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D. A. BUEHLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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{ WHOLE NO. 842.

POETRY.

The Ruined Heart.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE HEARSON.

There is a noble temple which, of yore,
Was glorious with a sumptuous furniture
Of shining tapestry, embroidered o'er
With overhanging magic portraiture:
All lovely and exalted things of earth,
Each bright with glory streaming from on high,
Shifting in beauty, as the volum'd folds
Were mov'd by breezes enrich'd with melody.
And there was wreathing up for evermore
Pure incense, from an altar of bright gold,
Where all sweet thoughts assembled to adore
And touch the sacred fire—with bliss untold.
Then in that temple, all was light and joy;
And melody and beauty mingled there:
Now come and look. How dark and desolate,
How cold, how voiceless, all its chambers are!
Long since, the bitter waters of despair
Quench'd out the fire upon that altar stone;
And mourning spread her pall of midnight there,
And music died, in one low quivering moan.
Yet oft at midnight, to the balmed door
Sweet, positive groups of spirit memories come,
The dear, familiar faces shadow'd o'er
With tender sadness by the twilight gloom.
They linger sadly round the ruin'd place,
And plead for entrance with a low, sweet tone,
But that closed portal opens never more,
And echoes answers—I am here alone!

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throne monarch better than his crown.
[Merchant of Venice.]

MODESTY.

Methinks the rose
Is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the sweet wind courts her gently,
How modestly she bloms, and paints the sun
With her elastic blushes; when the north comes
Near her,
Rule and impatient, till like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base brags.
[Two Noble Kinsmen.]

MISCELLANY.

MAXIMS.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will be sure to do it. Fear not troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little good things are completed. And so repeated kindness will wear away a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

DO RIGHT.—Have courage to do right. Why care for the boisterous laugh, the scornful look, the pointed finger or the profane jest? Would they who treat you with indifference, when they observe your upright virtue and unbending integrity, lift a finger to remove a difficulty from your path, that indiscretion or imprudence had reaped? No. They pass by on the other side. When a man has brought himself to the threshold of the grave by intemperance, how many of his old companions call to see him? Not one. Remember they who would now turn up their noses and curl up their lips at your strict rectitude, are not your friends. Have courage then, to turn away from their presence; have courage to do right, and you cannot fail to reap the glorious rewards of an honest, upright life. —Port. Rev.

FORGIVE HIM.—He regrets the course he has pursued. Forgive him. Don't say, "I will forgive but not forget." It implies a bad state of the heart. It is not Christian. If your friend is really sorry for the course he has pursued, and endeavors to repair the injury he has done you, what more can you ask?
"Whoy repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of earth or Heaven."
"There is no spirit of forgiveness where there is a lingering off—a backwardness to speak—a reluctance to approach the penitent. If this is your spirit it is a wrong one. Hearty forgiveness overlooks the past and receives the erring one to the bosom with tears of gratitude.—Ibid.

General Santa Anna passes his time in his retirement, in the brutal amusement of cock fighting. The last news from Havana states that a challenge has been sent to him by some of the gentry at Matanzas, to fight a man of cocks for \$20,000 asstide, and that the challenge had been accepted.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FATHER.

In a speech delivered at the New England Supper in New York we find the following:
"In olden time there was a man in New Hampshire, who was in youth bound apprentice, as we call it there, to a farmer, and the farmer was bound by his covenants to give him three months schooling in the year—a good old yankee custom, and I trust one in New York—but unlike yankee masters in general, he failed to give the boy an hour's schooling, and he never had one to the day of his death. In the French war of '50, this boy entered the army as a private, and he fought himself up to a commission, first as a warrant officer, then as an ensign, and upon the peace of Paris in 1763 he left the army, came home, and his first step was to bring a suit against his master for breach of contract in not sending him to school. And the master compromised his claim and gave him a tract of land that is the family homestead now. The war of the revolution came, and this same man, now captain of militia, went with his company to West Point, and there at the time of Arnold's treason, he stood guard before Washington's headquarters, and the next morning Washington thanked him in person for his vigilance and fidelity. Well, that man has left a son, has often mounted guard since, when he thought treason was working in the American camp. His father's name was Ebenezer Webster. (A spontaneous and tremendous mark of applause—waving of handkerchiefs and most enthusiastic cheering.) I see it needed no prophet to tell what the son's name was."

MISS MARTINEAU ON LOVE.

One of our contemporaries, in a late No. asks if it not a little remarkable "that Miss Martineau, a lady certainly of no great personal attraction, and who, judging from her masculine appearance and demeanor, probably never had a lover, strictly speaking, in the whole course of her life—a lady who does not hesitate to go every where that "man dare," with her car trumpet, like an elephant's trunk, in a menagerie, picking up and "swallowing every thing that is given her, in the way of the marvellous, the ridiculous and the beautiful; is it not a little remarkable, we say, that such a lady should have written one of the most beautiful pictures of the universality of love that was ever penned? Such is the fact nevertheless.

"There needs no other proof," says she, "that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration which attends the first sober certainty of true love. The statesman is the leader of a nation; the warrior is the grace of an age; the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover—where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he soon will be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell—wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on—unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse. True love continues and will continue to send up his homage amidst the meditations of eventide, and the busy hum of noon and the song of morning stars."

A VERY GOOD STORY.—We like a good story, and the last number of Blackwood furnishes one as follows:

"Some years ago when all the world were mad upon the lotteries, the cook of a middle aged gentleman drew from his hands the savings of some years. Her master curious to know the cause, learned that she had repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, and she had bought it. He called her a fool for her pains, and never omitted an occasion to tease her upon the subject. One day, however, the master saw in the newspapers, or at his book seller's in the country town, that the number was actually the 20,000th prize. Cook is called up, a pallover ensues—had known each other years, both to part, &c.; in short he propose and is accepted, insists on marriage being celebrated next morning.—Married they were; and as the carriage took them from the church, they enjoyed the following dialogue:

"Well, Molly—two happy events in one day. You have married, I trust, a good husband. You have something else—but first let me ask you where have you looked up your lottery ticket?"

She thinking that her master was only bantering her upon the old point, cried, "Don't ye say no more about it. I thought how it would be, and that I never should hear the end o' it, so I sold it to the baker of our village for a guinea profit; so you need never be angry with me again about that."

"I CAN'T," has ruined many a man—has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I WILL TRY" be your motto, in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try, keep trying, if you would prosper in the world.

An exchange paper says it is as hard to tell where moderate drinking ends and drunkenness begins, as it is to tell when a pig ceases to be a pig and becomes a hog.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT THE MARYLAND HOSPITAL.—The Baltimore Sun has the following particulars of a shocking affair at the Maryland Hospital.

"On Thursday morning, about seven o'clock, as one of the keepers of the Maryland Hospital was in the act of entering the room of a colored patient, named Michael M Hurd, situated in the basement of the building, for the purpose of changing the dress of the man, the latter rushed out past him, apparently with a view of making his escape. Becoming instantly aware that the patient was laboring under a fit of madness, to which he was subject at times (although between the paroxysms he was generally very quiet), the keeper called for assistance, and was in a few moments reinforced by another. Seizing hold of an article in the chamber, Michael struck the latter in the face cutting him severely, and also injuring one of his arms. Wrenching a piece from a bedstead in his room, he rushed by the keepers and succeeded in getting up to the second floor, where he chanced to pass by one of the inmates, named J. W. Higgins, of Talbot county, who had been for some time in the institution, and who was at the moment leaning over a half door, looking into the yard. In passing Michael struck Higgins with the stick on the back of the head with such force as to knock him down into the yard, from which blow and fall he was so severely injured that he died immediately. A short distance further along the passage he met another inmate, who was engaged in sweeping, named Samuel Law, whom he struck over the head, inflicting so severe an injury upon him that he died a short time after. He then passed into the yard where he was surrounded by the keepers and finally captured, by being caught in the breast with a hay fork, which one of the assistants picked up as the black rushed upon him with his weapon. The fork wounded him but slightly, but held him by the clothes until he was properly secured. The men who were injured received immediate attention from the resident physician of the institution, but, as we have stated, one died almost instantly, and the other a short time after. The insane man was of course properly secured."

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.—The conversation having turned on riches, in presence of Dr. Franklin, and a young person in the company having expressed his surprise that they ever should be attended with such anxiety and solicitude, instancing one of his acquaintances, who, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting house—the Doctor took an apple from a fruit basket and presented it to a little child, who could just totter about the room. The child could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold three, dropped last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said the philosopher, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

COMPASSION.—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottages, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

SOMETHING IN THE EAR.—A gentleman in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Thursday night went, as usual, to his sleep by a voice, as he said, "louder than thunder," and springing from his bed, he raved through the house like a maniac, the thunder still continuing. The inmates of the house being aroused, it was found that the "thunder" was caused by something which had found its way into his ear. It was then taken to a physician, and on the way the pain in his ear was so agonizing, that he sent forth the most heart-rending shrieks. On arriving at the house of the physician, it was necessary to hold the unfortunate man, until his ear underwent the necessary examination. The physician finally introduced his instrument, and extracted a large black cockroach, when the man was immediately relieved.

NEW YORK COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—The New York Colonization Society held its anniversary on Tuesday night. The receipts of the year, amount to \$56,000.—The population of Liberia in 1845 was 2390; 1484 church communicants, 116 recaptured Africans, 353 converted natives. There are in Liberia 23 churches; 13 Methodist, 8 Baptist, 2 Presbyterian.—Cape Palmas is not included in these statistics, being under the protection of the State of Maryland. It is as prosperous as Liberia. Retail of spirituous liquors is virtually prohibited, and the general social and moral condition of the colonies is most favorable.

The Lowell Courier says that M. Isaac Pare of that city, has an apple tree which never blossoms as other trees do—that it produces no flower, and yet it brings forth fine fruit and bears well. Where the blossom ought to be there is a little something which resembles a bud, but it has no sign of a blossom or flower.

MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE.—This, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson which too many are prone to neglect. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessings God is giving us. Life, it is true is not all bright and beautiful.—But still it has lights as well as shades, and it is neither wise nor gaudy to dwell too much upon the darker portion of the picture. He who looks upon the bright side of life, and makes the best of every thing, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better and happier man than those who, as Franklin says, "are always looking at the ugly leg," and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost every thing they meet with.

POOR FELLOWS.—A printer and an editor," says the New York Ledger of the 4th inst., were yesterday seen running at full speed through Broadway, uttering the most heart-rending cries. They stopped at Bloomingdale, and were asked what had alarmed them. They stated that each had ten dollars, and that Mr. — of the American Museum, hearing the fact, despatched six strong men to secure them as curiosities.

KISSING MUST BE RATHER A SWEET RECREATION IN MAINE, as we see that the girls there on going to parties powder their faces with white sugar.

THE WHEAT CROP.—We regret to hear that the wheat fields along the Valley of the James River present a very unpromising aspect. The season has been very unpropitious, and the ravages of the fly are said to be unprecedentedly destructive.—On the high-lands the prospect is even more gloomy. An unusually short crop in that extensive and productive wheat is believed to be inevitable.—Rich. Whig.

We are sorry to learn that the fly is destroying the early wheat in this neighborhood. We have not ourselves had an opportunity of seeing much of its ravages, but what we have seen was sufficient to make the heart sick. Our little crop of some 25 acres, upon which a short time back, we bragged pretty extensively, is so entirely eaten up, that we doubt very much whether we shall put a cradle into it. We earnestly hope, however, that ours is the worst; if it is not, others must be in a sad predicament.

The late wheat, so far, has almost entirely escaped.—Richmond Enquirer.

WHEAT CROPS.—We learn from our exchanges, that the wheat crops throughout the country, are in the most flourishing condition. In our own county, the recent repeated rains have given them the appearance of a more than common vigor; and they could not, possibly, be more promising than they are at present. The extreme moisture of the soil has somewhat retarded the planting of corn.—Hagers-town (Md.) Torch Light.

CROPS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The Wheeling Times states that the wheat crops from all sections of the surrounding country, never looked better. In the low grounds it is feared the stalk may be too heavy. Other crops look equally well, and the meadows and fruit trees promise abundance.

MODE OF INCREASING THE GROWTH OF POTATOES.—The flowers being cut off as they appeared on the plants, the number produced was much greater than when the blossoms remained untouched. Early in October, the stems of the plant which had borne no flowers were strong and green; the others yellow, and in a state of decay. The plants which had been stripped of flowers produced (on the same space of ground) about four times the weight of large potatoes, very few small ones being found. Those on which flowers were left, produced but a small number of middle sized potatoes, with a great number of little ones, from the size of a common filbert to that of a walnut.—New Genesee Farmer.

The above is one of the experienced gardeners' common practices. Farmers seldom undertake the task which is deemed by them too tedious to pursue.

SCARE-CROWS.—Suspend bright sheets of tin on tall poles, at proper distances, through your corn-fields, and the crows will not disturb your corn, as the least wind causes a reflection that will prove just as frightful to them as an explosion of gunpowder, or the report of a gun. We have tried this plan for several years, and never without success.—American Farmer.

CHANCES.—A young lady, a widow, who describes herself as rich, young and handsome, has been advertising in the French newspapers her desire to be married. A few weeks ago, another young widow, who also described herself as beautiful, and moreover declared she had £2,000 a year, with the prospect of having £2,000 more before long, was compelled to certify her desire, in a public advertisement, to take upon herself a husband.

A young lady of Aberdeen, (Miss.) advertises for a decent, honest, moral young man, for a husband—no fortune required. The lady says she is about five feet three inches high, eighteen years old, fair complexioned, blue eyes, black hair, nose a little projected with a slender make, and has a fortune of several thousand dollars! The last qualification is irresistible.

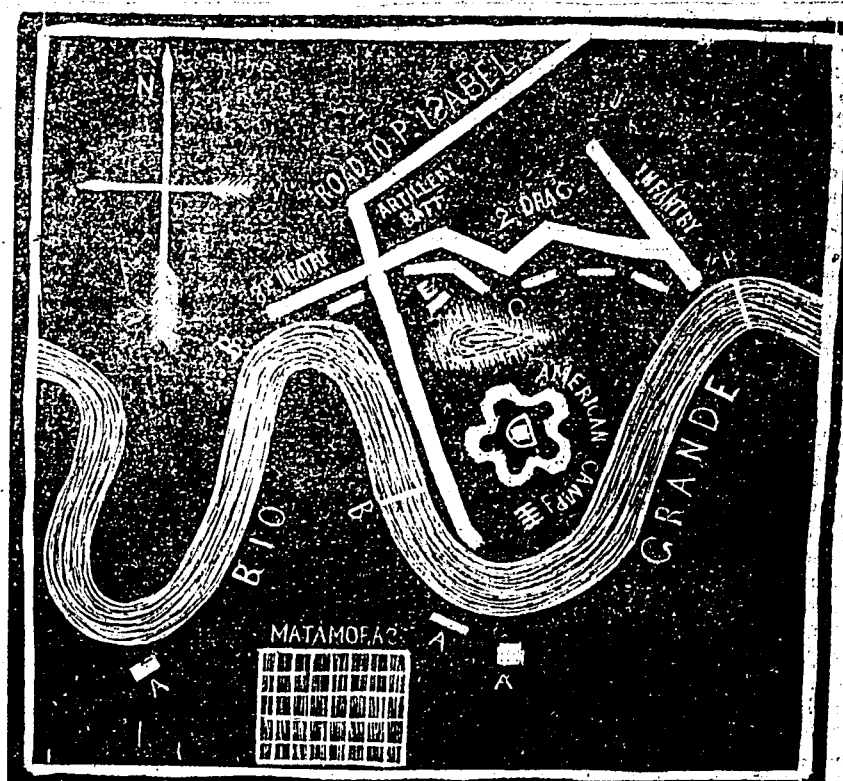
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MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

The American Camp and Mexican Batteries on the Rio Grande.



- A. Batteries of Mexico.
- B. Fresh Pond and Swamp.
- C. Gen. Taylor's Camp.

- E. Ogden and Cozzen's Store.
- F. Capt. Loy's Battery of four eighteen pounders.

Corpus Christi is distant on the North 150 miles; and Point Isabel North East 27 miles.

FROM THE ARMY.

ONE DAY LATER FROM POINT ISABEL. Another Conflict!

Attack and Defeat of the "Texan Rangers" under Capt. Walker—General Taylor surrounded—Gen. Scott in the field!

By last night's mails we received advices from New Orleans to the 9th and 10th with the annexed important intelligence. We are indebted to the editors of the Baltimore Sun for an extra containing the news. The excitement at New Orleans continued—and the late intelligence was little calculated to allay it. Four steamboats had left that city on the 9th and 10th for Isabel with upwards of 1500 troops to reinforce Gen. Taylor, and large numbers were to follow from the adjoining States.

The advices from Washington state that Gen. SCOTT has been appointed to the command of the army of occupation in Texas, with orders to proceed immediately to the scene of war. The army is to consist of thirty thousand men, that number to be at once ordered to join the American forces now under Gen. Taylor; the whole being subject to the command of Gen. Scott. Gen. Worth left Washington on Monday, en route to Point Isabel, and expected to arrive at New Orleans on Saturday the 16th inst.

N. Orleans Commercial Times Office, }
May 9th—9 o'clock, A. M. }
LATER FROM THE ARMY.
Seventy Mex cut to pieces by a large force of Mexicans!

The schooner Mary Clare has just arrived from Brasas Santiago, having left on the 29th ult. Capt. Griffin, of the Mary C., and passengers report that Captain Walker, with 75 men, of the "Texan Rangers," were nearly all killed and taken prisoners on the 28th ult. about 20 miles above Point Isabel, by a superior force of Mexican troops numbering 1500 men!

Capt. Walker succeeded in reaching Point Isabel at 4 o'clock, P. M. on the 28th, with TWO MEN ONLY! He immediately applied to Major Thomas for four men, and announced his determination to proceed to Gen. Taylor's camp, or die in the attempt—his object being to communicate the full particulars of this attack to his commanding officer. Fool-hardy as the proposition seemed, it was immediately seconded by several fearless soldiers, and early next morning the intrepid Walker started upon his desperate errand.

From the N. O. Bulletin Extra, of May 9.
By the arrival of the schooner Ellen and Clara, Capt. Griffin, from the Brazos St. Iago, accounts from Point Isabel to the morning of the 29th ult., have been received.

The fact, however, that communication had not been had for three days between Point Isabel and the camp of Gen. Taylor, is alone sufficient to keep anxiety on tiptoe.

We learn from Capt. G. and Dr. Briggs, a passenger, who has been several months with the army, that Capt. Walker, formerly of the Texan revenue service, who has been stationed between Point Isabel and Gen. Taylor's camp, with a company of seventy-five Texan rangers, found several of the teams which had started for the camp returning, who reported that the Mexicans were on the road. He started from his camp on the 27th with his whole force to reconnoitre, and, if possible, open a communication with Gen. Taylor. He had proceeded as far as about midway between Point Isabel and the camp, when an overwhelming Mexican force appeared very suddenly. A portion of his troops were raw recruits. He instructed them to keep on his right, and gave orders for the whole to retire under cover of a chapparral in view; but his raw troops, panic stricken, scattered in confusion.

The Mexicans advancing with overwhelming numbers, he was compelled to retire. He was followed until within a

mile of Point Isabel, where he arrived with only two of his men. Six others subsequently came in.

Capt. W. estimates the number of Mexicans he encountered at 1500, and he supposes that at least thirty of them fell during the fifteen minutes in which he engaged them.

This force is supposed to be a portion of that which had, at last accounts, crossed the Rio Grande some miles above Matamoras, and which is estimated at 3000 men. It is believed that they had taken a circuitous route on the eastern side of Gen. Taylor's camp. The post is strongly defended, thanks to the exertions of Majors Munroe and Saunders. With 500 men to defend the post, it is believed it can be made good against 3000 Mexicans.—There are now about 3000 Mexicans on the American side of the Rio Grande, one half above and one half below Gen. Taylor's camp. It is also stated that the enemy have a strong reserve army, numbering 5000 men, already advancing towards the battle-ground from the interior. The Mexican forces are represented as being in excellent discipline and well officered, so that some hard fighting may be expected before all is over.

GEN. TAYLOR'S CAMP.—The N. O. papers give a description of Gen. Taylor's camp. It extends about four miles along the river bend, two miles above, and two miles below Matamoras. The entrenchment to erect it required twenty-three hundred men for thirty days. It is made of sand, and covered over with twigs, woven together like basket work, surrounded by a very wide and deep ditch. The walls of the magazine, in the interior of the fortification, are formed of pork barrels filled with sand, seven tiers thick, four tiers high, covered with timber, on which sand is piled ten or twelve feet. Twelve heavy pieces of ordnance are so placed as to command the town of Matamoras. Five hundred men could defend the fortification against any force the Mexicans could bring against it at present.

GEN. TAYLOR.—An officer in the army gives the following description of General Taylor:
On the 26th a friend of mine visited Gen. Taylor in the camp of Point Isabel, where he had established his depot for stores in the army. On landing, the scene presented was quite a wild one, and reminded one of the accounts we have received of an Arab encampment. There were three or four dragons in the camp, with their horses picked about; besides an immense number of wagons, mules and oxen.

On stepping ashore, an officer conducted my friend to the General's tent. He was introduced to a very plain, shabby dressed old gentleman, of rather small stature, about sixty years of age; and who looked, by his hardy appearance, as if he had been encamping out all his life.

This was the commander-in-chief of the Army of occupation. He has been 39 years in service on the frontiers of our country. One of his officers remarked, that "old as he is, he bears the fatigues and privations of the campaign better than any one under him. He was affable, dignified and in excellent spirits. His tent was no larger and no better than those of the other officers, and his table was his camp chest, in which he carried his cooking utensils, &c. His plates were tin pans, and his cups (no saucers, of course,) tin pannikins. A small supply of brown sugar was kept in tin canisters, and not a piece of crockery was to be seen. A party of six was thus entertained in homely style, and they all seemed to enjoy it abundantly.—The United States force, at the time consisted of about 3,000 men.

I am told, was never hoisted South of New Orleans before.