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WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

The most beautiful and affecting song of the present day is "Woodman, spare that tree," as sung by Mr. Russell. It was written by Geo. P. Morris, and is founded on the following interesting occurrence: A person who can hear Mr. Russell tell his story, and then listen to his enchanting strains as he sings the song, must possess a heart of adamant if he does not feel his bosom swell, and the generous tear of sympathy moistening his eye. There was a family of opulence residing in the country, not a great distance from the city of New York. It consisted of the parents and a large number of sons and daughters, all united together by those golden ties which none but a parent, a brother, a sister or a daughter can feel. The thing requisite to ensure happiness—their home—was an earthly paradise—their hearts the seat of ardent love for one another, and of generous, noble friendship for others. There seemed nothing wanting to perfect this little community. Their pecuniary circumstances were such that they could indulge freely in the luxury of administering happiness and comfort to the poverty-stricken and miserable. The naked were clothed and the hungry fed; not with that ostentation which excites the admiration of a gazing world, but with that kindness and self-satisfaction which is the characteristic of a noble soul. Their acts of generosity were performed for the satisfaction of doing good. And when they had alleviated the distress of one who was almost crushed by the heavy hand of poverty, they experienced that jubilee within the heart which none but the truly generous can feel.

Their intercourse with one another was also of the happiest kind. It was the desire of each member of the family to contribute to the happiness of all the others in preference to their own. Sincerely brotherly and parental affection filled their bosoms to overflowing.

But this little paradise was not long to last. The generosity of the old gentleman impelled him to assist his friends by the way of endowments, and their failures swept away every farthing of his early riches. The depriving him of his noble farm, lovely cottage, and the beautiful verdure and lofty trees that surrounded it, was the ill reward of his disinterested friendship. And to be compelled to give up all these—to surrender those majestic trees under whose shade he had passed so many pleasant hours with his excellent family; and under whose protection, as it were, his children had been reared, was a hardship which the philosophy of few could endure. Little circumstances in the history of his children had endeared every tree, and indeed every shrub, to his heart. But they must all be abandoned, and this happy community, linked together by the strongest ties of the human heart, must be torn asunder and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

By exposing ourselves in an attempt to rescue a friend, we are occasionally drawn into the whirlpool and destroyed! Better it should be so than to stand coldly by and witness the last struggle, without making an effort to save.

This misfortune dispersed them in different directions. Some went to their friends, and others to seek their fortunes in distant climes. But the destroyer of life soon swept away, one by one, the whole family, but the youngest son. He went to the South, and by industry and perseverance amassed a fortune. He then returned to his old home, determined to possess himself of the home of his childhood. But it was so situated that he could not. He gazed longingly upon those venerable trees that were planted and nurtured by the kind hand of his father. He longed upon the grass beneath their shade as he was wont to do in boyhood; but there were no brothers there indulging in their boyish sport, or sisters to sweeten the scene with their pure feelings, gushing forth in innocent, rapturous laughter; no mother to watch them with a tear of pleasure in her eye, nor father, whose

"Kiss they kissed the coved kite to share." And he turned, and with a melancholy heart left the spot. Though this can hardly be said to have given him pleasure, he determined to make a periodical pilgrimage to this hallowed place.

He took lodgings in New York, and visited the sacred ground periodically. At one time when he was on his way he called upon Col. Morris to accompany him. The Col. complied with his request; and when they had arrived within sight of the trees that surrounded the cottage, they saw a woodman standing near the roots of the noblest and most venerable one, sharpening his axe. The stranger put spurs to his horse, rode swiftly to the woodman, and accosted him thus:

"What are you going to do?"

"I intend to cut down this tree," replied the woodman.

"What for?"

"I want it for fire wood."

"If you want fire wood," said the stranger, "why did you not go to yonder forest, and let the old oak stand?"

"YOU SEE I AM AN OLD MAN."

"I will give enough of money to have as much wood brought to your door as the tree will make, will you forever let it stand?"

The woodman replied "yes." They executed a bond that the tree should remain, and the stranger turned to Col. Morris and said, with a generous tear sparkling in his eye,

"In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now."

It affected Col. M. deeply, as it would every man who had a heart capable of feeling, and he returned home and wrote the following exquisite lines:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Tomb not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

It was my father's hand,
That placed it near his cot;
Then, woodman, let it stand—
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown,
Ans spread o'er land and sea,
"And wouldst thou hack it down?"
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
There, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand!

My heart-strings round the elm,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
How often would I sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old trees the storms still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

A BEAUTIFUL ORATORY.

Lippard, editor of the Quaker City, has lost his little daughter, Mima, and thus he grieves at the bereavement:

"It was a morning of unusual brightness, when the army of cherubs around the throne of God received the little innocent, whose death is above recorded, as an addition to their number. An October's sun was gilding the east with magnificence and sowing the earth with jewels of light; the Orient seemed to be the opening of the gates of heaven to admit a spirit of purity from earth; and the smile of God, the only sun-light there exists, gushed forth in splendor upon our world. Just as the mountain-tops were glowing with the warm beams of the god of day, did the messenger from the Palace of the Omnipotent summon Mima Lippard to her Father's presence! Fitting time was it for such a transit! And as the spirit of the lovely babe, borne on angels' wings through the shower of sun-rays, gazed upon the earth, thus shining in autumnal beauty, how her little heart may have mourned at being thus separated from so beautiful a place on earth, we know not; but we cannot but think, that any such emotions were lost in the infinitude of splendor and magnificence that must have dazzled her eyes, as the overlying gates of heaven were lifted up, and she found herself a cherub, with a golden harp in her hand, and bowing before the Creator of all things!

While on earth, she had exhibited unusual intelligence for so young a child; and her very face had an expression far beyond her years. But now her thoughtful eyes are glazed in death, her rosy lips are pallid, and her round, dimple cheeks, base of bloom, are shadowed by the ring of the Death-Angel. It is sad, even to the stranger, to think of so gentle and promising a child being so soon blighted; but to the parent's hearts how terrible the thought! Vainly would we follow the bent of our inclination and mingle our tears with the bereaved! The fountain of their grief has been unsealed, and the grave alone can close it! But how delightful a task it is, to remind them, that while tears bedew their cheeks, the face of their sweet Mima, clothed in seraphic beauty, is irradiated with the smile of God, as she strikes the chords of her golden harp, and raises her inspiring accents in unison with that countless throng, which forever makes Heaven's arches ring with the praise of God. Why then weep!"

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—LABOR.
Why, man of idleness, labor reared you in the cradle, and has nourished your pained life; without it the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hive of activity like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are the working men, who can build up or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the "soft hand," by pointing to their trophies, wherever art, science, civilization and humanity are known. Work, man of toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power. Work on, and in the language of a true poet, be

"A glorious man! and they know shall be born by the winds and waters thro' the sea,
While there's a keel to carry it on time,
From clime to clime,
Or God ordains that idleness be crime."

THE OSMANTLI, OR TURKS.

A Constantinople correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer writes of the race now dominant in the more ancient seats of civilization:

We naturally regard the Turks as a species of outside barbarians, and it is a little difficult to survey them with a perfectly unprejudiced eye; yet an honest view affords much that can be contemplated with satisfaction. Their gravity of mien, soberness of gait, and rich flowing robes give them an air of gentlemanly dignity, in pleasing contrast with the hurried repression, the impatient carriage, and the stiff angular garments of Franks; and there is a natural ease and delicacy in their social forms and etiquette, that is far superior to anything ordinarily observed at home. Personal cleanliness is not among them as among a half neglected semi-civilized, but scrupulously fulfilled religious obligation. Propriety and courtesy distinguish their mutual intercourse, and hospitality rendered to all without distinction of country or condition is an invariable duty. Quarrelling is extremely rare among them and their treatment of the brute creation is far kinder than ours.

The Koran prescribes the giving of one-tenth of their income to charitable purposes, and benevolence with them is no transient impulse, but an abiding sacred principle. I look here in vain for the equality and beggary that need to meet my eyes everywhere in *la belle France* and "Merrie England." Intemperance, and the curse of so many Christian lands, is driven away from the followers of the Prophet by the divine law which forbids the use of wine. The fatalism for which the Turks are reproached, is not the stupid folly it is represented. They are as earnest in averting calamity as other men, but when calamity comes, with sublime resignation they are ready to exclaim, "God hath willed it." In truth and honesty they are inferior to few other people, and are certainly far superior to the Jews and Christians that dwell among them.—Amours and intrigues and conjugal infidelity prevail to a certain extent in their social life, but far less than in France, which calls itself the mistress of modern civilization; and public prostitution among them has no local habitation and hardly a name. Polygamy is tolerated by the law, but public opinion decidedly condemns it.

It is the magistrates of the land only who have a plurality of wives; even they seldom have more than two or three, and the Sultan himself never more than seven.—The Koran permits husbands to chastise and divorce their wives at pleasure; but these privileges are not often abused.—Children are trained to honor and submit to their parents; and great affection and kindness usually pervade their family relations. The women, instead of being kept in that strict restraint so generally imagined, are in reality more free than in any continental country of Western Europe. They repair to the mosques, range the bazaars, and ride into the country on pleasure parties in perfect liberty. Multitudes of them of all classes go every Friday unattended to the valley of the Sweet Waters, five miles up to the Golden Horn. I have been among them there, and have seldom beheld more unrestrained yet innocent enjoyment. It is true that Mahomedan females are not allowed to appear in public unveiled; but this is no great hardship, since the *yashmek*, which is white muslin, is usually, especially if the face is pretty, so thin and transparent that the features are easily discernible. The Sultans frequently issue edicts, prescribing the thickness of the veils and the mode of wearing them, but woman's will is the same everywhere, and the compliance is but temporary. Beside this infringement of the natural rights of the female countenance, Turkey is in a measure compensated by the privilege of arraying the bosom of *the harem* in the fashion of the beauties.

By Sir Peter Lely.

Whose dappled hints we may admire
It is true that among the Mahomedans women are not ranked so high in the scale of creation as men; but the prevailing idea that females are deemed to have no souls is a strange mistake. They are regarded as immortal beings, and as subject to religious obligations and responsibilities.—Husbands may or may not, as they please, admit their wives to share with the hours their love in the abodes of bliss hereafter; but the wives who are excluded are neither annihilated nor damned, but go to dwell in separate appropriate places of enjoyment. Slavery still exists in Turkey, but with none of its blacker elements. Its type is much like that of the Slavery of ancient Scripture times. The Slave, instead of being a soulless chattel, is really a member of his master's family. He is neither despised nor degraded; he possesses his rights and his privileges, and has many facilities for elevating his social condition. His compulsory term of service is only 7 years, and when he leaves his master, the latter is bound to settle upon him a pecuniary sum. He is subjected to no such task work as is imposed on the American

SLAVE, SINCE HIS BUSINESS IS NOT FIELD LABOR,

but attention to the personal wants of his master. Slaves in Turkey frequently rise to the highest places of trust and dignity, and become Seraskiers and even Viziers. The son-in-law of the late Sultan was originally a Georgian Slave. Circassian Slaves are now comparatively rare, not, however, on account of any unwillingness on the part of Circassian parents to entrust their children to Turkish control, but because the Russians prevent as much as possible their exportation from the Black Sea ports. The few that in spite of all obstacles find their way to Constantinople are never exposed to public sale, but are to be purchased only at a few private houses in the suburbs of Topkane. There is even no longer a market for black African Slaves: it was abolished by the late Sultan and will never again be tolerated.

The Turks will continue to wash with "Oriental scrupulousness," and to recite their namaz five times a day with a punctiliousness that cannot be surpassed. The mass of the people yet exhibit a fidelity and devotion to their faith that ought to make Christians blush for shame. But the Moslem religion has lost much of its fire and energy. It has stated its fierce intolerance, and now, though it still threatens spotless with death, it seldom insults and never persecutes those who have never been the followers of the Prophet. The upper class of society are generally infidels, and conform externally to the regulations of the Koran, only from fear of the civil law and of public opinion. The great body of the people cling to their religion, not from fanaticism, but because it is interwoven with all their civil and social relations, and is completely identified with the history of their country. They know of their creed only in the broad features. Having no priesthood they receive but little religious instruction. Ignorant of Arabic, the Koran is to them a sealed book; it has never been translated into Turkish, because, forsooth, its only charm consists in its Arabic jingle, which is as untranslatable into any foreign tongue as the English melody of *Hi-diddle diddle*. There is a general impression among the Mahomedans that their religion will soon begin to decline. This impression is derived from two traditional sayings of the Prophet:—"My religion will first increase and then decrease;" and "My religion will survive a thousand years, but not two thousand."

A few respectable schools have lately been established by Government in Constantinople and Smyrna; but such things as a system of public instruction yet exists in the Sultan's dominions. It is not among the wants of the people. There is no inclination to "inquire and disposition to learn." Intellectual vacancy is precarious to the true Moslem as physical rest. He is perfectly content to go on believing that the Earth is flat, and is impended by four great pillars, a tremendous volcano, whose eruptions cause earthquakes—that the Sun sets in a sea of gold, which makes it cool in the morning;—and that the stars are big lamps hung in the sky by Divine Mercy, to please poor mortals;—yes, well content is the poor Moslem to believe all this, because with him "ignorance is bliss," and "thought would destroy his paradise."

TWO WAYS TO TELL A STORY.

We hope there are many readers of the Daily Mail who have had practical evidence that a little kindness, however evanescent the dose may be, goes five times as far towards making those around you happy, as carping of sour answers or surly rebukes. There are two very distinct ways of telling the same story. Some men will make hosts of friends, while others will find it impossible to discover one. Bluntness and frankness may do very well at times, but as a general thing it is prudent to study effects as well as causes.—Jones may say to Smith:

"Smith are you going to pay that note to-day?"

"No I shan't: don't suit me, and I shan't do it."

"Then by thunder I'll see if you don't!" says enraged Jones. A lawyer gets a case, a squabble follows, and they both pay dearly for a lesson in civility. How different Brown would fix it!

"Smith what is the state of your finances this morning; do you feel as though you could let me have that \$50 to-day?"

"Well, no I can't," says Smith, "I'm very short; can't you wait on me a few days, it would be an accommodation?"

"Well," says Brown, "let it stand; do something for me as soon as you can, will you, Smith?"

"Certainly I will." They part—friends and brothers.

"Go away with that noise!" says some bull-headed fellow to the poor itinerant organist and his monkey. The poor fellow goes away, mortified and sored against his species; how differently the good heart, the peace-maker does it—

"My man, your music is pleasant, but it disturbs us now; there are a few pennies play for some other fellow on your way."

The organist goes along, smiling at the man who has ordered him off.—There is five times the force in kind words and gentleness, than there is in morose sulks and arbitrary measures. We cannot live long nor happy among our species, without the aid of kindness and gentleness. It is not necessary to knock a man down to convince him he is in error, or to kick at his breast to assure him his life is in your power. Polite words and friendly, are rare jewels; they render two-fold good, blessing him that giveth, and him that receiveth. It is quite astonishing, when we calculate the entire safety and expenditure it yields—that so few invest in that capital stock—good humor and kindness.—Boston Mail.

A NEW DEATH DEALING WEAPON.

An instrument in the shape of a rifle, has just been brought out in New York, that besides its more legitimate uses, such as sportsmen, must render war still fiercer and more destructive. This rifle, known as Jennings's Patent Rifle, is designed to be almost *endless repeater*, and to avoid the great difficulty of capping and priming each load, and also to be uncommonly free from dirt; added to which is a force which was never equalled. The Journal of Commerce says its appearance and weight do not differ from the common rifle, except that it has an iron breach, with a wad en stock.

By a simple contrivance within this stock, the breech-pin of the barrel is engaged as the gun is cocked. A cartridge is placed in this opening, and on pulling the trigger, the pin closes the barrel tight, a strong block of steel falls behind it, and the gun primes itself and is discharged at one m. It is so simple, that it can hardly by any accident get out of order. It is capable of being loaded at the breech as often as it is fired off, and as rapidly as a man's hand can move to throw a cartridge. This is at the rate of thirty shots per minute, for a person who has practised with the gun.

Another variety of the same gun is now nearly completed by the patentees, in which the ram-rod is a tube of the same size, capable of containing 24 cartridges, which are so arranged that they can be ejected in the barrel one by one, and fired successively without any interruption. The moment that the 24th barrel is fired, the gun may be used as the first one, loaded at the breech.

The chief strength of this formidable weapon rests on the cartridge, which is used, and for which, indeed, the gun is expressly manufactured. This cartridge, which is also patented, is simply a loaded ball. A hollow cone of lead, or rather a bullet elongated on one side in a hollow cylinder to about one inch in length, is filled with powder, and the end covered with a thin piece of cork, through the centre of which is a small hole, to admit fire from the priming. The execution which this ball does, is no less surprising than every thing else connected with the gun. At forty rods the balls were buried more than 4 inches in the body of a live butternut tree.

The priming is in small pills, of which 100 are placed in a box, from which the gun supplies itself without fail.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.—At Hickory Grove, near Burlington, N. J. is a barn, having five mottled chickens, black and white, a little larger than quail. To this group there has attached itself a kitten a few months old, of like color with the chickens. They ramble together; sometimes he amuses himself by playing with the hen's tail, when she does not scold or peck him. When the little red squirrel comes capering along, he runs after him, even up the tree; but they are so much afraid of each other they dare not come very close together. Sometimes they go near the kitchen door to gather the crumbs that are scattered, when the kind-hearted domestics give the kitten something suited to his taste and habits. They spend day after day in their rambles, and when evening approaches, and they seek a place for repose, they nestle together, the kitten creeping under the old hen's wing like the chickens, and they repose harmoniously together for the night.

A STRIKING THOUGHT.—"The death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is no thing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of the eagle was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have soothed his passage to the grave."

A SNAKE STORY.—An old Deacon in Yankee land, once told us a good story. He was standing beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large green snake make an attack on an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to use a fisher's phrase, caught him by the tail and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them!

"My friend," said a hotel keeper, who over voracious boarder, "you can see what I shall certainly have to charge you for extra half-dollar."

"An extra half-dollar," replied the boarder, with a countenance the very picture of despair. "For goodness sake don't charge that! I'm most dead now, eating that snake's words, and if you pass on eating that snake's words, I shall certainly die!"

A LOCOPHOBIC.—"The old good mother can be given for riding a man on a rail.