

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15, 1866.

NUMBER 23.

BOOKS-STATIONERY, DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Enlarged Assortment.

A. D. BUEHLER has added to his former stock of books an unusually large assortment of Classical, School and Miscellaneous

BOOKS

embracing all the text books used in the College, Common Schools, and standard Classic authors, with the recent popular publications, constituting a larger assortment than ever before opened in Gettysburg. Also

STATIONERY

of all kinds; Cap, Letter and Note Paper, of the best quality; Envelopes, Gold Pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, &c., with a large assortment

Fancy Goods,

to which he invites attention, being prepared to sell at unusually low prices.

He has also largely increased his stock of

Drugs and Medicines,

which can be relied upon as the best in the market.

Arrangements have been effected by which he can be promptly ordered from the city.

Gettysburg, Nov. 2, 1855.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of the last Will and Testament of MARY W. WALKER, late of Gettysburg, deceased, the undersigned, Executor, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on Tuesday, the 19th day of August next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

A Lot of Ground,

situate in said Borough, on East York street, adjoining lots of Russell and Wills on the East, and Mrs. Mary Thompson on the West, which are crested a two-story

water-bounded DWELLING, in an airy, dry, a stone Spring-house, Woodshed, Stable, and other improvements. There is an excellent well of water on the lot, and a number of choice fruit trees on the lot.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

JEREMIAH CULP, Executor.

July 18, 1856.—14

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of the Will of WM. WALKER, late of Mountjoy township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, I will expose to Public Sale, on Saturday the 15th day of September next, on the premises, the following described Real Estate, situate in said township:

No. 1.—A House and Lot, fronting on the Baltimore turnpike.

No. 2.—Containing 22 Acres, the improvements being a two-story weather-boarded House, log Barn, &c.

No. 3.—About 45 Acres, of land, with a good proportion of Timber and Meadow, adjoining the last mentioned tract.

The whole will be sold together, or separate to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the property will call on the subscriber residing near the same.

Sale will commence at 1 o'clock P. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by

SAM'L DURBORAW, Etc.

July 25, 1856.—14

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AT THE SANDSTONE FRONT.

NOW received and for sale the largest, prettiest, and cheapest stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

that has ever been offered in this place at any time. They are all our own make, manufactured out of our own Cloths, Cassimere, &c., &c. We have Coats from \$10 to \$20; Pants from \$4 each to \$10; Vests from 62 1/2 cents to \$6 00.

Boys' Clothing in Great Variety.

Our stock of Cloths consist of Blue, Black, Olive, Brown, Green, Drab, Claret, and all other colors. Our Cassimere consist of Black, Brown, Steel and every variety of shades of fancy colors. Also Marine Cassimere, in great variety, Plain, Plaid, and Figured—Cassimere, Tweeds, Jeans, Drab Detaches, Silk Warp, Alpacaes, Black Satin, Buff, White, Plaid and every variety of Vesting.

Call and see us, if we cannot fit you we will take your measure, and make you a garment on the very shortest notice. Having the very best Tailors constantly at work cutting out and making up, we do things up in the neatest and best manner at the SANDSTONE FRONT—and are hard to beat.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

April 4, 1856.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius McCallion, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on Saturday the 13th day of September next, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the premises, the valuable

REAL ESTATE

of said deceased, situate in said township, a bout one mile from Emmittsburg, containing 93 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Maxwell Shields, James Doney, Samuel Dupp, and others. The improvements consist of a two and a half story

LOG WEATHERBOARDED HOUSE,

Stones Spring House, with two Springs of never failing water near the dwelling, a good Log Stable, and other out-buildings. About 15 Acres are in good

Timber,

and the balance cleared and under good cultivation, with a fair proportion of meadow. Persons wishing to view the premises, can call on Joseph McCallion, residing on the same, or on the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

JOHN C. McCALLION, Adm'r.

August 1, 1856.—14

AGENT WANTED.

An enterprising and responsible Agent wanted to canvass the County of Adams, for a responsible Insurance Company, to whom good inducements will be offered. Address, D. S.

Box 142, York, Penna.

July 11, 1856.—3*

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying, Where hooping feeding like a bee— Both were mine! Life went a-maying With nature, hope and poesy,

When I was young!

When I was young? Ah, woful when I Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then! The breathing home not built with hands, This body that does me grievous wrong, O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands, How lightly then it flashed along!

Like those trim skills, unknown of yore, On winding lakes and rivers wide, That ask no aid of sail or oar, That fear no spout of wind and tide! Naught cared this body for wind or weather, When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like: Friendship is a sheltering tree; O, the joys that come down shower-like, Of friendship, love and liberty, If I was old!

Yes I was old? Ah, woful when I Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then! I tell you, youth's no longer here! O, youth! for years so many and sweet, This known that thou and I were one; 'Till I think that a fond deceit!

It cannot be that thou art gone! The vesper bell tolls not yet toll'd, What strange disguise hast now put on, To make believe that thou art gone?

I see those locks in silvery slips, That springing gait, this altered size; But drooping lids, and hair that falls, And stars that sunshine from thine eyes! Life is but thought; so think I will, That youth and I are house-mates still.

Coleridge.

Melancholy.

Hence, all ye vain delights, As short as are the nights, Wherein you spend your folly; These are the days of life's sweet, Where men but waste to see, But only melancholy; O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes; A sigh, that pierces, mortifies; A look that's fastened to the ground; A tongue chained up without a sound.

Fountain heads and pathless groves, Places which pale passion loves; Nightlight walks when all the fowls Are warmly housed, and bats and owls; A midnight bell, a passing gown, These are the sounds we feed upon; Thunstretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.

Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy. Beaumont.

A Death Scene.

I saw an angel rise—her end was peace. At midnight she was borne, in sweet release, Her dying smile was sweet; her eyes were clear; Her radiant; the celestial light shone down, And wreathed her saintly forehead with a crown.

And then a luminous dream, and there She smiled, beyond all dream of mortal fair. Her eyes lit up as if God's eyes did shine Into her depths. Love from her heart, its shrine, Looked forth and loved me; and I saw her rise.

Then came two sister Spirits from the skies, Flora and Miriam, and they said, "Come, see Mary the angel." Then it seemed to me That I forsook the body. In a room Whose oriel window, like a rose in bloom, Glowed crimson in the East, she lay at rest Upon a couch of ivory, and her breast Gleamed white as snow through purple and white lace.

Then Flora came, and with a sweet embrace Lenneth 'er the sleeping Spirit. "Mary dear," She whispered, "wake, for morning light is near."

O soul of love! she woke, her hands she felt, O soul of love! "I dreamed—I thought my husband knelt Beside my bed and held me to his breast, And then I sank away from mortal rest. I wished that I might never wake again. Where am I? There has gone that racking pain?"

"Mary," sweet Miriam said, "the night is past, And this is heaven." Her lovely arms she

Around my Mary, and her angel head On that lone sister's breast was pillowed.

Hard Rowing.

A better story than the following which comes from North Carolina, we have not found in the drawer for many months:

About thirty miles above Wilmington, N. C., lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone and Grey, on the banks of the North East River. They came down the river in a small row boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would get dry before getting home they procured a jug of whiskey, and after dark, of a black night, they embarked in a boat expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half tipsy fellows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring spirits down. At break of day they thought that they must be near home, and seeing through the dim grey of the morning a house on the river side, Stone said:

"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."

"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of out-houses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll leave us."

Barham disembarked, takes observations, and soon comes stumbling along back, and says—

"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilmington here yet—and what's more, the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night!"

It was a fact, and the drunken dogs had been rowing away for a dear life, without knowing it.—*Harpers Magazine.*

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

The Louisville Courier says a very remarkable cave has been discovered about seven miles south of Glasgow, Barren county, Ky.—Human bones of enormous size, together with cooking vessels, &c., were found in one or more of the apartments.

QUERY.—Why do our modern belles who visit places of amusement remind us of an old nursery rhyme? Because they—

Come with a hoop, come with a call, Come with a good will, or else not at all.

Checked Perspiration!

Is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease and death to multitudes every year.—If a tea-kettle of water is boiling over the fire, the steam is seen issuing from the spout, carrying the extra heat away with it, but if the lid be fastened down, and the spout be plugged, a destructive explosion follows in a very short time.

Heat is constantly generated within the human body, by the chemical disorganization, the combustion of the food we eat. There are seven millions of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system by what is called insensible perspiration this internal heat, which, having answered its purpose, is passed off like the jets of steam which are thrown from the escape-pipe, in puffs, of an ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the waste matter, to the extent of a pound or two or more every twenty-four hours. It must be apparent, that if the pores of the skin are closed, if the multitude of valves, which are placed over the whole surface of the human body are shut down, two things take place. First, the internal heat is prevented from passing off, it accumulates every moment, the person expresses himself as burning up, and large draughts of water are swallowed to quench the internal fire—this we call "Fever." When the warm steam is constantly escaping from the body in health, it keeps the skin moist, and there is a soft, pleasant feel and warmth about it. But when the pores are closed, the skin feels harsh, and hot, and dry.

But another result follows the closing of the pores of the skin, and more immediately dangerous; a main outlet for the waste of the body is closed, it re-mingles with the blood, which, in a few hours becomes impure, and begins to generate disease in every fibre of the system—the whole machinery of the man becomes at once disordered, and he expresses himself as "feeling miserable." The terrible effects of this checked perspiration of a dog, who sweats with his tongue, is evinced by his becoming "mad." The water runs in streams from a dog's mouth in summer if exercising freely. If it ceases to run that is a French Physician, that if a person suffering under Hydrophobia can be only made to perspire freely, he is cured at once. It is familiar to the commonest observer, that in all ordinary forms of disease, the patient begins to feel better, the moment he begins to perspire freely because the internal heat is passing off, and there is an outlet for the waste of the system. Thus it is that one of the most important means for curing all sickness, is bodily cleanliness, which is simply removing from the mouths of these little pores, that gum, mud, dust, and oil, which clog them up. Thus it is, also, that personal cleanliness is one of the main elements of health; thus it is, that filth and disease habitate together the world over.

There are two kinds of perspiration, sensible and insensible. When we see drops of water, on the surface of the body, as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is sensible perspiration, perspiration recognized by the sense of sight.—But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water-drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by certain softness of the skin, that is insensible perspiration, and is so gentle, that it may be checked to a very considerable extent without special injury. But to use popular language, which cannot be mistaken when a man is sweating freely, and is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a very few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result.

What then checks perspiration? A draft of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or getting the clothing wet and remaining at rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed and going to an open door or window, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard theory of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, bled the window, the cold wind chilled her in a moment. From that hour until her death, a quarter of a century later, she never saw a wall day.

A young lady went to a window in her night-dress to look at something in the street, leaving her unprotected arms on the stone window-sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid and will remain so for life.

Sir Thomas Colby, being in a profuse sweat one night, happened to remember that he had left the key of his wine cellar on the parlor table, and fearing his servants might improve the inadvertence and drink some of his wine, he left his bed, walked down stairs, the sweating process was checked, from which he died in a few days, leaving six millions of dollars in the English funds. His illness was so brief and violent that he had no opportunity to make his will, and his immense property was divided among five or six day laborers who were his nearest relations.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this: *When you are perspiring freely, keep in motion until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.*

THE RUNNING BROOKS.—It is said that the reason why Mr. Brooks did not go to Canada, was not that the distance there was too long, but that after he got there, the distance between him and Mr. Burlingame would be two short.

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?"

"The cholera," gasped Wiggins with a spasmodic shudder.

"In honest men are the salt of the earth, pretty girls may be said to be the sugar."

Balloon Ascension.

A Novel Balloon Ascension was made at Manchester, N. H., on the Fourth.—The Daily Mirror of that city gives the following account of the affair:

The crowd present was variously estimated, all the way from 20,000 to 50,000.—It may be safely said that 30,000 witnessed the balloon ascension. They covered over acres and acres of ground, curious to see the largest balloon in the world ascend, with a live horse attached. The wind blew fresh, and Mons. Godard did not dare commence filling the balloon till the wind went down about half past six, as the rocking of the balloon on the ground might wear a hole in it. He went up like a kite, standing on the back of the horse, amid immense cheering. Madame Godard being in the car of the balloon alone.—

They went up at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock, the horse hanging his head low down with eyes intensely fixed upon the earth, without struggling a particle. They were soon high in the air, about 9, 500 feet according to Mons. Godard's estimate, sailing in a southerly direction.— They made a circuit of about twelve miles, and at five minutes before eight o'clock landed in a field belonging to William Palmer, in Londonderry.

They threw out an anchor, and caught the balloon on the top of the trees where they remained some minutes before they could get free, in the meantime the horse eating the leaves of trees as if nothing strange had happened. The folk where he landed thought the end of the world was coming, and the devil was riding through the air. The women ran into the house and shut the door, and for some minutes the men were afraid to come and unfasten the horse. They then went to feeding the moment he was loosed. Mons. Godard says the people were very kind to him in Londonderry and rendered him every assistance.

Blessing the Candles.

This imposing religious ceremony in the Catholic Church took place recently in Rome with solemn pomp. The Cardinals first approached, handing the candle which each one had in his hand to the attending Cardinal, who extended it to the Pope to the attending Cardinal on the opposite side; the Cardinals each holding one of the candles, and the Pope taking hold of it in the center, the candles being between three and four feet long.— The Cardinal then approached and knelt before the Pope, and kneeling upon his hands and a cross upon his robe, which rested upon his knee; the Pope then said a blessing, touched the candle with his lips, and then the attending Cardinal passed it back to the cardinal from whom he had received it, who touched it with his lips and then passed it to the Archbishop and Bishops, and served with the Archbishops and Bishops, as also with the Priests, Deacons, and laymen, with the exception that the candles, borne by them were much smaller, and they kissed the foot of the Pope, which was covered with a white satin siper with a gold cross upon it.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—I was sitting by the side of Imogene, meditating upon the best manner of coming to the point, when she took up an orange that lay upon the table.

"Will you take a part of this?" she asked.

I assented, thinking all the while more of orange flowers than of the fruit. What she was thinking of I cannot say. She divided the orange into two parts, and gave me one. A sudden inspiration came upon me.

"Oh, Imogene!" said I, "if wish you would serve me as you have this orange."

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently.

"Why, you have halved the orange; now won't you have me?"

I am a little oblivious as to what followed for the next few moments; only I remember that somehow I found my mouth open in contact with her lips. We were to be married in September. You will receive cards.

CHANGE OF VIEWS AMONG EPISCOPALIANS.—The Episcopal Church of this country is being agitated by some important questions of change concerning the forms and policy. The Rev. Dr. Mallen, of New York, is one of the most prominent advocates of these changes, and has written a pamphlet in favor of extempore prayer. On this subject he says: "To pray for and with the people as the Spirit shall move him, is an inherent right with the minister of the gospel. Whether as a prophet, pastor, or priest, this essentially belongs to his office. Ecclesiastical authority may regulate him in the exercise of it, but never can deprive him of it. To forbid, therefore, the utterance of the Holy Spirit, and to deny the minister of God, and in his ministrations in that capacity, the expression of any other thoughts, feelings, or desires, than such as have been anticipated for him."

GOD'S MASTERPIECE.—Father Binet, a French Jesuit, has written a book in which he argues that God made attempts, like a human artificer, before he succeeded in producing the Virgin Mary. "God performed many miracles," says M. Binet, "before arriving at that wonder of wonders. God made the sun and stars to learn how to form Mary's eyes. He made roses, lilies, pearls, diamonds, alabaster, to exercise himself to fashion the virgin modesty, innocence, angelic face and queenly brow of Mary. He made flaming cherubims, and gave intelligence to seraphims. They were but studies. God thus qualified himself to form the Mistress of Cherubims, the Queen of Seraphims."

Richter says: "No man can live piously or die righteously without a wife."

Another says to this: "Suffering and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

[From the New York Evening Post. The Artful Dodger.

Take—"The Frog he would a-wooing go." Bully Brooks he would a fighting go, Heigh, ho I says Bully;

I'm full of valor and froth, you know, Just give me a club and an unarmed foe, With a roly-poly gammon and dodging, And I'll show them Brooks the Bully.

Bully Brooks crept into the Senators' hall, Heigh, ho I says Bully;

He found a man sitting not far from the wall; He saw he was armed with nothing at all; So he pounded his head till he saw him fall, With his roly-poly gammon and dodging, Bravo for Brooks the Bully!

Up jumped a man named Burlingame, Heigh, ho I says Bully;

He said such things were a burning shame; He held the deed by a cowardly name, As a roly-poly gammon and dodging, And he showed up Brooks the Bully.

Quoth Brooks, "I wonder if he'll fight?" Heigh, ho I for Bully;

They say he won't, if I send outright, At any rate, I'll venture to try;

With my roly-poly gammon and dodging, We will get off Brooks the Bully.

But Burlingame he took the mark, Heigh, ho I for Bully;

"We'll be off for Canada straight in the dark, There's an underground road, that's safe as the ark, No roly-poly gammon and dodging, But a rifle for Brooks the Bully."

Bully Brooks looked round as if he'd been shot, Heigh, ho I says Bully;

The way is long and the weather is hot, There are bulls and bears, and the d— I knows 't what 't is;

I never liked riles, indeed I do not, If you catch me in Canada, I'll be shot, Wherever you go, gammon and dodging, Won't save you Brooks the Bully.

We talked and published like flocks of geese, Heigh, ho I says Bully;

'Till they bound us over to keep the peace; And now I'm feeling much more at my ease, And my roly-poly gammon and dodging, Will pass in the State of the Bully.

Soliloquy of a Leader.

Let's see, where am I? This is—what I'm laying on. How'd I get here? Yes, mind now. Was coming up street—met a wheelbarrow—was drunk, comin' 't over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar—don't know which one it was—guess it must ha' been me. I'm a nice young man, yes I am—right lore! I'm drunk! Well, I can't help it—'taint my fault—wonder whose fault 't is! Is it Jont's fault? No, is it my wife's fault? No, it's whiskey's fault. Who is whiskey? I reckon. I think I won't down him anymore. I'll cut his acquaintance. I've had that notion for about ten years, and always has, to go it for fear of hurting his feelings. I'll do it now—I think liquor's injurin' me—its spoiling my temper.

Sometimes I get mad, when I'm drunk, and abuse the brats; it used to be Lazze and the childer—that's some time ago. I'd come home 't evenin'—I used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me her dear, the takes her pipe out of her mouth and her hair out of her eyes, and says, something like "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you, we're cold enough havin' no fire, 'tbout yettin' the snow blow in that way."

Yes, she's Bet and I'm Bill, now. I ain't no good bill neither; think I'm a counterfeiter; won't pass—a tavern without goin' in and gettin' drunk. Don't know what bank I'm on. Last Saturday I was out the river bank—drunk.

I say out pretty late; in, out, sometimes I'm out all night; fact is, I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at the elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty—so Bet says; but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder why she doesn't be good clothes; maybe she hasn't got 'em; whose fault's that?—'taint mine—must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however; I'm intoxicated now, and in somebody's cool carriage. There's one principle I've got—I won't get in debt; I never could do it. When I get my coat tails in gone—got tore off, I expect, when I fell in here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me, the other day, that I'd make a good judge of a paper mill. If he wasn't so big I'd kick him. I've had this shirt on for nine days; an' I'm afraid it won't come of my own terin'. People ought to respect my more'n they do, for I'm in holy orders.—I ain't a dandy, though my clothes are pretty near Grassian style. I guess I ore this window-shutter in my pants 'tother night when I sat down on the wax in Ben Regg's shop; I'll have to get it mended or—I'll catch cold. I ain't very stout, as it is. As the boys says, I'm fat as a match and healthy as the small pox: My bet is that standing guard for a window pane that went out 'tother morning at the invitation of a brickbat. It's getting cold down here; wonder if I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink, I could think better.—Let's see; I ain't got three cents; if I was in tavern I could sponge one. When ever anybody treat, and says "come, fellows," I always think my name's "Fellers," and I've got to good manners to refuse. Well I must leave this, or they will arrest me for an attempt to burglary. I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow it was the wheelbarrow: did the harm—not me.

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"In honest men are the salt of the earth, pretty girls may be said to be the sugar."

Singular Effect of Electricity on Negroes.

During the thunder storm of last Friday, a friend-related the following:

A gentleman residing a few miles out of town, recently carried home a small electrical machine for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negroes as usual flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among those darkeys that evinced a strong disposition to move things when they wanted moving, or in other words to pilfer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "look here; this machine is to make people tell the truth; and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, master," said the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."

"Well, take hold of this;" and no sooner had he laid received a slight shock, than he fell on his knees and bawled out "Oh, master! I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and I have lied ever so many times; please to forgive me."

The same experiment was tried with like success on half a dozen juveniles.— At last an old negro who had been looking on very attentively, stepped up.

"Master," said he, "let this nigger try. Dat nashen is well enough to scare de children wid, but dis nigger knows better."

The machine was then fully charged and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes, "Master," said he, "let this nigger try no more. Dars many a soul gets to be damned by knowin' too much, an' it's my opinion dat de debil made dat nashen just to ketch you-soul somehow, an' I reckon you 's best take 'n burn it up!" he gave it another "go!"—*Montgomery Advertiser.*