

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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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."

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

JEALOUSY.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

I have thy love—I know no fear
Of that divine possession—
Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang lest fairer youth
Or loftier hopes should win thee—
There blows no wind to chill the truth,
Whose smirchments bloom within thee.

Unworthy thee if I could grow,
(The love that lured thee perish'd)
Thy woman-heart could ne'er forego
The earliest dream it cherish'd.

I do not think that doubt and love
Are one—what'er they tell us,
Yet—nay—lift not thy looks above—
A star can make me jealous!

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
I covet no the treasure,
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine alone,
Could drink delight beside thee.

Then say not, with that soothing air,
I have no rival in thee—
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
The rose whose odour woo thee—
In all things—rivals he must meet,
Who would be all things to thee!

If sunlight from the dial be,
But for one moment banish'd,
Turn to the silenced plate and see
The hours themselves are vanish'd.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
My jealousy has trial—
The lightest cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

"SHE MARRIED NOT HER CHOICE."

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

The history of the heart affords too many instances of the shortsightedness of man. Fortune holds out to us, sweet in one hand and bitter in the other; and with a faculty in no way corrected by the lessons of experience, we seize the latter. Refusing to profit by the experience of others, we purchase wisdom at our own cost, and obtain it too often, not till the fruit of our folly is eaten to the core. Were our several courses marked out and unalterably fixed by the hand of destiny, we might reap some consolation, even though our lot should fall among the very outcasts of society, from a conviction, that our misfortunes were not of our own making. But when a kind Providence has placed both the good and the bad before us, and given to the most unworthy, at least, a choice of evils; and we prefer the worst—then it is that even this spark of comfort is denied us, and we are left to the bitterness of our own reflections.

Alice Taylor was in some respects a peculiar girl. She was neither the queen of beauty, nor the essence of perfection—and yet there was that about her which rendered her far from uninteresting. There was an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, that told directly to the heart. Her eye was the finest I ever saw; of a dark hazel color, soft, small and delicate, it seemed to revel in the very joys of its own existence. Her smile was inimitable. It almost whispered the pure, unsuspecting confidence of love. It spoke the genuine feelings of a virtuous heart.

Alice was sympathetically one of that class

of girls who improve upon acquaintance. Those only who were admitted to the seclusion of the private circle, could fully appreciate her merits. It was my fortune to become one of these. The friendship which I at first entertained towards her as a young lady of agreeable manners, soon expanded into attachment; and this in turn brightened into love, and I began to ponder the propriety of making some special advances. There were but two serious objections. She was of a delicate constitution, and as I feared, too young. Physiology had taught me to believe, that either the one or the other ought to be a bar to marriage, and this opinion, I have never up to the present hour, seen cause to abandon, though since that time, year after year has winged its rapid flight into the dreamy regions of the past.

While thus at a stand—uncertain whether or not to advance, I learned that a young Mr. Terrell was addressing her. Observation proved the report to be true. My course was decided. I handed her a letter. I was entered as a rival.

Until a few months previous, I had never seen her face. My father's home was far distant. I was a stranger in a strange land, Terrell, on the contrary, lived in the same neighborhood, and had known her almost from infancy. Though he was not handsome, and notwithstanding his education was limited, his reputation was nevertheless fair, and he was a family connection of hers. He was also, to a small extent, my superior in point of fortune. To oppose these odds, I offered a personal appearance which vanity whispered would be highly flattered by a comparison with his—an unblemished character—and my college diploma.

Determined not to be elated with success, in order the more easily to bear up against a failure, I awaited an answer to my communication with almost a stoic's indifference. It came not. I sought a personal interview, and was referred to a future period for a definite reply. At the time appointed, she declined carrying the matter further for want of sufficient age. Strange, thought I, she had not made the discovery sooner! But why need I wonder, when she had heard from my own lips, my unyielding opposition to early marriage? Judge of my surprise at learning that very evening, that she had not reached fifteen. This reconciled me to the end—but I would have preferred other means.

Her refusal was conveyed in such exceedingly delicate terms, that I should have felt degraded in my own estimation, had I been unconscious of entertaining for a moment a shade of resentment. No! though I forgot to love, I could never cease to respect.

My notions of the independence which a gentleman should possess on such occasions, were perhaps somewhat singular. They may have degenerated into obstinacy. I had resolved that no lady should ever have the opportunity of discarding me twice.

And yet I felt half inclined to make her case an exception. On ascertaining her age, however, this idea was abandoned finally and forever. Never again were my lips to whisper love to her. Henceforth I was to exercise toward Miss Taylor only esteem, but that of the highest order. Thus commenced, and thus ended, my second love-scrape. My first has never been given to the public.

A few months rolled around, and I was sitting one evening in my chamber, closely engaged in study. A friend entered, with—
"News for you."
"Ah! for me?" said I.
"Yes; Alice is to be married, and she marries not her choice."
"You are in jest."
"Not I. My authority is undoubted. It is her own language. She yields to the persuasions of her friends."
"Are you in earnest?"
"I am."
"Whom does she marry?"
"Terrell."
"Her choice?"
"W. G. P.—" naming myself.

Oh! there are moments when the heart stinks at success. There are times when victory itself is a curse. My spirit sunk within me. My blood seemed to stagnate. The very fountains of life appeared for a time to have dried up. To have courted her—to have been defeated—to have reconciled myself to that defeat, under the conviction that it was preferable to success—to be told that her heart was mine, her hand another's—that she was to marry a man for whom she could entertain, perhaps, only a cold respect—to think that but for me, she would, at least, have married him with a better show of propriety, and might have never known what it was to love another—that she could return only lifeless formality, where pure, ardent affection would be expected—that she was about to bestow only her hand upon him, who would be entitled to both heart and hand—to believe that the consequences of such a union, would be loathing, dissatisfaction and disgust, and that Alice must drag out an unhappy existence in the embrace of one she could not love—Oh! these were reflections which pierced to the very bottom of my soul. Would that I had never handed her that letter!—Oh! that she had gone to the altar uninformed of another's love. Blessed ignorance had and detected as thou art by the wise, 'tis to thee, the countless children of Adam are indebted for no small share of sublimity bliss.

In due time, the wedding day was set. It came. I stood by Terrell's side before

the man of God. I heard him take the solemn pledge, I heard her vow "to love, honor and obey." I heard them pronounced "man and wife." They became seated. Both smiled, and one was happy. I was the first to offer congratulations, but alas! they proceeded only from the lips. The evening was spent in amusements, till at a late hour, the company separated. I returned to my lodgings filled with the most melancholy reflections.

Spring came and with it a change in my pursuits. New engagements called me to a distant part of the country. I became absorbed in the cares and anxieties of life. The duties of my profession were arduous, and the demands upon my attention incessant. Amid a crowd of business, the fair were almost forgotten, if that were possible. At length, however an unexpected turn of events brought me some relaxation. I lost no time in improving it, and soon found myself a suppliant at the shrine of beauty. My efforts were crowned with success. We were married. Never, never shall I forget the thoughts which that evening rushed through my mind. The joyful anticipations, the happy dreams, the eager longings of childhood, youth and early manhood,—the whole twenty five years of my life seemed to have crowded and centered themselves in that one hour. There by my side, sat the object of all my earthly aspirations—the fair being whom I had so often before vainly endeavored to picture in imagination. There she sat, a living reality. My happiness was complete. Visions of the future started up to view before me. We had pledged ourselves to tread the path of life together. Was that path to be strewn with flowers or with thorns? Was she the child of affluence, to bless the day that united her fate with mine, or to plod the down hill of life in the cold habiliments of want? Thoughts such as these clouded my brow with sadness. Amid the hilarity and mirth and joy which prevailed around me—in the secrecy and depth of my own soul, I pledged myself to be her protector, her support, and her comfort. With all the sacredness of an oath, I vowed that as she had been nursed in the lap of fortune, so with the smiles of heaven on my efforts, she should still enjoy, at least a competency.

After the "honey moon" had been spent in the usual interchange of visits—the giving and receiving of dinners, parties, &c., I applied myself with renewed ardor to the duties of my calling. Untiring industry and perseverance, aided by my own and my wife's capital, soon put me in possession of quite a handsome estate, and I resolved as soon as my affairs could be properly arranged, to retire into private life.

For a few years after I engaged in my professional pursuits, I had been accustomed to think frequently with a sweet something melancholy pleasure, of Alice. Gradually, however, as the cares of a family and the duties of public life increased in their demands upon my attention, I found less time to devote to musings on the past, till finally her memory had well nigh faded from my mind. Even though I thought of her backward flight through the long vista of years, now scarcely lingered a moment around her name. Accident served to recall it in all the freshness and vigor of youth.

Professional engagements called me to a distant part of the state, and as my route would necessarily lie near the section in which Alice had formerly resided, I determined to turn aside from my direct course, to learn something of her history. I put up for the night at an inn in the neighborhood, and in due time inquired for Mrs. Alice Terrell. I was answered with a sigh, which evidently betokened no good. Her story as related by the landlady was this: "Shortly after marriage, she and her husband settled on an excellent farm with every prospect of a long and happy life. For a few years, they seemed to enjoy themselves much in each other's society: At length, however, as the ardor of youth wore off, most of those little attentions so common with a newly married couple, and which, though of small real value in themselves, yet add so much to the happiness of domestic life, were laid aside; particularly by Mrs. Terrell. She did not, as she had once done, now run to meet him at the door. Her inquiries about his success or disappointment in business, were neither so frequent nor so earnest as formerly. Her sympathy was not so freely extended, nor did she enter so fully into his feelings, as in times past. Still there was no decided mark of disrespect—there was no complaining—no chiding. Alice had too much good sense to manifest any thing of that kind. She only did not love. She endeavored to respect him, and to some extent succeeded. Yet her professions, were not so warm as they had been. Terrell began to doubt the sincerity of his wife's affection. Unwilling to trust to first impressions, lest perchance he should be led into error, he examined the matter closely and minutely, until at last, when all hope had failed him, he reluctantly consented to believe that his wife had given him her hand and withheld her heart. He was forced to acknowledge to himself his conviction that his own wife did not love him. That hour struck a death-blow to his peace. He was an extremely sensitive man—ready to assert his rights the instant they were invaded or disputed, and had idolized his wife. To meet with lifeless respect, where he had looked for ardent affection, was a fate for which he was by no means prepared. And yet he felt that it was his fate. His very brain staggered beneath the blow.

He fled to the bottle for relief. It failed of the aid he sought. The card-table followed. For a time his troubles were drowned amid the excitement of the play. But even this afforded only a forgetfulness of his misery; while his lucid intervals were filled up with the reproaches of a guilty conscience. His strides to ruin increased with most fearful rapidity, till in the short space of two years, an affray at a horse-race terminated his career. Fortunately, the brevity of his course forbade his squandering the whole of his estate. A sufficiency was left to afford his family the necessities, but not the luxuries of life.

On the next day I called upon Mrs. Terrell, and learned from her own lips the whole history of the matter, which corresponded substantially with that given above by the landlady.

She had three interesting children, one son and two daughters, the younger of which (then about four years of age), I was permitted, after much persuasion, to adopt. She is to be educated along with my own daughters. Whatever care may be bestowed upon them, shall be freely shared with her. In fact, I intend to spare no pains to render her in every respect an able and accomplished lady.

In the course of a couple of days, I left the dejected, melancholy widow, to attend to the business which had called me from home.

"Alice Taylor married not her choice."

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

One day, a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his boy arms, trousers half-way up to his knees and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying "I've just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"
"I've brought him a present, all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, "It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."
"An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd just stop over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself, I'd bring it to the emperor. Think says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I'm afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, maybe it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."
"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days, he again appeared, and said: "Well, I've seen the emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much, as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to see me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again, yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice girls."

"What did the empress say to you?"
"Oh, she asked me a sight of questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky? I told her, poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't call 'em servants,' said she; 'you call 'em help.' I guess ma'am you have been reading Mr. Trollop's says I. We had that ere book aboard our ship. The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning.' Then I told all I knew about our country, and he was mighty pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to

stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?"

"No, indeed, I did not my lad. 'You may well consider yourself lucky for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.'"

A few days after, he called again, and said, "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him, in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungalley Yankee lad should be so loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time, his strange visitor reappeared. "Well," said he "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the emperor, and bid him good bye! I thought I couldn't do no less, he'd been so civil—"

Says he, "Is there any thing else you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?" I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight of money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good bye, and came off. Now, what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man in regiments, to carry me to Moscow, in one of his carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting, "Good bye!—Good bye!"

Mr. Dallas afterward learned from the emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a Journal which he intended to publish.

Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

AN INTELLIGENT LEGISLATOR.—The editor of the Jonesville Telegraph, in reporting the doings of the Tennessee Legislature, among other matters gives the speech of one Mr. Dew, of Maury, which contains a rare collection of sparkling gems of fancy. Here is an extract from it:

"Sir, I would have gentlemen of the dominant party to understand that Democrats are not to be deterred from the defence of John Tyler, if they think him worthy of support. He was not our candidate but theirs. But sir, he is a native of the Old Dominion, the land of Tom Jefferson, of Madison, of the immortal Washington—the land of Presidents and the birthplace of the fathers of Democrats. Mr. Speaker, when I speak of the Father of his Country, I do it with feeling emotions of my soul. Alas! is there any gentleman present who does not chill up, at the mention of his name, as if he were shivering among the eternal snows of South America! But sir, I cannot dwell here. I repeat that John Tyler descended from a poor stock—yes sir, from the noble band of Pilgrim Fathers who landed before my day, or your day, on the Plymouth Rock in Old Virginia. And there, Mr. Speaker, to this day that old rock rears its proud front, as one of the glorious monuments of the Old Dominion."

At this stage of the remarks of Mr. Dew, the audience interrupted him with loud outcries, whether of applause or condemnation is not stated, although the words "Go it, Dew," were particularly audible.

After Mr. D. had concluded his speech, another gentleman rose and observed that he would like to bear a little more from the gentleman who had just taken his seat, relative to the geographical location of "Old Plymouth Rock."

Mr. Dew replied,—"The Rock is where you nor I have never been, and that is sufficient; and if it is not, sir, I repeat it is in the Old Dominion, commonly called the State of Virginia."—[Screams and yells.]

A YOUNG FELLOW OF PLEASURE.—"I say, Wildgoose," said an old Sober-sided, "did you ever see a little kitten in pursuit of its own tail? Round and round she goes, now on one haunch and then on the other, gravely kicking and grinning—and all for what? Why, if it sat still, there'd be its tail under its nose. Now, that's the 'moral' of a young fellow of pleasure."—N. Am.

NEIGHBORLY.—"Mrs. Jinkins," said a little red headed girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lendin her a stick of firewood—fill this cruet with vinegar—puttin a little soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey-gobblers roost on our fence."—W. paper.

One must read country newspapers in order to learn all that is done, doing, and being done in the city. How many of our neighbors are acquainted with the fact stated in the following extract of a letter from Boston, published in Hill's New Hampshire Patriot!

Among the new inventions and contrivances of which I have lately heard, is something which bids fair to become universally useful to the city and country and the world, and that is a new method of making good, light, sweet bread. All the world knows, that one of the most difficult and perplexing matters to house keepers is to have good emplings or yeast for bread. Now the invention is this:—Take an acid like cream of tartar, I mean simply an acid in the form of a powder, and rub a sufficient quantity of this dry powdered acid into a proper quantity of dry flour. Then wet the flour and put in your alkali, potash or any fixed alkali. The valuable part of the discovery is this, the acid and alkali will not effervesce until the loaf is baked, when the acid is rubbed into the flour in a dry state. The experiment is worth trying. I assure you that a most delicious bread is produced, light, sweet and good, in this manner, from any good flour or meal you use wheat, rye or Indian. Cream of tartar may be used for the purpose of trying it. Nothing can be more healthful than this bread. The inventor is a baker by trade, and I believe that it will come into use every where. Try it yourself by rubbing into your flour, in a perfectly dry state, some cream of tartar, and then mixing up the batter with whatever liquid you please, milk, buttermilk, or water, and adding a little saleratus. You will have an excellent and toothsome and wholesome bread.

ANECDOTE.—During the rivalry between Utica and Rochester, N. Y., a gentleman merchant from the latter place one day was travelling through a part of Oneida county. Being of a humorous turn, on passing a Dutch dwelling where a stove oven was heating, which was situated out of doors, at one side of the house, he felt disposed to hoax its inhabitants. He called out,

"Hallo, the house hall, the house!"
"Hallo, the Dutchman, the Dutchman's wife, the Dutchman's three sons and the Dutchman's eleven daughters. He observed to them,

"Your oven's on fire!"
They all flew swiftly around the corner of the house, and the merchant rode on enjoying the joke. A short time since, the same gentleman was travelling to the east in a gig, the roads were uncommonly muddy. He was about passing the same farm house, but he had forgotten the place, when a lad came running towards him, with great anxiety depicted in his countenance.

"Sir," said he, "your wheel is loose."
The man immediately got out into the mud and looked at the wheel, when the boy exclaimed,

"The other wheel sir."
Around he waded through the mud, filling his pumpe with water and mire, examined the linch pin there, and said to the boy, "I do not see any thing out of the way."
"Why I thought 'twas loose," said the lad, "I saw it turn round," at the same time describing a circle with his finger.

"You provoking little rascal, what do you mean?" exclaimed the gentleman.
"Ay," says the lad, "the oven's on fire! the oven's on fire!"

The merchant was so highly pleased with the lad's wit, that he threw him a dollar and continued his journey.—Old Colony Memorial.

CLAIMS OF WOMEN.—The fickleness of women is the result of the carelessness of man; for even in their haughtiest moods they can be easily subdued by kindness.—That is their legal claim upon the rougher sex, who, after all, are ever attached to her, even when they appear most alienated from the fervor of her affections. As it is most natural, so it brings to us a vision of heaven, when two fond hearts glide through the world in lovingness together; and every wedded pair might be that happy couple did they but bear each other's burdens, and strive, with half the zeal they sometimes exert to make each other miserable, to contribute to their mutual happiness. As woman is the mother of the world, so she should be the instructor—the fountain of wisdom as of pleasure; and she who is most deeply read in the history of her duties will make the best companion and the truest and fondest wife, though a spark of beauty never lighted upon her cheek, nor a jewel glistened in her hair. It is the native grace, the richness of her modesty, the worth and excellence of her temper, that makes her what she is, and what Nature eries aloud she ever will remain—the best and truest friend of man.

FIRST GUN.—A little boy got his Grandfather's gun and loaded it but was afraid to fire; he, however, liked the fun of loading and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but not firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grand-mother, learning his temerity, snarled reproved him and, grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back; she promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still granny, there are five charges more to go off yet."

"I believe in the law and profits," as the lawyer said when he pocketed the fee.