

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## POETRY.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

I could not say Farewell.

By S. B. BROWN.

O, who can say, Farewell!  
When the heart is on the tongue?  
'Tis sadder, than the funeral knell,  
O'er joys departed rung.  
I left thee—in thy bloom,  
With that anguish who can tell,  
I tore my heart away from thine,  
But could not say—farewell!  
I marked the smile upon thy lip,  
I felt its magic spell—  
I knew it only mask'd thy grief,  
And could not say—farewell!  
I saw the tear-drop in thine eye,  
And kiss'd it ere it fell—  
I pressed thy velvet hand in mine,  
But could not say—FAREWELL!

We think it will do no body any harm to read these stanzas until they are heart-learned. A good man wrote them and he must be a good man who puts them into practice.

### Speak Gently.

Speak gently: it is better far  
To smile by love than tear.  
Speak gently: let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

Speak gently: love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind;  
And gently friendship accents flow,  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,  
Its love is sure to gain;  
Teach it accents soft and mild,  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear.  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know  
They must have terrors in their  
Perchance unkindness made them so,  
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce with strife,  
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart is deep well;  
The good, the joy which it may bring  
Eternity shall tell.

## MISCELLANY.

From the New York Observer.

SUWARROW'S PASSAGE OF THE GLARUS.

By REV. J. T. HEADLY.

Forty-three years ago, one night in September, the peaceable inhabitants of the Muotta Thal were struck with wonder at the sudden appearance among them of multitudes of men of a strange garb and language. They had just gathered their herds and flocks to the fold, and were seeking their quiet homes that slept amid the green pastures, when, like a mountain torrent, came pouring out from every defile and mountain pass, these strange unintelligible beings. From the heights of the Kenzig Culum—from precipices the shepherds scarce dared to tread—they came streaming with their confused jargon, around the cottages of these simple children of the Alps. It was Suwarrow, with twenty-four thousand Russians at his back, on his march from Italy to join the allied force of Zurich. He had forced the passage of St. Gothard, and had reached thus far, when he was stopped by the Lake Lucerne, and was told that Korsakow and the main Russian army were defeated. Indignant and incredulous at the report, he would have hung the peasant who informed him as a spy, but not the lady mother of St. Joseph's nursery interested in his behalf. Here, in this great Alpine valley, the bold commander found himself completely surrounded. Mollitor and his battalions looked down upon him from the summit of the Muotta Thal; Mortier and Massena blocked up his mouth; while Lecourbe hung on the rear. The Russian bear was denuded, and compelled, for the first time in his life, to order a retreat. He wept in indignation and grief and adopted the only alternative left him—to cross the Prugel in Glarus.

Then commenced one of those desperate marches unparalleled in the history of man. The passage of the St Bernard by Bonaparte was a comfortable march compared to it; and Hannibal's world renowned exploit a mere child's play beside it. While the head of Suwarrow's column had ascended the Prugel, and was fighting desperately at Nictels, the rear guard, encumbered with the wounded, were struggling in the Muotta Thal with Massena and his battalions. Then these savage soliders shook to the thunder of the cannon, and the roar of the musketry. The started avalanche came leaping from the heights mingling its sullen thunder with the roar of battle. The frightened chamois paused on the high precipice to catch the strange uproar that filled the hills.

The simple-hearted peasantry saw their green pastures covered with battling armies, and the snow-capped height crimsoned with the blood of men. Whole companies fell like snow-wreaths from the rocks, while the artillery ploughed through the dense mass of human flesh that dar-

kened the gorge below. For ten successive days these armies marched and combated; and yet here, on the eleventh, they struggled with unabated resolution. Unable to force the passage to Nictels, Suwarrow took the desperate and awful resolution of leading his weary and wounded army over the mountains into the Grisons. Imagine, if you can, an awful solitude of mountains and precipices, glaciers piled one above the other in solid grandeur.—Cast your eye up one of those mountains, 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, along whose bosom in a zigzag line, goes a narrow path, winding over the precipices and snow fields, till finally lost in the distant summit. Up that difficult path, and into the very heart of those fearful peaks, was the bold Russian resolved to lead his 21,000 men.

To increase the difficulties that beset him, and render his destruction apparently inevitable, the snow fell on the morning he set out two feet deep, obliterating all traces of the path, and forming, as it were, a winding sheet for his army. In single file and with heavy hearts, that mighty host, one after another, entered the snow drifts and began the ascent. Only a few miles could be made the first day, and at night, without even a tree to kindle for light around their silent bivouacs, the army laid down in the snow, the Alpine crags around them for sentinels. The next day the head of the column reached the ridge, and lo! what a scene was spread out before them. No one who has not stood on an Alpine summit can have any conception of the utter dreariness of this region. The mighty mountains, as far as the eye can reach, leaning along the solemn sky, while the deep silence around is broken by no living thing. Only now and then the voice of the avalanche is heard speaking in its low thunder tone from the depth of an awful abyss, or the scream of a solitary eagle circling round some lofty crag. The bold Russian stood and gazed long and anxiously on the scene, and then turned to look on his straggling army, that as far as the eye could reach, wound, like a huge anaconda, over the white surface of the snow. No column of smoke rose in the desert wilds to cheer the sight, but all was silent, mournful, and prophetic. The winding sheet of the army seemed unrolled before them. No path guided their footsteps, and ever and anon a bayonet and a feather disappeared together as some poor soldier slipped off the edge of a precipice and fell into the abyss below. Hundreds, overcome and disheartened, or exhausted with their previous wounds, laid down to die, while the cold wind, as it swept by, soon wrought a snow shroud for their forms.

The descent on the southern side was worse than the ascent. A freezing wind had hardened the snow into a crust, so that it frequently bore the soldiers. Their bayonets were thrust into it to keep them from slipping, and the weary and worn creatures were compelled to struggle to prevent being borne away over the precipices that almost momentarily stopped their passage. Yet even this precaution was often vain. Men saw their comrades, by whose sides they had fought in many a battle, shoot, one after another, over the dizzy verge, striking with their bayonets as they went, to stay their progress. The beasts of burden slipped from above, and rolling down on the banks, shot a way in wild confusion, men and all, into the chasm that yawned at their feet.

As they advanced, the enemy appeared on the precipices around, pouring a scattering, yet destructive fire, on the straggling multitude. Such a sight these Alpine soldiers never saw—such a march no army ever made before. In looking at this pass the traveller cannot believe an army of 24,000 men were marched over it through the fresh fallen snow, two feet deep.—For five days they struggled amid those gorges and over those ridges, and finally reached the Rhine at Jantz. For four months after, the culture and eagle hovered incessantly along the line of march, and beasts of prey were gorged with the dead bodies. Nearly three thousand men were scattered among the glaciers and rocks, and piled in the abyss, and the bones of many an unburied soldier may still be seen bleaching in the ravines of the Jatzter.

A DREAFFUL OCCURRENCE.—A correspondent of the Michigan Washingtonian, writing from Flint, relates this dreadful tale of crime and suffering. At the distillery near this place, the vendors sold their poison to an Indian—got him intoxicated—then took his rifle as security for the debt. But when the Indian partially recovered from this fit of intoxication, he recollected that the rifle was a borrowed one. He then attempted to gain admittance into the building to obtain his property, and being overtaken in the act by one of the owners of this sink of pollution, he was wounded and bruised by this monster, in the worst way imaginable; so much so, that he became alarmed, and took the poor sufferer into the garret of some building, and dressed his wounds for fear he would die. But the weather being extremely cold, his legs were frozen, so that they were amputated above the knee. The poor fellow lingered a few days in the most agonizing torments, and died a most horrible death.

If ever you find an editor abrupt, or looking savage, take it for granted he is scalded—at a loss for a word or idea—and don't trouble him.

## GOOD NATURE.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good nature.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the faintest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance, or supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good breeding.—For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good nature is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.—Addison.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—Do we not often fail to manifest that Love we profess, and which serves as the central link in our symbolic chain and is emblazoned in letters of gold upon our proud and lofty banners? Do we cherish the principles as we ought—do we practise in our conduct, our speech and writings towards our brethren when they walk uprightly and when they wander from the path of honor and sobriety? We should remember that the follies & false steps of a brother should call forth our love more strongly, and our more zealous exertion that we may win him back and encourage him to walk uprightly and surely. It is not infrequently that we are friendly to the pure and honorable and that we love those who love us, and whose conduct is in unison with our own conceptions of what is really good. But if such men falter through weakness, are found indulging in one evil habit, or speak or write in a tone that is offensive, we are too likely to withdraw our friendship—suppress the love we cherished for them, and manifest a coldness toward them, an entire indifference to their respectability and welfare. In this respect we are prone to turn from the example of Him in whom "we trust," to forget the power of love kindness to reform and bring back, and to exercise that base principle which drives the wanderer farther on.

When creature stray  
Farthest from God, then warmest toward them  
burns  
His love, even as you sun beams hottest on  
The earth when most distant. [Coveant.]

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—PRESS ON.—Though the hour be dark, though the dungeon door be bolted and barred upon us, strong hands and stout hearts can and will cause light to shine upon the darkness, and make a way of escape. Then be of good cheer, O ye of little faith, hope for brighter days, when misery and ruin, and poverty, shall no longer mantle the earth in sack-cloth and ashes; when the oil of joy shall be given for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, when bright roses shall grow over the grave of despair, and the placid breeze of morn and even waft naught but happiness and love. But with all thy hoping, labor to accomplish the desired aim. Work as if the glittering object were full in view—and though oftentimes the heart may faint under almost insuperable difficulties, learn to labor and to wait. Press on—look not back until the goal be gained, and thy reward will be sweetened ten thousand times by the difficulties which have been in thy youth.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have an occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn that Divinemersey could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we cannot overcome by industry than we could be with the most spontaneous and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar: no wealth can purchase them, no insolence can touch them. They only flow from the exertions which they repay.

"The fire is very cold," said an old toper, who was trying to warn his toes in the moonlight on a snow bank.

SENATOR YULEE has married Miss Wickliffe, daughter of the ex-Postmaster General.

## WORK AND ITS BLESSINGS.

C. M. Clay's "True American" comes in an improved dress. The following passage closes a short article upon a subject, which comes home to the business and anticipation of many men:

"Gladdened with its sunniest features, and glossed it over with its richest hues, and it becomes a poor and painted thing, if there be in it no toil—no hearty—hard work. The laborer sighs for repose. Where is it? Friend, whoever thou art, know it is to be found alone in work. No good, no greatness, no progress, is gained without it. Work, then, and faint not, for therein is the well-spring of human hope, and human happiness."

Mr. Clay is young to know that. Not to know it young, is sometimes the heart's ease of the young aspirant. To force it out when habits of constant labor have become fixed and have produced what constant labor and economy generally produce, competence—to force it out then, seems to belie all former premises of hope, and the sufferer sees that his labor to produce that which will allow of leisure and rest, has also produced the habits of mind and body, that will admit of no rest from toil. Toilsome days and nights are appointed to the industrious and the enterprising. Wearisome days and nights are appointed unto him who has no employment. But Mr. Clay is right—work, work, work, "therein is the well-spring of human hope and human happiness." This country has no place for the idle but the almshouse.—There is no class with which the unworking may affiliate. There is no respectability for the man that does nothing—no place for him who has nothing to do. In England, in Germany, in France, the spirit begins to work. There was once a place in all these countries for those who had no occupation—a place where one or two generations rested from the labors of their ancestors, whose toils won that place. But the time of labor is so far back, that renewed labor is necessary, and now no man can have deserved distinction, no man be regarded there, without labor. The idle nobelman is the laughing stock of his age, if such a person is to be found. Those who will not toil in the thousand ways of improving themselves and their kind, have to leave the scene of labor and travel, travel to avoid work.

We repeat it, there seems to be no place left in Europe or America for the idle.—The spirit of the age is one of movement, of work; and human happiness is dependent upon the fulfillment of the work mission.—U. S. Gazette.

GREAT MEN OF OUR COUNTRY.—The New-Buryport Herald states that Daniel Webster, after his return from Europe, asked a friend to guess whose were the American names better and more universally known and admired in England than all other American names put together. His friend answered, Washington and Chief Justice Marshall. No, said Mr. Webster, I mean living persons, and they are Judge Story and Peter Parley; for while the former is known to every lawyer in England, and generally among the educated classes, the latter has entire possession of the young hearts of old England—that wherever he went into an English family, and the children were brought in and presented to him as Mr. Webster, an American gentleman, they would be sure, with scarcely a single exception, to approach him, and looking him in the face, with the utmost anxiety expressed in their words, would say, do you know "Peter Parley"?

BENEVOLENCE.—"Not for ourselves but for others," is the grand law of nature inscribed by the hand of God on every part of creation. Not for itself, but for others, does the sun dispense its beams; not for themselves, but for others, do the clouds distill their showers; not for herself, but for others does the earth unlock her treasures; not for themselves, but for others, do the trees produce their fruit or the flowers diffuse their fragrance and display their various hues. So not for himself, but for others, are the blessings of God bestowed on man. He who lives only to himself, and consumes the bounty of Heaven upon his lusts, or consecrates it to the demon of avarice, is a barren rock on a fertile plain—he is a thorny bramble in a fruitful vineyard; he is the grave of God's blessings; he is the very Arabian desert of this moral world.

TRUTHS, IN DIFFERENT ASPECTS.—LONGFELLOW says—"The little that I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger.—When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and the temptations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of a world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening vicissitudes of health gone, happiness gone, even hope, that remained the longest, gone; I would fain leave the soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came."

Dr. Selby, charged with being accessory to the offence of procuring dead bodies for dissection, in the neighborhood of Ash-tabula, Ohio, was recently convicted in that county, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$300, and to be imprisoned twenty days in the common jail.

The following statement, says the National Intelligencer, which we find in the regular Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune, agrees substantially with what we have heard related here, and have reason to believe correct:

"When Mr. WEBSTER left the State Department, in place of being a defaulter as has been charged, it appears that there was a balance paid over to him long after he left. When Mr. Webster left Mr. Tyler's Cabinet he requested the Clerk who has the care of the contingent fund, to settle up the account and see how it stood. The clerk wrote to Mr. Webster that there was the sum of \$1,000 for which there was no voucher. Mr. Webster said that the proper voucher would yet be found, but in the mean time he wished the accounts of the Department fully settled up, and for this purpose he sent on \$1,000, and the accounts were settled. The proper certificate afterwards appearing, the thousand dollars were refunded to Mr. Webster.—So that, in place of being a defaulter, he had actually overpaid the Department, and this overpay was refunded."

A GENUINE COMPLIMENT.—It is said that a lady of extraordinary beauty once confessed that the only real compliment she ever received was from a coal heaver, who asked permission to light his pipe in her eyes. We have met with another compliment paid by a sailor, who was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor having performed his errand, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was "beautiful, exceedingly." "Well my honest man," she said, "for what do you wait? there is no answer expected." "Lady," said the sailor, "I would like to know your name." "And why?" she replied, "why should you seek to know my name?" "Because," said he, "because I would call upon it in a storm and save some ship from sinking."—N. Y. Evening Mirror.

THE WAY THEY TREAT AN EDITOR.—The happy editor of the Hingham Patriot has not only, in spite of his being an editor, persuaded a pretty girl to take him "for better or worse," which were bliss enough for one life, but his lady neighbors, in admiration of the mutual conduct of the contracting parties, have sent in a few donations toward the house fixings of the adventurous couple. The editor announces that he will keep his office open "a few weeks longer" to receive further donations, and acknowledges already the receipt of the following, viz. a handsome centre table, a parlor stove, a set of China ware, a solar lamp, a handsome carpet, crockery ware in abundance, nest of boxes, pails and buckets, together with a variety of small articles.

The Chamber of Commerce of N. York has sent to Washington a protest against the Sub-Treasury Bill, of which it says: "It will be found extremely difficult, if not impossible to carry out," and which cannot fail to exercise "an important influence for evil upon the various interests of the country."

The body thus addressing Congress, is composed of men of both particular parties. But will Congress listen? There are movements in that body, which show a disposition towards independence, but these are followed by other expiatory acts of evident submission; so that it is difficult to tell in what temper the Sub-Treasury will find the "Democratic party" at the time of voting.

SNOCKING OCCURRENCE ON THE READ-ING RAILROAD.—About two o'clock on Tuesday morning, a train of burthen cars while in motion, came in contact with a stationary train near Pottstown. The force of the concussion caused five of the cars to be thrown off the track; the death of the engineer named J. Hill, and the breaking of the leg, Mr. Geo. B. Sterling. The latter was taken to the Philadelphia Hospital on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hill was from Salem, Mass., where his family reside. It is said that he was a worthy man.

The cause of the disaster resulted from neglect on the part of the officer having the stationary train in charge. We learn that the company promptly discharged him from its employ.

FLOWERS IN BED ROOMS.—CAUTION.—Recently in London, a young lady went to bed in good health, and was found the next morning dead! The physicians who were called in declared that the sole cause of this catastrophe was the poisoning of the air by the exhalation of a quantity of lilies found in two large vases on a low table in the room.—Roses, tuberoses, jessamines, and in fact, most flowers may in the same way, produce effects, if not mortal, at least very injurious. Their influence acts most powerfully on nervous persons.

JACKSON THE PEDESTRIAN.—This great runner says he will give any man that can be produced a half mile in twelve, or three quarters in twenty, for any amount above \$500. Or if any gentleman will bet him \$1000 to \$7000, against his running eleven miles in one hour, he will remain and close the match, and run it about the middle of May, either at Philadelphia or Baltimore.

RISE IN THE WORLD.—When some one was lamenting Foote's unhappy fate in having been kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," said he, "for when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

## Reflections in a Grave Yard.

Come, gentle reader, take me by the hand, and let us go in yonder grave-yard, and there learn a lesson upon the mouldering tombs, where they have laid for centuries untouched, unharmed, save by the hand of time. Trace back the years when they were first formed by the hand that lies mouldering within them. He was a being, endowed with life like ourselves, perhaps contemplating the mystery of life, death or time—wondering and anticipating generations that were to come and pass away as he has done, unknown and forgotten even by those with whom there existed the tenderest associations. Who can say that human being has passed away? None. He will rise like one of us. An all-wise God has watched over him as he does over every living thing upon the earth. Nature was then robed in all its glory, as now; there were as many stars softly beaming from the heavens then as at the present time; the same dazzling sun shone upon him that now shines upon us; the pale moon shed the same lustre at night; the earth moved with the same regularity and on the same course; and all things present the same aspect as when this world first sprung into being. Amid the impressive stillness of the place, while an unearthly awe comes stealing o'er saddened spirit in the silent dead, is there not a power, some "still small voice" that whispers in your ear, that reaches the inmost recesses of your heart: there is a God, and all things animate and inanimate are governed by His power.

Can there be a human being who in the exercise of reason and with sincerity of heart can doubt? No, there cannot. The very words in which the thought is conveyed, would be uttered with fear and sincerity. There is a Power whose agency and influence must ever be recognized even by the most reckless and abandoned Atheist. This Power gives us light, teaches the reason of man and guides him in the hour of darkness to a haven of safety. When guided by spiritual influence and divine light, man's soul rises higher than earth; he is the son of God made after his own image, and his spirit shall ascend to the starry heavens, and add one more to the countless thousands of Heaven's bright luminaries—there forever to shine in glory increasing and increasing in dazzling excellence, even until the consummation of all things, when a new heaven and a new earth shall appear and the old pass away. This is man's Eden!

But let us pursue our meditations. Here we see a new tomb stone, erected to the memory of an old, well-known, but departed friend; one that you have known from childhood. You passed through the periods of innocent childhood and buoyant sunny youth, hand in hand and heart bound to heart. He now lies numbered with the dead. Is your heart chilled by the spectacle of the inanimate body, reposing in the cold embrace of death? Does your heart yearn for the departed? If he was a christian, learn to imitate him. You know not but that your departure may be close at hand, and he may be an angelic messenger to welcome you to bliss and joy in heaven. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and past finding out by the wisdom of man. We have been placed here by the divine ruler not to waste our time in idleness, but with industry to learn to know ourselves and contemplate his glory. Few approach this silent earthly home, but must acknowledge that throughout their earthly pilgrimage, they have been more or less under the influence of the two great Powers of good and evil, and that their lives have been controlled by one or the other. As death approaches, the hopes of rewards or fears of punishment are increased. How many are there in the world, whose hearts at one time beat high with hope, but who, through the bitterness and calamity of an unfeeling world, live in silent grief, and hope to find peace for their bruised hearts in the deep long-sleep of the grave. Happy are they who die the death of the righteous.

Huntingdon township. K.