

# Star and Republican Banner.

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## POETRY.

From the Covington (Ky.) Register.  
**THE SONG OF STEAM.**

BY GEORGE W. CUTLER.

Harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein;  
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.  
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the sea,  
Creeping along a snail-like bank,  
Or waiting the windward breeze;  
When I marked the peasant faintly reel  
With the toil which he daily bore,  
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,  
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courier's speed,  
The flight of the courier dove,  
As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love;  
I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,  
They invited me forth at length,  
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,  
And laughed in my iron strength.  
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change,  
On the earth and the ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery arms range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,  
The mountain's steep decline,  
Time—space—have yielded to my power,  
The world's world is mine!  
The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,  
Or the wealth of his beam's decline;  
The giant streams of the queenly west,  
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean gales, where'er I sweep,  
To bear my strength rejoice,  
And the monsters of the briny deep,  
Cower trembling at my voice.  
I carry the wealth of his beam's earth,  
The thought of his God-like mind,  
The wind lags after my flying forth,  
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,  
My tireless arm doth play,  
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day,  
I bring earth's glittering jewels up,  
From the hidden cave below,  
And I make the fountain's granite cup  
With a chrysal gush overflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the world's best of earth,  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,  
Where my arms of strength are made;  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;  
I carry, I spin, I weave;  
And all my doings I put in print,  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no limb to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to lay "in the shell";  
And soon I intend you may go and play,  
While I manage this world by myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From a New York paper.]

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

When there is a scarcity of natural pigeons, sporting men, by way of keeping their hands in, occasionally pluck one another. A rich case of this kind, in which two of the fraternity, one a southerner and the other a New Yorker, figured pretty conspicuously, occurred in this city last week. We give the facts as related to us; indeed they want no amplification. The whole sporting world of Gotham has had a pain in the side for several days past, in consequence of the paroxysms of laughter in which it was thrown by the denouement. We omit the names of the parties, but in other respects the statement may be relied on as full and faithful.

It appears that in the early part of last week Mr. —, of South Carolina, an "upper crust" gambler, arrived in town with plenty of the fluid, for the purpose of betting on the approaching race between Fashion and Peyton, and of picking up anything verdant that might come in his way. Soon after landing from the Philadelphia boat he wended his way to a well known restaurant in Park Row, where blacklegs most do congregate, for the purpose of meeting some of his old acquaintances and making professional inquiries. He had just lighted his cigar and was in the act of raising a glass of brandy and water to his lips, when the flash of a large jewel on the finger of one of the graft who was performing the same operation, arrested his attention.

"That's a fine diamond," exclaimed the Southerner, setting down his tumbler, and stooping forward to obtain a closer view of the jewel.

"Yes," remarked the other, carelessly—"it ought to be; I gave five hundred dollars for it, and got it cheap at that. I wish I had the value of it now, for I got regularly cleaned out at —, Barclay st., yesterday."

"Well," said the New York land chark, speaking slowly, and taking a puff at his cigar, "I am sorry to hear that you are a pretty clever fellow, I don't care if I let you, have it at four hundred & fifty dollars."

"Say four hundred and it's a bargain!" "Well, as it is you, the half hundred dollars shall be upon a trade. You shall have it."

The ring was transferred, and the money paid. By this time the parties had become the centre of a little knot of knowing ones, upon whose faces sat a sneering expression, which the Southerner, who, like all gamblers, is a good physiognomist, perceived and did not relish. When the transaction was completed, his keen ear caught the sound of a sniggering whisper which ran round the little circle, and he at once concluded he was done. He showed no symptoms of suspicion however, but called for champagne, treated the company, declared himself delighted with the purchase, and bidding his friends good evening, left the place. Proceeding to the store of an eminent jeweller in Broadway, he placed the ring on the counter, and asked the value of "that brilliant." "The jeweller looked at him and smiled. "It is paste," said he, "and worth about fifty cents."

"Have you a real stone about the same size and shape?" said the Southerner.

"I have," was the reply, and a beautiful table diamond, of which the mock stone seemed a *fac simile* was produced.

"The price was four hundred dollars." "The Southerner then explained that he wished to borrow it for a few days, and would leave the value in the jeweller's hands until it was returned, and pay twenty-five dollars for the use of it." The proposition was agreed to, the real diamond substituted for the counterfeit, and the Southerner left the store.

On the next evening he paid another visit to the restaurateur, and found the old party assembled. They all began to quiz him; declaring that he had been regularly "sucked in"; that his ring was not worth a dollar, &c. the former owner of the triquet appearing to enjoy the joke more than the rest.

"Well gentlemen," said the supposed dupo with a self-sufficient air, "you may think what you please; I know it's a diamond. I've travelled some, and I'm not to be taken in so easy as you think for. I'll bet a hundred dollars this is a real brilliant."

The bet was taken up in an instant, the others offered to the amount of five or six hundred dollars more, all of which were promptly met by the Southerner. The stakes being put up, out called the sportsmen to find a jeweller. The first they questioned, pronounced it a fine diamond and worth from four to five hundred dollars; so said the next, and the next. The betters stood aghast—it was a real diamond, and no mistake; and as the Southerner pocketed the "tin," he coolly observed: "I told you, gentlemen, I had travelled some!"

The following day he took the stone back to the jeweller of whom he had borrowed it, and had the composition counterfeit replaced in the ring, and in the evening he sought the restaurateur for the third time. The same set were there, but looked somewhat crestfallen. After joking with them for some time, our hero gravely addressed the cuto gentleman from whom he had purchased the ring, after this fashion:

"Well my dear fellow, I have had my laugh out of you; I don't want to rob you, I don't want the ring. Maquand has offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for it; you shall have it for two hundred & fifty dollars, and you can go to-morrow if you like, and make a cool hundred out of it."

The offer was too tempting to be refused. The shark bit, and the Southerner received two hundred and fifty dollars worth of gold, and the sharper fifty cents worth of paste. The next morning the Carolinian was non est *incensatus*; and the over-reached sharper found lying on his table a beautiful note, sealed with perfumed wax, and stamped with a figure of Mercury, the god of thieves. On removing the envelope, the note was found to contain only three words, viz: **DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**

## HOW HE WON HER.

We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line, should study well the grand secret. Our friend who furnished the sketch says he sees no reason why it should not be true.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appointed time the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a downcast look and sighed when he gazed upon the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage. I have as yet, neither refused nor accepted any one of you. I now desire that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it."

A answered as follows—"If you marry me you shall live in a splendid house, have servants and carriages at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of fashionable life. I am rich."

B spoke next—"My rival has said very truly that he is rich, and he offers you a strong inducement; but I am of noble descent. My grandfather was a duke, and although not wealthy, I am of a family with whom an alliance would be thought an honor by the wealthiest heiress in the land."

C stated his claims thus—"I am a politician, and have now a reputation that older persons have envied. Next year I shall run for Congress, and I have no doubt of success. By marrying me, your name will be handed down to posterity."

D twisted his mustache, with an air of an exquisite, and said—"Angelic creature!—Pon my soul I think you have already made up your mind in my favor. You know how demurely I'm admired. Who is the most fashionable dresser in town? Who rides the finest horses? Who frequents the most fashionable places? Who is a better judge of the Opera? Rumor says D—but 'pon honor, I'm too modest to insist on it."

When it came to E's time to speak there was a pause. All eyes were turned towards him. Poor fellow! he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the beauty, "what say you, Mr. E?"

"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to these gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statement, no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor—" "Go on." "I am not of noble family—" "Go on, sir." "I am unknown to the world—" "No matter—proceed."

"I have neither the taste nor the means to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that, what next?" "Nothing, only I love you, and take a newspaper."

At this Messrs A B C and D burst out into a loud laugh, and exclaimed in one voice—"So do we! I love you to distraction!—I take four papers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence," said the lady. "In one month you shall have my answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each in succession the lady thus answered: "Riches are not productive of happiness." "Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations." "Fame is fleeting." "The that has but the garb of a gentleman is to be pitied." "I have taken the trouble to find out the names of the newspapers to which you all subscribe, and I have ascertained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, have paid the printer!—Now, gentlemen, this is dishonest. I cannot think of marrying a man who could be guilty of a dishonest act. I have learned that Mr. E. not only subscribes for a paper, but pays the printer! Therefore, I say, he is the man. I give him my hand with the full conviction that he is one who is every way calculated to make me happy."

## CRIME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

In the Minden Journal (Parish of Claiborne in this State,) of the 12th inst., there is a sad record of criminality and its fatal consequences. It tells of three men, Robert Goodwin, Mr. Henry, or McHenry, and another man whose name the editor did not learn, who married each one of three sisters, and lived all near El Dorado, in the county of Union, Arks., about seventy miles from Minden. One of the sisters—she whose husband's name is not given—some time since died; the other two a few weeks ago eloped—Goodwin's wife with a Dr. Waugh, and Henry's with a man named Henderson. Besides abandoning their husbands, they left behind each of them a young child. They rendezvoused it appears in Opelousas. Henderson returned to the neighborhood of El Dorado to arrange some business. Henry heard of it, and went with his two brothers-in-law in pursuit of him; the next day he (Henderson) was found dead on the road, with twenty-four buck-shot ranging from the pit of the stomach upwards. Waugh returned and was killed, it was thought by the brother of Mrs. Goodwin, and Mrs. Henry cut her throat. If there is not material in all this for a thrilling domestic drama, then we do not know where it is to be found.

**N. O. Picayune.**  
**A DEAF JUROR.**  
In the Nisi Prus Court, at Bridgewater, lately a juror appeared in the witness-box, and claimed exemption on the ground of deafness. Mr. Baron Platt, in a very subdued tone of voice, interrogated the deaf juror. "How long have you been deaf?" inquired the Judge. The juror unhesitatingly answered, "Two years." The Judge in a much less audible tone, "How was your deafness caused?" Juror, (without evincing the least difficulty in hearing,) "I caught a severe cold." Judge in a voice almost reduced to a whisper, "Don't you think your deafness is cured?" "No, my Lord," answered the unsuspecting juror. "Oh, you'll do very well, sir," replied his Lordship, amidst roars of laughter.

**BOSWELL AND JOHNSON ON SUICIDE.**  
A conversation between Boswell and Johnson on this subject:  
"Suppose sir," said Boswell, "that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace, and expulsion from society?"  
"Then, sir," said Johnson, "let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

**A BOLD FIGURE OF SPEECH.**—At the great council of the Seneca Nation, held last week, near Buffalo, the subject of removing those Indians across the Mississippi being under discussion, one Indian speaker said he had no confidence in his white fathers; why should he have? His white fathers had murdered their Saviour, and what kind of treatment could a poor Indian expect from men who had killed the son of God.

**THE COST OF RUM.**—The cost of war has been exhibited recently, and all its evil effects upon the morals of society being ably depicted. But the cost of rum will be found not less enormous, and its effects are equally destructive to the morals and peace of the community. According to the Hon. B. F. Butler, rum and its consequences are a yearly loss to the State of New York, of "eighteen millions of dollars," and to the United States, of "one hundred and fifty millions of dollars." This amount of wealth annually wasted would be sufficient to educate well every child in the United States and relieve most of the destitution caused by misfortune and calamity.

**SLAVERY AMONG THE INDIANS.**—Some interesting facts relating to the existence of slavery among the Cherokee and Choctaw laws were stated at the meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn last week. The Cherokee number 18,000 souls; there are 1000 slaves among them. The number of church members 240, of whom 15 are slaveholders, 21 slaves, and 4 free blacks. The population of the Choctaws is 20,000; the number of church members 603, of whom 20 are slaveholders, 181 slaves, and 7 free blacks. The missionaries have been preaching since 1818, yet the number of slaves is now greater than when they began. They think it exists in a modified type.

**NOVEL SUIT BY A COLORED MAN.**—Absalom F. Boston, a colored man, has commenced a suit against the town of Nantucket on account of the school committee having refused to admit his daughter, Phebe Ann Boston, into one of the public schools on the 23d day of June last. The town, in town meeting, have voted to defend the suit. The question is whether colored children are not entitled to admission to the schools on precisely the same footing as the whites, even though a school may be established for their exclusive attendance.

A coquette may be compared to tinder which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a match.

## Beauties of Locofocoism.

The People's Advocate, (York,) in speaking on this subject has the following:

The Whigs have preferred charges against the leaders of the Locofocos, and denounced them as men unworthy the confidence of the people. But at the time that they were making the charges they invariably declared that the rank and file, the mass, are as honest as any men living, and have the good of their country as close to their hearts as the best men, and truest patriots that are now living. Are the Whigs justifiable in asserting that a large number of men who were perfectly honest in intention and desire all for the better, are misled and swayed by misstatements of men whom they imagine are true to the best interests of the country, but who in reality are the very worst men that could be found at large?

To prove that the leaders are unprincipled and not to be trusted we have something more substantial than mere Whig assertion. The leaders themselves are furnishing the evidence faster than we could publish it, or faster than our readers would be willing to read it. For some time—for a long time, the Lancaster Democrat and Lancaster Intelligencer have been at swords' points, but within the last few weeks the fight has become unusually warm and acrimonious. The friendly relations which constituted the beauties, and characterized the leaders, of that party, have been broken up, and now, instead of harmoniousness and good feeling, each desires to excel in exposing the other. It is so long since they have had a fair opportunity to tell the truth that they seem determined to do it at the risk of "things most sacred." The Intelligencer charges Col. Carter, of the Democrat, with editing a Whig paper in 1840, which the Democrat denies most emphatically, and turns round and makes the camp of his opponents the seat of war. In the Democrat of last Wednesday an article appears over the signature of the editor of not less than four columns in length, which contains some fine specimens of Locofoco sincerity—that he tells the truth, however, of his neighbors, we will not deny, for his testimony only strengthens and confirms our previous opinions. The following from the Democrat will show how the controversy is carried on:

"As soon as it was known that Gen. Cameron had been elected over the Native American candidate, Judge Woodward, an article appeared in the Intelligencer assailing Gen. C. in exceedingly bitter terms. Soon after the appearance of this article, John W. Forney met Gen. Cameron in Philadelphia. Seizing hold of the General's hand, with his usual warmth of manner he exclaimed, 'General, I am almost ashamed to meet you, after what has appeared in the Intelligencer. I wrote an article commenting on your election, but they [who are they?] have so changed it, and altered it, that I scarcely know it. It is the first and last article of the kind that shall appear, if I can help it. But if there is any more abuse in the Intelligencer against you I shall quit the concern, and have my name taken out as its editor.'"

The Democrat, in speaking of Forney's opposition to Porter, on account of the course he pursued in relation to the passage of the Relief Bill of 1841-2, continues:—  
"An editorial article was prepared for the Intelligencer, denouncing Gov. Porter, in the most bitter terms, for the alleged part he took in the passage of the relief bill. The article was in type, when the consistent editor changed his mind, ordered it to be taken out of his columns—and in its place he inserted an article praising the Governor as warmly as he had denounced him bitterly! The time had not arrived when he could strike his patron with comparative impunity. A few months afterwards all disguise was thrown off, and it seemed a matter of rivalry between the pardoned Hunter and the pap-fed Forney, who should heap the most abuse on one who for years had literally showered benefits upon each. To do our friend Forney justice there was a method and caution about his opposition, hardly in keeping with a gentleman of his warm and generous feelings. During the campaign of 1843, when he was a candidate for the Legislature, on one occasion at least the Intelligencer was prepared so as to suit both classes of his subscribers. Anti-Porter articles appeared without number in the Intelligencer; but these articles were taken out of the paper for that portion of the edition which circulated in those parts of the county which were friendly to the Governor!"

Of Judge Champneys, he says:—  
"Judge Champneys I know is a liberal contributor to the columns of the Intelligencer; and has written many an editorial speaking of himself and his political course, in such terms as modest men, or invulnerable men, are not in the habit of employing. If Judge Champneys will make oath that his assertion is false in every particular, I will ask his pardon, and as a public man myself to be as great a liar—(the word was nearly out)—as the author of the statement concerning myself which appeared in the last number of the Intelligencer."

In comparing his own consistency with that of his opponents he remarks:—  
"The Intelligencer labors hard to pro-

duce the impression that my past political course has been a venal and inconsistent one. Let me see how it will compare with the past political course of the gentleman who are now identified with that disreputable organ of office holders and office seekers. I will cite the case of the lamented Muhlenberg and Ex Governor Porter. At the time that the late Mr. Muhlenberg was first spoken of for the gubernatorial chair, he paid a visit to Lancaster. He had scarcely set foot in this city, before he was surrounded by John W. Forney, Reah Frazer, and others, each vying with the other in noisy mouthed professions of personal and political attachment. He was taken to Haber's, by these gentlemen, who he was treated, feasted, and fawned upon. He was again and again told to give himself no concern about Lancaster county, as he would assuredly send delegates to the 4th of March Convention that would be favorable to him. Mr. Forney pledged himself, in the presence of Mr. Muhlenberg, that he would support him; and as if that was not sufficient, he paid a visit to Mr. Muhlenberg at Reading, where the same pledge was tendered for the second time. Col. Frazer, apparently, was equally as friendly; for in a conversation with William A. Stokes, Esq., the former President of the Repeal Association of Philadelphia, he made the following characteristic remark: "Stokes, I would consider myself a base ingrate if I did not support Muhlenberg. He procured a Judge's office for my father, and I can never forget that act of friendship." Let us see how these promises were redeemed. A few weeks before the delegate election, Messrs. Forney and Frazer went secretly to work, and by the grossest misrepresentations, succeeded in defeating a majority of the Muhlenberg delegates; and we next find this selfsame Col. Frazer a delegate in the 4th of March Convention, and the bitter and uncompromising opponent of Henry A. Muhlenberg!"

Our readers will see that it is useless for us to say any thing about the consistency of the Locofocos, for they paint themselves so perfectly that a Whig would only split the likeness by attempting to put the finishing touch on it. That which surprises us most is, that the people who are honest will permit their prejudices to blind them to such a degree that they will not see that the men who put the chains around their necks are those most unworthy of their confidence.

The hypocrisy of the Locofocos is not well exposed in the above extracts, probably, as it is in the following extract from the Carlisle Volunteer, another rabid Locofoco paper:—  
"The people of this State have been PLUNDERED, and that too by those professing to be their best friends—by those who 'kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope'—plundered by log-rolling legislation—plundered by granting iniquitous bank charters—plundered by monopolies of all sorts, shapes and sizes—PLUNDERED by faithless and profligate PUBLIC OFFICERS, elected by Democrats, sustained by Democrats, and alas! RE-ELECTED AND AGAIN SUSTAINED BY DEMOCRATS!"

Here is a frank avowal that the people have been plundered by faithless and profligate Locofocos, and alas! elected and again sustained by Locofocos. Can the Whigs say any thing worse of the Locofocos, than has been said above? If Whigs would make charges like this, above they would be denounced as liars, and the worst kind, and the people would believe them such, but their own papers tell them it is so. Let the people read and judge for themselves, and if they do, the miracle of Locofocoism will soon cease.

**A STATE SENATOR SUSTAINED BY THE GULF STREAM.**—The United States brig, Washington, which left New York some weeks since, as was reported, for the Gulf of Mexico, went no further than the Gulf Stream, where experiments were made under the direction of Professor Bacon, Superintendent of the Coast Survey. Experiments were made to reach to the bottom of the Gulf Stream, but a line of 1,105 fathoms did not reach. At the depth of 550 fathoms the temperature of the water was 67 degrees. These experiments are to be resumed at the next trip, the vessel will be carried to reach the bottom, if there is any chance.

**SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN THE GULF STREAM.**—The United States brig, Washington, which left New York some weeks since, as was reported, for the Gulf of Mexico, went no further than the Gulf Stream, where experiments were made under the direction of Professor Bacon, Superintendent of the Coast Survey. Experiments were made to reach to the bottom of the Gulf Stream, but a line of 1,105 fathoms did not reach. At the depth of 550 fathoms the temperature of the water was 67 degrees. These experiments are to be resumed at the next trip, the vessel will be carried to reach the bottom, if there is any chance.

**A LONDON PAPER DENOUNCES THE CONDUCT OF MANY GREAT LAWYERS WHO WITHOUT LEAVING A WILL.**