

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

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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 notify a discontinuance 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 cull'd with care."

"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

My gentle girl! my loved—my own
What'er in life befall—
To me come weal or woe, the fates
I'll mock at and deride;
I would not care, at me were all
Their shafts of malice thrown,
So long as thee, dear girl, I call
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be maidens, lovel, on earth
More fair than even thou;
And noble dames, of loftier birth
Than thine, there are, I trow—
But yet, my own dear girl! above
The queen upon the throne
I prize, and thy gentle love—
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be those of higher state
And richer than are thine;
It might be thought thy wealth were great,
That greater far were mine;
But who could richer treasure find;
More priceless gems be shown,
Than thine the jewels of the mind!—
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may those more deeply skill'd
Than thou in many lore;
There may be heads 'e'en better fill'd
With useful learning's store,
Yet learned enough for me thou art;
Nor learning hast alone,
But a warm and true and gushing heart,
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be those by others deemed
More beautiful than thou;
But none to me have ever seem'd
So worthy Love's pure vow;
Though many a form, with beauty warm
And loveliest face I've known,
Yet none to me, 'thou canst be
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

TO DANDIES.

Ye mincing, squinting, smoked face pretty things
With corsets laced as tight as fiddle strings,
Choked as a toad, and siple as a cat,
About the waist D sharp, the pate B flat,
Ye cringing, super-servicable, heartless slaves,
Ye self complacent, brainless, headless knaves,
Ye lizard looking apes, with cat fish gills,
Ye scoundrels, go and pay your Tailor's Bills.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE ORDEAL.

ON THE TRIUMPH OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

"I shall certainly never forgive him; on that I am determined," said Mrs. Walsingham, as she folded up a letter she had just received from her only son.

"Of course not, my dear friend," said her companion, (a young lady of demure aspect, and of that age which Byron has pronounced to be of all ages, the most uncertain) "a due regard to your own character for consistency, and your duty to society, alike demand that you should not suffer so flagrant an instance of disobedience to pass unpunished."

"And yet Rebecca, he is my only child, and it is hard to resolve never to see him again."

"It may be hard, but it is, nevertheless, your duty; and I am sure you will not shrink from performing it. Filial disobedience is a crime of the darkest die, and one which should be frowned upon by all respectable people."

"But in Henry's case, there are so many extenuating circumstances; you know this match was planned by his poor father, and that although, I had never seen the young lady, I did not oppose till I became acquainted with you, my love—and felt how much it would add to my happiness to have you become my daughter."

"And to increase your happiness, I would have overcome my repugnance to marriage, though heaven knows the sacrifice would have been a most painful one."

"I appreciate your affection, my dear Rebecca; and it makes my son's conduct, in refusing to give up a childish engagement for my sake, appear the more inexcusable. No, I am determined I will never see either him or the foolish girl he has made his wife," and Mrs. Walsingham, without another glance, consigned to the flames the letter which had given rise to the above conversation.

Henry Walsingham was the only son of a gentleman of high respectability, and of considerable talent. Mr. Walsingham had been bred to the bar, but having married a wealthy Southern heiress, he had abandoned his profession, and retired to a beautiful estate he possessed in the neighborhood of Richmond. It was, however, the first wish of his heart that his only son should become a distinguished lawyer, and accordingly, after completing his collegiate studies, Henry was placed with a professional gentleman—an early friend of his father. Mr. Longford was a widower, with an only daughter, whose beauty and amiability soon attracted the regards of her father's pupil. An uninterrupted intercourse of several years, produced a strong mutual attachment, which was encouraged by both fathers—and a day was already appointed for the marriage of the young couple, when their happiness was interrupted by the sudden death of Mr. Walsingham.

Henry arrived at home only in time to receive his father's last blessing, and his marriage being of course, postponed, he accompanied his mother on a visit to her relatives in Charleston. Here he left her, and returned to his professional pursuits, and to the society of his affianced bride.

When Mrs. Walsingham, after an absence of several months returned to her home, she was accompanied by a young lady, a distant relative, who had contrived to render herself so useful and agreeable, that the lone widow found it impossible to part with her. Weak and vain, Mrs. Walsingham was an easy dupe to any one who would be at the pains to flatter her, and Rebecca Thornton soon acquired an unlimited influence over her mind. This influence she endeavored to turn to the most profitable account; and not satisfied with securing to herself a comfortable home with her, she aspired to be the wife of her son. With this view, she redoubled her attentions, and while she seemed to desire only the happiness of her friend, she led her, by imperceptible degrees, to the very point she wished.

It became the earnest desire of Mrs. Walsingham to break off the projected marriage of her son, and to promote his union with her protégée. This, however, she found it impossible to accomplish. The idea of marrying a woman fully ten years his senior, seemed to Henry so absurd that at first, he could not believe his mother was in serious proposing it. When at last convinced that she was in earnest, he firmly but respectfully refused to comply with her wishes with regard to Miss Thornton, or even to break his engagement with Rose Longford.

Aware of the weakness of his mother's character, and attributing her present conduct to what he trusted would be the short lived influence of her companion, Henry did not apprise either Mr. Longford or Rose of Mrs. Walsingham's wishes, and his marriage with the latter took place within a year after the death of his father. Soon after this event he wrote to his mother offering her a visit, and begged that she would not attribute his conduct to any want of respect or affection for herself. This letter would have softened his parent's heart had it not been for the baleful influence of Miss Thornton; who, in addition to the mercenary and selfish motives which had originally prompted her conduct, was now animated by a malignant desire to be revenged on him who had scorned her alliance. By this time she had acquired such an ascendancy over the weak mind of Mrs. Walsingham, that the latter was actually afraid to act without consulting her wishes, and obtaining her approval. Henry was accordingly forbidden to enter his parental mansion, and the mother and son ceased to have the slightest intercourse with each other.

In a lofty bed chamber, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and luxury, lay Mrs. Walsingham, attended by a female slave, and apparently suffering under severe illness. A slight noise was heard at the door, and the physician entered the apartment. He advanced to the bedside, felt the pulse of the patient, and after conversing for a short time in a low voice, with the attendant, he left the room, and descended to the parlor. Here he found Miss Thornton, whose pale and agitated countenance indicated the anxiety of her mind.

"Well, doctor," said she, "how do you find my poor friend?"

"Very ill, ma'am; and unless she be better cared for, and my directions more strictly observed, I cannot answer for the result."

"But, doctor, you do not think her disease contagious, do you?"

"I fear it is, ma'am."

Miss Thornton's pale cheek assumed a still more livid hue, and her voice trembled as she requested the physician to assist her in procuring a conveyance to the neighboring town. The doctor fixed on her a look of surprise, not unmixed with horror, as he replied,

"Why, ma'am, you surely would not think of leaving your friend in this situation, to the care of menials?"

"Ah, my dear sir, self preservation, you know, is our first duty. Besides, I have other friends, and I owe it to them to take care of my health."

"I thought, madam, I had heard you say to Mrs. Walsingham, that you had no friend in the world but her. However, I have no right to interfere with your arrangements, except so far as I deem it my duty to tell you that the life of my patient depends on the strict observance of my directions," and the doctor quitted the room, leaving Miss Thornton to manage her departure from the infected mansion, as she best could.

Dr. Bland was sitting alone in his office on the evening of the day he had visited Mrs. Walsingham, meditating on her situation, and endeavoring to devise some means of procuring that attendance which he knew to be necessary for the preservation of her life. He was an old friend of the Walsingham family, and his feelings were much interested in behalf of the desolate woman, who in the midst of affluence, was left without a friend to minister to her necessities. It was impossible to procure a nurse; for the lover by which Mrs. Walsingham had been attacked, had spread through the neighborhood, and created universal consternation.

The good physician was ruminating over all these discouraging circumstances, when the sound of carriage wheels arrested his attention. They stopped at his own door, and he hastened to receive his visitors.—These consisted of a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom was apparently well known to the worthy doctor, for he shook him heartily by the hand. After half an hour of private conversation, the gentleman departed, leaving his female companion under the charge of Dr. Bland.

When the worthy physician paid his final visit for that day at Walsingham grove, he was accompanied by a young female, whom he introduced to the domestics as a nurse who had come to take care of their mistress. He found Mrs. Walsingham much worse, indeed, in a state which forbade the indulgence of hope. Having, however, established the new nurse by the bedside of his patient, and giving particular directions respecting her treatment, the doctor returned to his other patients, satisfied that let matters result as they might, his duty had been performed.

The night was dark and stormy, and the little light which was admitted into the sick chamber, served only to make its gloom apparent. The patient tossed restlessly to and fro, and it was with difficulty that the young nurse could administer the restoratives which had been prescribed.

Her soothing voice, however, seemed to have some influence with the sick woman, and towards morning her restlessness abated, and she sunk into a perturbed slumber, from which she did not awake till the doctor came to pay his morning visit. He found her symptoms rather better than on the preceding evening, but she was still extremely ill, and entirely bereft of reason. For more than a week she continued in this state, and during this time her devoted nurse hardly left her bedside, and all the sleep she obtained, was taken in a large arm chair, which had been placed in the room for her accommodation. On the evening of the seventh day, the fever subsided, and Mrs. Walsingham awoke from a long sleep, weak and exhausted indeed, but perfectly free from delirium.

"Rebecca," she said, in a feeble voice, "are you here? why, who is this?" she added, as the sweet, low tone of her new attendant replied to her question.

"That you already have, my young friend; I feel for you all the affection of a mother, and you will stay with me and be to me a daughter."

"Oh, how gladly would I do so, but I cannot leave my husband and my child!"

"Have you a husband and a child, and left them both to come to me, to incur the risk of disease and death? What is the meaning of this—who are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham, looking wildly into the face of her attendant.

"I am the wife of your son," answered Rose sinking on her knees, "will you not forgive me if you will not restore my husband to his place in his mother's heart?"

Unable to speak, Mrs. Walsingham could only motion her daughter-in-law to rise, and clasping her to her breast, she sobbed out, "My daughter, my beloved child." A burst of tears relieved her oppressed heart, and she was soon able to listen to the explanation which the doctor, whose benevolent spirit was rejoiced at this scene, was ready to give.

"But why has not Henry been here?" said Mrs. Walsingham, as the doctor concluded; "surely he has not ceased to regard his mother, little as she may have deserved his affection?"

"Oh, no," answered Rose, "do not wrong him by such a suspicion; but our child demanded his care. We could not incur the risk of leaving him an orphan, and before I left my husband I obtained from him a promise that he would not venture within the reach of contagion, but would remain to watch over and protect our boy. I promised him," she added, "that I would win him back his mother's heart."

"And you shall keep your promise, my sweet child; at least you shall give him as much of it as you choose to part with, for I have given it entirely up to you," said Mrs. Walsingham, as she embraced her new found daughter.

In a few days, Dr. Bland's permission being obtained, Mrs. Walsingham accompanied her daughter on her return home, and from that time she resided with her children, finding in their society and in that of her lovely grandchild, as much of happiness as in this sublimity state it is permitted us to enjoy. Rebecca Thornton returned to the obscurity from which she had been raised by her benefactress, mortified by the failure of her ambitious schemes, and by being compelled to return to her former associates, in the state of singleness desired to emerge. She made one effort to regain her place in the esteem of her former patroness, by writing her a long letter, in which she attributed her having left her during her illness, entirely to a conviction that it was her duty to preserve her own health, though in doing so she had done the utmost violence to her feelings, which would have impelled her to remain to watch over her beloved friend. Rendered wise by suffering, Mrs. Walsingham was not to be imposed upon by this shallow sophistry, but in replying to Miss Thornton's letter, after complimenting her on the ease with which she sacrificed feelings which most persons found it difficult to control, informed her that for the future her own views of duty would induce her to bestow her affection upon her children, and that, happily in this case, her feelings and sense of propriety were not in conflict.

PHILOSOPHERS STONE.—The eccentric John Randolph, in one of his erratic speeches in the Senate of the United States, exclaimed, "Mr. President, I have discovered the Philosopher's Stone. It consists in these four plain English monosyllables: Pay as you go!"

There is much instruction contained in these few words, and they would afford an appropriate text for an occasional sermon. "Pay as you go." How much individual distress might be avoided by the strict observance of this maxim; but few of us alas! do observe it. It is too much the practice to pay when you can, to "pay as you go," and hence the many troubles which harass and perplex us in our pilgrimage through life. If every man was governed by the maxim "pay as you go," there would be no cry of hard times—there would be no dodging of sheriffs and constables, or shunning creditors. There would be no necessity for banks, which, according to the doctrines of the loose fives, eat up the substance of the poor and make them the slaves of the rich. True democratic liberty would be restored, and every man would be free as the air he breathes; judges, lawyers, sheriffs and sheriff's officers would have no longer fatten upon the imprudence or misfortunes of their fellows, "Pay as you go," and many of the crimes which disgrace humanity, and bring affliction upon families, would be banished from our fair land. But above all the publishers of newspapers, who have been the great sufferers by the neglect of subscribers to observe this golden rule, would be greatly benefited. Its observance would infuse into them new life and vigor, and inspire them with new energies to enlighten the public mind and keep the people from following the delusions of loco focism.—Such we are sure would be its influence upon us.

CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE.—Fifty years ago, coffee was hardly known as an article of commerce in South America. Now Brazil alone produces the enormous quantity of 135,000,000 of pounds, or nearly one half of what annually finds its way into foreign markets, from all quarters of the globe.

ABSTRACTIONISTS.—This is a term that has been much used of late, and refers to a set of men, whose views upon many questions, which should be regarded only in a plain, business like way, are of a very sublimated and impracticable kind. There are men in Congress who belong to this class of persons, and the soil of Virginia and the South generally are said to be more prolific of them, than any other quarters of the country. Not only the utter uselessness of these characters, but also the disadvantage and injury they are, to whatever political party they may belong, have been strikingly shown by recent proceedings in Congress. The following admirable remarks upon the subject of Abstractions, are taken from the Richmond Whig, and will afford some insight into the characteristics of these individuals:

As to Abstractions—we like an Abstraction as well as any man living—but it should be in season. Take it of a leisure afternoon or a holiday—and nothing can surpass it. It is delicious. It thrills the mental sensorium—it sharpens the wit and subtilizes the intellect. But thrust it forth into the rough and bustling avenues of business and every day life, and it is as much out of place, as Mr. Jefferson said Gen. Jackson would be in the Presidential Chair. It has no congeniality, no adaptation for the work-a-day concerns of life—it shrinks from them like the sensitive plant from a rude touch. Its sphere is seclusion and quiet—in the closet of the Dreamer, or along the sequestered, velvet walks of the Poet.

Some politicians, who have made themselves ridiculous in the public eye, by over-much refining—and others—selfish and unprincipled—who, under the shield of affected purism, have never scrupled to perpetrate any political atrocity, which might redound to their aggrandizement—have sought to confound Principles and Abstractions. There are no two things so nearly allied, more distinct in their nature and attributes—unless it be a horse-chesnut and a chesnut-horse.

An Abstraction is a disembodied Principle. A Principle is vital, active, pro-creative, and always leads to results—Utter sterility is of the very essence of an Abstraction—when it loses this distinctive feature, it ceases to be itself. Universal equality in an Abstraction—The greatest good to the greatest number is a Principle. If you were to put the Government into the hands of a set of pure Abstractionists, they would (as the saying is) "run it into the ground" in less than a fortnight, or prove recreant to their professions. Each one would have his own abstraction—and all would concur, only in one thing—in repudiating every thing practical. If they could not compass the extremity of good, they would take nothing—deeming nothing short of the greatest good tantamount to the greatest evil. They are a rare generation—and as there is no procreancy about them, they must die out before long. Another crop may arise at some distant day by spontaneous parturition, or like the armed men of Cadmus, from Dragon's teeth.—But the probability is, that the present age will sustain but little more detriment from them.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ERIE.—There were, as may be supposed, not a few Providential escapes from the danger which befel even the survivors of the dreadful destruction of the Erie.

A gentleman from the East was on his way to the boat in company with three others, when he accidentally met a friend with whom he had some business to transact. His baggage had gone on, and he very reluctantly consented to recall it, and remain for the next boat. This circumstance, so annoying at the time, may have saved his life.

Another gentleman, who with his wife took the packet at Rochester, hearing, when he reached Lockport, that the Erie was to leave in the afternoon, left the packet, and took the cars, with the hope of reaching Buffalo in season. He just reached the city in time to see the Erie shove out into the Lake!

We learn that a gentleman and lady from this city went on board the Erie to return home; but upon learning the name of the boat, the lady refused to remain on board, as several accidents had before happened her. Their baggage was, consequently, removed, and their lives saved.

Two gentlemen from Essex county were at the boat when she was ready to start, but by some fortunate blunder, their baggage was not sent down from their hotel. They were obliged to stay back, much to their annoyance at the time, but to their great joy since.—Detroit Ado.

Scarcely any catastrophe, so extensively fatal as that of the Erie, can occur, without leaving for record instances of remarkable escape. One with reference to the Lexington now occurs to us. A friend of ours, a merchant, started from this city with a neighbor of his, upon some business expedition to the East. The steamboat to New York was detained a few minutes longer than usual; and the Lexington, lying a short distance, was on the point of departure. Our friend seized his trunk, and jumped into a carriage, with a view of outstripping his friend. The latter took a carpet bag, and ran across the wharves and upon our friend arrived, and jumped from his carriage, the Lexington had shoved off. His friend spoke a farewell to him over the side—it was his last adieu. Our friend went into the hotel in a bad humor enough.

But when he learned the fate of the boat and of his former companion, he was as much shocked as were the passengers of the Lexington when the first cry of the fire was raised.—U. S. Gaz.

A RIVER ON FIRE.—It can no longer be doubted that the Alabamians are waking up, as it will appear, by the following article, that they have succeeded in setting their principal river on fire!

THE TOMBIKON RIVER ON FIRE.—While Mr. J. M. Cooper was prosecuting the removal of McGrew's Shoals, after boring to the depth of 375 feet, his auger suddenly dropped and entirely disappeared. In the space of some several moments a deep hollow sound was heard, resembling the rumbling noise of distant thunder from the chasm below, and at the same instant gushed forth from the shaft thus made a clear, transparent, oleaginous substance or liquid, which boils up very similar to the effervescence of a boiling pot; which owing to the sluggishness of the current, has gradually diffused itself over the whole surface of the river. A quantity has been collected, and upon application of fire, it is found to burn equal to the present sperm oil.

To gratify curiosity and make further tests, fire has been applied to the oil on the water, and the whole surface of the river is now burning, emitting a flame of the most beautiful appearance, about 6 inches high, and has already extended about half way down to Fort Stoddard; the reflection of which upon the horizon at night, presents a most sublime spectacle, far surpassing in grandeur and beauty of appearance the Aurora borealis.—Mobile Journal.

HYDROPHOBIA, OR CANINE MADNESS.—The Buffalo Commercial publishes the subjoined "notices given in the newspapers of the 23 of June, 1841, by the Committee of Salubrity, in Paris:" 1st. Any person bitten by a mad dog or any other animal, should immediately press with the two hands all around the wound, so as to make the blood run freely and extricate the slaver. 2d. Wash the wound with a mixture of alkali and water, lemon juice, lye, soap, salt water, urine, or even pure water.—During the time of pressing and washing the wound, warm a piece of iron in the fire and apply it deeply to the said wound—Mind that the said piece of iron is only heated so as to be able to cauterize—that it must not be red hot. These precautions being well observed, are sufficient to preserve from the horrid effects of hydrophobia, and every one should keep them in their mind.

YANKEE INGENUITY.—The laughter loving editor of the N. E. Review, says that on a trip to Alabama, he stayed all night at one of the hotels near the river.—He went to bed, but was soon awakened by an army of beg bugs, who made a fierce and simultaneous attack upon him, "front, flank and rear!" Coward like, he fled to the middle of the floor, and secured a blanket and a pillow, and bivouacked there for the remainder of the night. Here they charged on him again, and routed him completely. He roared lustily for Boniface, and begged him to send up a pint of molasses. This was done—when his quillship proceeded very deliberately to draw a circle on the floor, with the molasses, about ten feet in diameter. After shaking himself on the outside of the magic ring, he ventured within it, and slept quietly till morning! This is probably the tavern at which a traveller on retiring to rest in the evening, discovered a bed-bug in the corner of the fire-place picking his teeth with a poker.

Ingenious, that's certain. But the bed bugs must have been stupid. If they had half as much gumption as some we have heard of, they would have climbed up the wall, and when fairly over head upon the ceiling, "let go." In such case, the Yankee would have found it convenient to "stand from under," notwithstanding his molasses rampart.

A RAVENOUS ANIMAL.—The Baltimore Clipper states that "about dusk on Tuesday evening, a very large sow seized upon a small boy, about 8 years old, the son of Mr. Timothy Donovan, living at the corner of Forrest and Douglas streets, who was eating a piece of water melon, and dragged the child into the street, bruising it severely; a colored man rescued the child, but immediately the attack was renewed by the sow, who was again and again beaten off by the bystanders, until the father of the child was obliged to kill the sow before the child could be finally rescued. Several of the persons present laid hold of the sow, and it was with the greatest difficulty she could be held until she was stabbed with a knife and killed on the spot."

A TEMPERANCE INCIDENT.—The New Bedford Register states that a few days since, a dealer in ardent spirits, having resolved on relinquishing the business, but being poor and unable to bear the loss of his stock on hand, was waited on by a deputation of the Washington Total Abstinence Society, who offered to take all his liquors off his hands. They were removed from his shop, and placed in the street, and at 12 o'clock, the hour appointed, a number of persons assembled, and the Vice President of the Society, after some remarks appropriate to the occasion, proceeded with an axe to knock in the heads of four casks containing the liquor, consisting of rum, brandy, gin, and wine, and it was suffered to flow into the gutter.