, obtaining

permission to visit for four days others of

that functionary's wives, in a distant ar-

gentine, took up their abode in the hospital,

and were having a jolly time of it with

some of the French officers abroad.

The Pasha, however, got wind of the affair,

and surrounding the hospital with his

troops, demanded the women. The French

refused to give them up until the troops

were withdrawn, and then only on a prom-

ise that they should not be harmed. But

the Pasha, on getting them once more in

the portals of his seraglio, immediately had

them sewed up in bags and drowned in

the Bosphorus, according to the require-

ments of the Turkish law in such cases

made and provided.

Intrepidity like this has never been

surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion,

even now, by the stoutest hearts in the

expedition.

The Frenchman and His English Studies.

FRENCHMAN.—Ha, my good friend,

I have met with one difficulty—one very