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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW SERIES—NO. 7.

We find the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Dr. O'Connell, in the National Intelligencer. Although unaccompanied with the writer's name, no one acquainted with his glowing and graceful style, can fail to recognize in it the pen of the Rev. Thomas B. Bates, one of the best writers in the country:

CHALMERS.

From Britain's coast the last arrival brought
The startling news that Scotia's moral king,
Whose lips and pen so long have wisdom taught,
Had passed away to where the angels sing:
A man beloved of all that hallow'd land,
From whose lips northern mountain towers
To where its Yarrow locks twin mirrors stand,
And doubling all their heather-brae-side flow'rs:
Profaned, sincere, replete with simple aims
And large designs; the generous friend of Man,
On whom his race drew unfrosted claims
For records rich in every useful page.
With giant arm he grasp'd the sacred Cross
And held it long, to his credentials true,
Where presents flock'd o'er hills and dale of moor,
And from his Sabbath tones instruction drew.
In Fishers' robes he sway'd his Shepherd's crook,
And then whose spirit adorn the noble City;
Then whose steep steps Edin's homes o'erlook,
And learning, Taste, and Genius all reside.
His voice was heard amid Kirk and letter'd Hall,
Enforcing Truth in accents loud and bold:
From Highland caves to London's roiling walls,
He straved his way with grains of moral gold,
But of his life this was the greatest deed—
Those cords which chain'd the Kirk at Wind-
sor's gate,
He rent in twain—and from the boundary Tweed
To Orkney Isles he selected Church and State.
Now, in that Kirk's selected evergreens,
This one event his honored name embalms,
With fearless men who paid their purple scenes,
To martyr robes and victory's splendid palms.
For he gave up the Premier's sparkling eye,
His home, and robe, and Academic mace,
And, like his Sires who lived in days of yore,
For conscience' sake the plumes of pow'r and
place.
Before that time Baronial Halls were proud
To own their guests, and lofty feudal domes
Kept open gates. But when he nobly vow'd
To free the Kirk, he turn'd to Cottage homes—
Where peasants came, and in their tartan frocks
Their homage paid, from Dece and Avon swift,
From Nith and Spey and wild exterior lochs,
All clamoring down from every mountain cliff.
My dirge is o'er. This theme we freely yield
To minstrels rich in more elegant lays,
Who penate harps and lute and cymbal wild,
By Angli's lakes or Scotia's moorland bays.
And, as New Zealand birds, whose powerful songs
Are said like sweet and pensive birds to sound,
So may Britain's birds, in concert throng,
A requiem sing at his sepulchral mound!
But yet a bard in mountain bays who spends
His floating days, may pluck one cypress leaf,
And send it on to where Edin bends
O'er that dark path, which wraps her moral chief.
Ringswood Cottage, (Va.) June 26.

HEROISM—WHAT IS IT!

"One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero."—Bishop Porcius.

The day was, and perhaps now is to some extent, when to be a hero was to be a villain, a cut throat; when to gain this title it was necessary to tread the rough and thorny road of courage and desolation amid the revelry of glittering spears, and the roar of thundering cannon. But, thanks to the influence of Christian truth, and enlightened reason, a new era is dawning upon the world, the age of moral chivalry—when heroism shall be manifested, not on bloody fields of human butchery, and amid the smoking ruins of burnt cities, but on the broad field of moral conflict, where many deeds of peaceful rivalry shall decide the claims of the aspirants for fame. The man who sacrifices the most for his race in propagating truth, who shall breast with the greatest moral courage the assaults of tyrant wrong, shall best deserve the name of hero.

Who does not say speed the hour! And who does not give a hearty response for the conscientious of that period,
When men shall call
Each man his brother—each shall tell to each
His tale of love—and pure and holy speech
Be music for the soul's high festival.

EFFECTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—The slaves constituted formerly the wealth of the planters; now, as free and remunerated laborers, they are the soul of our island commerce, and as such, are the wealth of the merchants. Let us look back at the commercial revolution which has taken place in Trinidad since the dawn of freedom. The signs of comparative wealth among the laboring people everywhere appear. The great change in this condition has greatly stimulated trade of every description. Mechanics of every class have increased a hundred fold among the lower order of society; these are rapidly rising in respectability and wealth, and promise as yet very distant day to set an important part in the internal trade and affairs of the colony. In consequence of the possession of money by the people, our island imports have increased to a most surprising extent, in the course of a few years.—*Trinidad Spectator.*

Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion that a love of reading, or of science, or of any kind of knowledge, unfits a man for his daily occupation, or makes him discontented with it.

SMILES.—Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

THE TONGUE.—There is a world of meaning in the following from an old scrap book:
If thou wastest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes:
What thou speakest, and how, beware,
Of whom, to whom, when and where.

The Parent who would train the child in the way he should go, should go in the way he would train the child.

MAN is a name of honor for a king.

PULASKI.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in all his glory. As he rode charging there into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once, and never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest and limbs of iron, was attired in a white uniform, that was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy, bronzed in hue, lighted by large dark eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick mustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in raven masses, from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a fringe of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift. It was in this array he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun, hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly European; some Germans, some Poles, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death, and death on the gibbet; therefore they fought their best and fought to the last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter."

When they charged it was one man, their three hundred swords flashed over their heads, against the clouds of battle. They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence without a word spoken, not even a whisper. You could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all. Yet when they closed with the British, you could hear a noise, like the echo of a hundred hammers, beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himself, riding under his white uniform, his black steel rearing aloft, as turning his head over his shoulder he spoke to his men: "Forwards, Brothers, forwards!"

It was broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt face, wounded and gashed. With one burst they crashed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords, and then the ground was covered with the dead, while a living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle-day of Brandywine that the Count was in his glory. He understood but little English, so he spoke what he had to say with the edge of his sword. It was a severe lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it and fear it. All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting-house away to the top of Osborne's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eye and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say, "Forwards, Brothers, forwards!"

It was in the retreat of Brandywine, that the men of Sullivan, badly armed, poorly fed and shabbily clad, gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle-fiend, mounted on his demon-steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow. His beard had shown in an occasional unbeam, or grew crimson with a flash from the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

lington down into Fehins. This comparison of our heroes with the barbarian Semite of Rome only illustrate the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the Saviour of the people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the champion of a continent! What boggy of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men, as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no negative thing, but a chivalry and genius. It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He beheld his men hewn down by the British, he heard them shriek his name, and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

Yes, it was in the dread havoc of the retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very centre of the mêlée, entangled in the enemy's troops on the top of a hill, south-west of the meeting house, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troopers were rushing to the south—the British troops came sweeping up the hill and around him, while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hords of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this *Miter* Washington, in the heart of the British army. Suddenly the Pole turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron grey and its rider.

There was but one moment: With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and the dark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley like a thunderbolt, sped from the heavens; three hundred swords rose glittering in the faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to his full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski. Like a spirit rushed into life by the thunderbolt he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron grey and its rider—his hand had but one look, one will, one shout, for Washington!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—already the head of that traitor Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London.

But that trembling of the earth in the valley valley—what means it! That terrible beat of hoof—what does it portend! That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words or of names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the Iron Man as they scent their prey!—What means it all!

Pulaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake! And on he came—he and his gallant band. A moment, and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed, mangled, dead, and dying, they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill—he had passed the form of Washington.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

BY WM. T. RODGERS, JR.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine.—'Twas a cheerless evening in October: the sun had already set, a young moon was struggling with the dark clouds that at intervals obscured her bright disc, as they were borne along by the resistless fury of the angry wind which howled dismally among the naked branches of the leafless forest trees. Now it came in fitful gusts, scattering the fallen leaves, and whining preciously at its lack of power. Now it flung in strength, snapping the decayed branches, and bending the tough boughs of the sturdy oaks.

anon it swelled into an overwhelming blast, twisting the gnarled trunks, and with a deafening crash uprooting and overthrowing the mighty lords of the soil—then sinking into a sullen moan, it howled a mournful requiem over its spent and departed strength.

Dark indeed, and dismal was the night, and furious the warring of the elements, but darker and more dismal were the reflections, and more fierce the conflict that raged within the breast of the injured party, who forms the subject of our narrative.

Mr. Charles Forman was a young farmer residing within a few miles of Hackensack. At the first outbreaking of our Revolutionary troubles, he had shouldered his musket, and tearing himself from his young and lovely wife, had fought, ay, and bled in Freedom's cause.

He was with the army at Morristown, when, having received intelligence of the illness of his wife, he asked and obtained leave to visit his home.

He had travelled on foot and alone for two days—had crossed the rugged Blue Ridge, and on the evening of the second day had reached his humble dwelling—As he neared the house, the evidences of a Tory visit were—even at night—plainly discernible.

With a beating heart he crossed the little court yard, and stood upon the door-step. His heart sank within him, as he lifted the latch, and found the door was fastened. Gently he knocked, fearing to disturb his suffering wife; again he knocked, and again he knocked in vain. There was no cheerful light, as of late was wont to beam from his little window, to comfort those within, and direct the weary way-worn wanderer to a shelter. No smoke issued from the chimney; no blazing hearth was there; and saw the flapping of the shutters, and the rustling of the rind that overhung the porch, all else was silent.

He could endure suspense no longer; and forcing the door he stood within the hall. All was darkness there. He groped his way to the bedside, but it stood tenantless. He called upon his wife by name—no answer came! "SARAH!" he cried; and the winds howled the louder, as if in mockery of his agony. With a trembling hand he produced his tinder-box, and lighted the lamp that stood in its accustomed place, upon the mantel!

Great Heaven, what a sight did its pale rays reveal to him. Extended upon the floor lay the body of his wife, with her infant clamped to her breast—both cold in death! Blood, too, was there—the life-blood of his guileless wife, and innocent babe—a cold, congealed pool!

"Oh, God! my wife, my child!" he shrieked—his brain reeled, and tottering a few paces he fell at her side. Soon he recovered himself, and lifting them gently upon the bed, and stood silently gazing upon the placid countenance of his young wife, his beautiful eyes in death.

There is an eulogium in silence, when the heart is too full for utterance, and a solemn voice in silent grief. 'Twas our attempt to describe the tumult of feeling, the crush of emotions that filled the heart of poor Charles, as he bent over the body of his murdered wife. No word escaped him, no sigh, no tear drop started, but his bosom heaved quickly, his lip quivered, his eye rolled wildly, and with a demoniacal glare. He seemed as though his very faculty of mind was intent upon one word, which should speak the fullness of his misery and desperation, and his lip stretched to give it utterance. At length it came. "Vengeance!" and he started at the hoarse unearthly tones of his own voice. "Vengeance!" and the dark winds swept away the echo as it formed. "Vengeance!" and his wild and solemn wail stood eternally recorded.

All that night he watched by the bodies of his wife and child, and the next morning buried them with his own hands, swearing over their graves, bitterly to avenge them.

As he was returning from his melancholy task, he found lying upon the grass near the door, a large hunting knife still red with blood. Upon the haft was carved in rude characters the name, "CHARLES SMITH."

This Smith was a violent and cruel Tory partisan (a companion of the notorious *Vanderkirk*) who, with a company of outcasts like himself, and a few negroes, made frequent incursions into the upper counties of New Jersey, and were notorious for their cruel and barbarous treatment of the patriotic families.

Years ago, when the wife of Foreman was quite young, he had professed an attachment for her, which she by no means encouraged, and the offer of his hand was, as might have been expected, refused. Even then he swore she should have cause to repent it, and still nourishing a deadly hatred, he had taken advantage of the absence of her husband, and paying a visit with his troops, to Hackensack, with his own hand dealt the blows which deprived both mother and child of life.

"This knife," exclaimed Charles as he gazed upon its reeking blade, "this knife, which has rendered my wife a blank, and utterly darkened my future, shall yet drink thy husband's blood, inhuman monster!" And after carefully wiping the blade, he placed it in his belt, and entered his desolate home.

For more than an hour he sat in silent agony, the big drops coursing down his haggard cheeks, as he brooded over his wrongs and dreamed of vengeance. Then, starting suddenly to his feet, he cast one last, lingering look upon each familiar object, and rushed from the house, vowing as he shut the bolt, never to return while Smith lived to murder and destroy.

A week had passed; 'twas midnight, and from a small house, situated on the verge of a wood, about a mile to the eastward of White Plains, there issued shouts of boisterous revelry, interrupted only by occasional snatches of some rude bacchanalian song.

Smith and his men were indulging in their accustomed nightly debauch, after having returned from a successful expedition. Near the house stood Charles Foreman, leaning upon a fence, carefully marking the progress of this drunken party; his dark eye flashing fearfully, as the convulsive changes of glasses were heard, and his teeth gnashing with rage as the dying cadence of a drinking song came upon his ear. Suddenly he aroused himself, and clutching the fatal knife, he moved toward the house. Pausing a moment at the threshold, to collect his strength, he burst open the door, and stood confronted with his foe.

"Penance!" he shouted, and ere the half-drunken wretches could stay his hand, he seized the Tory leader, and dashed him to the floor. "This," cried he, plunging his knife into his bosom, "for my murdered wife, and this," plunging it still deeper, "for my innocent babe! Hasten with your guilty soul to the father of lies, and tell him that a widowed husband, made childless by thy hand, has sent thee to deserved torments!"

Then rushing upon the affrighted Tories, he plunged his knife indiscriminately into those who were nearest him, until overpowered by numbers, he fell dead upon the floor, muttering between his clenched teeth, "Sarah!" and "Vengeance!"

COLONEL YELL.

Col. YELL, who died so gallant a death at the head of a small detachment of his regiment at Buena Vista, was himself the authority for the following story, which forms the conclusion of a *Saltillo* letter from the spirited correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*:

The Arkansas regiment of Cavalry had reached camp, and had their fires lighted. Some of us gathered around the tent of the Field Officer to dry our clothes and tell over the troubles of the day's march. Having talked of some of the ill humor officers turned on Col. Yell and addressed him:

"Well, Colonel, that a good story they told on one of your men at the *Presidio*."

"What is that?" inquired the Colonel.

"One of our Arkansas boys was standing guard just after dark, when an officer of the day came around. 'Who comes there?' he hailed the sentinel. 'The officer of the day,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the sentinel, 'you had better be getting to your tent for the officer of the night will be round here presently, and he'll give you Jesse.'"

"They tell a heap of stories on my men that are not true," said the Colonel, after a hearty camp laugh had subsided, "and that is one of them. But I'll tell you one that actually did happen to me when I was officer of the day."

"I was going the rounds after midnight, and came to one of my men who had never been on guard before. He hallooed 'Who comes there?' in a thundering voice, and I answered, 'The officer of the day.' 'I don't know any such man,' said the sentinel, bringing his gun down to a ready. 'Stand back,' he shouted.

"Well, but, said I, you know me, and I am officer of the day."

"But I have the countermine, and am going the rounds."

"I don't know anything about the rounds," said the sentinel, getting mad, thinking I was tampering with him. 'My orders were to let nobody pass, sign or counter-sign, and I tell you what it is, Mr. Officer, you'd better be off for the cocked.'"

"Well, what did you do, Colonel?" asked a dozen at a time.

"What could I do? I heard the tick as he brought the gun to his face, and saw the fellow would shoot—so I clapped! It won't do to fool with a Racksacker. Poor Yell will no more tell his jokes at mess table or camp fire."

A MONKY DROOP.—An inquisitive Yankee, seeing a laborer employed in digging a retired spot, inquired what he was digging for.

"I am digging for money," was the prompt reply.

The curious of course, was duly heralded to the curious in such matters, and the money digger was visited by 3 or 4 credulous fellows when the following dialogue ensued:

"We are told that you are digging for money."

"Well, I ain't digging for any thing else, and if you are wise you had better take hold also."

"Have you any luck?"

"First rate, it pays well!"

"No sooner said than done—the fellows, thinking the generous digger for giving them an invitation to share in his golden prospects, of coats and went to work in good earnest, throwing out many loads of earth, till at length getting very tired of the following colloquy took place:

"When did you get any money last?"

"Saturday night."

"How much?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"That's rather a small business."

"It's pretty well—six shillings a day is the regular price for digging cellars, all over town."

The visiting loafers dropped spades and vanished, quite put out with the man that dug for money at the rate of six shillings a day!

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, sir; attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

But, tell yer what I had rather a poor night. Sometimes I was awake groaning an' hollerin', an' when I was asleep I'd better be awake, for I had such powerful dreams. Sometimes I thought I was shinin' a bear, and then by some hypocrite 'twould all change to 'other side, an' the t'nal critter would be a skinnin' me.

"Then, agin', I'd dream that I was rollin' logs with the boys, an' 'jest as I'd be a shoutin' out—'now then!—here he goes!'—everything would get r'versed agin'—I was a log, an' the boys were p'fvin' me up with their hand spikes. 'Then I'd wake agin'—to dream that Spunker had run off with me, or that father was whippin' me; or some other plaguy thing, all mornin'."

When I got up I had'n't any appetite for breakfast, an' the tavern keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on, screamin' an' groanin' as I had the night afore, my room would be better for my company.

"I hain't," said Mr. Spike in c'ohesiveness, "I hain't bin to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired Ice Cream."

LAW NONSENSE.

The following, putting into language everybody's thoughts on the subject, we find in the *New York Express*:

To us it has often been a matter of amazement that a sound or sensible lawyer can read out of his own declarations, or pleadings, without laughing at himself for writing it, or at the nonsense he has put into it. That any human being, without long practice, could ever diffuse one idea over so many sheets, or concentrate so much nonsense on one, is impossible; but that men should be educated for such a purpose, is astonishing. Law is the perfection of human reason; but law practice, in too many cases, we are sorry to say, has become the very perfection of folly.

There can be no good reason why, in a case comes before a court and jury, it should not come in a way and in a language that every body can understand. Norman, French, or Latin formulas, or the translations of them, ought not to appear in pleadings, either to embarrass the jury or to deprive the juror of the power to comprehend them. Indeed it is next to impossible now for a man, when sued, after reading the pages of the "declaration" served upon him, to understand exactly what he is sued for, or what the plaintiff alleges against him. There are too many notorious and absurd lies mixed up with the real cause of complaint that it takes a "Doctor of Laws" to discriminate among them. These things ought not to be so.

Lawyers need not fear the simplification of law practice, or its translation into plain English and common sense. Law is a science that he who attempts to practice it intuitively, will be about as wise and about as successful as he who attempts ship building or shoe-making by instinct. There must always be a Profession of Lawyers; I. Because men have not time to attend to their own legal business, (and it is cheaper to have it attended to), and 2d. If they had, they don't know how to attend to it in the best way. Now, the more expensive law is made by forms and formulas, by long declarations and interminable pleadings, by clearly written instead of cheap oral examination, the fewer will indulge in it, and the less the profession will have to do. As things now stand, it is almost always better to lose a hundred dollars than to go to law to it. Indeed, if a man sues you for a hundred dollars, and is determined upon pressing his suit, nine times out of ten, it is cheaper to pay him, even though you never owed a cent, than to go to law about it. The delays, the harrowing calls, the abstraction from business, make law a rain remedy for redress, full one half of the time. Thus the simplification of practice would increase the litigation by reducing the expense; and what the lawyer lost in long gowns on papers called declarations, pleadings, &c., he would make up in the increased number of his clients, and the rapidity with which he would then have his causes decided.

THE PRAIRIES.—Hryant has written a delightful poem—second only to his "Chanticleer"—on these "gardens of the desert." A poetical contributor to the *Burlingtonian* (Vt.) Free Press has also apostrophized them, but in a more practical and familiar style. He says:

Great western waves of bottom land,
Flat as a panache, rich as a crown;
When green an' full as full as today;
An' 'steekers are as big as geese!
O, lone some, windy greasy place,
Where buffaloes and snakes prevail!
The first with dead-end looking face,
The last with dreadful sounding trail!
I'd rather live on Canada's rump,
For I am a yankee doobie beggar,
Than where they never see a stamp,
And shake to death with flea-bags.

SWEDISH CHILDREN.—Mr. McDonald, in his travels through Sweden, says:—Young children, from the age of one to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wick baskets, which are contrived so as to keep their bodies straight without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in a very convenient part of the room, without much noise, where they exist in great silence and good humor. I have not heard the cry of a child since I came to Sweden!

FAST.—The word "fast," is a great contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was fast, because the sea was immovable; and then the ice disappeared very fast for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called fast, when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand fast when he is desired to remain stationary. People fast when they have nothing to eat, and eat fast, consequently, when opportunity offers.

Graves are but the prisons of the souls; the steps of the angel of eternal life.

Peace is the evening star of the soul; its virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

Eastern is the molten of love, but the daughter is often colder than the mother.