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."

From Graham's Magazine.

THE WILDWOOD HOME.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Oh! show a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody,
As she lifts the soft fringe from her dark blue eye,
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that over her bosom lie,
Are bright as the gems above.

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds from the sunny glade,
Sit nodding amongst the flowers.
While the holy child of the mountain spring,
Steals past with a murmur'd song,
And the wild bee sleeps in the bells that swing
Its garlanded banks along.

And spotted fawns, where the vines are twin'd,
Are dancing away the hours,
With feet as light as the summer wind
That hardly bends the flowers.
Where day steals away with a young bride's blush,
To the soft, green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush,
Her curtains of gossamer light.

The seraph that hides in the hemlock dell,
Oh! sweetest of birds is she,
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.
Where Nature still gambols in maiden pride
By valley and pine-plumed hill,
Hangs glorious wreaths on each mountain side,
And dances in every rill.

There are glittering mansions with marble walls,
Surmounted by mighty towers,
Where fountains play in the prefumed halls,
Amongst exotic flowers;
They are fitting homes for the haughty minds,
Yet a wildwood home for me,
Where the pure, bright waters, the mountain-winds,
And the bounding hearts are free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

What Makes a Beauty?

BY SKETCHER.

"And so, Frank, you will have none other than a beauty for your wife!"

"A woman of common personal appearance shall never call me husband. No! she to whom I give my hand must possess something more than that—nay a good deal more."

"Indeed."

"Yes—indeed. She must have features the most regular that ever nature cut; a skin white as the driven snow; eyes as dark, and sparkling, as the Gazelle's; hair black as the raven's wing; lips finely chisselled, of ruby red; and a form tall, and stately, yet graceful as that of the Gazelle."

"Ha, ha, ha! Methinks, my good friend Frank, that you will have to search in the world of romance for your "sweetest of life;" you will find it a somewhat hard matter to come across such a one in this sphere of realities."

"If I do not, then I will *never* marry."

"Pshaw! you will not, eh?"

"No, I will not."

"Then you do not believe that a woman can be charming, and not possess Gazelle eyes, ruby lips, and so forth!—that an intelligent, and cultivated mind can beautify, and light up common-place features, until they become bewitching—that an amiable temper and gentle heart, can surround her with a loveliness more irresistible than the most exquisite personal charms!"

"I do not."

"I once believed so myself, Frank, and yet you know my wife's beauty is not of the most glaring description. I would wager almost any thing that, like your humble servant, you marry a woman of ordinary personal attractions, after all your assertions to the contrary."

"Never Ned."

"Well, we'll see in time. I was going to ask you to go with me to-night, that I might introduce you to a witching little fairy, whom I had set my heart upon getting you to marry. But it's of no use now. You wouldn't look at her. Alas! for my first attempt at match-making.—Good bye."

The above was a conversation between two young men. Frank Chesterton, and Edward Carroll, bosom friends. They were both men of fortune. The latter was, as we have seen, married; his wife, as he expressed it, did not possess personal "beauty of the most glaring description," yet was he rich in her, for she possessed that higher merit, beauty of mind. Many a young lady of his acquaintance—and some of those too, who were accounted lovely—would have been glad to have called the handsome Frank Chesterton husband. But none of them, however, dazzling, approached his exalted notions of beauty. They all alike appeared to him common-place. Why was this? It was a question he had never fully considered, and therefore answering himself at random, concluded that it was want of more perfect contour of features instead of a more beautiful expression—a more pleasing countenance—the loveliness of which seems to depend upon the sweetness of the mind.

A few evenings after the foregoing conversation Frank went to a party at the house of a lady of the first circle in society, named Mrs. Roland. Many were the bright glances shot from sparkling eyes toward him, but he gave no more attention than what politeness required. He was not cold, or uncivil, for urbanity was natural to him, but he paid his attentions in such a manner, that they could not be mistaken for aught more than those of friendship. Having a kind word, and a warm smile for each, he glided from one to another, until at last he found himself beside a group of beaux at the upper end of the apartment. He could not see who it was they surrounded, but just then he heard a merry peal of laughter ring out from within the circle. The tone was of silvery sweetness, and he involuntarily stopped to listen. At that instant his hostess approached him, and perceiving his curious look, asked if he wished an introduction to the lady, who as she termed it, the bevy of gentleman was "monopolising." He assented, and at a word from Mrs. Roland the circle opened, and disclosed to Frank's view a vision of loveliness such as he had never beheld, in the shape of a young girl, apparently about of age. She appeared to be rather under the middle height; and her form though slight, was full of grace; her hair of golden hue fell in rich clusters down her snowy neck; and her eyes were of clear deep blue, and played and sparkled incessantly. Her features were not regular, but when gazing on her bewitching countenance one lost all recollection of their defects, so laughing and Hebe like was its expression.

"Miss Stanley, allow me to present to you, Mr. Chesterton," said Mrs. Roland,—and after a moment's conversation, she retired to another part of the room.

She was followed by a portion of the beaux who had surrounded Miss Stanley, and soon after the others dropped off, one by one,—so that eventually Frank was left alone with the fascinating stranger.

Frank was soon deep in a conversation with her; and he found that under the apparent light hearted gaity, flowed a strong current of that rare article in fashionable life, excellent common sense. She had, moreover, a heart alive to every warm and delicate emotion. There was no giddy trifling, no affectation in her words,—but what she said she seemed to feel, whether it excited her joyous laughter, or caused the crystal tear to dim her clear blue eye.

What was the matter with Frank Chesterton, that evening? Why did he follow the fascinating stranger whithersoever she moved? Why did he dwell upon her every look, and drink in each tone of her silvery voice? Why did he show attention to her, such as he never showed to mortal woman before? Could it have been that Cupid's arrow had found a sheath at last in his hitherto impenetrable heart? Alas! Frank!

When the party broke up he accompanied her to the carriage in waiting—and as he handed her into the vehicle, he asked—

"When shall I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Stanly again?"

"I shall be happy to have you call upon me at No. —, W—— street, any time after to morrow, as I expect to be out of town then," was her answer.

Frank bowed.

"Good evening," she said, with a sweet smile.

"Good evening," he responded, as the carriage rolled away.

"No. —, W—— street!" he muttered. "Why that is the residence of Ned Carrol's father-in-law. She must either have made a mistake, or else I heard her wrong. Yet it may be so, for she told me, she had been in the city but a week, and that she was from Baltimore. She told me she was staying at her uncle's;" can Mr. Norton be her uncle? However, I will ask Ned about it; though if it were Leon, I should have thought he would have informed me of it before. Yet, I will see him to morrow about it, for she is the most beautiful being I ever beheld."

Next day, according to his determination, Frank Chesterton called at his friend's house to make the intended inquiry—but Mr. and Mrs. Carrol were both out for the day. He had, therefore, to content himself for the present, with leaving his card, and wondering when he should again see the fair Baltimorean.

It was about noon on the following day, when he met his friend Carrol in one of the principal streets. They had hardly walked the distance of half a square together, and Frank was about to ask him respecting Miss Stanley; when she herself, accompanied by a middle aged lady, who appeared to be her mother, was seen approaching on the opposite side of the way.

"By heavens! is she not beautiful?" said Frank, with his eyes rivited upon her.

"Where?—who?" asked his friend.

"There—there," said Frank, still keeping his eyes upon her.

"That pretty actress, with the velvet bonnet?"

"No, no! A fig for the actress! The younger of those two ladies just behind her."

"Oh! I see."

"Is she not lovely?"

"*You* cannot certainly think so."

"I certainly do think so, Mr. Ned Carrol, and if you're an—"

"What!" said his friend interrupting him, "that rather plain looking young lady."

"I say she is not plain, sir. She's a sylph—an angel, a queen of beauty."

"Why that's Miss Stanley. *She* has'nt got the most regular features that ever nature cut," said his friend, with a most provoking smile.

"They're charming for all that."

"*Her* eyes are not dark and gazelle-like," continued Carrol.

"They're heavenly blue," said Frank.

"*Her* hair is not as black as the raven's wing."

"It is of most beautiful auburn."

"*Her* lips are not as finely chiselled as those of a Grecian statue."

"They're like torn rose leaves, though."

"Besides, *she* has not a tall and stately form."

"But she has a graceful one."

"You must admit that many of your female acquaintances are more perfect models,' continued his friend.

"Ah! yes, but then there is something winning about her they have not. Her mind is beauteous, and imparts a sweetness to her less finished person."

"Yes, yes, man, but then you know a woman cannot be charming without she possesses the most perfect charming contour of face and form.

"Pshaw!"

"Well, well, Frank, since I find you're becoming somewhat of a sensible fellow, why I'll even venture to introduce you as my friend, to my wife's little coz. So come on; and we will attend them home, if you please."

The ladies had just arrived opposite, and the gentlemen crossing over, were soon escorting them homeward.

Reader! I am not going to tire you with a long recital of love scenes—for if you have ever been in love you will know all about them, and if you have not you have no business whatever to know anything about it—so with your permission, I will briefly say that in a twelve month or so, subsequent to the events I have related, Mr. Frank Chesterton and Miss Ellen Stanley were united in the "silken bond that binds two willing hearts,"—this same Mr. Frank Chesterton having become thoroughly convinced that it is not perfect cantour of features only that makes a beauty; but pleasing countenance, in whose every lineament one can read of an intelligent and amiable mind.

YANKEES ABROAD;

Or,—the Vermont Schoolmaster.

The most contemptable and cowardly species of affectation that ever came under our observation, is that which leads a man born in the North or East to disclaim his birthplace, or even to attempt to conceal it, lest he should be called a "down Easter" or a "Yankee." Much more entitled to scorn are those who have sprung from a dunghill in some New England State, emigrated to the South, and then encourage the belief that they sprouted into existence on Southern soil, expressing at all times a thorough contempt for the "land of wooden nutmegs" as they are pleased to term the land of Lexington, Bennington, and Bunker Hill. One of this latter class of renegades was very pleasantly rebuked not long since, and so very effectually withal, that he will not be likely to forget the lesson for many years.

A gentleman of this city was traveling North by the regular stage through Alabama & Georgia. At a town in Georgia the coach stopped, for the purpose of giving the passengers a chance to swallow a hasty dinner. On leaving the table and lighting his cigar, preparatory to resuming his place in the coach, our friend found that a new passenger, belonging to the town, had taken the seat he had occupied ever since starting. The inside of the coach was thus completely filled. A drizzling rain had just set in, which promised to increase, in due time, to a very respectable shower. Sundry upsets of the stage, at no time very agreeable, and the fatigue of travel without sleep, had considerably encroached upon the good nature of our worthy traveller, and he did not feel at all inclined to surrender what he thought to be his right. It scarcely needed the rather arrogant air of the stranger, therefore, to bring him to a determination to make no concessions.

"My friend," said he, "I am sorry to disturb you, but that seat is mine."

"You are positive of that, are you?" replied the stranger, with rather a contemptuous smile.

"Pretty positive sir," said the other, surveying the interloper coolly.

"I regret to say that I can't help it," answered the stranger; "I have paid my fair to Augusta, and there is a strong probability that I shall go to Augusta, and in this seat too."

Our friend hesitated, for he was a cautious man. His first impulse was to try his own strength, in illustration of the doctrine "might makes right;" but an indisposition to quarreling, united with the consideration that the stranger appeared to be the strongest man of the two, and might prove victor in a personal contest, induced him to make application first to the stage agent, who stood in the vicinity.

"I believe I have a right to that seat," said he, "to Augusta. I have occupied it so far, and by the comity existing between the sovereignties of that little world, a stage coach, it aught not to be taken from me now. What is your opinion?"

"You have a right to the seat, and you shall have it," said the agent.

He was about to invite the usurper to take an outside passage, when a rough, good humored and intelligent countryman, who could see but little difference between an inside ride and the wind and rain with the congenial company of the driver, tendered the new comer his own seat, which he immediately vacated.

If there were symptoms of a storm outside, there were likewise symptoms of a storm inside: as the stranger gave way to the necessities of his situation surrendered his first seat, and took the one so generously offered him by the countryman. As he assumed his new seat a muttering about "d——d Yankee" was easily distinguished. A few auxiliary jolts of the stage aided in arousing his temper, and at last he broke out into a regular tirade against the universal Yankee nation.

"I hate the whole essence peddling set," said he to an easy tempered fellow by his side, "and always did; I never could sufficiently thank my stars that I was born and brought up south of the Potomac. They send out their meanest specimens to the South," continued he, "and in the proportion to their numbers, they always remind me of the vermin which overrun Egypt. One of the first and most useful lessons I ever learned was to damn a Yankee."

It would have been amusing to have watched the face of our traveller from New Orleans. He had very carefully surveyed the features of the stranger as he settled into his seat, and a smile gathered upon his lips which seemed to say he knew his man. He listened quite patiently to the denunciations of the other, and finally said, in a pleasant tone—

"You don't seem to like the Yankees?"

The stranger looked at him closely before he answered, for he scarcely liked the expression of his countenance; it might be friendly or it might not; for beneath its placidity there was something which slightly resembled a sneer. He replied briefly,

"No, sir; I do not."

"People's tastes will differ; there is no accounting for them. Your face, pardon me, sir—seems not unfamilliar to me. If the request be not considered too impertinent, I should like to be favored with your name."

"My name is Jones, sir."

"You are——"

"Cashier of the —— Bank."

"Exactly, I remember, and——"

"Alderman in the same town."

"Ay, come to remember," said our friend, scratching his head as though endeavoring to bring to memory something he had half forgotten. "I recollect having heard of you. *Did you not once teach a district school in the town of Pomfret, State of Vermont?*"

"Eh? Pomfret? No! yes, hey?"

"Yes, you remember," pursued his tormentor, as if not noticing his disturbance—"the old red school house up there on the hill; close by the big rock; the butternut woods in the rear. I taught in the district adjoining, you know. Let me see," said he, in a slow and thoughtful tone, and with imperturbable gravity, "I think our pay, that winter, was ten dollars a month, wasn't it? There was a proposition, you remember, to drum you out of town for——"

Our Alderman and Cashier could stand it no longer, but leaning forward to our New Orleans traveller, said fiercely,

"Who *are* you, *any how?*"

"Nobody in particular: merely one of those 'd——d Yankees,' of whom you spoke a minute ago."

There are those besides Falstaff who have considered "discretion the better part of valor." Long before the stage reached Augusta, there was not a more agreeable, sociable fellow in it, than the quandom Vermont Schoolmaster.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE FARMER.—The most honorable, the most useful, the most independent of men, is the well informed farmer, who cultivates his own soil and enjoys the advantages that health, competence and intelligence are sure to bestow.

There are trees so tall in Missouri, that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them—one looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

THE GIRL AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

As Kate went tripping up the town
(No lassie e'er looked prettier,)
An "unco' chiel" in cap and gown
(No mortal e'er looked grittier)
Accosted Kitty in the street,
As she was going to cross over,
And robb'd her of a kiss—the cheat!—
Saying—"I'm a *philosopher!*"
"A what?" said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over;
"Are you? Oh, *phi!*" and off she sped,
Whilst he bewailed the "*los-oph-her!*"

I.—If you have ever noticed the form of that capital letter I, you will have observed that there is a great deal of character about it. There is not another letter in the alphabet so distinguished. It is as upright as a dart, and as stiff as a poker—and then it infuses, as it were, its form into almost all other letters. This is I, is it not? I the type, very literally speaking, of that very consequential thing the human I. Take almost any man, and the first person singular is the god of his idolatry. Cæsar loved it, and showed his love when he wrote in the Senate, "I came, I saw, I conquered." In all conversations, I is the hero. He is lugged in through the whole catalogue of discourse, like the upright strokes in the letters of the alphabet. The meanest and most low witted person that ever appeared in the likeness of humanity has some little personal adventures in which he has figured, and which he can say "I did it." The ladies—bless their smiling faces—make great capital out of capital I. They keep him enshrined in their sweet mouths, and dance him eternally upon their tongues. Hear them talk of their household affairs, and you will find what I does. I attends to the house. I goes to market. I keeps every thing in order. I makes the pastry. I scolds the maids. I whips the children. I quarrels with the husband. I does every thing that is worth doing, and worth boasting about. Immortal I—all honor be to you, wherever you are! I say it.

General Rules don't apply in all cases. We once knew a man who was so careful not to give offence, that in speaking of general faults, he would qualify his remarks by saying, "present company excepted."—He chanced to be in company with some ladies, and spoke of an absent one as the ugliest person he ever saw, *present company excepted.*

Now this mistake was perhaps worse than that made by the boy, who was speaking of the greatest man he ever saw, was told by his mother he must always except their minister. A few days after, he rushed into the presence of his mother, and exclaimed, "Mother, I have seen the greatest hog down town that I ever saw, *except our minister.*"—*Galena Budget.*

NOT A MARRYING MAN.—The editor of the St. Louis Bulletin, who is an incorrigible bachelor, says that he is opposed to 'uniting the marrying with the printing interests'—as, during these hard times, he finds it as much as he can do to issue a *single sheet* without being bothered with *little extras.*

SWEARING.—Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man, who made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that men pay for swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Never.—Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusible, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the letcher his mistress; the satirist his revenge; the ambitious man, his preferments; the miser his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large, sells his soul for nought, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea; it is not the native off spring of the soul, not interwoven with the texture of the body; nor any how allied to our frame. For, as Tillotson expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and a paltry custom picked up by low and paltry spirits who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency, but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.—*Lamont.*

A Yankee Boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him one day by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny looking cheese, uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?" "O," said the grining friend, "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the yankee coolly putting it under his arm, "I'll just cut it at home then!"

USEFUL MACHINE.—The U. States Gazette gives an account of a machine invented by the late Mr. Otis of Philadelphia, for excavating the earth, and intended more particularly to be used in grading rail roads. It is stated in the Gazette that, with the aid of two men the machine will do the work of sixty.

TOUGH CABBAGE.—The reporter of the Boston Post tells the following story of a severe toper who was in the habit of coming home late at night and taking a cold bite, which his kind and forgiving wife used to set out on the table for him. One night besides the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a wash bowl filled with cups in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished when the staggering sot returned home, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time; but finally being unable to masticate them, he sang out to his wife—'Old woman, where did you get your cabbage? they are so confounded stringy, I can't chew them!' 'My gracions,' replied the good lady, 'if the stupid feller aint eating up all my caps that I put in starch over night.'

DEPRAVITY.—If there is one truth in scripture, which agrees more with universal experience than another, it is the fall. All men, who have gained a knowledge of the world, concur in having the worst opinion of human nature. The corruptions of the heart are like the impetuosity of an overwhelming flood; if they are dyked up on one side, they will overflow the opposite bank.

ILLUSTRATION OF EARLY LIFE.—The difference between rising at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 20,000 hours, or eight years 121 days 10 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years, so that it is the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we could command eight hours each day for the cultivation of the mind.

IRON AND COAL.—The Harrisburg Keystone says that the iron mines and manufactories of Pennsylvania already yield us more than $18,000,000 per annum, and our coal about $9,000,000 per annum. The coal mines of England, according to the same authority, yield 34,000,000 of tons annually while there never yet has been mined in Pennsylvania more than 3,000,000 a year.

The Nantucket Inquirer speaks, with well-founded alarm, of the success of one Monsieur Bread, of Havre, who is stated to have obtained some twenty quarts of good lamp oil from seventeen bushels of cockroaches.

From the Madisonian.

VETOES BY THE PRESIDENTS.—The exercise of the veto power is not an innovation, as many pretend. Washington resorted to it twice—Madison four times—Monroe once, and Jackson five times. It was exercised

By Gen. Washington,	April 5, 1792
do.	March 1, 1797
Madison,	Feb. 21, 1811
do.	" 28, "
do.	Nov. 6, 1812
do.	Jan. 20, 1815
Monroe,	May 4, 1822
Jackson,	May 31, 1831
do.	Dec. 6, 1831
do.	July 10, 1832
do.	Dec. 6, 1832
do.	" 1834

GOOD ADVICE AND TRUE.—The money paid for advertising, says a contemporary, should never form the least difficulty to a man who has any thing to gain. It should be to him as a mere drop of the ocean. A painter once asked a very wealthy merchant why he had not a better sign. "Ah, said he, I advertise. My neighbors have splendid signs, but they never bring as many customers as mine. Any one in the whole country may see my signboard. It is the printer and not the painter that has made my wealth."

JOHN B. RICHARDVILLE, the Principle Chief of the Miami Nation, died on the 13th ultimo, at his residence on the St. Mary's river, near Fort Wayne, in Indiana. He was about 80 years of age. He left about *two hundred thousand dollars* in specie, besides immense quantities of very valuable real estate By will he left his vast, fortune equally divided among his relations.—*Indiana Journal.*

THE ILL-FATED ERIE.—The Albany Advertiser says, that there was one deed of heroism on board this boat which should not be left unrecorded. A letter from Buffalo informs us that the Pilot stood to his post at the wheel, keeping the head of the steamboat to the shore, until he was *burned to death.* His name we believe was Luther Fuller.

"Hallo, Mr. Engine man, can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?" Stop the boat! what for?" "My wife wants to look at the biler; she's afraid of its bursting."

A LARGE LIFE PRESERVER.—The U. S. Ship Delaware is stated in the New York Express to have on board among other articles worthy of note, ten very long and large *life preservers*, capable of sustaining in the water more than fifty men, and the whole made to be lashed together in the form of a raft, so that should the ship founder, the crew may all be rescued from drowning at the time, and should other circumstances be favorable may all save their lives. This, we believe, is quite a modern improvement.