

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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## The King of the South.

It is a very noble bird, a crow,  
And circles below a crown;  
As good hearts beat a fustian vest,  
As under a wilson gown,  
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold  
Their lives to a crown and a hill,  
And they will be sung or heard  
Of the men who reap and till?  
I bow in thanks to the study throng  
Who greet the blushing dawn with hail;  
And the burden I give my earnest song,  
Shall be this—the King of the Hill!  
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown  
But the blue sky o'er their head—  
New Britain or they had such powers as they,  
To withhold or offer bread.  
Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,  
The wealth of a distant strand,  
But ships would rot, and be valued not,  
Were there none to till the land.  
The wildest heath, and the wildest brake,  
Are rich as the richest feast;  
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,  
And give them food to eat.  
And with willing hand, and spade, and plough,  
The gladdening hour shall come,  
When that which is not earnest song and now  
Shall sing with the "Harvest Home."  
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown  
But the blue sky o'er their head—  
New Britain or they had such powers as they,  
To withhold or offer bread.

## HOW TO BE IDOLIZED.

Tax hyperbole of being "idolized" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story, for which we are indebted to a French author.  
In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left Mauritius on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Lunda Isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed, and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.  
Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascari, received orders one morning to prepare this bird for dinner; and once more the hungry denizens of the state-cabin sniffed up the delicious odor of a roast fowl. The captain took a nap in order to obey his appetite until dinner time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainties.

Suddenly a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright with both his hands twisted convulsively in the sooty wool that covered his head. "What was the matter? Alas! in that ill-starred hour the cock had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but at length, peace was restored, the aggressor having apologized for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the "Dido" speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterwards, it happened one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding house at Batavia. Amongst the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happened to be pronounced distinctly by one of his associates at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the sages took up from his plate, and asked, quickly,

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"  
"I do."  
"Curious enough," said the servant, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."  
"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis smiling.  
"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterwards read as follows:—"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasy differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasy worship the devil, and that they have at Feintinga a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple dedicated to the god Bergaz (beer, source, or well in the Chaldean, and gaz, light, in the Malagasy tongue). To this divinity they are ardently devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Æsculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergaz thought the latter philosophical reflections very striking.  
"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies trace out by us with so much labor and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergaz bowed, and was silent.  
The cares of a busy commercial life soon caused him to forget the philosopher and his idol namesake.  
After the lapse of about two years, Bergaz set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpai on the Anas Coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman, and Louis with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing with one accord a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher at Batavia.  
Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the bamboo. (We attempt had been made to ornament four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay, but in the centre of the floor stood on a pedestal the statue of a god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with the appearance.

## FLETCHER'S ASSYRIA.

This is a narrative of two years residence and travels in the countries above named, beginning in 1842. It is about three years before the investigations of Dr. Layard. As a fluently written account of travel in a region about which Dr. Layard's work has excited much interest, it is quite entertaining, though the style is too loose and wordy for picturesque effect, or, indeed, for any striking impression; as may be judged from the following sentences:—

"It is a general complaint among travelling Englishmen that our nation is not properly esteemed by foreigners. These, too, for whom we have expended both treasure and blood, often at the least disposed to acknowledge our debt, or to manifest any grateful recollection of it. Yet, to assume ourselves the innocent and blameless victims of unmerited dislike, however consoling it may be to the national vanity of the mass, would hardly satisfy the inquiries of a candid and philosophic mind into the cause of an allegation so generally admitted."  
"This, however, is an extreme instance. The book gives little or nothing that is new respecting the antiquities of Nineveh, and the treasures of Babylon and Assyria. The history does not appear to have been prepared with such care as would make them valuable as historical authorities. Yet in running rapidly through the narrative we light upon many scenes and adventures of a character always interesting, even when not novel. For example!

"On leaving the Greek church (at Tocat) we proceeded to the Armenian cemetery, accompanied by an American priest, whom we had encountered on the way. He was the individual who had performed the last rites of Christian burial over the remains of the devoted missionary, Martin, who died here, on his way back to his native land, far from his fellow countrymen, surrounded by strangers, and exposed to the brutality of the Tartars, who buried him without mercy from an angry stage. The poor Armenians, however, did what they could; they tended his dying pillow, and they consigned his last remains to the dust, accompanied by the solemn, soothing rights of the Christian service. Their simple veneration for him outlasted the tomb, and the hands of the Christians of Tocat weed and tend the grave of the stranger from a distant isle. The Armenian who accompanied us stood for some moments with his hands off to the head of the grave, engaged in prayer. As we turned to go away, he remarked, 'the was a martyr of Jesus Christ; may his soul rest in peace!' A few wild flowers were growing by the grave. I plucked one of them, and have regarded it ever since as the memorial of a martyr's resting-place."

"It is most refreshing during the burning heats of July, to walk with bare feet on the marble pavement of the room, or on the marble flags of the court. Even the fastidious sons and daughters of Europe agree during this period to eschew the use of stockings, and sometimes of shoes."  
"One great drawback, however, to this pleasantness of the climate, is the prevalence of scorpions and centipedes during the hot weather. You put your hand to the latch of your door, and a black and dangerous scorpion creeps out of the key-hole to extract vengeance for his disturbed peace and comfort. As you lie down on your sofa, and stretch forth your fingers to grasp the beads, which are a constant appendage to every resident in the East, your hand falls upon a most unprepossessing looking centipede, who has been quietly contemplating you the last half hour."  
"One evening I was seated barefoot in the middle of the room, and had called for a chibouque, regardless of what a large round mass of fat lay near one of my feet; the servant came with his pipe in his hand, uttered an exclamation, and hastily withdrawing his slipper, he inflicted two or three vigorous blows on the ground. Astonished at the action, I looked in the direction of his attack, and beheld the crushed and battered form of a black scorpion, about five inches long. This accident made me more careful of going barefoot over after."

"Soon after my return, I was standing on my terrace, when my attention was attracted by what seemed to be a moving cloud. A dark, compact body of insects here and there, and the he-cups towards the door, as much as to say, 'Go in, Sam, and get something to drink.' Which I did.  
When I came out there was the greatest do to that I ever saw. I was shure there was an earthquake, for the houses and steeples were all staggering about, and the street was rocking just like a cradle. It was a most sublime spectacle, so I fetched up against a pump and held on while I took a good look at the magnificent scene. No panorama could come up to it; houses, trees and fences, all rearing and plunging like wild horses! The sight was worth a dollar and a half; if I have to pay a dollar, don't care, for I got the value of the money. And so, if your Honor's anyways suspicious that I was drunk, I'll foot the bill right away, without any grumbling."  
His Honor was a little suspicious, and Mr. Peabody being a man of his word, promptly pulled out his wallet and made a satisfactory settlement.

"The usual length of a sermon at the Royal Chapel is about twenty minutes. This is said to have been too long for George II., who once told Archbishop Gilbert to see that those clerics who preached to the Court should be particularly short, as he was in danger of falling when they were too long. In consequence of this hint, the sermons were reduced to fifteen minutes, to the great satisfaction of the king, who frequently testified his approval by remarking to the clerk of the closet, 'a short good sermon.'"  
"ONIONS OF TIME AND IDLENESS.—He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company and choice of his actions; it is the burial of a living man."  
Jeremy Taylor

## THE PRISON AT WASHINGTON, BY GEORGE GREENWOOD.

Yesterday we visited the Prison and the Jail, both of which deserve a better notice than I can give here. At the former place we were mostly interested by Captains Sawyer and Drayton, of the "Peerless." We found them as cheerful and comfortable as we had expected. Drayton says he suffers most from the vile companionship which he is called to endure.  
The jailer, who is a very gentlemanly person, spoke in high terms of the two prisoners. As I looked into the melancholy faces of the men, suffering so deeply and hopelessly through long years, for the crime of helping their oppressed and degraded brothers to the freedom they themselves inherited and loved, sharp was the pain at my heart, bitter and I fear impatient the cry of my soul, "How long, Oh Lord! how long?" I was glad to hear that Mr. Drayton, who impressed me as a very sincere, earnest man, was shortly to be removed to more comfortable quarters. I hope he may be allowed a room to himself, for with all his submission and faith, he can scarcely be otherwise than wretched where he now is.

It was beautiful to witness Jagello's sympathy with these unfortunate men. She, simple girl, could see no difference between helping American slaves to obtain their freedom, and inciting Hungarian peasants to revolt against Austrian tyranny—or rescuing Polish exiles, condemned to Siberia. Ah, when will she learn the grand American creed, that God is a partial Father, who makes no distinction of nations of the earth—see Ethiopians, whom He created to unborn himself of a great curse, and to break an eternal hate—when will she learn our fundamental Republican principle, that "all men are created free and equal"—except "niggers?" But I fear her truthful, child-like mind will never come to such heights of wisdom.  
"Could no one convince you that Slavery is right?" said Mrs. B.—to her, the other day.  
"Not the Lord himself," she answered, in a deep, firm voice, and with one of her clear, brilliant glances.—"Nay, no."

"TRUE NOBILITY.—In some of the French provinces are families of laborers, who can reckon more than five hundred years of succession from father to son; in the exercise of the most useful toil, and whose traditional lore might be comprehended in one phrase, 'All were devoted to agriculture, and were alike laborious and virtuous.' This golden age of nobility is well worth that of many a higher parentage, whose descendants are not unfrequently as proud of their uselessness as of their ancestors.  
STORMS ANTICIPATED.—The advantages of the electric telegraph in the United States, where it extends over several thousand miles, are of immense value, merely as giving notice of storms. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at about the same rate as a carrier-pigeon—sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed twenty hours in advance, that a southwest storm is advancing on the coast from the Gulf of Mexico, and thus escape all danger by waiting till it has passed.

"FOUR LACING.—A young lady died at Bristol, England, lately, from the compression of the stomach and viscera by tight lacing. She was perfectly free from disease, and there was no other visible cause of death.  
A SMART REPART.—A gentleman was confiding with a lady on the loss of her husband, but finding that she treated it with indifference, suddenly exclaimed—"O, very well, madam, I care just as little about it as you."

"A NOBLE REPLY.—Henry VIII., sent for Sir Thomas More once when he was attending public worship. Sir Thomas returned answer, that he would wait upon him when he had first performed his service to the King of Kings.  
KNOW THYSELF.—How can a man know himself? Through contemplation never, but rather through action. Endeavor to do thy duty, and thou shalt know thyself. But what is thy duty? The exigencies of the day.—Goethe.

"THE MISER.—It is worthy of observation that the Latin word for miseriable has been applied to designate an individual who possesses, but cannot enjoy. And he may be called a miser, for he is the meanest living creature.  
If you can—say nine times, without a mistake—Three sieves of sifted thistles, and three sieves of unsifted thistles."  
ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE is the basis of correct opinions. The want of it makes most people's opinions of little value.  
LIBERAL DEALING is better than almsgiving, for it tends to prevent pauperism, which is better than to relieve it.

"BURNER'S PLAINNESS.—One of Bishop Burnet's parishioners, being in great distress, applied to him for assistance. The prelate requested to know what would serve him, and requested him in his regard. The man names the sum, and Burnet told the servant to give it to him.  
"Sir," said the servant, "it is all we have in the house."  
"Well, give it to this poor man; you do not know the pleasure there is in making a man glad!"

"A MISSISSIPPI paper, in eulogizing the disunionists, says:—"The everlasting destiny of the South hangs upon such men as Quitman, Davis, and others." The Florida Gazette remarks that if this be true, how appropriately may we explain, in the language of Dr. Watts—  
"Great God! on what a slender thread Hangs our wretched things."  
It is with old bachelors as with old wood. It is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

"A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools."  
"Who knows the world, will not be too haphazard, and he who knows himself, will never be impudent."  
"A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools."

## AGRICULTURAL.

PROFITS OF DAIRYING.—Thirty years ago, there were a few small dairy farms in Washington county, N.Y. At that time a spirit of enterprise seemed to show itself in that branch of business; more care was taken in selecting cows for the dairy, better attention was paid to feeding them, more regularity observed in milking, and more patience taken in manufacturing butter and cheese. In 1840, 400 lbs. was not unusual. Since that, still more attention has been paid to feeding cows, and at the present time from 500 to 600 lbs per cow are made and in some instances more.

My own dairy for 1850 consisted of 30 cows and two three year old heifers; my family use—two families of 13 persons. Three of my cows did not come in until 3 months, neither did the heifers, to family use. Previous to that time the family used milk from the dairy. In 9 months, a friend of mine, while arranging his list of cows, left six with me one week. The milk of them was used in my dairy, which will make up for my loss coming in so late, leaving the dairy 29 in number—two of them farrow, two heifers, and two coming in late.  
I have made 21,264 lbs. cheese, and 460 lbs butter. The cheese has been sent to New York and sold by Tatham and Leggett, Front st. Most of it brought \$7 per hundred; two small lots sold a little less; the whole averaged, after deducting the expenses of boxes, transportation and commission, 63 dollars per hundred—making the net proceeds on 21,894 lbs., \$13,820 00  
Butter, 460 lbs., 10 cts., \$460 00  
Being an average to each cow of 684 lbs. cheese and 16 lbs. butter, or 843 lbs. I have been particular in giving the above statement, for the encouragement of those who are still on the back ground of improvements. Yet there are a number of Dairymen in this vicinity who are making about the same amount of cheese, and are sending it to the same market. I see no reason why the increase may not continue for many years to come.—Albany Cultivator.

MANURES—TOP DRESSING.—We are indebted to Hon. John W. Proctor, of Danvers, Mass., for a copy of an essay on Top-dressing Grass-Lands, written by Charles J. Flint, of the Essex County Agricultural Society. The length of the paper precludes the possibility of our publishing it entire, and we therefore give the following extract, which contains many useful suggestions.  
"It is a very common practice to suffer the manure from the barn to be exposed for months to the winds and rains of summer and winter. Many farmers have no arrangements by which the liquid and most valuable part of stable manure is saved, and yet, under all these disadvantages, they are too apt to congratulate themselves on having so many loads of manure."  
"They do not consider that it is the quality, and not the quantity, which adds richness to the soil. The practice of digging a cellar under the barn is becoming more common, among enterprising farmers, and it may be said that the increased quantity of manure is enough to pay far more than the interest of the extra expense. Sheltered manure is far more valuable; but in cases where this has not, and cannot well be done, much of the real value may be saved by forming the yard so that nothing may escape. Let post and load be thrown in to absorb what would otherwise be lost. Plaster, occasionally thrown into the yard, is like manure—I will not say in the Saving Bank, but rather put to compound interest."  
In Flanders, where a greater economy is practiced, the liquid part of a single animal is estimated at from ten to fifteen dollars a year.

RAISE GOOD STOCK.—Let us look for a moment at the raising of stock for market. Don't cost any fancy more to rear for sale a good cow, than it does a poor one! Probably not five dollars more. The poor animal is a drag in the market at from \$10 to \$25, while the other will command readily from \$100 to \$200.—Good horses are and ever will be in demand—are and ever will be sources of profit to the farmer, in a grazing district. But good horses will not come from poor stock and neglect. Constitutional peculiarities, family traits of health, strength, endurance, docility, &c., follow physiological laws as sure as the laws of the human race. If then the farmer wishes to get profit from his horses in the market he must make them enough an object of attention, that he shall raise only from good stock and with due regard to the laws of animal physiology.

A NEW KIND OF FENCE.—Mr. John R. Remington, of Montgomery, Alabama (the inventor of the Remington Rifle) has patented a new and useful invention. It is a cement, for making a solid fence as durable as granite, and at a very reasonable cost of construction. The principle ingredient is sand, and it can be easily manufactured by plantation hands. The cement panels are conveyed to the spot where the fence is to be erected, and the two legs of each let into the ground like posts. The cost to the planter is estimated at 10 cents per panel of 10 feet by five—four inches thick.—For cheapness or at least should not, detract from the merit of this invention that it fills from Alabama, this time, rather than from Maine or Pennsylvania, or that the modest little town at Montgomery ventures competition with the great manufacturing cities of the East for the honor of originating some of the useful discoveries of the age.—Charleston Courier.

A WEALTHY LONDONER NOKEMAN, who has lately died at Rome, has bequeathed monthly allowances of thirty pounds (about \$30) for the maintenance of his dog, and a equally portion of fifteen pounds for the person appointed to feed and wash them.