

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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SONGS OF LABOR—THE HUSKERS.

From the National Era.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass.

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay.

With the hues of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin mist that morning the sun rose broad and red.

At first a rayless disc of fire, it brightened as it sped.

Yet, even its noontide glory felt chastened and subdued.

On the cornfields and the orchards and softly picniced woods.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the light.

It wove with golden shuffles the haze with yellow light.

Slanting through the painted beeches, it glorified the hill.

And beneath its pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky.

Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why.

And school-girls, gay with aster flowers beside the meadow brook.

Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weather-cocks.

But, even the hirsches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.

No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell.

And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble fields lay dry.

Where June winds rolled in light and shade the pale-green was of yore.

But, still, on gentle hillslopes, in valleys fringed with wood.

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through hedges that dry and bare.

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear.

Beneath the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold.

And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrough the busy harvesters, and many a breaking wheel.

Bare slowly to the long barn-door its load of sheaf and grain.

Till, rattle as he rose that morn, sank down at last the sun.

Ending the day of dreamy light and warmth as it began.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow stream, and pond.

Flamed the red radiance of a sky, not all on fire beyond.

Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone.

And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled in one scene!

As thus into the quiet night the sunset lapsed away.

And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil slowness lay.

From many a brown old farm-house and hamlet without name.

Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the air.

Shone dimly down the lantern on the pleasant scene below.

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before.

And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet look, serene of look and heart.

Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart.

While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade.

At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Irged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair.

Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair.

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue.

To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking ballad sung:

Heigh ho! the farmer's wintry hoard!

Heigh ho! the golden corn!

No richer gift has Autumn poured

From out her lavish hoard!

Let other lands, exulting, gleam

The apple from the pine,

The orange from the more green,

The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift

Our rugged vales bestow.

To cheer us when the storm shall drift

Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring-time comes with flower and bud,

And grasses green and young,

And merry Bobolinks, in the wood,

Like mad mechanics sung.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,

Beneath the sun of May,

And frightened from our sprouting grain

The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June

Its leaves grew green and fair,

And waved in brood midsummer's noon

Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eve

Its harvest time has come,

We pluck away the frosted leaves,

And see the treasure home.

There, richer than the sabbid gift

Of golden showers of rain,

Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,

And knead its meal of gold.

PARABLE FOR LADIES.

From the National Era.

Naomi, the young and lovely daughter of Salathiel and Judith, was troubled in spirit, because, at the approaching feast of trumpets, she would be compelled to appear in her plain, undyed stole, while some of her young acquaintances would appear in blue and purple, and fine linen of the land of Egypt.

Her mother saw the gloom that appeared upon the face of the lovely girl, and taking her apart, related to her this parable: A dove thus made her complaint to the guardian spirit of the feathered tribe:

"Kind genius, why is it that the hoarse-voiced strutting peacock spreads its gaudy train to the sun, dazzling the eyes of every beholder with his richly burnished neck and royal crown, to the astonishment of every passer-by, whilst I, in my plain plumage, am overlooked and forgotten by all? Thy ways, kind genius, seem not to be equal towards those under thy kind protection."

The genius listened to her complaint, and thus replied:

"I will grant you a train similar in richness to that of the gaudy bird you seem to envy, and shall demand of thee only one condition in return."

"What is that?" eagerly inquired the dove, joyed at the prospect of possessing what seemed to promise so much happiness.

"It is," said the genius, "that you consent to surrender all those qualities of meekness, tenderness, constancy and love, for which thy family have been distinguished in all times."

"Let me consider," said the dove. "No, I cannot consent to such an exchange. No, not for all the gaudy plumage, the showy train of that vain bird, will I surrender those qualities of which you speak, the distinguished qualities of my family from time immemorial. I must decline, good genius, the conditions you propose."

"Then why complain, dear bird? Has not Providence bestowed on you the qualities which thou valuest more than all the gaudy adornings you admired? And art thou discontented still?"

A tear started in the eye of the dove, and the mild rebuke of her guardian spirit, and she promised never to complain.

The beautiful girl, who had entered into the story with deeper and deeper emotion, raised her fine blue eyes to meet her mother's gaze; as they rolled upwards, suffused with penitential tears, she said in a subdued tone, with a smile like that assumed by all nature, when the bow of God appears in the heavens after a storm: "My mother, I think I know what the story means. Let me be your dove. Let me have that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and I am satisfied to see others appear in rich and gaudy apparel."

THE FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word of kindness, who has entered into the story with deeper and deeper emotion, raised her fine blue eyes to meet her mother's gaze; as they rolled upwards, suffused with penitential tears, she said in a subdued tone, with a smile like that assumed by all nature, when the bow of God appears in the heavens after a storm: "My mother, I think I know what the story means. Let me be your dove. Let me have that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and I am satisfied to see others appear in rich and gaudy apparel."

THE HAPPY GIRL.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know by her fresh look and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face or stander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are firsts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simptoms.—Boston Post.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—If any young woman wastes in trivial amusements the prime season of improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they thereafter regret bitterly the loss when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever become mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance a severe mortification, and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacities, be a discouragement to them in their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go further than a mere lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain for almost every other forsake them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

It has been decided by Lord Denman and other judges of the court of queen's bench, that according to the new law of England, a marriage with the sister of a deceased wife is absolutely null and void; and as a matter of course all the children of such a marriage are illegitimate.

LEAD DAUGHTERS.

From the National Era.

It is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at ease, with their drawings, their music, their fancy work, and their reading—beguiling themselves in the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, lay hold of every new invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals often tell you with an air of affected compassion (for who can believe it real!) that poor dear mamma is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she would never be happy if she had only half so much to do.

THE WIFE.—It needs no guile, says a writer in Chamber's Journal, to break a husband's heart: the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth; these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have of many a man, and planned there beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promise she then so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile works—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the soother of the sorrowing hour—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.

GOOD BYE.—There is hardly a greater perversion of the meaning of a phrase in the English language, than is contained in the words so often used at parting with friends—"Good bye!"—words which have in themselves no significance whatever. In the olden times it was customary, especially among pious people, when parting from those they loved or respected to commend them to the protection of God. The phrase in French was "a Dieu"—to God—anglicized, "adieu"—and used by thousands without a knowledge of its meaning. And the old English form of expression, "God be with you"—a most solemn and beautiful phrase when taking leave of a friend, is altogether discarded, and "good bye," a most vile corruption of this phrase, has usurped its place.

TEMPTATION.—To resist temptation once is not a sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome you share his guilt.

WHO CAN TELL THE VALUE OF A SMILE? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It dispels a man's sadness, turns him from his darkest path to kindness, and sheds a smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble an angel of paradise.

WRITE IT IN GOLD.—The great comprehensive truth, the great fountain of wisdom, written on tablets of living light on every page of our history are these:—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.

SERMON.—Here is an eloquent sermon in a single paragraph: "What I spent, I wasted—what I lent, I lost—what I gave, I have." Treasure the golden moral, gentle reader.

HOME.—How sweet a thing is the love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest hearth that ever thrived.

LEAP YEAR.—Some one has said "there is a reason for all things," and this reminds me that the younger portion of our readers may wish to know why this is called leap year. Well, by the calendar, every 4th year has 366 days, one being added to the month of February. The calendar of the Roman Emperor, Julian, made the year 465 and one fourth day. It was found, however, there were some minutes less, which in the course of centuries had made a difference in the astronomical equinox of a couple ten days. Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, corrected this error by suppressing ten days in the calendar; and to prevent such a discrepancy in future, he established one day every four years.

We believe it is generally understood that the girls have agreed to adopt as their motto for the coming year, "Come and take me." So look out, boys, and when found make a note," as Captain Cuttle says.

A BRIGHT YOUTH.—"Tommy, my dear, what are you crying for?" said a lady to her little boy who had just returned from church. "Because the clergyman says we must all be born again, and I'm afraid I shall be borne a girl next time."

AN INCIDENT BEFORE MARRIAGE.

From the St. Louis Revue.

Walker's celebrated carriage, in Louisville, is the favorite resort of the citizens of that city—and his peculiarly popular among the young ladies there, which would almost seem to render him Governor of the State, if he would but consent to run for the office. Strangers, of course, go to Walker's, and he takes them in, but sometimes he puts them off—a case of the latter kind was related to me the other day, which deserves to be chronicled.

A young gentleman arrived in L. about two weeks since, on a matrimonial visit, and of course he donned his suit to visit his doxy. He made his call, arranged all the preliminaries, passed a delightful afternoon and evening, slipped a honeyed kiss from the lips of his fair innamorata at parting, and started down to his lodgings at the Gallop-house. "The wedding was set for the next day, and the happy young dog tripped along, so buoyed up by anticipation that he would have guessed, to have seen him, that he had, Mercury-like, wings to his heels. On his way down he observed that the light was still burning in Walker's, and the large placard at the door, of "fresh oysters in the shell," was too tempting in invitation, at that interesting period, to be stoically passed by, so he thought he would just step in and taste a dozen, by way of invigorating his dreams.

He entered, a dozen was called for, served, tasted, and washed down with a glass of the proprietor's choice Madeira. The general good feeling of the young stranger was measurably heightened. He turned to leave, and, as he was the last customer, the barkeeper followed him to the door, to take it after him. At that moment a jolly crowd came around the corner, singing, "Pizayna Budey, come to town."

The bridegroom, knowing the crowd was making for W's, and being already after midnight desired to aut them out; so he politely hurried the young stranger through the door, slammed it too, locked it, put the bar across, and retreated with his lamp up stairs. Presently there was a tremendous rapping at the front door, but the barkeeper, satisfied that it was the noisy company he had barred out, rolled himself up in the quilts, and turned over to take his nap.

"Hi, will you open this door, you fool!" shouted one of the crowd with stentorian lungs.

"I ain't no such fool," rumbled Jim, as he pulled the covering tighter around him.

"Will you open this door?" was yelled again.

"I ain't—that ain't," growled Jim to himself, in an answer, ad off he dropped into the land of dreams. He slept as it might be supposed a soldier would, who was listening to the theorizing of Chaulippe.

An amusing scene was transpiring all this time on the outside. The young stranger, in hastily passing through the portal, brushed up one of the legs of his new coat, and the barkeeper, in tugging one-half the door, securely fastened the coat tail in the opening. Supposing, of course, that he would observe it, an instantly release him, he stood still, quilly, for a moment, and the noisy party surrounded him.

"Stand aside, strange, and let us in," said the foremost of tharty.

"I would like to do, gentlemen," was the reply "I could, it upon my word, just at present, I am unable to comply."

"Well, we'll help you," said another, and seizing him by the arm he slung him, minus the coat tail, out upon the pavement.

There was a very interesting scene in the street, but one of the party perceiving the difficulty at a glance, inferred with a thousand apologies for his impetuous friend, stating that the torn riment should be paid for, &c. and offered to lend him his own coat until the morning. This deconstruction of the wedding garment was very unfortunate, and the bung stranger lost temper at the idea of being so awkwardly fastened to the door by the barkeeper, but what was his further rage, to find that a package of money, amounting to \$500, intended to bear the expenses of himself and bride to her future home, in the coat-tail pocket, and like a lightning bolt, he did not exactly know whether it was prudent to let the present crowd into a knowledge of the fact as such an amount was in his pocket, but get the door open, he told them that his private certificate was in the wedged-up coat-tail. On this announcement, all void they would recede the precious document, or tear the tails of their combinator garments in the effort, and accordingly they assailed the barred portal in the ass. They were preparing to follow up their fruitless efforts of assault with feet and fists, by substituting a warning post; a battering ram, when a watchman interested, inquired the cause of trouble, and proceeded to visit the rear of Mr. Walker's premises, and have the rear of the gentleman's wedding coat released—this agreement was generally agreed to, and they started. In the meantime, the outsiders held a small caucus of condolence with the groom, during which several ancient resolves were passed, that they would vicimize the barkeeper, when they got it, by keeping him up all day long! The ringing of the door behind, and the shock of the iron hasp, aroused their attention, but it was too late!

The barkeeper, on arning the trouble, had quietly descended, opened the door, pushed out the coat-tailed fastening the entrance, beat a retreat again. The outsiders started, but it was too late, they were therefore, concluded to let up the trophy, bear it along to some establishment, and hold a justification over its rescue. The owner recovered a package of money, and wished to retreat, but they were in no mood to part with him—they wished to head all difference before they separated, drink the health of the lady named in the recaptured document and fill out an order for a new wedding suit. The stranger was forced to yield, and we need not add, that he got home early late the next morning.

The day had grown dark before the victim was able to visit his life, and of course he pouted a little, but his promise to

ETHES OUTDOOR.

From the National Era.

Professor Simpson has discovered a new specific pain-removing agent which bids fair to banish the sulphuric ether. It is the perchloride of Formyle. It is said to be more rapid, and more safe than the former agent and in every way preferable to it. It has been tried with success both in obstetrics and surgical cases.

COLOMBE CATHEDRAL.—There is something startling in the mind in the daring conception of this edifice. Its length was designed to be five hundred feet, and its breadth one hundred and fifty. At the west end were to be two enormous towers, surrounded by spires, reaching up to the height of five hundred and thirty-six feet. The whole of the building was to be profusely ornamented with the most delicate sculpture. It is now in process of completion.

THE BURNING OF WATER.—Two centuries since, a man would have been drowned for witchcraft had he hinted at such an idea. Sir Humphrey Davy first suggested that men might be driven, from failure of water fuel, to separate the hydrogen in water for consumption. The gas for burning consists of hydrogen and carbon. Mr. Jobard, of Brussels, has by a decomposition of water secured the hydrogen and by an ingenious process mingled with it the proper quantity of carbonic acid gas, thus forming a burning fluid. He says that a very trifling quantity of oil may thus be made to yield a light for twenty hours equaling that of ten tallow candles. We shall hear more on this subject. The resources of chemistry are only partially developed.

REJOY.—Mr. Speaker Winthrop is doing good work at Washington, in clearing out of the Capital the restaurant and other drinking places which have been maintained there during previous sessions, for the members of the House. Mr. Dallas did the same for the restaurant attached to the Senate, some time ago.

A PATENT WAS HAS BEEN INVENTED for girls to catch bears in the mountains. The inventor complains that the demand is so ravenous that he cannot begin to supply it.

YOU MAY BRIBE A SOLDIER TO TAKE A man with his sword, or a witness to lay life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor.

Jean Paul gives this first-rate advice, which, if complied with, would prevent much embarrassment and misery: "Girls should talk to their female friends as though a man overheard them, and with men as though girls were present."

When Mason was preparing the case of A. K. Avery, and had examined about 300 witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman went forth that he was engaged and could not be interrupted.

"But the man is a witness, a minister."

"Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir, what can you testify?" "I have had a vision; two angels have appeared to me and told me that brother Avery is innocent."

"Let them be summoned," said Mason, and resumed his work.

A man's temperature is generally about 98 Fahrenheit. A scientific friend observes that, to increase this temperature, all that is necessary is to pull his nose.

Tax central sun.—Professor Madler, of Dorpat, Russia, has been led by various observations and calculations to the conclusion that the Pleiades or seven stars form the central group around which the solar system with all its orbs and the infinite worlds of the Milky Way, all revolve.

The star Alcyone he takes to be the central sun and calculates its distance from us to be 3,280,000,000,000 miles. The light of this sun he estimates to require five hundred years to reach us.

A young lady, at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "hachet" was singular. She replied immediately, "Because it's very singular they don't get married."

A person being asked what was meant by the realities of life, answered—"Real estate, real money and a real good dinner, which could be realized without real hard work."

On Sunday, a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk, to come into the house. Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son!

Going into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday.

"Well, Yes, But ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

The speed with which electricity travels on a copper wire, is said to be about 288,000 miles a second—a speed which would carry it round the world 40,000 times an hour.

We are exceedingly sorry to say anything against the ladies, but we have lately heard their reports about them. It is currently reported, and generally believed of the whole sex, that they do not scruple to look each other's dresses.

A French child said to the parish priest: "Why is it, my father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking our bread for every week, for every month, or the whole year?" "Why, you little goose, so as always to have it fresh."

"GENUS" will always work its way through," as the poet says when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

MR. EDITOR:—The communication of Vindex, which appeared in your excellent paper of the 18th ult., in reply to mine of the 15th November, will compare very favorably with his former one for incoherence, ambiguity and egotism. He has permitted his vindictive feelings to get the better of his judgment, and consequently indulges (for want of better argument) in a strain of language beneath the dignity of a gentleman. He has shown himself to be a man whose manners need cultivation, and we do not feel disposed to continue a discussion with one so devoid of politeness

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

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