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POETRY.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He taught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee!
Be kind to thy mother—for now she is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
Many traces of sorrow are seen,
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for this will she pray,
So long as God giveth her breath,
With such care of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have death,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at thy birth,
If the dew of affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathomless below,
The sweets that sparkle above;
Thy kindness shall bring to these many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

A Child's First Impression of a Star.

BY JOHN McDARMIE, ESQ.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkle up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the course of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world.
And this was their first eve—how beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child
In its first impressions! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silent lath
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty which she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the sun set clouds, and the blue sky
That look so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness and the awe
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood, looking at the West with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint gold-mellowness—a star
Peeped suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips; and putting up her hands
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father! God has made a star!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

"TOM CORWIN."

The following capital sketch of the oratory of the Hon. THOMAS CORWIN late Governor of Ohio, and now a United States Senator, is from an article on Western Eloquence, in the Biblical Repository, by the Rev. Joseph Tuttle, formerly of New Jersey. The writer thinks that Gov. C. combines more of the faults and excellencies of Western Speaking than any other man, and therefore selects him as a sample. He makes the following just remarks on the difficulties and advantages with which Western Speakers have to contend:
"The heterogeneous character of Western audiences opposes no ordinary barrier to highest success in eloquence, and results in two marked characteristics: excessive caution in alluding to any thing calculated to excite prejudice in a mixed multitude, and the use of appeals founded on principles so broad and incontrovertible as to be universally admitted.
"Whether these are favorable to the growth of eloquence, let others decide; and yet facts stand out prominently, showing that vast masses of the men at the West have been moved by such means as when a tempest rushes over the calm ocean, stirring its lowest depth, and marshalling the world of waters into contending waves."
The remarkable oratory of Gov. CORWIN is strikingly illustrated in the following incident:
"Perhaps nothing contributes more to the effects of the well-chosen words than his face, which is altogether a 'nonesuch.' That swarthy face is a noble one, and there is no passion or feeling in his heart but is proclaimed by his countenance before words can utter it. It is a magic mirror, reflecting upon his auditors wrath, contempt, patriotism, pity, sarcasm, so strikingly, that all feel themselves sympathizing with him in emotions not yet articulated. Those who were witnesses will never forget the indescribable droilery of his tones, gestures, and physiognomy, in 1840, at Columbus, whilst answering the objections of some man-of-straw antagonist. Mr. C. had, the day previous, addressed a multitude of forty or fifty thousand, and was to address as great a multitude the succeeding day. The citizens of Franklin county way-laid him, and compelled him, although greatly exhausted, to speak. His strain of remark was uncommonly brilliant, seeming to transcend his usual efforts. He supposed an honest inquirer and opponent to be proposing questions in reference to the cry that 'times are killing hard.' 'Why, my dear sir,' says the opponent, 'how can it be possible that so much trouble and hard times exist, and yet the men whom we have elected to office, and in whom we have unshaken confidence, never whispered a word of all this?' 'Sir, you must be mistaken, or our office-holders would speak'—Mr. C.'s countenance was the very impression of the 'serio-comico' gravity whilst stating this objection. Then began that droll working of his features, at the very sight of which, before he had said a word, hundreds found it impossible not to laugh outright. 'Fellow-citizens,' said he, in deliberate tones, 'I ever allude to

the Holy Scriptures with the deepest reverence, and on occasions like the present but seldom; but that venerable patriarch, Job, has so completely unravelled the difficulty of my honest opponent that I must trespass to quote his words: "Dost a wild beast bray while he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?" By this time his form was bent down towards his hearers, his fun-speaking eye was glancing from one countenance to another, and his whole face radiant with imitable queerness. Who could resist it? Sedate old men held their sides to roar; the younger portion stamped and screamed with laughter till the tears started. Peals of laughter succeeded peal so rapidly and boisterously as to preclude the possibility of speaking for some minutes. Had some old Roman pantomime witnessed the swarthy face of "Tom, the Wagon-boy," as his constituents sometimes affectionately term him, effecting such prodigies, he would have died of sheer envy!"

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

How few men seem to form a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation, regarding themselves as only creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties; their projects, aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outlines of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects; that this world, with all its pagantry, pomp, and power, is crumbling to dust; that the present life is scarcely deserving a thought, except as it forms an introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part, who forms his plans with a direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understandings, and perverted the will, and debased the affections, that we never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desire and fill the capacities of our immortal spirit. Vain thought! How little they know themselves. The soul is not of earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its glory changed, it cannot always be a prisoner here. Send it forth as you will to range the whole material universe; and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

OUR MECHANICS.—They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its fitness and beauty to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art and strength, for their symmetry, beauty and proportions; there is no article of comfort or pleasure, but what bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dares sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.

ANECDOTE OF THE TWIN SISTERS.—We know of a farmer in Connecticut who has a pair of twin daughters of whom a capital anecdote is told. They both attended the same school, and not long since one of them was called up by the master to recite a lesson in Geography, which she had learned very imperfectly, and in fact could not go on at all. The teacher, who was getting quite out of patience, was called to another part of the room, and just at that moment the twin sister sprang to the floor unobserved, and pushing the delinquent scholar to her seat, took her place. The master proceeded with the questions, which were answered with a degree of promptness and accuracy which, at the close, drew forth from him a few words of commendation. The joke was not discovered by the teacher until some days after. Of course it was too good and successful to occasion any offence.

AN OATH REFLECTED UPON.—Mr. Romaine hearing a man call upon God to curse him offered him a half crown if he would repeat the oath. The man started—"What sir, do you think I would curse myself for a half crown?" Mr. Romaine answered, "as you did it just now for nothing, I could not but suppose that you would for a reward." The poor fellow was struck with the reproof, and said, "May God bless you sir, whoever you are, I believe you have saved my soul. I hope I shall never swear again."

Slander, says Lacon, cannot make the subject of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one. But we remain the same. Not so with the slanderer—the slander that he utters makes him still worse, the slandered never.

Many take less care of their conscience than of their reputation. The religious man fears, the man of honor scorns, to do an ill action.

No man is born nobler than another, unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition.

A THRILLING SCENE.

Permit me to illustrate my views of temperate drinking, by relating substantially a thrilling scene which occurred in a town in a neighboring State, while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decide informally, whether neighbors should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vendng Alcoholic poisons.

No one arose to continue the discussion, and the president of the meeting was about to put the question, when all at once there arose from the corner of the room a miserable female. She was thinly clad and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch she called upon all to look upon her—"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declares its truth. All drinking of Alcoholic poison as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know that I was once the mistress of the best farm in this town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best—the most devoted husbands. You all know I had five noble-hearted industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe, excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the priest, deacon and doctor, "for authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin, I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my sons; I begged, I prayed, but the odds were greatly against me. The priest said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys, was a creature of God, the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay the rum bills—sold them the poison; and the physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, (there were no Washingtonians then) and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again—you probably see me for the last time—my hand has almost run. I dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your poor house—to warn you—all—to warn you deacon!—to warn you, false teacher of God's word!—and with her arms high flung, and her voice raised to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgement seat of God; I shall meet you there, ye false guides, and be a swift witness against you all."

The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the priest, deacon and physician hung their heads—the president of the meeting put the questions, shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be sold as a beverage? No! People of the United States, friends of humanity every where, what would have been your verdict, had you all been there also?

This picture may be thought to be overdrawn, but could the history of families be told in this city, in all of our towns and villages, or in our hamlets, tens of thousands of cases equally striking might be recorded here.—Albany Argus.

PATRICK'S COLT.—When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day, soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the black colt. "Don't come home without him," said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received rough treatment. "Why, Patrick, what is the matter—what in the name of wonder ails you?" "An' faith, isn't it me, yer honor, that never'll catch the old black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch me eyes out of me head? An' faith, as thrue as me soul's me own, I had to climb up a three footer colt!" "Climb a tree after him? Nonsense! Where is the beast?" "An' it's tied to the three, he is, to be shure, yer honor." We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found, to our small amusement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching, after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as "Patrick's colt."

Manchester American.

He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independently of its favor.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

We gladly lay before our readers the following extract, which abounds with much good advice and practical common sense. It has evidently been composed by a judicious and well balanced mind, and the counsel is most wholesome and salutary, and might be read with profit by many who prefer something foreign in preference to home production! Read it! It will richly repay an attentive perusal, and may perhaps be the means of opening the eyes of some who are not as long sighted as the author of the article in question:

"No farmer or business man should relinquish the newspaper published in his own county, for the purpose of taking some other or larger, cheaper, or more popular paper, published in any of the cities. The newspaper published in one's own county, is always, as a general rule, more valuable than any other, if it be for nothing but the advertisements—aye, the advertisements, the very key that opens the door to excellent bargains. It is of no little consequence for the farmer to know what is going on in his county town, and throughout his county; which he can know in no other way except through the columns of a newspaper published therein—the settlements of estates—the sale of farms, stock, the markets—proceedings in Court, and a hundred other matters, all of which interest him. We venture to say there is not a man who may not every year save much more than the price of subscription to his county newspaper from its advertising columns alone; and on this ground alone we exhort all to patronize their own newspapers. This should be done also for weightier reasons, one of which we will name: the mammoth weekly sheets of the cities being furnished at a price with which no country printer can compete, (for one reason, because made up generally of matter once used and paid for in the daily papers) are encroaching largely upon the country papers, thus discouraging improvement and enterprise, and gradually bringing the whole country under the influence, and in some sense the control of the leading cliques in the cities. Thus a tone is given to the morals, the politics and the habits of the country—and we hesitate not to say that the preponderance of this influence is bad. The people of the country get filled enough with this influence through their own papers—and if they would not see the complete supremacy of the cities over the moral and political destiny of the country let them support the country newspapers. Take the city papers if you can afford it, and as many of them as you please; but first see to it that you have your own home paper as a regular visitor to your fireside. Support them first and liberally, and they will hardly fail to support your interest.

AS ESTEEMED ROBBER.—The rogues in Boston are actually growing bold in their audacity.—One of them actually picked an editor's pocket! The Boston Journal thus tells the story: "There are rogues abroad. For the first time in our life we had our pocket picked last week. The deed was done while we were in the midst of a throng, waiting for the opening of the post office, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and the scoundrel had the good fortune to abstract a couple of old exchange papers, and an unfinished editorial on the occupation of the Oregon territory.—'Good fortune,' we say, because an editor's pocket is generally a good illustration of a vacuum."

PILING UP JOKES.—Speaking of wags, what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased? Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well: Hogg's for instance. Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one a well dressed man; and the first had a ring in his nose, the latter had one on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we; and so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went. Speaking of going off, puts us in mind of a gun we once owned. It went off one night, and we hav'n't seen it since.

LONDON MILK.—It was stated in evidence before the London Police Court, that more milk is drunk in London in a fortnight than all the cows in England would give in a month, and that it is the practice of the vendors of London Milk to add nine quarts of water to every six they receive from the dairy. Some of our Philadelphia milkmen must have served an apprenticeship in the London dairies.

WOMAN'S CHARITY.—An Irish schoolmaster, while poor himself, had given gratuitous instructions to poor scholars; but when his worldly goods increased, he began to think that he could not afford to give his services for nothing. "Oh, James, don't say the like o' that," said the gentle-hearted wife, "don't! A poor scholar never comes into the house that I don't feel as if he brought fresh air with him from Heaven. I never miss the bit I give them." My heart warms at the soft and homely sound of their bear feet upon the floor, and the door always opens of itself to receive them."

THE ROOM OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—In the palace of San Souci, Frederick the Great's room is preserved as he left it, with his uniform, clothes, books, pens and paper, all unmoved—while the clock, which, by a strange coincidence, stopped at the moment of his death, still points the hand to twenty minutes past two.

When the young laugh at the old, they laugh at themselves beforehand.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

1. Dissolve nitrate of bismuth in water, and use the solution as an ink. The writing will be invisible until dipped in water.
2. A diluted solution of lunar caustic also makes an invisible ink, but the characters will shine like silver by holding them over a saucer containing sulphate of ammonia.

3. If you write with a solution of the acetate of cobalt the writing will not be perceptible until the paper is warmed, when it will come out a beautiful blue.

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the end of the needle with care under the ring, and pull through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

SET OUT TREES.—Don't neglect to set out one or more trees the first opportunity you find. Posterity will thank you for the benefaction, and embalm your memory with blessings when other more costly and magnificent mementoes, reared with ostentatious vanity, perhaps, and a view to the eulogy of posterity, shall have passed away.

Let the green tree wave by the cottage door,
The rose in the garden bloom—
With them shall the planter's memory soar
When he rests in the quiet tomb.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the proportions of the vast steamship Great Britain, thought to be the best approved model in the world, are almost precisely the same as Noah's Ark. Her dimensions are, length 322 feet, width of beam 51, depth 32 1-2; those of the Ark, length 300 cubits, breadth 50, depth 30. So Noah not only built the largest vessel that ever floated, but he adopted proportions which the experience of four thousand years has approved as the best. Who taught him?—London Times.

As lofty trees not only call down refreshing showers, but also attract the lightning which destroys them, so mortals, who aspire to rise above the common level, must expect to gather tempests about their heads.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY MISS BLOOMSBURY.

Saw ye the Farmer at his plough,
As you were riding by—
Or wearied 'neath his noon-day toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought ye that his lot was hard?
And did ye thank your God
That you and yours were not condemned
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest-home,
When garden field and tree
Conspire with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthful children gaily sport
Amid the new mown hay,
Or proudly amid vigorous arm
His task, as best they may.

AGRICULTURAL.

Don't Expere your Stock.

Liebig, the distinguished German Chemist, asserts that, "our clothing is to be considered nearly in the light of an equivalent for a certain amount of food." In all situations where the body is kept warm and comfortable by the protection of suitable garments, the demand for food, in order to sustain the natural functions of the system, will be less than where the protection is scanty, or but ill adapted to subserve the purpose for which it is designed.—Now this observation applies with no less force to the management of domestic animals than to the management of ourselves and our children. A cow, forced to stand exposed to the weather in inclement seasons, to repose on the cold ground, or in a barn or hovel where the piercing night blasts have free access, necessarily requires a far larger amount of food than one carefully sheltered and provided with a comfortable stall and bed. The difference in the amount of food consumed by animals treated in the different styles above indicated, has been demonstrated by actual and repeated experiments, to be from 25 to 100 per cent. in favor of the latter! But this is not all. Exposure torpifies and emaculates the system, paralyzes the functions of the stomach, and opens a door for the introduction of many a fearful disease. An animal habitually exposed to cold, usually

falls away. If a cow, "she shrinks her milk;" if an ox, he will experience a loss of vivacity, and become stupid and inert, and but feebly prepared to answer the too often exorbitant drafts made upon his muscular powers under the yoke. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

AN IMMENSE CROP.
Messrs. Worth and Painter, the Committee on Crops, appointed by the Chester and Delaware Agricultural Society, have made the following report. "We have this day viewed the cornfield of Paschal Morris on Allerton Farm near West Chester, that we have calculated the field to contain over ten acres, and that the average yield on the whole field is a hundred and one bushels and three pecks to the acre."
"The corn was planted in hills four and a half by four feet apart, each way; four grains generally to a hill. The corn was cut up, and put into shocks, containing six hills each way. Several of these shocks were taken down from different parts of the field, being an average in size as far as we are able to perceive, and upon being husked, yielded nearly three bushels and a peck of ears each. An average one was shelled in our presence, and yielded one bushel and a half and a pint of shelled corn."
"Each shock having occupied 648 square feet of ground, which being divided into the number of square feet in an acre; this will give the number of shocks in an acre; this multiplied by the amount in each shock, will give the result as above stated."
"A portion of this field yielded 7 half bushels of ears to the shock, which will give an amount of over 110 bushels to the acre."

FEDING POULTRY.—Professor Gregory, of Aberdeen, in a letter to a friend, observes: "As I suppose you keep poultry, I may tell you that it has been ascertained that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of egg-shell or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, *ceteris paribus*, twice or thrice as many eggs as before. A well fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be; indeed, a fowl fed on food and water, free from any carbonate of lime, and not finding any in the soil, or in the shape of mortar, which they often eat on the walls, would lay no eggs at all, with the best will in the world."

PUMPKINS.—This fall let every farmer gather as many of his best matured pumpkins as will suffice to supply his stock with a mess daily through the winter, and deposit them carefully in a close and secure repository, according to the following succinct and definite rules: 1st, lay a stratum of butts of straw from the threshing floor, one foot thick; on this stratum deposit another of pumpkins, and cover them with another layer of straw, and so on to the end of your heap. In this way pumpkins may be preserved most of the year, as sweet and fresh as when taken from the field. Try it, friends, and not leave any thing to be discovered by accident, as is the case with experiments generally.

[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

DURHAM BREED.—It is an erroneous opinion that this breed of cattle requires more nutritious food than the common breed. They require, like all other animals, good feeding to keep them in high condition, but they will keep in better condition on the meanest food, than the inferior breed. A letter in the N. Y. Agriculturalist states that a herd of Durhams was kept last winter on prairie grass, high north, on lake Michigan, under an indifferent shelter. In the beginning of the winter they were fed on prairie grass, and towards the close, the hay having been exhausted, they were kept on the tops of elm and maple trees, and they continued in good order.

We saw last summer, at Mr. Prentice's, near Albany, a superb Durham bull, fat and sleek, that we were assured had fast for months fed on nothing but hay and straw, and a number of cows of the same breed that had been fed on nothing but straw, with the view of reducing them, but which were then quite fat—much fatter than the common breed are usually found on the richest pastures.

PREPARING SEED.—A gentleman near Washington had, this season, his seed wheat—the product of a crop injured by a species of smut—passed through a very strong brine, from which the trash was skimmed off as it rose on heating. The wheat was then dried on a plank floor and stirred in air-slacked lime, and then sowed. Prior to this, his seedsmen had sown a portion of the unprepared seed on a part of the land, and at the harvest the crop from the latter had been destroyed by the smut, while the crop from the prepared seed was perfectly good and abundant. This shows the important advantages of the brine and lime, and they may prove to be of equal importance to other seeds and their products.

GATHERING FRUIT.—Fruit, in order to keep well, should be picked by hand. All violent shaking and beating of the branches should be avoided. The fruit may be greatly injured thereby, but it is not always which are formed in Autumn, are invariably located and prevented from maturing in the Spring.