

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

CENTERSBURG, VA., TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1841.

PHOLENO 30, 333.

POL. III.—NO. 18.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers) payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to discontinue will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All letters and communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens call'd with care."

MY MOTHER.

My mother! how that sacred name
Awakens in my bosom's core
Visions of bliss I once could claim.
But which I now may claim no more,
Bliss, such as mark'd my childhood's years,
When wrapp'd in thy belov'd embrace,
I knew no cares, no hopes, no fears,
Beyond that holy resting place.

Mother! since those blissful days I knew,
How many changes time has wrought,
On all that met my childhood's view,
Or occupied my childhood's thought!
How many wand'ring steps I've stray'd—
How many anxious fears endured—
How often mourn'd o'er hopes betray'd—
How often smil'd o'er bliss secured!

Yet though I've wander'd far and wide,
Have quaff'd of pleasure's bowl;
Have launch'd upon ambition's tide,
And yielded to its wild control;
Still from the fondest, brightest dream,
That life and hope can yield to me,
Does memory, with its magic beam
Glance back to childhood's hours—and then.

I see thee, as when by thy side,
I knelt in infant hours of peace,
And heard thy pray'r, that Heav'n would guide
My footsteps o'er life's wilderness;
That He, who did the widow's tears,
Would fondly guard the widow's joy;
And through the lapse of future years,
Protect, sustain, preserve thy boy.

My young heart knew not then how much
Would be its need, in after time,
Of the strength pray'd for, from the touch
Of dark temptation and of crime.
To save it—but I since have learn'd
Enough of life's bewildering mazes,
To bless the power which kindly turn'd,
And listen'd to my mother's prayers.

Mother! the prayers address'd by thee,
Fill'd with the fervour of thy love,
Have been a talisman to me,
To guard and shield—protect—reprove.
And now, when bending o'er thy tomb,
Thy son affection's tribute pays,
Faith breaks triumphant through the gloom,
And sheds abroad its heavenly rays.

It whispers that thy sainted soul
From its high home beholds me still—
And that thy love will yet control,
Correct and guide my wayward will!
That, at the mercy seat, thy prayer
Will for the earthly loved ascend,
Until the ransom'd meets thee there,
His praises with thine own to blend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS. AN AMERICAN TALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"But, my dear sir, you cannot, certainly, be in earnest."
"Yes, but I am though."
"What—gamble your daughter away?"
"You can call it by what name you please; it matters not to me. You must beat me at the game, or her hand cannot be yours."

"But that is impossible. You are the best player within ten miles around, and I know little or nothing of draughts, besides having a distaste for it."
"Well, well, that is your own look out," replied the father, with an air of impatience. "If you win her, she is yours; but if you do not, my word for it, she makes happy the bridal evening of a smarter man."

"But—"
"I tell you, it is useless to talk, John Graham. My word is passed, and I cannot be moved. If you comply with my terms, well; if not, there let the matter end."

This conversation occurred between a sturdy husbandman, whose farm fringed the romantic banks of the Susquehanna; near the delightful village of Marietta, in the interior of Pennsylvania, and a young

farmer, living near by. The heart of the latter had been won by Anna, the blooming daughter of the former, and after many days of doubt and painful misgivings, John Graham, for that was his name, made hold to speak forth to the father his desire to possess her hand.

Surprised, mortified, and discouraged at his reception, the young man left the house, without a parting word with Anna, and returned to his own home, gloomy and desponding.

For three days, no one saw him beyond the bounds of his own farm. Anna, who knew, of course, his intention, to ask for her hand, was deeply distressed at his sudden departure from the house, and prolonged absence.

It was near night-fall of the third day, while sitting at the cottage window that opened towards the road winding up to the house, that she was startled from a painful dreamy state, by the sound of footsteps, and lifting her head, she perceived that her truant lover was again returning.

"O, John, why have you staid so long away!" she said earnestly, as she bounded out of the door to meet him.

"And why should I come?" he replied, moodily.

"Did not my father—" She could utter nothing further, but coloring deeply, leaned her head upon his shoulder.

"He refused me your hand, Anna!" he said in the excited tone.

"O, no, John; he did not do that, surely!" said the maiden, lifting her head, and looking him, with a pale countenance, steadily in the face.

"It amounts to the same thing, Anna.—I must beat him at draughts, or you never can be mine."

"John Graham! you are sporting with me!" And Anna drew herself up, while her face, from which the color had so suddenly departed, was lighted up with something of indignation.

"As I live, and as I love you, Anna, what I say is true."

"Then my father but sported with you, in a merry mood," and the maiden tried to smile carelessly.

"He was in earnest," said the young man, solemnly.

"Then what can he mean?" asked Anna, in a perplexed tone.

"Why he means to deny to me your hand. He has, no doubt, other views for his daughter."

For a moment, Anna stood silent, and then, leaning her head upon the shoulder of her lover, she sobbed aloud, overcome by feelings which she in vain tried to keep down.

Just at that moment, the sound of some one approaching, aroused them, and looking up, they perceived it to be Anna's father.

"Well, John," he said, in a cheerful tone; "have you come to beat me at draughts?"

Young Graham's face colored, and being unable at that moment to speak, from confusion, he looked upon the ground, and was silent. But quickly recovering himself, he replied—

"I hope, sir, that you will not feel it necessary to pain either your daughter's feelings or my own, longer, by what I cannot believe to be anything more than a jest."

The old man's brow darkened. "I am not used to trifling, sir," he said. "You have heard my terms. Let me assure you, that they must be fulfilled to the letter. If you do not intend trying for her hand in the only way that it can be won, then give place, sir, to some more worthy suitor."

Deeply pained, as well as offended, at what he considered equivalent to an insult, repeated, Graham turned suddenly away from both father and daughter, and hastened home.

It was nearly four weeks before the young couple again met, and then it was, without concert, at the house of a neighbor. For the first part of the evening, they seemed shy of each other; but, after awhile, were observed to be earnestly engaged in conversation, as they paced the lawn in front of the house, backward and forward, under the love-awakening influences of a bright August moon.

"Will you not consent?" said Graham becoming more animated.

"No, John, I cannot. I love you," and her voice trembled and faltered; "but, leave my father! O, no, no, never!"

"Then you do not lo—" But he paused with the word unuttered. There was an embarrassed silence of some moments; at length the young man said, in a melancholy tone—

"Then, Anna, we had better see each other no more."

"John, she said, looking him in the face fixedly, "will you not try to—" But she hesitated, and then hung down her head.

"Try to beat your father in a game of draughts, you would have said! Even if there was hope, Anna, of doing that, which there is none, I could not give my consent to so humiliating an act. What has the playing of a game skillfully, to do with my making you a good husband?"

But this did not satisfy the mind of the maiden. She thought that her lover ought to be willing to do anything, no matter how unreasonable it might be, for the sake of gaining her hand. She could not, however, say more than she had.

They parted that evening, gloomily enough. But the sight of her face, and the sound of her voice, had stirred more deeply in his heart the waters of affection.

"She must be mine!" he said to himself, passionately, as he strode homewards.

By degrees, but with great reluctance, he began to entertain thoughts of applying himself to the game at which her father was so skillful; and such progress had he made by the next evening in his incipient resolutions that he actually went over to a neighbor's, and after sitting a while, proposed a game of draughts. But, although his antagonist was but a poor player, John Graham was beaten every time.

"You would not do to play with old Woodruff," remarked his companion, after winning for the sixth time.

Graham colored deeply, as he looked up at the remark; but he perceived by his friend's countenance that it was innocently made.

Much discouraged, he went home that night, and dreamed that he had played with Mr. Woodruff, Anna's father, and beaten him. On the next evening he went over again, and spent two or three hours in playing. Once he beat his antagonist. This gave him hope, and as he thought of it the next day, he said to himself, "I have certainly improved a little, and if I keep at it I will certainly improve more."

"And old Woodruff will improve too, and he is far enough ahead," whispered an opposing thought, and his spirits sunk suddenly to freezing point. That evening he staid moping and gloomy at home. But on the next night he tried draughts again, and felt an increasing confidence and sense of coming skill.

Three weeks passed away in practising almost every evening, when John became so much of an adept as to beat his friends at every game. This made him feel quite uplifted, and he determined to have a trial with Anna's father. So he dressed himself up and went over.

Anna met him at the door, and blushed with joy and confusion. The old man extended his hand with a blunt welcome, that had in it some remains of his former cordiality.

Before tea Woodruff talked with Graham about the weather, the farm, and the stock. After tea, at which little was said, though many glances were exchanged between the lovers; the old man pointed significantly at the checker board, and Graham, with a face suddenly flushed, nodded assent.

Anna's heart beat audibly in her bosom, and she felt oppressed with a suffocating sensation, as she saw the two draw silently up to the table and begin to arrange their pieces on the board. It beat quicker still when the moves began, and sank heavily in her bosom after a brief passage of the pieces from square to square—for her lover had lost the game. The pieces were again replaced, and again the moves commenced.

But the game soon terminated as the first. Twenty games were played before the parties separated, in all of which the old man won. Long before the termination of the evening's contention, Anna's pulse had become quiet; although a red spot upon her cheek told that she felt none the less interest. She had not failed to perceive that, with every renewed game, the period occupied in contesting it became longer than that which went before.

On the next evening Graham came again, and again the draught-board was produced. But, some how or other, he could not play even as well as he did on the evening previous. Anna was disappointed, and he could perceive it, and this not only dispirited him, but wounded his pride. He felt in no pleasant mood as he returned home that night, half-determined not to lower himself again so much in his own estimation as to gamble for the girl he loved. This half-formed resolution he kept for a week, during which time Anna's doubts and fears all returned upon her, and made her sick at heart.

But, much as he disliked draughts, and much as he condemned and even despised the principal involved in the stipulations of Anna's father, all-powerful love again prevailed, and he sought the home of his lady fair to enter the lists once more for her hand. But it was with little better success. Still, there was one compensation for the disappointments that followed every evening's trial—and that was, an hour's quiet communion with Anna; for, as long as he would play with the old man, and try, as he of course did, to beat him, he was a welcome visitor, and allowed a fair opportunity to tell over again to the maiden how fondly he loved her.

Six months passed in this way, and young Graham began to play with much skill and judgment, and not unrequently a game would last for a whole hour. On such occasions, the old man would slap him on the shoulder, after he had beat him, with "Well done, my boy! The girl will be yours yet!"

One day, about this time, it happened that Graham, with his farmer's frock on, was driving his cart along the road that passed near the cottage of his sweetheart. Woodruff happened to meet him just there, and insisted upon his stopping. Graham came in, and after drinking a glass of home-brewed beer, made by the fair hands of her he loved, the old man reached down the ever-present checker-board.

"This may be a lucky day, John," he said, looking him archly in the face.—"Have you a mind to try?"

The first sight of the board always annoyed the young man; but he stifled this feeling, as usual, and sat down to the table. For a little while Anna stood looking at the game, and then retired to attend to her ordinary duties in the family. The mother, too, soon followed, and the players were left alone. The dog that had partaken of

the general feeling of bustle on the entrance of the young man, soon felt the quiet influence of the room, and stretching himself out upon the floor, seemed as deeply engaged in thought as were his biped companions. Not a sound was to be heard, except the low noise made in moving the pieces on the board, or the occasional quicker rattling of them when one was taken. Graham never before seemed to have his mind so clear, nor to have so lucid a perception of the principles of the game—and the old man was as much absorbed in what he was doing as ever. About every ten minutes, if there had been another observer in the room, a serious face might have been seen looking in for a few moments at the window, just behind the young man.

"Jupiter!" suddenly exclaimed the old man with an uneasy movement as his antagonist leaped over two pieces and into the kingdom. The relative position of several pieces in the neighborhood of this newly made and first king on the board, was such as to compel Woodruff in taking care of them, to disarrange entirely his game, and destroy his usual position of advantage.

For a few minutes the flush of excitement destroyed the calm, balanced state of young Graham's mind. But he perceived this, and confined his moves to unimportant and safe ones, until his pulse beat more quietly, and now came the severest struggle yet.

"Now or never!" thought Graham, who readily acknowledged that it was a happy accident rather than skill to which he was indebted for his present decidedly advantageous position.

For nearly a half an hour both parties continued to play with such caution that but a single piece was taken; but now each seemed determined to bring the game to an issue, and soon the board had on it nothing but four kings—two of each. Just at this time Anna came to the window, and seeing the position of affairs, turned pale, and felt a sensation of faintness; but she was riveted to the spot. The mother's interest, too, had become excited, and she came to the door and stood also looking upon the board. The old man sat with his hand to his mouth, fingering his lips, his usual position when deeply interested in his favorite game; and Graham leaned his head upon his hand, his countenance, though abstracted, indicating a sadness of feeling mingled with hope.

The four kings were near together, and each was evidently intent on reducing the number of the other to one, and then blocking that.

After studying and calculating moves for about five minutes, the old man cautiously passed one of his kings to another square. Quick as thought his antagonist made a move, and then with a long inspiration awaited the result.

"Jupiter!" again ejaculated the old man, closing his fingers tight upon his under lip. A long pause ensued, and at last the move was made.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Graham, in a loud voice, lifting his head suddenly from his hand. He gave a king for a king, and having the last jump, so alighted as to completely hem his remaining king—"block" the old man's only remaining king,—thus winning the game at the last extremity. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" he cried, and leaned back in an ecstasy of delight.

For a moment or two the old man seemed chagrined at his defeat, but he recovered himself quickly, and grasping the hand of Graham, said—

"Now my boy, you have fairly won her, and she is yours. Come here, pet," he said to Anna, who appeared at the door pressing in by her mother, "and name your wedding day."

It is needless to tell how Anna blushed, or how her little heart leaped for joy in her bosom. It is of more moment to say, that in one month the "twain were made one flesh."

After the knot had been tied, and the young folks were full of noisy merriment, Mr. Woodruff said to his new-made son—

"And now, can you tell, John, why I made you beat me at draughts before I would let you have my little pet there, who looks happier, and I hope is happier than I have ever seen her before?"

"Indeed I do not," said the young man seriously. "I always felt it to be a piece of uncalculated cruelty to us both."

"There you were mistaken, my boy," replied the old man smiling. "You have one defect of character, and I saw it. You distrust your own powers. It was but one week before you asked me for Anna's hand, that, in a conversation, you told me that you could not do a certain thing. It involved difficulty and application, but still it was necessary that you should do it, or trust to some one else to do it for you, who would then have it in his power to deceive you. I determined then, that as soon as you asked for my child, I would put your love and your powers of mind both to a test, and prove to you that you could do any thing in the range of human capacity, if you tried. Have I not succeeded in showing to you that 'I can't' are words not to be used in your dictionary?"

The young man looked his monitor in the face with silent surprise—and the latter added,

"And now, my dear boy, I trust that you will never again doubt your natural ability when brought in comparison with the natural powers of another. Patience and perseverance will surmount all obstacles. Make these your companions, and you will fast rise in intelligence, influence and usefulness, above the crowd who are content to be ignorant."

IF I WERE HE.

If I were a farmer, I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, clothe and feed my family well, take care of my stock, take a fair price for my produce, and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I were a lawyer, I would not charge a poor man five dollars for a few words of advice.

If I were a physician, I could not have the conscience to charge as much as they do for feeling the pulse, extracting a tooth, taking a little blood, or administering a dose of calomel and jallap.

If I were a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and not undersell or injure my neighbors. I would sell at a moderate profit, and give good weight and measure, and deal as honest as possible.

If I were a mechanic, I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my business, refrain from visiting taverns and grog-shops, when I promised a man to have his work done by a time, I would endeavor to be punctual.

If I were a young buck, with long hair, I would not cut as many ridiculous capers as some of them do, playing with their watch chains, flourishing with their rattans, strutting and making a great noise with their high-heeled boots, (probably not paid for,) and making remarks on plain and worthy people. They render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the sensible and unassuming.

If I were a young lady, I would not be seen spinning street yarn every day, ogling this young fellow, nodding at another, and giving sweet smiles to a third—sometimes having three holes in one stocking and two in 't'other.

If I were a lover, I would be true to the object of my affections, treat her with the greatest tenderness, and never let her conduct towards another excite jealousy in my breast. But should she ever speak of me in terms of disrespect, or coolness, I would be off like a shot out of a shovel, and all her arts could not again betray me.

If I were an old bachelor, I would make every exertion in my power to get married, and, if I failed, I would buy a rope and hang myself.

And, finally, Messrs. Printers, if I were one of your useful and respectable professions, I never would refuse publishing pieces like this.

THE WAY TO WORK IT.

Mr. Drew, the editor of the "Maine Cultivator," published at Hallowell, in that State, gives the following account of his own husbandry. His farm is not a very extensive one, but his net income from it is greater than that of some of our farmers, who almost starve on their three or four hundred acres:

"The editor actually cultivates but a single acre of land, but that he does cultivate, and makes it yield all that land can yield. Nor, small as the quantity is, is the amount of subsistence obtained from it unimportant in the support of a large family. One third of an acre he devotes annually to corn—the long-eared, large celled, eight rowed yellow corn, that is not very early, and not very late. With him, it has ripened every year for the last ten years that he has cultivated it. The soil he makes rich. He applies to it, before ploughing, at the rate of eighteen or twenty cords of long manure to the acre, (or six to the third of an acre) and turns it under by the plough. He plants the hills three feet and a half apart one way and three the other—exactly by measurement with a line. In each hill he deposits either a shovelful of old rotted hog manure, or as much slight manure as will not over stimulate the crop. From this third of an acre he has raised on the average for years, over thirty bushels of sound Corn for grinding, besides a little pig corn for the hogs in the fall of the year. This is as much corn as he needs in his family, besides a sufficient surplus for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same land, he ordinarily obtains some two or three hundred pumpkins, which serve important purposes in the family, besides being an excellent article for boiling up with the hogs' potatoes, giving cow, &c. From the same land, too, he has generally obtained all the dry white beans he has needed in his family to go with his pork—which he raises by the avails of his land, without purchasing of others. The fodder is carefully cut and cured, and helps as a subsistence for the cow. So much for one third of an acre.

A small portion of land is set apart for the cultivation of onions. Ordinarily, he has raised from fifty to seventy five bushels on a bed, say half a dozen rods square. These he sells, on the average, at one dollar per bushel—say for \$60 per year. This purchases his flour and rye at common prices. So that from the first third of an acre, and in an onion bed, he raises all his bread—brown and white.

On two other beds, he grows generally about fifty bushels of Mangel Wurtzel and Carrots. These are for the cow's winter provender. They more than pay for themselves in the milk and butter—to say nothing in the saving of hay and other provender. With a very little hay, together with the fodder and roots, a good cow—and he finds it economy always to keep the best—may be kept through the winter.

Potatoes for summer and autumn use, are planted on the margins, and wherever there is a vacant chance for a hill, and a department is expressly devoted to them large enough to raise all that are wanted for the table, and enough to spare for the hogs, &c.

Then the rest of the land is devoted to to many things to mention here—beets, parsnips, cabbage, turnips, green beans, peas, green corn, cucumbers, melons, squashes, summer and winter sorts, &c., besides fruits and flowers of various kinds—grapes, raspberries, currants, white, red, black and yellow; English and common gooseberries—and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach and quince trees. All this from a single acre, which he cultivates mostly with his own hands.

NATIVE CASTOR OIL.—We were not aware till very lately of the extent to which this article is manufactured in Illinois.—A Thousand Barrels are annually made in Randolph county, as we have recently been informed. Castor beans are cultivated to considerable extent in other counties in the southern part of the state, but what quantity of oil is manufactured we are unable to say. Twenty bushels to the acre, are considered an average yield, and sell at from \$1 to \$1.25 per bushel. They are thought to be a good preparatory crop for the different grains as they leave the soil in a good state, without in the least exhausting it. This article has one advantage over most other productions: the greater part of the work of harvesting can be done by children, without interfering with the ordinary operations of a farm. Great care, however, must be used in drying and shelling or other outbuildings are requisite for this purpose. The season so far south as Randolph county, our informant states, is about two weeks in advance of its coming in this latitude, and the cold of autumn delayed two weeks longer. He gave it as his opinion that, in consequence of this, the beans would not have sufficient time to come to maturity here. But if the season be somewhat shorter the growth of vegetation is more rapid when it commences, and no doubt is entertained by those conversant with the subject, that our climate is well adapted to this production.

Some people are apprehensive that if the cultivation of the castor bean were introduced generally throughout the state, no market could be found for the oil, and imagine that a thousand barrels even, the produce of a single county, would be sufficient to physic the world. This is a mistake. Till very lately it has been imported from Europe for medicinal purposes, and we believe is yet to some extent. But when this want is supplied, large quantities of it will be consumed as a substitute for sperm oil, the price of which is yearly increasing, in consequence of the destruction or disappearance of the whales from which it is obtained. To clarify castor oil is a very simple process, and then it is said to give a clearer light than sperm, and to be entirely free from offensive smell.

A LIE ON OLD MAIDS.—A lonely old spinster, in one of the eastern towns, one day walked out into a grove to pray for that which forty years of simpering and smiling had failed to obtain for her, viz: a husband. Kneeling down with reverence, she began to offer up her petition, when an owl perched upon a tree over her head, cried out, "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" She, believing that her prayers were about being answered, exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotions of gratitude and joy, "Any body, good Lord."

A CURIOSITY.—In nothing have we, for a long time, seen those yankee peculiarities—ingenuity, and skill—so fully brought into exercise as in the case of the manufacture of an article that has been exhibited to us this morning. It consists of a beautiful handkerchief, of a rich material, which we take to be silk, upon which is traced a map of the United States; all the States, the principal rivers, towns, &c. are designated, and it cannot but be a useful article if brought into general use.—*Balt. Pat.*

To ascertain the length of the day and night, at any time in the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night; double the time of his setting, which gives the length of the day.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.—Two most beautiful Rcan horses, with manes and tails as white as snow, passed thro' Wilmington, Del., on Monday, on their way to Washington. They were from New York, and intended as a present to President Tyler.—*Phila. Gazette.*

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.—Well, Pat, did you present that bill for payment, which I gave you this morning?
Yes, your honor.
Well, what was the gentleman's answer?
Evasive, your honor.
Evasive! what do you mean?
Why, your honor, he said 'he'd be d—d if he would pay it.

LAWYER PREACHER AND PREACHER-LAWYER.—The Rev. David O. Shattock, a Preacher and a Lawyer, is a candidate for the office of Governor of Mississippi. By the constitution of this State, and we believe, by that of Mississippi, a minister is ineligible to any civil office. But if preaching be an appendage to another profession the man is not, therefore disqualified. The eligibility then turns upon the point which is the chief profession, whether the man is a Lawyer preacher, or a Preacher lawyer. If he practices law, and preaches only occasionally, then he is eligible. But if he preaches regularly, and only practices law occasionally, then he is not eligible.—*Port Herald.*