

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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WHOLE NO. 612.

Office of the Star & Banner
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THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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."

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY MRS. BORTON.

These touching lines refer to Mrs. Norton's separation from her husband.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breast.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears;
O'er the grass grown grave, were slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent these
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh, what shall part us now?

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIA:

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"I saw her in the morn of hope, in life's blissful spring,
A radiant creature of the earth just bursting on the wing;
Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.
Years came and went—we met again, but what a change was there!
The glassy calmness of the eye, that whisp'ring'd of despair;
The fitful flushing of the cheek, the lips compress'd and thin,
The clench of the attenuate hands, proclaim'd the strife within!"

Maria was in possession of all that birth and fortune could confer; she was the only daughter of affectionate parents. By whom her every wish was anticipated, and every delight bestowed; through the first eighteen years of her existence she had passed without a single care, without experiencing a single regret. Amiable as she was good, every one loved her—and Maria loved all that partook of that divine essence of virtue, from whose fountain her own heart had been supplied. Then she was happy—then she was innocent—but alas! the scene changed—a serpent nestled among the flowers of her path, and its poison vitiated all that was so lovely—destroyed forever the happiness of poor Maria!

I was present the very first night Maria saw Captain Sydenham; he had returned from the Peninsula full of glory and honor; his name rendered him welcome in every society, and his bland and courteous demeanor soon established him a favorite with all men, he was the fellow soldier, too, of Maria's brother—had experienced with him the perils of warfare, and with him returned to his native land to enjoy the reward of his dangers and his toils. I saw him on that eventful night, when he first entered the family circle at—, that family whose happiness he was destined to destroy—whose fairest object was to be the victim of his artifices, and to sink from her exultation down to the very lowest scale of misery. Never looked Maria so eminently beautiful as upon that night, she listened to the words of the warrior, and the tear pearls, starting from her eyelids, evinced the interest she felt in the narration, and more forcibly set off her natural pensive cast of her complexion. What breast could have harbored feelings of evil towards her? what heart could have cherished thoughts deadly to the purity and holiness of that spirit which

permeated her fragile frame? Sydenham was that man.

I marked the attention that was paid her—the gallantries which Sydenham exhibited—they were respectful, and the halting blushing girl, welcoming even while rejecting the incense that was offered at her shrine, evinced that her young heart was not indifferent to her admirer. On the night I parted with Maria; the next morning I quitted—, and returned to the metropolis.

Still the recollection of what had transpired the preceding night haunted me as I proceeded on my journey; the innocence of the blushing girl, and what to me appeared, the honorable admiration of Sydenham, served to excite a train of the most pleasurable reflections. I beheld in anticipation, Maria enjoying the love of her affectionate husband, and imparting that pure felicity to her own circle in later years, of which she was now a principle instrument in her father's. In this manner I passed away the time—but other thoughts soon erased the incident from my memory, and Maria and her lover were thought of no more.

Three years had elapsed since that period, when one winter's evening, as I was sitting alone in my drawing room, my servant announced that a strange looking female desired particularly to see me; she was represented as being in a state of complete destitution, and so feeble as scarce able to raise her foot upon the threshold of the door. Unable to conceive who the stranger could be, I descended to the hall, but in what terms can I express my feelings when I discovered in the person of the wretched wanderer—*Maria!* Maria, she whom I had once beheld enjoying the happiness of life—Maria, the innocent, the beautiful Maria, knowing no guile herself and dreaming not of guile in others—unacquainted with aught but good, believing no evil could exist in the feelings or imaginations of those with whom she was connected. Poor mistaken girl, she learned the bitter truth by sad experience—her pure spirit became vitiated—too truly she believed—too early was a victim!

The tale of Maria is soon told. Sydenham, the gallant Sydenham, was a villain—he won the heart of the guileless girl—he bore her way from her home of innocence—of happiness—and for a time she enjoyed the dream of felicity, but that dream soon vanished, and the dreadful reality of her situation became apparent. Too late she awakened to the delusion—too late she found her error—that she had been betrayed when she thought her happiness most secure; that her hopes had been placed upon a fragile reed, which, now that the storm and tempest of suffering burst upon it, broke, and all her joys were dispersed, and scattered away to the winds of heaven—perished, as though they had never been!

—Thus, thus too oft the traitor, man, repays fond woman's truth;

Thus blighting in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth;
And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest hearts must always suffer most!"

Sydenham was a gambler, and he expended the gambler's lust—he was ruined by his commission, and became a beggar, and Maria was forsaken;—she who had once drunk only of the bright cup of life, was now destined to pay the forfeit of her error, and to drag on her weary existence in shame, in penury!—The home of her father would even then have received her—a drooping mother even then would have welcomed back the wanderer—and her penitence have partially redeemed her crime. But the distracted girl dared not revisit the scenes of her innocence—she could not meet her father's eye,—she could not bear the gentle tones of her mother's voice—no, no, her heart was breaking, she was perishing—she could not now bear the meeting of her parents!

What had Maria left then—but to die? She was abandoned—was forlorn—she could not work—to beg she was ashamed. In this state, she sought my house; in this state of wretchedness she wandered through the sleet and snow of a winter's night childly, homeless, without a friend in the wide world to whom she dared apply for succor. It is impossible to describe her appearance—it was evident that her spirit was fast progressing to its last home and that ere long she would be mingled only with those that had once been. "Maria!" exclaimed I, in astonishment. The afflicted girl shriek'd at the mention of her name, and fell, in an agony of grief, upon the ground; tears prevented her utterance; she pressed my hand with fevered emotion—strove to express her sorrow—but her words were absorbed in her agony—her inspirations luried in her shame! She was immediately conveyed to a chamber, and every assistance procured that was conceived she needed. Imagining the fearful truth, I sent an express to her parents—they arrived but to receive the last words of the dying girl—to award to her their forgiveness—to press her once more in their aged arms—to kiss once more that pale cheek which had once bloomed so brightly—in sooth her, comfort her, pray for her! In the presence of the guilty is of avail—if the prayers of the righteous can absolve the errors of their suffering child—the spirit of Maria has been received to that blessed sphere, where neither care nor sorrow is known—where the spirit of innocence, purified from its earthly snare, rejoices again in all its brightness—where

the beautiful and the good commune together—where the wicked troubleth not, and the wanderer is at rest. Maria is in heaven!

FROM ALLISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.

"His genius was vast, but it was after the manner of the Orientals, rather than the Europeans; he followed neither the dictates of truth nor the lessons of experience, but the vivid pictures and vehement suggestions of his own fervent imagination. Such was the intensity of these impressions, that they made him entirely forget reality; he reasoned and acted upon them after the manner of insane persons, as if they had been actual existences. Ideas with him instantly led to desire; his incipient thought was already a passion; and his chief endeavors afterwards were directed to conquering the difficulties or overcoming the obstacles which opposed its execution. Hence the complaint, so commonly made against him, especially in his latter years, that he had an instinctive aversion to truth, and that no one could secure his favor but by anticipating and confirming his preconceived opinions. It was not that he had a repugnance to truth in the abstract, but that he resisted every thing which dented or unsettled the current of his ideas. From the same cause, he was never known to change his opinion on any subject; nor did he ever admit, except in one or two flagrant instances, such as the attack on Spain, that he had done wrong or committed a mistake in his life. His ideas were conceived in the vivid imagination of the East, and much more frequently founded on abstract conceptions than practical observations; but they were developed with the strictness of geometrical demonstrations and engraven on his mind in characters more durable and unalterable than the sculptures on Egyptian granite."

Napoleon's Eye in Calculation.—By long experience, joined to great natural quickness and precision of eye, he had acquired the power of judging with extraordinary accuracy both of the amount of the enemy's force opposed to him in the field, and of the probable result of movements, even the most complicated, going forward in the opposite armies. The roar of artillery, the smoke and rattle of musketry, even the falling of balls around him, were alike unable to divert his steady gaze, or disturb his accurate judgment. Never was he known to be mistaken in the estimate which he formed on the distance or approach of the fire of the enemy. Even on the furthest extremity of the horizon, if his telescope could reach the hostile columns, he observed every movement anticipated every necessity, and from the slightest indications drew correct conclusions as to the designs which were in contemplation. No sooner had he ascended a high: from which a whole field of battle could be surveyed, than he looked around him for a few minutes with his telescope, and immediately formed a clear conception of the position, forces and intention of the whole hostile army. In this way he could, with surprising accuracy, calculate in a few minutes, according to what he could see of their formation and the extent of ground which they occupied, the numerical force of armies of 60 or 80,000 men; and if their troops were all scattered, he knew at once how long it would take them to concentrate, and how many hours must elapse before they could make their attack. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1813, some of Napoleon's Generals expressed an opinion that he might expect an attack on the side of Bohemia. "From what I can see," said he, calmly closing his telescope, "the enemy have there two corps of sixty thousand men, they will require more than one day to concentrate and be ready to attack; we may pursue our march."

Napoleon's Habits during a Campaign.—If in the course of a campaign he met a courier on the road, he generally stopped, got out of his carriage, and called Berthier or Caulaincourt, who sat down on the ground to write what the Emperor dictated. Frequently then the officers around him were sent in different directions, so that hardly any remained in attendance on his person. When he expected some intelligence from his Generals, and it was supposed that a battle was in contemplation, he was generally in the most anxious state of inquietude; and not unfrequently in the middle of the night called out aloud—"Call D'Albe, (his principal Secretary,) let every one arise!" He then began to work at one or two in the morning; having gone to bed the night before, according to his invariable custom, at 9 o'clock as soon as he had dined. Three or four hours sleep was all that he either allowed himself or required; during the campaign of 1813, there was only one night—that when he rested at Gorlitz, after the conclusion of the armistice, that he slept ten hours without waking. Often he slept at work all night. On such occasions his favorite, Mameluke Rustan, brought him frequently strong coffee, and he walked about from dark till sunrise, speaking and dictating without intermission in his apartment, which was always well lighted, wrapped up in his nightgown, with a silk handkerchief tied like a turban round his head. But these stretches were only made under the pressure of necessity; generally he retired to rest at eight or nine and slept till two; then rose and dictated for a couple of hours; then retired, or more frequently dictated, for two hours alone; after which he dressed, and a warm bath

prepared him for the labors of the succeeding day.

His travelling carriage was a perfect curiosity, and singular characteristic of the prevailing temper of his disposition. It was divided into two unequal compartments, separated by a small low partition, on which the elbows could rest, while it prevented either from encroaching on the other; the smaller was for Berthier, the larger, the lion's share, for himself. The emperor could recline in a *dormeuse* in front of his seat; but no such accommodation was afforded to his companion. In the interior of the carriage were a number of drawers, of which Napoleon had the key, in which were placed despatches not yet read, and a small library of books. A large lamp behind him threw a bright light in the interior, so that he could read without intermission all night. He paid great attention to his portable library and had prepared a list of dovecimo editions of about five hundred volumes, which he intended to be his constant travelling companions; but the disasters of the latter years of his reign prevented this design from being carried into complete execution.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—Set a value on the Smallest morsel of Knowledge.—These fragments are the dust of diamonds. Of these fragments the mass of learning is composed. "It is true," as poor Richard says, "there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weakhanded, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for constant dropping wears away stone, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate into the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks." A man may learn in two minutes, what may be valuable to him all his life.—Even if you see no use in the thing learned, do not despise it. Learn all you can and you will live to see its value. Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new idea. And remember that the beginning of the most sublime sciences are often so simple as to seem worthless.

Redeem Time for Study.—The busiest workman can spare some moments. If you mean to get wisdom, you must learn the value of moments. Great attainments have been made in these little scraps.—Whether you work or play, do it in earnest; but never be unemployed an instant.—Unstable and indolent people lose much of life in thinking what they shall do next.—Always have a book within reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. It is incredible, until trial is made, how much real knowledge may be required in these broken scraps of time. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a sentence. The man who pursues this method, will infallibly become learned. Take a little time from each end of your night's rest. If you can gain fifteen minutes a day it will make itself felt at the end of a year. I have sometimes thought that the mind acts with double vigor when forced into these brief periods of application.

Regulate your Thoughts when not at Study.—A man is thinking even while at work; why may he not be thinking about what is useful? Study is intended to discipline the mind; let your mind be kept under check and rein, while your hands are employed. Revolve in your mind what you have been last reading. Commit useful things to your memory, and turn these over in your thoughts, while you ply the hammer or the wheel. Remember that most of the matchless effusions of Robert Burns were conceived while he was toiling after his plough. Morrow there is such a thing as study without books. Keep your mind in an inquiring mood, and you cannot be in any situation where you may not be learning.—Newark Ad.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An Extensive Cavern in Connecticut.—The Norwich Aurora contains a communication describing an "extensive cavern," recently discovered in the town of Colebrook, Connecticut. It was first discovered by the loose rocks are removed the mouth will be about fifty feet wide and thirty feet high. In company with several others, on the 27th ult., he entered and partially explored the cavern. He says:

"The air, on entering, has a peculiar smell, which I can compare to nothing. I imagined the candle burning less brilliantly than in the open air. For the first three or four rods the way is a good deal obstructed by sharp rocks; then comes a smooth, gravelled floor, as hard as a McAdamized road. Ten rods from the entrance we measured and found the width to be eighty-three feet; and again at thirty rods, we found it sixty-seven feet. The sides are quite even, especially the east side, which is as smooth as if it had been chiseled. The roof is broken and craggy—in some parts rising very high, at others it descends within ten feet of the floor. The flooring for the most part is level and smooth, consisting of stone and hard gravel. We met deep pits, into one of which we were near falling. Two of them resembled wells. We sounded one to the depth of nine fathoms, and found a half fathom, which appeared to be dry. The main part of the cave is remarkably straight and uniform within, for the most part. In runs a north and north-east direction for a quarter of a mile, where it ends abruptly. We met with numerous openings at the right and left, some large enough to admit a horse and carriage, and others scarcely a man. We only marked them with chalk and passed on to the end of what

seemed to be the main part of the cavern. Here we stopped for a few moments. All stood without speaking, gazing about with admiration and wonder. The silence was painful. No dropping of water or creaking of insects, not a sound could be heard but the low, suppressed breathing of the company. It seemed as if I could hear their hearts beat. I looked at my barometer, it had risen several degrees. The thermometer stood at sixty and a half. As we prepared to retrace our steps, we discovered an opening on the west side, a few rods from the termination of the part of the cavern we were in. We drew near and listened. There was a low murmuring sound as of a distant waterfall, and the air which issued from it was colder and damp. This led us to suppose it must be to a very great extent, but we were too cold and weary to prosecute our researches any further at this time."

PHILOSOPHICAL FACTS.—Sound travels at the rate of 1,141 feet per second in the air, 4,900 in water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,638 to 17,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which the visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles. Air is about 816 times lighter than water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 2,160 lbs. An ordinary sized man, supporting his surface to be 14 square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 30,240 pounds.

Heat rarifies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5 or 600 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of Water when freezing is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 lbs. to produce the same effect.

During the conversion of Ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water when converted into steam, increases in bulk 1,000 times.

One hundred pounds of the water of the Dead Sea contain 45 pounds of salt.

The mean annual depth of Rain that falls at the Equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth to increase uniformly as we descend, at the rate of one degree in 49 feet, at the depth of 60 miles it will amount to 480,000 degrees Fahrenheit, a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The explosive force of closely confined Gunpowder is six and a half tons to the square inch.

Hailstones sometimes fall with a velocity of 113 feet in a second—Rain 34 feet in a second.

The greatest artificial Cold ever produced is 91 degrees Fahrenheit.

Electricity moves with a greater velocity than light, which traverses 200,000 miles of space in a second of time.

Thunder can be heard at a distance of 30 miles.

Lightning can be seen by reflection at the distance of 200 miles.

EXTENT OF THE LONDON POST OFFICE.—The extent of the operations in this office may be conjectured, from the number of men employed. There are 824 letter receivers, and 724 letter carriers. Including Clerks and others directly employed, not less than 1003 persons are connected with the London Post Office. The letter receivers pass about certain districts of the city, and receive letters in a bag, through an opening similar to the one at the Post Office. For each letter, the receiver gets a penny, and the bag cannot be opened, except by those authorized by the Government. The postage on a letter weighing half an ounce, is one penny. Every additional half an ounce, is charged with an additional half penny. This is the rate of postage to every part of Great Britain.—Newspapers are not subject to postage, provided they are mailed within eight days after they are printed. The franking privilege is entirely abolished, as it should be in this country, or materially restricted.—The average number of letters daily posted in London, is 60,370. The same of newspapers is 85,510. The number of Post Offices in the United Kingdom, is 3938. The mails for every part of the country leave the General Post office in London daily, Sunday excepted, at 8 P. M. and all are expected to arrive at 6 A. M.

LARGE CROP OF CORN.—It is stated in the Louisville Journal that Major Williams, of Bourbon county, is still pursuing his experiment in regard to the cultivation of corn. His plan is to plant, in rows two feet apart, the stalks one foot apart in the rows; cultivated with the hoe. Last year, a rainy season, the produce was more than 160 bushels to the acre. This year, a dry one, the produce, it is said, will be about one hundred bushels to the acre.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The Philadelphia Ledger publishes extras every afternoon, containing the preceding day's progress in M'Leod's trial. The distance from Utica to Philadelphia is about three hundred and sixty miles, and to publish the next day in Utica, the report of what took place the day previous in Philadelphia, is an instance of newspaper enterprise and despatch never excelled.—Har. Tale.

A ROBBER LOVER.—Mr. Walsh furnishes, among other agreeable matters for the National Intelligencer, the following story of a somewhat romantic love match, and its awkward termination.

"Madame Bretot, a thriving blanchisseuse of the Rue de Bievre, had a fair daughter, who like all her sex of the same age, which was tempting 15, was very fond of balls and other gaieties. The good mother was indulgent but prudent, and while she permitted her lively dancet to attend these scenes of amusement, always took care to accompany her. At a Sunday's dance, about a month ago, at the Quatre Saisons, Mlle. Eugénie met with a partner so gentle and gallant that he won the hearts of both mother and daughter, and the favored youth was received into their domestic circle as a suitor. The preliminaries were at length so far arranged for a marriage between the lovers, that Mme. Bretot drew 1,000 francs from the Savings Bank to purchase a suitable outfit for the young couple. Alas! for the uncertainty of human projects! Two evenings ago, when the expecting bride and her mother returned home after a day spent on their knees—not at church but at their washing barge, near the Pont de l'Archeveche—they found that their dwelling had been broken open, their locks forced, and not only the 1,000 fr. but every other article of value carried off.—This was indeed a dire disaster, but the severest cut of all was a sheet of paper conspicuously affixed to the chimney glass, on which was written in too legible characters, 'I might have taken both your daughter and her dowry, but I content myself with one and leave you the other.'

A GENUINE WOMAN HATER.—"Pray, sir, will you never marry?" said a fair girl to a brown old bachelor. "Aha! why, I don't know—yes, madam—I might get married, perhaps, if it were possible to get married to any thing but a woman."

FOOLISH LAWSUIT.—A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm, that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor.—That neighbor claimed the tree and prosecuted the man for damage. The case was continued from court to court. Time was wasted, temper soured, and friendship lost, but the cause was gained by the prosecutor. The last we knew of the transaction was, that the man who 'got the case' came to the lawyer's office to execute a deed for his whole farm, which he had been obliged to sell to pay costs. Then houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his empty pockets and triumphantly exclaimed, 'I've beat him!'

MORAL.—How much trouble would be saved if the following maxims were universally carried out!

"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." "The beginning of strife is as when one leeth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with."

REMEDY FOR THE RHEUMATISM.—A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette gives the following as an infallible remedy for the rheumatism. He says that he, as well as hundreds of others, has used it with perfect relief: Recipe—One gill of gysnon seed (now ripening) put in a pint bottle, fill the bottle with the shavings of a rich turpentine yellow pine board or knot, then fill up with strong alcohol. In three days the seed will be extracted by the alcohol, turning the liquid of a greenish color. It is then fit for use. Baths the part afflicted with this preparation a few times, and it will drive away all pain.

A CAPITAL STORY.—The Hawkeye and Iowa Patriot tells a capital temperance story.

A farmer belonging some where in Iowa bought a keg of whiskey and carried it home. Well knowing that his better half occasionally took a drop or so if it came in her way, and now and then would have a drop at all events, he endeavored to conceal the keg from her by suspending it in the barn somewhere near the ridge pole. The eagle eyed or rather "hawk eyed" wife got sight of it, however, and resolved on obtaining a taste. It was impossible for her to reach it. At length she hit upon the following expedient, which worked to a charm. Taking down her husband's rifle, she put in a charge with a good ball, and taking deliberate aim at the keg, tapped it with the ball, and brought down the whiskey at the first shot. Having a tub previously prepared, she was thus enabled to catch it all, without losing a drop, and left her poor husband to weep over and wonder at the loss of his whiskey.

LIBERAL BEQUESTS.—The Rev. Jesse Mercer, of Georgia, has, in his will, bequeathed to the Baptist Foreign Mission Board \$5000, to the Baptist Home Mission Society for their operations in Texas \$2,500, to the American and Foreign Bible Society \$2500, to the Baptist Publication Society \$2500, and to the Columbia College \$2200.—(if the College is out of debt in six months after his decease, if not this legacy is to be paid to the Foreign Mission Board) to the Literary department of Mercer University \$12,500, and to the Theological department a residuary legacy, supposed to be worth \$30,000. The whole amount is about sixty thousand dollars.