

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

VOL. XVII.—S. 3

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 840.

## POETRY.

MAY.

BY MRS. ANSELIA B. WELBY.

Oh, this is the beautiful month of May,  
The season of birds and of flowers,  
The young and the lovely are out and away  
Mid the up-springing grass and the blossoms at play;  
Oh, many a heart will be happy to-day,  
In this beautiful region of ours.  
Sweet April, the frail, the capriciously bright,  
Hath passed like the lovely away,  
Yet we mourn not her absence, for swift at her flight,  
Sprang forth her young sister an angel of light,  
And fair as a sunbeam that dazzles the sight,  
Is beautiful, beautiful May.  
What scenes of delight, what sweet visions she brings,  
Of freshness, of gladness, of mirth,  
Of fair sunny glades where the butter cup springs,  
Of cooling fountains, of rose-tinted wings,  
Of birds, bees, and blossoms, all beautiful things,  
Whose brightness rejoices the earth.  
How fair is the landscape; o'er hill top and glade  
What sweet varying colors are rolled—  
The shadow now sunshine, the sunshine now shade;  
Their light shifting hues for the green earth have made  
A garment resplendent with dew-gems o'erlaid—  
A light woven tissue of gold!  
Oh yes! lovely May, the enchanting fair,  
Is here with her beams and her flowers;  
Their rainbow-like garments the blossoms now wear.  
And all in their health-giving odors may share,  
For the breath of their sweetness is out on the air;  
Those children of sunbeams and showers.  
The fragrant magnolia in loveliness drest,  
The lilac's more delicate hue,  
The violet, half opening its azure-hued vest,  
Just kissed by a sunbeam, its innocent guest,  
The light-floating cloudlets, like spirits at rest,  
All pictured in motionless blue—  
These brighten the landscape and softly unroll  
Their splendors by land and by sea;  
They steal o'er the heart with a magic control,  
That lightens the bosom and freshens the soul.  
Oh this is the charm that enhances the whole,  
And makes them so lovely to me.  
How sweet when the month's in the flush of its prime,  
To hear, as we wander alone,  
Some bird's sudden song from the sweet-scented lime,  
And catch the low gush of its exquisite chime,  
And set it to music, and turn it to rhyme,  
With a spirit as light as its own.  
And sweet to recline, 'neath the emerald-robed trees,  
Where fairy-like footsteps have trod,  
With the lull of the waters, the hum of the bees,  
Mingling into the spirit delicious degrees  
Of exquisite softness! In moments like these  
I have walked with the angels of God.  
Sweet season of love, when the fairy queen trips  
At eve thro' the star lighted grove;  
What vows are now breathed where the honey-  
bee sips!  
What cheeks, whose bright beauties the roses e-  
clipse,  
Are crimsoned with blushes! What rose-tinted lips  
Are moist with the kisses of love!  
Yet loveliest of months! with the praises I sing,  
Thy glories are passing away,  
With the dew from the blossom, the bird on the wing,  
Yet round thee a garland poetic I fling,  
Sweet sister of April! young child of the Spring!  
Oh, beautiful, beautiful May!

## MISCELLANY.

### A Laughable Story.

Delivering a Letter of Introduction.  
The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes that befell an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction.—After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance into the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds:  
The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared, instant at elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wines, under strings of names which I no more understood than their compositions, or they did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying again my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *oui* to every thing that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising large morsels of potatoe to my mouth, and, in order to reply as quick as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it hastily.—Heavens! it was as hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side; while my eyes, which I involuntarily had fixed on her, were straining from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amusement and surprise, at which I can now laugh when I think of it.  
"Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired; I could bear no more, my mouth was flaying with intolerable pain. So quietly abandoning the point, I opened to the utmost, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the true politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoned with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till, exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned

less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted; I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.  
"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and wisely. The Ides of March were not yet over. Before me stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for custard-pudding which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *cauliflower*, I verily took it to be the French for custard-pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it, that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel the illusion.  
Would to heaven the *cauliflower* had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondingly on the mass, that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. I was ashamed to confess my mistake, although I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap. I struggled manfully against the mountainous heap at its basis, and shutting my eyes, and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly enough, to intinate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not expelling that which had gained an unwelcome admission.  
The seriousness of the task I had undertaken and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given a rapidity to exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass upon my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in turn, and a great portion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate righted itself as I raised my person, and I saw as I saw as I glanced my eye around the table that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was happily disposed of; and resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.  
The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served round. Meantime I had sought what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dared not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.  
On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.  
"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrified voice.  
I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I took my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down the neck and the bosom of the lady.  
"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.  
"Mon Dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.  
"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one of the company.  
"No! no!—the spider—Monsieur is killing the spider."  
"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman consciously to himself.  
Well might he be astonished; the spray of the execrable vegetable had splattered her dress from head to foot. For myself the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.  
"What a monster it must have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. "I declare, I should think it had been living some time on cauliflower."  
At that moment, I felt some one touch me; on turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.  
"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered in a soft tone.  
Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fatal pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable which had been daubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.  
Darting from the spot I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.  
"Sacre! bete! sacre!" the *voix* in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another's epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard ringing like a

fiere tempest without doors. Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats and there stood the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride like Colossus, and stooping gently forward his eyes forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.  
I staid no longer; but retaking his hat I rushed from the house, jumped into a *fiacre*, and arrived safely home, heartily resolving that to my latest hour I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.  
A CHEERFUL HEART.  
I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "your countenance to me is like the shining of the sun, for it always gladdens me as with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies could not take away from him.—There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their time if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious that what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the fear of the evil that is to come.—This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves.  
The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road and buzzes on selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men but have the disposition. We travel often in a hard uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with great comfort and the end of our journey be peace.  
"Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every anxious passion free,  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee."  
EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—A correspondent in Accomac county, Va., in forwarding us the returns of the recent election for members of the Legislature, says—  
"The Legislature of this State passed an act at its last session, to refer to the people the question of establishing a free school system in this county, and if they would sanction it by a majority of two thirds it should pass into a law. But to our utter astonishment, the school was lost. The wealthy portion of the community opposed it because they would be taxed for its support, and a great many of the poorer, because of their ignorance, is it not a burning and a blasting shame," that the old State of Virginia, who has given birth to so many great, good and learned men—such as Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Clay and Harrison, should refuse to sanction a free school system, by which all—the poor as well as the rich, should receive that which is so essential, especially to a republican form of Government—a good education."  
OLD, BUT GOOD.—William the Fourth, late King of England, when Prince of Wales, and during his service off the coast of Canada, made an excursion into Upper Canada, and crossed over into Vermont. He entered a tailor's shop, and on seeing the tailor's wife, an exceedingly beautiful woman, he, without ceremony, ravished a kiss from the lady, and remarked: "There! now tell your country-women that the son of the King of England has kissed a Yankee tailor's wife." Unhappily for him, her husband, the tailor, at that moment appeared from the back room, and being a stout fellow, gave the son of royalty a tremendous kick, exclaiming: "There! now go and tell your country-women that a Yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England." The Prince sloped.

A WAR SCENE.  
The following description of one of the recent "great and glorious" battles in India, gives a faint idea of the horrors that attend the trade of war:  
As our men advanced, Englishman and Hindoo side by side, the Sikhs appeared to redouble their fire, and to use the expression of an eye witness, "a storm of iron hail descended on our ranks." No force or fire, however, could repress their valor. They pushed forward with irresistible enthusiasm, and after the most tremendous efforts succeeded in their attempt. The cavalry entered the entrenchments in single file, through openings made for them by the sappers and miners, and in a short time the route of the Sikhs became general.  
As they had shown no mercy to numerous wounded men who had fallen into their hands, so no mercy was shown to them.—They were driven in confusion towards the bridge and river, which having risen during the night, rendered their retreat almost impossible. The bridge of boats, densely thronged by the fugitives, broke down in several pieces, while our guns incessantly playing on the closely wedged mass, produced the most fearful havoc. The scene presented by the face of the Sutlej defies description—covered with horses and men, upon whom the most dreadful fire was kept up by grape and canister—it literally ran red with blood.  
Under these circumstances, we can by no means imagine the number of the slain to be over estimated at 12,000. The battle had begun about six o'clock, and did not terminate till eleven. The combatants had met hand to hand. Our artillery and musketry had never for a moment ceased their fire. Our cavalry charging impetuously through their ranks, had speared or sabaged all who fell in their way. But the river was their greatest enemy, and when they flung themselves pell mell into its waters, which were wholly unfordable, the artillery scattered death unsparingly among them, till there was not a man left visible within range.  
A SCHOOL ANECDOTE.—One of the most amusing school-anecdotes that we have heard recently, (says the Boston Bee,) occurred a few days ago, at the School in Roxbury. A lad, whom we will call Peter for the sake of a name, playing truant from that school, and wishing an excuse the next day, altered over an old note, which had been used for the same purpose on a former occasion, by expunging the old date and substituting the present. The master immediately detected the trick, and in the presence of the school impressed upon him the dangerous character of such frauds. He then told Peter he would leave him in the aisle for half an hour to reflect upon it, and be his own *judge* as to the punishment due the offence. The half-hour having elapsed, the whole school was called to the "third position"—the attitude of attention: and the teacher said—"Now, sir, you yourself are the judge in this case: what is your decision?" Peter hesitated a little; then, hanging his head, pronounced in a whining voice, the following impartial verdict—  
"Why, as 'tis the first time, I think you'd better let the poor fellow go!"  
THE MORMONS.—Major Warren, who has been in command during the past winter of the State troops, to keep order in Hancock county, had made public his determination to disband his troops on the first day of May, in pursuance of orders from the State Executive—that being the day on which the term stipulated for the removal of the Mormons will expire.—The Nauvoo Eagle states that about 5,000 Mormons have already left—some for Wisconsin, some for other States, some for Council Bluffs by the Missouri river, and the remainder with the camp of Israel.—There are many who, it is represented, are unable to get away for the want of means, but will go if sufficient time is given to make the necessary arrangements.  
HEAVY DAMAGES.—Charles E. Goodwin, who was lately tried before Howard District court, on a charge of assaulting and shooting Thomas D. Cockey, with intent to kill him, but whose trial was continued on account of a failure of the jury to agree had a verdict for \$10,000 damages rendered against him, last week, in a civil action brought against him by T. D. Cockey, before Baltimore county court. Mr. Cockey's life was in great danger, and he was deprived of the sight of one of his eyes.  
A NOBLE DOG.—The Alexandria Gazette says: Last week, a little boy playing near the Canal Basin, accidentally fell in. A fine Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in this place, standing by, plunged in, on the instant, and seizing the child, brought him safely to the shore.—This was witnessed by several persons, whose exertions were superseded by the prompt relief afforded by the noble dog.  
There are one hundred and twenty thousand children in Virginia, who attend no school whatever. Is it surprising then that the State continues to support Locofocoism? The good Whig county of Jefferson decided, at the recent election, to establish "free schools" in that county—so to make sure that the people would stand by the Whig faith.  
The poor Whigs stick at 49.—Boston Post.  
The Locos stick at nothing.—Louisville Jour.

THE ELOQUENCE OF MOTION.—Wm. C. Preston.—Every one has read of the action, action, action of Demosthenes, and of what a variety of emotions, and passions Roscius could express by inter gesture let it not be supposed, however, that such perfections of art belong to the ancients only. The following anecdote of the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, is illustrative of our remark.  
Some years ago, among a thousand of others, were we were listening to one of his splendid harangues from the stump. Beside us was one, as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching apparently every word that fell from the orator's lips.  
Now the tear of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now, in an ungovernable ecstasy, he would shout out applauses, which might have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunderstorm.  
At length Preston launched out one of those passages of massive declamation which those who have heard him, know him to be so capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor, it was what Byron has described the Mountain-storms of Jura.—Its effect upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer; but bawling into our ear as if he would blow it open with a tempest,  
"Who's that speaking?" cried he.  
"Wm. C. Preston," replied we—as loud as our lungs would let us.  
"Who?" inquired he, still louder than before.  
"William C. Preston, of South Carolina," replied we almost splitting our throats in the effort.  
"Well! well!" returned he—"I can't hear a darn word he or you are saying, but great Jerico, don't he do the motions splendid!"—South Carolinian.  
A PERSEVERING SUICIDE.—A man named David Baker, 70 years of age, committed suicide, a few days since, near Trumbull, Tompkins county, N. Y., by first cutting his throat and hanging himself twice afterwards. Finding that the incision in his throat was killing him by too slow a process, he untwisted a rope, and fixing one of the strands to the limb of a tree, partially suspended himself, his knees, however resting on the ground.—This attempt failed, for the strand appears to have broken, and as a final effort he took the two strands, and succeeded. He was a resident of a respectable family, and was properly and bore a good character.  
CITY OF VOREZ.—This city, the headquarters of the new Mormon prophet Strang, numbers already, it is said, ten thousand inhabitants. It is situated "on the prairie, on White River," on the borders of Racine and Walworth counties, Wisconsin Territory, and is described as a most beautiful place, possessing an immense hydraulic power, sufficient to make it the first manufacturing place in the west.  
As a party of young ladies were taking a walk for the purpose of viewing the Falls near Watertown, N. J. one of their number, named Frances Reed, an adopted daughter of Mr. Peter Hawk, of that town, having ventured too near the edge, became dizzy it is supposed, and falling over the steep embankment, was instantly hurled away by the current and drowned.  
ACCIDENT.—The Huntington (Pa.) Messenger says:—Last week a son of Mr. Samuel Mosser of West township, in this county, aged about 11 years, was engaged in harrowing a field, when his horses took fright. When the horses commenced running, the boy leaped from the horse on which he was riding, the harrow struck his forehead and tore and fractured his skull to an alarming extent.  
KILLED BY A HOG.—At New York, on Friday evening, a lad 11 years old, named Levy, was run down by a hog. He fell upon the pavement with such violence as to fracture his skull causing death in a few hours.  
CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—A mercantile firm in Boston received a few days since \$118, with a note, stating that it was the amount, with compound interest, which had been overpaid to the subscriber, "A Penitent Man," many months ago.  
MR. CLAY.—We learn from the Kentucky Observer, that Mr. Clay reached Ashland on the 22d inst. in excellent health.  
There is nothing, except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.  
Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind, and leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.  
A good man has well remarked that jesting upon serious subjects is ever the mark of a shallow and superficial mind, poor in ideas, and still poorer in judgment.  
An interesting little girl, three years old, daughter of Mr. Willis Hall, of Fair Haven Ct., was burned to death on Monday afternoon, by her clothes taking fire, during a momentary absence of her mother.  
Porter, the American giant, who resides at Louisville, is seven feet and eight inches in height, weighs about two-hundred and fifty pounds, and is 33 years old.  
Bills of the Hartford Bank, Hartford (Ct.) are in circulation, altered from \$3 to 100, and from \$1 to 50.

AGRICULTURAL.  
STUDY THE SOILS.—It is well known to every one that there is a vast difference in the nature and qualities of soils. Soils differ not only in different parts of the country—but in different farms, and even in different parts of the same farm. And nothing is more material, or necessary to those who wish to cultivate the soil to some useful purpose, than a thorough and accurate knowledge of the nature and qualities of the several kinds of soil contained within the farms, and the judgment and skill to adapt their crops accordingly.  
For want of such knowledge and skill, it is sometimes the case, that a man will select the most unsuitable pieces of his ground, for certain kinds of crops, and when a disappointment in harvest takes place, the natural consequences of his folly, the complaints of ungenial seasons, and the unkindness of Providence! But if the farmer will do his part with a due degree of care and attention, Providence will almost always smile upon him! The fostering breezes blow, the softening dews and kinder shower descend—and the gentle warmth of the sun will temper all into the perfect year.  
GARDENING.—There is in life no more delightful occupation than gardening. To breathe the pure mild air of spring, to prepare the beds and borders for vegetable plants and flowers; to sow the seeds, and set out the various slips and cuttings, and arrange every thing in order and in taste, to look earnestly for the first leaf, bud and flower; to watch their growth, to enjoy their beauty and fragrance; to show them to one's friends; talk about them, to have them admired, and to know that all this work of your hands or directions, is this an enjoyment scarcely to be equalled and then fail to secure it. We always thought it evidence of a good wife, to see her often in the garden, and fond of inspecting and attending to its proper cultivation and management. Depend upon it, life is a blessing to her husband and family. We would advise our young friends, who wish to marry, and they are, in truth, a goodly number, to avoid those young ladies who seem to have an aversion to the primitive, useful and beautiful art of gardening. We never knew a lady or gentleman, who was extremely fond of flowers and shrubbery, who had not a warm heart and generous disposition.—Miss Guard.  
We find the following paragraph in the Martinsburg (Va.) Gazette:  
CUCUMBER BUGS.—I have always been successful in protecting my cucumbers from the striped bug by making little balls of clay, dipping them in spirits of turpentine, and setting one in every hill; (although by the way, my "hills" are always hollows, or at least plains;) or more expeditiously by dropping a little of the essential oil about the plants. In the latter case, care must be taken not to let any of the oil come into contact with the young cucumbers; as they will be inevitably destroyed by it. So long as the odor of the turpentine is perceptible the plants are secure from insect depredation. When the quantity of the spirit of turpentine used, has been too small, and the hot weather has dissipated it, I have once or twice dipped the balls the second time.  
SMOKING SEED CORN.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writes:—I wish to remind your readers, that if they would save their young corn from the depredations of squirrels, mice, birds, &c., to prepare for smoking their corn according to the following receipt:—Leave a few husks on the seed ears, so that they can be hung up in the smoke house, and smoked with the hams; or hang them up in any dry place, and before planting, dip the end of a stick in tar, set fire to it, and holding it under the corn give it a thorough smoking. I have tried this for three years; and have saved many times my subscription to the paper by it.  
THE VALUE OF ASHES.—At a late Agricultural meeting at the State house in Boston, Mr. Shibley stated that he had tried ashes every way. One season he put ashes in the hill, in one part of the field, applying it soon after the corn came up, and predicted that the crop would be better than usual. The next year a part of a row was dressed in ashes. The result was that three times the quantity was raised where the ashes were applied.  
CUTTING FOOD FOR SHEEP.—Mr. J. S. Jones, of Noble, of Clarke county, Ohio, in a letter to the Ohio Cultivator, says:—My sheep consist of 1,000 head, and as I have had trouble all in the spring, and I give attention to my sheep, I have been very successful. We cut all their food, and the quantity is at least one bushel per head.