

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
WHOLE NO. 843.

VOL. XVII.—11.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1846.

A CHOICE POEM.

The following spirited Poem is selected from a series of contributions by the author to the Democratic Review, entitled "Songs of Labor." It is genuine poetry.

The Ship Builders.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

The sky is rubby in the East,
The earth is girded below,
And spectral in the river-mist
Our bare, white timbers show.
Up!—let the sound of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pine!
Hark!—Roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty stivily jurs,
And fire-sparks rising far and fast
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flaming forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scound.
Gee up!—gee ho!—The punting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the ax-man's stroke
In forests old and still—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.
Up!—up! in nobler toil than ours
No craftsman beats a part;
We make of Nature's Giant power
The slave of human Art.
Lay ribs to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the tumblers true;
No fathless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea.
Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough furies shall show—
Where'er the tossing spars shall drip
With salt spray caught below—
That ship must feel her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And beam to beam the roaring deck,
As if they trod the land.
Her oaken ribs the vulture-leak
Of Northern ice may peel—
The sunken rock and coral peak
May gnaw along her keel:
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!
Ho! strike away the bark and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea!
Lo!—how she moves adown the grooves
In graceful bearing away!
How lowly on the breast she bows
Sinks down her virgin prow!
God bless her, whose'er's the breeze
Her snowy wings shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in west or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!
Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair,
Her roiny hold within.
No Leathan dog for Eastern loads,
Nor poison draught for ours,
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And nature's sun and showers.
So hark the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the Sea!

MISCELLANY.

THE WASTED FLOWER.—On the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child.—Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds was twined around her neck; her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird which warbled at her side.
The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the sweet motion of childhood she flung them to the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss she sprang to her feet, and bursting into tears called aloud to the stream.—"Bring back my flowers! But the stream danced along, regardless of her tears, and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo, along its reedy margin.—And long after, amid the wailing breeze, and the fitful burst of childish grief, was heard the cry: "Bring back my flowers!"
Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee—see in the thoughtless impulsive child, an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent Giver.
Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, seeing them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry, in tones more sorrowful than those of the weeping child—"Bring me back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from a shadowy past—"Bring me back my flowers!"
THE CROPS.—The Reporter of Washington, (Pa.) remarks that the grain and fruit crops in that vicinity have not looked so promising for many years.
We may remark, also, that information from all parts of Maryland is most favorable to abundant crops both of grain and fruit.

The Mechanic's Change of Trade.

BY CHARLES QUILL.
There is something in the homespun philosophy of Uncle Benjamin, which always secures my attention. Rude as it is, it has that strength which is often wanting in schools and books. Uncle Benjamin has never read Lord Chesterfield, and therefore, has not learned how exceeding vulgar it is to use a common proverb; indeed these concentrated morsels of wisdom, handed down from father to son, form a considerable portion of his discourse. Poor Richard is his favorite author, and if his son Sammy has not become a ripe proverbialist, it is his own fault.
I regret to say that Sammy is sadly destitute of thrift. Being disappointed in the trade to which he was brought up, he has been thinking of a change to some other business. But no sooner did the old man hear of this freak, than he hobbled over to his son, as fast as his legs and staff would carry him, and without ceremony opened the business thus:
"Ay, Sammy, so you are going to break ground in a new place, and begin life over again?"
"Why, yes, father; I make out so poorly at my trade, and the times are so bad."
"Let the times alone, Sammy. They will be as bad, I dare say, for your trade. The fault is not in the horse, but the rider; not in the trade, but the tradesman. You will run through many callings before you outrun laziness. Look about you, and see if you can find one man who has prospered himself by forsaking his business.—We have many such; jacks of all trades and masters of none. You know the old saw, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.'—My advice to you is, to go forward in the road you are in; it is waste of life to open a new road and take a fresh start every few years."
"But, father," said Sammy, "the times are altered, and there are new chances of starting in the world. A great many of my acquaintances are growing tired of being little country mechanics. I am not alone in my notions."
"Perhaps not, Sammy. If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese; most of our working men seem bitten by the gadfly of change. But they may turn and turn, and gain nothing until they change their habits. With a good trade, good health, and a good wife, any man may grow wealthy. But pray, what has become of a man's seven year's apprenticeship, when he goes into a new business? would you throw this into the sea?"
"O, no, father! That would be all loss, if I were going to slave it again at the anvil; but I mean only to superintend the work of others."
"That, indeed?" cried the old man. "I begin to see your drift. You are going to leave a trade to which you were bred, for one of which you know little or nothing. You are going from an old business, in which you have to work with your hands to a new one in which you expect to play master. And are you so green, Sammy, as to think it requires no skill to oversee the works of others? Look at your gentlemen-farmers, when they come out of the cities, and see in what style they superintend their work. No, no! take an old man's word for it unless you stick to your last, you may expect to go barefoot. One may deean liquor from vessel to vessel till there be nothing left. Let well enough alone. You have any thing but perseverance, now have that. Remember the epithet, 'I was well-took physic—and here I am.' I have often heard it said, that three removes are as bad as a fire; it is as true of trades as it is of tenements. Remove an old tree and it will wither to death. To make such a change is at best bartering certainty for hope. Your bright prospects may turn out like those of the country mouse; you remember the fable."
The conversation of the old man put me on a recollection of the cases which have occurred in our own neighborhood, and I believe Uncle Benjamin is in the right. I have seen the rise and progress of some hundreds of working men. Where they have stuck to their business, observing economy, and adding little to little, they have in almost every case arrived at comfortable subsistence. On the other hand, where they have been restless and versatile, even though these changes seem to be for the better, they have, usually, lost it and died beggars.
In this free country, mechanics are not bound down by legal restrictions to the trade which they have learned, but may exchange one line of business for another, at their pleasure; and there are many temptations to do so, particularly when the times are unfavorable. It is the more necessary, therefore, to inculcate the principle that, as a general rule, perseverance insures success, and change brings disaster. Men of lively genius often grow weary of the dull routine of business, and are tempted to forsake the beaten track upon new adventures; while your dull plodding fellows are laying the foundation for lasting wealth and usefulness. Hence the erroneous adage, that fortune favors fools. Sparkling qualities and elastic enterprise are not always coupled with practical wisdom.
Let me give the name of Rupert to a man whom I formerly knew. His case is that of hundreds. He was indentured, to a harness-maker, with whom he served his time, without any remarkable occurrence. He was considered very clever in his trade and lived with his first employer about a year, as journeyman. At the end of this time, he thought fit to leave his former calling, he thought to open a shop for the sale of glazed leather caps and similar articles. Having little capital and less perseverance, he had not been more than twelve months in this occupation before papers were seen in the windows purporting that the stock was selling off, &c., and shortly thereafter the house was closed. For several weeks Rupert walked the streets, in the manner usual with those who do nothing because they cannot pay their creditors. When I next observed him, he was again laboring as journeyman, but this did not last long, as he soon appeared among us as the agent of a line of stage coaches. After acting his part for few months in this vocation, he was enabled by one or two of his friends to set up a shop for ready made clothing, and we really thought he was about to manage prosperously. But this unstable tempter again betrayed him.
Just about this juncture, certain new resources were developed in the water-power of our creek, and several mills and manufactories were opened. Rupert entered in a paper-making establishment; was once more established; sunk in the stream, and after a suitable time arose upon the surface in the new character of a lottery agent. This employment finally ruined him. It brought him into acquaintance with idlers, sportsmen and blacklegs. He became well known upon the turf.—His whole appearance and dress were changed, for it may be observed that sporting characters strangely choose to be conspicuous. When I saw him last he was on his way to the Long Island races. He wore a white hat, plush vest, green, broad tailed, single breasted coat, with fancy-buttons, colored stock; and had a whalebone wand in his hand, a paltry large fong on his finger, and a would-be cameo, as large as a half dollar, on the soiled bosom of his striped shirt. Every feature and every motion indicated uneasiness and drink.
How was this catastrophe to have been avoided? The answer is simple: by sticking to the shop. Keep your shop and your shop will keep you. The patriarch Joseph gives his eldest son a very bad name: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." It is the character and the lot of many young mechanics.
There are some employments which seem to lie open as snug harbors for those who have failed of all other ports. These are occupations which are supposed, without truly or falsely, to need no foregoing apprenticeship. In country villages it is too common to imagine that any man is fit to be an apothecary, though our life may depend on a druggist's knowledge of pharmacy, and though more than one has sold arsenic for magnesia. Most men have talent sufficient for vending confectionery or old clothes. Tavern-keepers are seldom such as have been bred to the craft; though our best hosts are certainly those who have grown up in the bar. The same may be said of bar-keepers, hooking-clerks, and travelling agents. The hawkers and other travellers who go about so importunately with subscriptions, pictures, German and silver spoons, or cheap books wrapped up in a greasy pocket-handkerchief, have all seen other days, and would even now do better if they would return to their proper calling.—The worst of it is, this is the last thing they ever think of doing. Who was ever known to marry a divorced wife?
The only safety is in dogged perseverance. Industry and time will wear away all the little disquietudes which prompt to change.

THE CROPS FOR 1845.—The report of the Commissioners of Patents makes the following estimates of the crops of last year:—Wheat, 106,548,000 bushels; Barley, 5,160,600 bushels; Oats, 163,308,000 bushels; Rye, 27,175,000 bushels; Buckwheat, 10,268,000 bushels; Corn, 417,890,000 bushels. Total grain, 730,258,600 bushels. Potatoes, 88,892,000 bushels; Hay, 14,065,000 tons; Hemp and Flax, 37,500 tons; Tobacco, 187,422,000 lbs.; Cotton, 936,082,000 lbs.; Rice, 89,765,000 lbs.; Silk, 486,530 lbs.; Sugar, 226,026,000 lbs. Pennsylvania produced 12,580,000 bushels of Wheat; 141,000 of Barley; 19,826,000 of Oats; 11,929,000 of Rye; 3,322,000 of Buckwheat; 17,126,000 of Indian Corn; 5,497,000 of peatoes; 1,527,000 tons of hay; 535,000 pounds of tobacco; 41,370 pounds of silk cocoons, 1,600,000 pounds of sugar. Our own State stands third in the list of agricultural products. Ohio stands second. N. York first.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.—The greatest man now-a-days for telling dog stories, is the editor of the *Nashua Telegraph*. He has probably given the world more of them and better ones and harder ones to believe, than any other man alive. One of the Boston editors has recently thrown the *Nashua* man the following bone to pick:—"One of the light-fingered gentry succeeded in abstracting a valuable gold watch from a gentleman who was the owner of a most sagacious dog. The animal having observed the theft, at once renounced his old master whose companion he had been for years, and in spite of all coaxing & entreaties, followed the pick pocket. His new master was highly delighted, and retiring for the night, took puppy to his sleeping room. The rogue, having put aside his dress, placed the watch snugly in his pantaloons pocket, and rolled himself snugly in the blankets. But no sooner was he in bed, than the dog, who had watched all the operations with a great deal of anxiety, seized the pants, and with one spring jumped through the window and made for his old home, leaving the thief minus both watch and pants!"

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—The *Oswego Gazette* has the following particulars of a strange suicide:—"Edward Baldwin of Nichols, shot himself on Tuesday last. He had been out hunting, and on his return, met a couple of girls, and while engaged in conversation with them, asked if they would like to see him shoot himself. They answered yes. At this, he put the muzzle of the gun into his mouth, and placing his foot on the trigger, blew out his brains! We are very accommodating where girls are in question, says the Philadelphia *Times*, but really, Mr. Baldwin is ahead of our gallantry."

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Captain Mulhollen, an old and respectable planter of Rapides, whose death has been announced we believe two or three times, was still alive some few days ago—having been forty seven days without a particle of food or nourishment of any kind. A little water put into his mouth by means of a spoon, is the only thing that has passed his lips in all this time. The case is said to baffle the skill or comprehension of all the medical men in his neighborhood.—*N. O. Bulletin.*
A certain Judge, meeting a minister mounted on a very fine horse, said to some gentlemen with him; "Do you see what a fine horse that priest has? I should like to crack a joke with him." "Doctor," said he to the minister, "You do not follow the example of your great Master, who humbly contented himself with riding on an ass." "Indeed," returned the minister, "that was my intention, but of late so many asses have been made judges, that a poor minister, though ever so willing, can hardly find one to ride on."

THE BAPTIST REGISTER TELLS A GOOD THING.
A loafing vagabond called at a house in a neighboring town to Concord one Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft quoted remark, that she might entertain an angel unawares.
"Yes," said the lady, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays."

SCALDED IN A RUM VAT.—At Cincinnati a few days ago, one of the hands employed in the large distillery of Messrs. Hatch & Beck, on West Front Street, near Mill, fell into a vat of hot liquor, and was so badly scalded, that it is thought he cannot recover. Rum scalds thousands—burns up hearts, brains and souls—but not quite so speedily as in this case.
A SHOCKING AFFAIR.—At the Philadelphia house of Refuge, on Wednesday, a boy was grinding a sharp knife, when another lad came behind, and pulled or struck him; upon this the boy at the grindstone threw his hand back, and inflicted so severe a wound in the breast of the other, that he died in a few minutes. The affair was altogether accidental.

TYPICAL BLUNDER.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* has the following "correction": "In the city item of yesterday's paper headed 'Frost,' the word 'fools' was erroneously printed for 'poets.'"
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN MICHIGAN.
The Legislature of Michigan has abolished Capital Punishment in that State.

DETRIMENTAL AFFAIR.—Death of a Mother and Three Children.—The following is from a letter dated Pinckneyville, Ga., 15th ult.:
Mrs. Sarah Donaldson, (formerly of S. Carolina,) drowned herself and three children in the Chattahoochee river, in De Kalb county, a few days ago in the following manner: She first tied the two elder sons together, and threw them into the river; then she tied the youngest one to herself and plunged headlong into the agitated waves. It is said that an individual was standing on the opposite bank witnessing the scene, but found his situation unable to prevent its occurrence. The reason assigned why she thus terminated the existence of herself and children, is said to be a dread of starvation. She had been heard to say that she would rather die with her children, than that they should die for lack of bread.
GEN. SCOTT.—The Richmond Republican, noticing the arrival of this gallant officer at that place, says: "He has many warm friends and admirers here as well as in other parts of this country. He well merits the admiration that he excites and the attention that he gains, for in addition to the brilliant services that he has rendered to his country, there has never been a moment, from the commencement of his military career to the present hour, at which he would not have been found ready and willing to hazard his life in defence of his country's rights."

PROPHETIC AND FULFILLMENT.—HENRY CLAY, in his patriotic letter against the Annexation plot in 1844, used the following prophetic language:
"Under these circumstances, if the Government of the U. States were to acquire Texas, it would acquire along with it all the incumbrances which Texas is under, and among them the actual and suspended War between Mexico and Texas. Of that consequence there cannot be a doubt. Annexation and War with Mexico are identical."
The New York Tribune justly observes that the result furnishes another illustration of Mr. CLAY's wisdom and foresight as a Statesman. Would that his warning voice had been heeded.

MR. CLAY AT HOME.—A correspondent of the Nashville Whig, who recently visited Ashland, speaks in glowing terms of beautiful lawns, its fine flocks and herds, and above all, the hale appearance of its distinguished proprietor. He found Mr. Clay in the midst of his agricultural pursuits, and represents him as having returned from his trip to the South in fine health and spirits, and looking as young and vigorous as he did six years ago.

FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.
Mr. BUEHLER.—In looking over the Baltimore Daily Clipper, dated the 16th of February, 1846, I was astonished to see the following publication:
"Announcements.—At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, it was resolved that the only path to the accomplishment of the objects of the Society was over the ruins of the present American Church and the present American Union."
My astonishment arose out of the bold, fearless, anti-Christian and revolutionary sentiments expressed in the Resolution.—There is no church established by law in America, but all are permitted by the Constitution to worship God as conscience may dictate. It must then have reference to the Church which is composed of all sects and denominations of professing Christians. So far as my knowledge extends, all the different sects and denominations, by whatever name they may be called, have instituted for their moral church government what they consider to be in accordance with the precepts and example of Jesus Christ and his Apostles, as recorded in the New Testament given by them for the general instruction of the human family. They also acknowledge the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to be the supreme head and governor of the Church, directing them, individually and collectively, to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, as the only essential means of securing eternal peace and happiness in that which is to come.
In these vital principles all will agree, although ceremonies, ordinances, and testimonies of different characters may have given rise to the present divisions of religious sects; yet all look forward to the welfare of the whole, and all that are truly Christians must equally despise any attempt that is made either individually or collectively to destroy a general system of social, moral and religious instruction, far surpassing any other in purity, chastity and refinement, that has been given to the human family—the power of which has been so far withstood every attempt to crush it. Neither the deistical writings of a Paine, a Huac, and many others, have accomplished the destruction of it. They have fallen almost helpless at the Christian's feet. Another attempt to crush it, however, is made by the Anti Slavery Society at Boston, and to build upon its ruins the objects of that Society. The Church has but little to fear from such vain imaginations; they appear like bubbles on the ocean filled with empty air, when compared with the declaration of Jesus Christ himself when he told Peter that his Church would be built upon a rock against which the gates of hell could never prevail.
Whatever is opposed to Christianity is

anti-christian, and whatever is opposed to Christ is anti-christ. If anti-christ, then, has attempted or does attempt to overshadow the church with darkening spots of deistical or atheistical clouds, it becomes the duty of the Church to purify itself by perfect obedience to its divine laws. Set Christ, its glorious head and governor, on His Throne in its midst. One glance from His resplendent eye would dispell the shadow of anti-christ. One ray from His heavenly countenance would dissipate the gloom that hung over it. Then would it appear in its heavenly glory and bid defiance to all the inventions of Satan to reduce it to ruins; let them come from whatever source they might, its power would crush its foe.
What the objects of the antislavery society at Boston are, they have not thought proper to tell us in their resolution; but they have told us that they consider them of more vital importance to the American people than the present American Church, or the present American Union, and worthy to be established upon its ruins. This sounds very much like destroying the New Testament and on its ruins building Paine's Age of Reason.
All Christian, moral and civilized communities must and will view such sentiments as dangerous to the well-being of the community at large, because they must consider them as a bold step in a retrograde march back to the dark ages of the world, when all the fine feelings of humanity were crushed beneath the savage, inhuman passions under an unholly influence. Man not only represented but surpassed the savage beast of the forest in cruelty; for while the beast of the wilderness practiced cruelty and death on the animal world to satisfy the craving nature of his appetite, mankind, prompted by ambition and vain glory to acquire wealth and fame, involved the whole world in rapine, war, and bloodshed. To gratify and obtain the unrighteous objects of his vain desires, the noblest productions of art were wrapped in flames; the finest countries on the globe desolated; the aged and infirm, women and children, murdered in cold blood—in short, all that was calculated to render the human family happy was destroyed—and why? Because, for the wickedness of the people God had given them over to a reprobate mind to be governed and punished by their own wicked passions, which threw down all their moral and civil institutions, and instituted in their places the right of force to make conquest and that conquest law.
During this stage of the world's existence, man had placed the human family in a most deplorable condition. Having lost sight of a living God, and all that was good, they had to suffer all the righteous judgments of heaven, which they brought down upon themselves for worshipping the idols that their evil passions and affections had created. And such will be the natural consequences that will inevitably arise out of like circumstances whenever mankind assumes to be governed by reason without a divine influence to control it.
Whatever is done by individuals or societies, to create improper excitement, has a tendency to create civil, moral and religious contentions; and animosities must, from the very nature of their influence, have an evil effect upon the community at large. And I know of no sentiment that could be agitated that would be better calculated to produce that effect than those expressed in the above resolution. They strike at the very foundation upon which stands the civil, moral and religious institutions of the country; and consequently if carried out, would destroy the peace, happiness and prosperity of the people.—Whatever may be the opinion of the Society that passed the resolution upon the subject of dividing the Union, it is believed by a very large majority of the people, both in the North and South, that it would not have a salutary effect upon the happiness and prosperity of the whole. An amicable division could not be effected; it must, then, if done, be done by revolution and civil war, with all its desolating, destructive and immoral tendencies; which would in these respects far surpass war waged between foreign governments. But this is not all; for weakening the strength and resources of the Government would make it a prey to the ambitious designs of some foreign power, which, taking advantage of that weakness, might place upon its ruins some aristocratic or despotic crowned head that would rule our once free, happy and prosperous people with a rod of iron or a golden sceptre.
When questions like those contained in the resolution, intended no doubt to excite the public mind, are presented to the people, it becomes their duty to examine them well before they subscribe to them. Under the view that I have taken of them the query arises, how far a Christian of any denomination, not opposed to war, but believing it sometimes necessary, can sanction such sentiments? If not, how can those that bear a testimony against war, believing it unnecessary, subscribe to them? And, as I presume all the faithful followers of Christ, without respect to name, believe that peace, with its accompanying happiness, is a blessing intended by Providence for the enjoyment of all Christians, both in time and eternity, let me then ask who can adopt the sentiments of that resolution? I must, for one, subscribe myself a friend of

PEACE AND ORDER
Huntington township.