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POETRY.

FORGET THEE.

Forget thee!—oh! my spirit's weary,
With its long, unbroken chain!
Forget thee!—oh! I were more dreary,
Still thine image would remain,
Blending with each fancy vision,
Thoughts of love too false and frail—
Youthful hopes that had arisen,
Leaving manhood to be wail.

Thine eyes of light, and face of beauty!
Come they with a wilking spell,
To mock my dreams of love and duty,
With thy mystic fare-thee-well!
Forget thee!—oh! though lost forever,
Fondly loved through vain regret—
With a charm time may not sever,
Memory round thy fingers yet.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the temple of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution de-
part,
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.
If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
array'd,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall
fade.
Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.
Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the
tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."
And O! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

"Tis droop'd—that spirit once so free—
"Tis shut—that heart so full of glee,
"That mingled once in mirthful play,
And sporting laugh'd 'neath pleasure's ray.
Her rosate hue is dim'd—the fade
Of sorrow o'er her bloom has laid
Its ruthless hands—and, doom'd to die,
She dreams and heaves the parting sigh.
No hand parental smooths the bed
Of weeping—no tell the spirit's fate,
No weeping eye brings forth a tear,
Pure, from feeling's fountain, clear.
None knew her worth, for sorrow's breath
Bedim'd her light by early death,
And none save virtue's anthem told,
The loss of her, in death enroll'd.
Her road though short was mild and calm
As twilight dress'd in summer's balm;
Her path was known where she strayed,
By graces which around her play'd.
But sorrow's form, so pale and wan,
His fiendish work at last began,
And taught the rose in earliest bloom,
To waste its beauty in the tomb.
Unwept, unsung, she bears away
Her spirit pure, free'd of its clay,
To purer worlds where virtue's tale,
To find an ear, will never fail.
From nature's touch shall ever spring
Those gifts that could never bring
To grace a tomb—the ivy twin'd
With rose and violet pale combin'd.
Perhaps some hand may rear a stone
To tell the future of her home;
Or teach some willow's graceful shade
To weep o'er her—the Orphan Maid.
CALLIOPE.

MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTE.—We find in an exchange paper an anecdote of the late William Wirt that is too good to be lost. Wirt's life of Patrick Henry, as every reader of that biography knows, is excessive in its laudations of the great Virginian Orator; in fact it may well be doubted whether the man ever lived to whom such swelling and varied strains of panegyric could be justly applied, as Wirt continually resorts to in depicting the character of Henry.

In illustration of this trait the following story current in Eastern Virginia, said to be true to the letter, is told:

Wirt was once engaged in the trial of a cause in which one of the most material witnesses on the other side was notorious for gullibility. By way of showing up this trait in the witness, and thus impairing his testimony, Wirt asked if he had ever read Riley's Narrative, and if so, whether he thought it was true. "Oh, yes," said the witness, "I've read it, and I believe every word of it!" The counsel on the other side perceiving the advantage gained by his opponent, here interposed the question: "Did you ever read Wirt's life of Henry, and if so, do you believe it is true?" "I have read it," replied the simple witness, "but I can't say I believe it; no, no, that's more than I can swallow!" Wirt was "essentially floored."

THE MAN TO BE DESIRED.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it, obliging alike at all hours; of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one, we would gladly exchange the most brilliant wit, or the profoundest thinker.

When Walter Scott was dying, he called his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, to him and said:—Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come here." The death-bed is a revealer of the heart. No man gives unwise advice or bad counsel here.

AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The amusing Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis tells the following: "One of our most celebrated painters had made, with the view of exhibition at the gallery, the portrait of a lady, whose fortune had enabled her to occupy a very brilliant position, and who had been for a long time regarded as one of the most beautiful women of Paris. Unfortunately, this reputation is one of such long standing, that it is already on the wane. The lady in question has already reached an age which no one is ever willing to acknowledge, however much it may have been extolled by the witty pen of Balzac. The dusty files of the Civil Registry kept the secret of her forty summers, which she concealed as well as she could, with a wonderful skill, and by her great endeavors to be as in time past. Paris is a place of great resources; ointments for all wounds are to be found there, as well as admirers of all ages. Our heroine maintained her pretensions bravely; her vanity was tolerated, and being desirous of giving publicity to her attractions by an exhibition at the Louvre, she had her portrait painted. She prepared her best looks for the purpose, wearing her most becoming dress, assuming a position most favorable to her charms, seated before her toilette table, leaning negligently on the arm of her chair and smiling upon her own reflection in the mirror, which, of course, was to be most complimentary to her charms. The painter, who had just finished his work, in doing so, he did just what he should not have done. A little more flattery, and a little less exactness, would have been far more acceptable. The perfectness of the likeness made her less willing to recognize its merits. The model declared she could not see any likeness in it, and the painting was left on the hands of the unfortunate painter.

This was a double wrong to our artist. Attacked both professionally and pecuniarily, the painter had not sufficient resignation to enable him to look on coolly and see a portrait worth a thousand crowns left on his hands. A way to be revenged, or rather to do himself justice, presented itself to his mind, and he set himself at once about putting it in execution.

A few days before the time fixed for offering paintings to the exhibition at the Louvre, the lady who had refused to take her portrait was informed, by some friend, that the rejected portrait had received sundry additions, of a character far from complimentary. She immediately repaired to the studio of our artist. The portrait was still there; the likeness of the face as perfect as ever; only the painter had somewhat of the brows dismantled, and the person so faithfully represented, was holding in her hands two bunches of false curls. Upon her toilette table were legibly written these words: "white lead;" "vegetable rouge;" "cosmetic for the removal of wrinkles;" "waters for dyeing the hair."

Then in the midst of all this artillery, could be distinctly seen three billets, signed by three different christian names.

"This is abominable!" cried the lady; it is all a tissue of calumnies!"

"Of what do you complain?" replied the painter very coolly. "Have you not insisted that there was not the least likeness of yourself here? You were perfectly right. This no likeness of yours; it is a mere fancy sketch, and as such I mean to exhibit it."

"What, Sir! Do you mean to exhibit that painting?"

"Certainly, madame, I mean to exhibit it as a fancy sketch, as the catalogue will show, in which you will find it set down under the title of—*A Coquette of forty-five.*"

At this blow the lady went into hysterics. As soon as she had recovered herself, she hastened to effect a compromise with the painter. The painter effaced before her own eyes the offensive additions, and the painting, restored to its original condition, was purchased at the price originally stipulated—three thousand francs.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.

Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse, he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and, looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed—

"What's the matter there? the devil seems to have got among you."

A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said—

"No sir, it isn't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady wot's fainted; and she's a werry fat 'un, sir, as don't seem likely to come too again in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I'll beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

ALLIGATOR OIL.

It has lately been discovered, which, however, has been long known to the Indians, that an alligator is as valuable in his way as a sperm whale; their oil is said to be better for lamps than even whale oil, and a good sized animal will yield from a barrel to a barrel and a half. A war upon the race will doubtless be commenced forthwith.

GIVING THE DOCT. THE BAG TO HOLD.

The Portage County (Ohio) Sentinel tells a queer story of an adventure which lately took place at Cleveland, in the Medical College, and by which certain professors of anatomy were minus of a few dollars by bad speculation in human flesh.—Whilst this honorable body were in evening session, a man brought to them a subject enveloped in a bag, which, upon a cursory examination, being pronounced 'good' was accepted and paid for at the usual price of \$30. The students were promised the cutting up of the subject on the ensuing day, and the body was accordingly placed in the dissecting room. The next morning, however, during a lecture, strange sounds were heard in the room, and cries as of a person suffocating. The students all looked aghast—thought of ghosts and hobgoblins, of butchered subjects and supernatural appearances. Some of the professors looked dubious, and others turned pale, as though they had seen a vision—when it was suddenly espied that the strong bag which contained their last purchase of human flesh, was floundering about on the floor, and from it was evidently proceeding the sounds, which no resolved themselves to cries of "Murder! Murder! Holy mother and blessed Mary, deliver me! Sure I am living and not dead! Murder! Murder!"

Seizing hold of the bag, they tore it open and beheld a genuine son of Erin, more frightened than themselves, who looked around with utter astonishment at the scene before him. After a while, Pat told them that the last he remembered of the preceding day was that he was drinking very freely at one of the grogeries, and when dead drunk he was undoubtedly bagged up and sold to the Professor. Such was his fright that Poor Pat solemnly declared he would never touch "one drop of the crayther," and the Professor and the students, with a hearty laugh over the ridiculous joke, bade him take to his heels, and never again find himself brought so near to Purgatory by the device of the rumseller.

A JUVENILE DODGE.

The tricks played upon the inexperience of country visitors to New York city, are of endless variety, and one of our exchanges thus proceeds to describe one, which, we are assured, is the very latest of the kind upon record.

An honest and green countryman, from Clinton county, found himself—lost himself, we might as well say—in New York not long since; and in a bar-room where he had made some acquaintance by his ingenious deportment, exhibited among the stores of knives, pokers, &c., in his trousers' pockets, two bright sovereigns. One of the bystanders, on seeing these, warned the innocent youth against the danger of Pickpockets, some of whom, he said, might be present, and rob him before he knew it.

"Not by a darned sight," said the cautious countryman, "I can find a safe place for them," and so saying he put both gold pieces in his mouth; and started out for a walk up Broadway. He had proceeded but a short distance, before a boy with a dirty face, and soiled and ragged jacket, who had been standing at the stove in the bar-room he had just left, ran past him, and a moment afterward he heard him bawling as if half-killed. A crowd quickly gathered round the crying boy, and the countryman was not the last of course to try and find out what was the matter.

"What ails you—what are you crying about?" asked one of the philanthropic mob.

"Boo! hoo! I've lost my money! boo! hoo!" cried the inconsolable dirty face.

"Where? and how much?" exclaimed the excited assembly.

"Boo! hoo! I lost two sovereigns," and taking down his hands from his eyes, from which he had been pressing a torrent of tears, exclaimed, pointing to our country friend, who by this time had been surrounded by the crowd.

"That big rascal has got them in his mouth."

The astonishment of the countryman made him speechless; and the indignation of the crowd at this supposed robbery of a poor boy was unbounded. One of the spectators caught him by the collar, the sovereigns rolled out upon the walk, and were instantly seized by the boy—while the innocent countryman, before he was able to say a word, got kicked and beaten; and had he not taken the police officer, who now made his appearance back to where he had shown the money, would have been taken to the station house. The sovereigns were a total loss.

MARRIAGE OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT TURIN.

Hon. Robert Wickliffe, Jr., Charge d'Affaires of the United States at Turin, was married on the 7th of April, to Miss Josephine Van Houton, of Rotterdam, a lady of rank and fortune. The marriage was celebrated in the Chapel of the Prussian Embassy, at Turin, by Rev. Mr. Bert, Pastor of the Protestant Legation. In the evening Mr. W. entertained the bride and a distinguished party at dinner. The act of marriage was attested by the Chevalier Biscarra, for the bride, and by Mr. G. J. Crufts, of Charleston, South Carolina, for the bridegroom.

Bacon may be effectually preserved from the fly, while its quality is not at all injured, by throwing red pepper on the fire in the smoke house, during the latter part of the operation.

A HARD RUB FOR THE TRUTH.

Old Parson M. of —, Worcester county, sometimes used to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy; so wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State—among other wonders he said he had seen monstrous great mosquitoes so large that many of them would weigh a pound! The congregation were soon wide awake. Yes, continued Parson M., and moreover, they are often known to climb trees and bark!

The next day one of the deacons called upon him and seriously informed him that many of the brethren were much scandalized by the big stories he told the day before.

"What stories?" says Parson M.

"Why, sir, you actually said that the mosquitoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!"

"Well," rejoined the Minister, "I do really and honestly think that a GREAT many of them would weigh a pound!"

"But, you also said they would climb up trees and bark!" continued the deacon.

"Well, sir, as to the climbing up on trees, I have seen them do that—haven't you, deacon?" asked Parson M.

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, how could they climb up on the trees and not climb on the BARK?"

The deacon was of course nonplussed.

THE GAMESTER'S CLOSE OF LIFE.

The Church of England Quarterly Review points a moral deduced from the life of a notorious gambler, known in England as "Riley of Bath," to all persons who may be induced to engage in this unlawful and dishonorable profession. Riley was both accomplished and gifted, and he for a time, lived a life of the most gorgeous luxury and extravagance. He was the company of sovereigns; he squandered with a profusion, amounting to incessancy, and won it by a good fortune that seemed connected with the supernatural. Nor was he free from generous or daring sentiments. He, on one occasion, risked an entire colossal fortune, on the hazard of the die against a Russian estate, the slaves on which he was desirous of restoring to freedom.—He succeeded in his attempt, and accomplished his desire. Subsequently he ran a brief course of dazzling splendor; he lived in palaces; continued to play; became unlucky, and found fortune, wealth and friends desert him. At length the once possessor of millions was seen wandering through the streets of London, naked, famished and penniless; and finally, he who had feasted emperors and fared sumptuously every day, died of absolute starvation in one of the miserable alleys of the great metropolis.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.

The good man who rose quietly from his seat to put a buzzing fly out of the window, with the remark that the world was big enough for him and it, given as a reason that he did not kill the insect, no doubt understood economy and philanthropy far better than many amongst us at the present day, who make "a loud talk" about schemes of universal benevolence. Laying aside, however, the purposes which the tiny insects that so often seem to annoy us, are designed to perform in the schemes of nature, they are economically not the insignificant and unimportant creatures which they are apt to be considered. A late writer remarks with great justice that the importance of insects to commerce is scarce ever treated of. Great Britain does not pay less than a million of dollars annually for the dried carcasses of a tiny insect—the Cochineal. Gum Shellac, another insect product from India, is of scarcely less pecuniary value. A million and a half of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk, and the silk-worm alone creates an annual circulating medium of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred millions of dollars. Half a million of dollars is annually spent in England alone for foreign honey; 10,000 hundred weight of wax is imported into that country each year. Then there are the gall nuts of commerce, used for dyeing, and in the manufacture of ink, &c., whilst the Cantharides or Spanish fly is an important insect to the medical practitioner.

In this way, we see the importance of certain classes of the insect race, whilst in another view, the rest clear the air of noxious vapors, and are severally designed by nature for useful purposes, though we, in our blindness, may not understand them.

THE KNICKERBOCKER SAYS.

The Knickerbocker says that at a wedding the other day, the justice who performed the marriage ceremony said to the bridegroom, "Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?" to which he answered with a smile on his lip peculiar to "one of the ho-boys." "I won't have nobody else!" The reply of his bride to the kindred query was not less specific and characteristic: "Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?" said the Justice; to which she responded, with breathless haste, "Yes, Sir-ree!"

An Irishman in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not; writes thus:—"If you don't love me, plaze, send me back the letter without breaking the seal!"

MARCH OF CIVILIZATION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Rev. Dr. Armstrong, at a missionary meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., stated that twenty odd years ago, two vessels sailed from this country—each with a company of missionaries. They continued in the same track to the equator, when they separated: one went eastward, around the Cape of Good Hope, and landed her missionaries at Ceylon, among an ancient proud and superstitious people, where they have preached Christ with great success. The other vessel proceeded westward around Cape Horn, and thence northward, and landed her missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, among an ignorant, savage and deeply degraded race. There they began to make known the Gospel. Now, said Dr. A., I have just received a letter from the Church of Molakai, with a draft from the natives, derived from the sale of mats, &c., of \$100—to be paid to the Ceylon mission for the education of pious natives there for the ministry. Is not this indeed a wonder? Christians of the Sandwich Islands, twenty years ago, in thickest darkness, are raising funds to educate the youth of Ceylon!

SALTING HORSES.

A curious fact is mentioned in Parker's Treatise on Salt:—A person who kept sixteen farming horses made the following experiment with seven of them, which had been accustomed to eat salt when laid in their mangers, and these lumps, previously weighed, were examined regularly, to ascertain weekly what quantity had been consumed, and it was repeatedly found that, whenever these horses were fed on hay and corn, they consumed only two and a half or three ounces per day; when they were fed with new hay, they took six ounces per day. This fact should convince us of the expediency of permitting our cattle the free use of salt at all times; and it cannot be given in so convenient a form as a rack salt—it being much more palatable than the other in a refined state, and by far cheaper. A good lump should always be kept in a box, by the side of the animal, without fear that it will ever be taken to excess.

RECIPES FOR BAKING, &c.

- Indian Meal Breakfast Cakes.**—Pour boiling water into a quart of corn meal, stir it until it is wet; then add two well beaten eggs, and milk enough to make it a thick batter; measure a small teaspoonful of dry saleratus, and dissolve into some warm water, and put it into the batter with a small quantity of salt; butter square tins, fill them two-thirds full, and bake in a quick oven; when done, cut in squares, and serve hot.
- Indian Muffins.**—Pour boiling water into a quart of corn meal, stir it well, let it be a thick batter; when it has cooled a little, add to it a tablespoonful of yeast, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt; set it in a warm place to rise for two hours, then butter some square tins, two-thirds fill them, and bake in a quick oven; when done, serve hot or cut in squares, or bake as wheat muffins.
- Corn Bread.**—1 quart milk, 1 lb. Indian meal, 2 eggs, small lump butter, a little saleratus; bake in a flat pan.
- Artificial Oysters.**—1 pint grated green corn, 1 egg, 1 table spoonful wheat flour, 1 spoonful butter; fry them brown.
- Baked Indian Pudding.**—1 quart milk, boiled, stir in 7 spoonful meal while it is boiling hot, mix it quite thin; when it is moderately warm add molasses, a little ginger and salt, 4 eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg.
- Corn Pudding.**—Take 4 ears of green corn, boil them-until half done, cut off the corn as fine as convenient, mix it with two spoonful of wheat flour, 1 pint sweet milk, salt and pepper to season—bake it well.
- Green Corn Cake.**—Mix 1 pint grated green corn with 3 table spoonful milk, 1 tea-cup wheat flour, 1.2 cup melted butter, 1 egg, 1 spoonful salt, 1 spoonful pepper. Drop this mixture into hot butter by the spoonful, let them fry 8 or 10 minutes.
- Boiled Indian Pudding.**—1 tea-cup of molasses, a piece of suet the size of two eggs, chopped fine, 8 spoonful of meal, scald the meal with boiling water or milk, mix it quite thin, when it is nearly cold add 4 eggs well beaten. It requires three hours' boiling in a strong cloth.
- Indian Gruel.**—To 1 quart of boiling water stir in two table spoonful of Indian meal, mixed with a little cold water, boil 15 or 20 minutes—a little salt.
- Johnny Cake** is prepared from the corn meal scalded, and the dough rolled or pressed out to half an inch in thickness, is cooked one side at a time in front of the fire after being put on a board, sheet of tin, a plate, or any material of suitable shape.
- Ash Cake** is prepared from the corn dough made as above, and is cooked as follows—make a bed by scraping away the ashes on all sides, roll the dough after being made into form between two cabbage leaves, place it in the bed and cover up with the previously removed ashes and embers; a little practice will determine the length of time requisite for cooking. The process resembles that of roasting potatoes.
- A LARGE CLOCK.**—The new clock for Trinity church, spire, at New York, was exhibited on Friday. It weighs 7000 pounds, and is estimated to cost \$5000.—The pendulum is 30 feet long, weighs 200 pounds, and vibrates 24 times in a minute. It is to strike the bells and quarters, and run eight days with one winding.