

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUELLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. VOL. XVII.—25. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1846. } WHOLE NO. 587.

POETRY.

Fanny Willoughby.

I love thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And that a life why you see,
I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And cannot but be true;
I sing for thee, I sigh for thee,
And oh, you may depend on't,
I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,
And that will be the end on't.

I love thy form so tall and straight,
To me it always seems
As if it were the counterfeit
Of some I've seen in dreams;
It makes me feel as if I had
An angel by my side;
And then I think I am so bad,
You will not be my bride.

I love thy clear and hazel eyes,
They say the blue is fair;
And I confess, that formerly
I thought the blue the rare;
But when I saw thine eyes so clear,
Though perfectly at rest,
I did kneel down, and I did sweat,
The hazel was the best.

I love thy hand so pale and soft,
The which, in days long since,
You, innocent as trusting out,
Would fondly clasp in mine;
I thought it sweeter than the soft
Of marble, by the senses,
The which the poets talk about,
The Virgins and the Venuses.

I love the sounds that from thy lip
Gush holly and true,
As rills that from their caverns slip
And prattle to the sea;
The melody for eye doth steal
To hearts by sorrow given,
And then I think, and then I feel,
That music comes from Heaven.

Now listen, Fanny Willoughby,
To what I cannot keep,
My days ye rob of happiness,
My nights ye rob of sleep;
And if you do not relent, why I
Believe you will me kill,
For passion must have vent, and I
Will kill myself, I will.

Thus love did truly drive me mad,
For Fanny Willoughby;
I told my tale, had I said,
To Fanny Willoughby;
And Fanny looked as maiden would,
When love her heart did burn,
And Fanny sighed as maiden should,
And murmured a return.

And so I wooed Fanny Willoughby—
A maiden like a dove;
And so I won Fanny Willoughby—
The maiden of my love;
Though many years have passed since that,
And she is in the sky,
I never, never can forget
Sweet Fanny Willoughby.

To "Kappa."

Oh, Kappa, what has crazed thee so—
By what delusion driven,
To think that woman's but a show,
And then, presume to slander so?
It is not true, by heaven!

And false the words of every tongue,
As lying hues of even,
Who speaks in hypocrite song,
When conscience tells him he is wrong!
There's nothing pure as woman.

Al, Kappa, you're the little thing
By disappointed driven,
In such a form to vent your spleen,
And fear to let your name be seen,
Thou slanderer of woman!

107A.

SELECT TALE.

From the Columbian Magazine.

ALLY FISHER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Study, study, study! Trudge, trudge, trudge! Sew, sew, sew! Oh, what a busy humdrum life was that of little Ally Fisher! Day in, day out; late and early, from week's end to week's end, it was all the same. Oh, how Ally's feet, and head, and hands ached! And some times her heart ached too—poor child!

Ally was not an interesting little girl; she had no time to be interesting. Her voice, true, was very sweet, but so plaintive! Besides, you seldom heard it; for little Ally Fisher's thoughts were so constantly occupied that it was seldom they found time to come to her lips. No, Ally was not interesting. She had never given out the silvery, care-free heart-laugh, which we love so to hear from children; she could not laugh; for, though sent to earth a disguised ministering angel, vice had arisen between her and all life's brightness, and clouded in her sun. And how can anything be interesting on which the shadow of vice rests? Instead of mirth, Ally had given her young spirit to sorrow; instead of the bright flowers springing up in the pathway of blissful childhood, the swelling, bursting buds of hope that make our Spring days so gay, Ally looked out upon a desert with but one oasis. Oh, how dear was that bright spot, with its flowers all faded, its water sparkling, never-failing and living, its harps, its crowns, its sainted ones, it white-winged throng, its King—the King of Heaven—that kind Saviour who loved her, who watched over her in her helplessness, who counted all her tears, lightened all her burdens, and was waiting to take her in his arms and shelter her forever in his bosom. Little Ally Fisher had indeed one pure, precious source of happiness and that was why the grave did not open beneath her childish feet, and she got down into it for rest, worn out by her burden of sorrow, want and misery. Yet Ally was not interesting. When other children were out playing among the quivering, joyful Summer shadows, she sat away be-

hind her desk in the school-room, sewing, sewing, sewing, till her eyes ached away back in her head, and her little arm felt as though it must drop from her thin shoulder. Odd ways these for a child.—How disagreeably mature! It is a very unpleasant thing to see children make old women of themselves! Ah, then we to the sin—wo to the summer who cheats a young heart of its spring!

Neither was Ally beautiful; her face was so thin and want-pined, and her great eyes looked so wo-begone! How could Ally be so beautiful with such a load of care upon her, crushing beneath its iron weight the rich jewels which God had lavished upon her spirit? It is the inner beauty that shines upon the face, but all the flowers of her young heart had been blasted. Her curls were glossy enough, but you could not help believing, when you looked upon them, that misery nestled in their deep shadows; her eyes were of the softest, sweetest brown, fringed with rich sable, but so full of misery! Her complexion was transparently fair, with a tinge of blue instead of the warm, generous heat-tide which belongeth to childhood and youth. All her features were pinched and attenuated, and her hands were small, and thin, and blue; and her little figure in its scanty, homely clothing, looked very much like a weed which has stood too long in the Autumn time. So frail! so delicate! so desolate!

And did any body love poor Ally Fisher—the busy bee—the humdrum worker—the forlorn child, who was neither interesting nor beautiful? No one but her mother—a poor, sad looking woman, who wore a faded green bonnet and a patched chintz frock, and who never stopped to smile or shake hands with any body when she walked out of the village church. This desolate, sad-hearted woman, with her bony fingers and sharpened face—this dame Fisher, whom the boys called scare-crow, and the girls used to imitate in tableaux—this strange woman, seeming in her visible wretchedness scarce to belong to this bright beautiful world, bore a measureless, exhaustless fountain of love behind the faded garment and the ugly person; and she lavished all its holy wealth upon poor little Ally. Ally had a father, too, but he did not love her. He loved nothing but the vile grog shop at the corner of the street, and the brown earthen jug which he yet had humanity or shame enough to hide in the loft. Ah, now you see why Ally Fisher was unhappy. Now you see the vice in whose shadow the stricken child matured so rapidly. Now you are ready to exclaim with me, "Poor, poor Ally Fisher! God help her!"

Ally tried very hard to help herself, but her mother was always very feeble, and there were several little ones younger than herself. What could poor Ally do? She went to school—that she would do—because she never could accomplish anything at home in that small crowded room, with all those thin-faced miserable little creatures about her; but she took her sewing with her, and every moment that she could steal from her books was devoted to earning bread.

Dame Fisher had looked earnestly forward to the time when Ally would be old enough and had learned enough to vary the monotonous character of her employment and preside in the capacity of teacher over the little school just over the hill.—These mothers are so dotingly hopeful!—How could she think of it, and Ally the child of a drunkard! To be sure this was the only vice of which Billy Fisher had ever been guilty. He had never defrauded his neighbors; he had never, in better days, when some who now despised him were in his power, been oppressive to the poor; he had not one nor wished harm to any; he had only degraded his own nature almost to a bestial level, and poured out a vessel of shame upon his own family. Enough, to be sure; but then Ally, she had always been a gentle, patient, faultless child, and why must she suffer for her father's sin? What! the daughter of the drunken vagabond, Billy Fisher, a teacher for their children! What a presuming mix she must be! The idea was preposterous! She must find other means of supplying herself with the finery she was prinking in of late; let her go into the kitchen where she belonged! Poor Ally! she had wrought till midnight for a fortnight to prepare herself for presentation to these fault-finders; if she had not, they would have called her raganuffin. Where shall we look for a reasonable man?

Ally was not much distressed. To be sure, it was the breaking up of a long cherished dream, and the severer that this had been the only dream that she had dared to cherish; but the poor girl had a holy resort, and she did not repine. She went from the door, where each hope of her life had been cruelly crushed, with a swelling heart and faltering step. Over the stile across the way, the little blue eyes of the Spring violets were looking up lovingly from beds of moss; the freed streams were dancing gaily, flashing and sparkling in the sun-light; and on a brown maple bough, where leaf-buds were swelling ready to burst with life, a little bird, the first Spring bird, carolled as blithely as though it might bring Eden to a desolate, disappointed heart. Ally Fisher heard it, and the tears broke over their fringed boundaries and fell in a sparkling shower upon her bodice. Then she crossed the stile and stream, and passed the trees till she found a solitary nook way

in the heart of the wood; and here she knelt and prayed. How strong was Ally Fisher when she left her retreat! The arm of Hinn who was almighty was about her.

Ally Fisher passed with quite as light a foot as usual over the dried leaves through which the tender Spring blades were peeping, and beyond the borders of the wood, till she came in sight of a beautiful central lake, on the banks of which the young green was striving with the pallid spoils of last year's frost. Ally Fisher was not very observing—she was too thoughtful to be observing—but as she emerged from the wood she saw a person, probably a nurse, walking near the lake with a little girl, who danced and prattled and clapped her tiny hands, now bounding from the path, now half hiding her little head in the woman's dress, and then running forward with all the guileless glee of a bird or butterfly. Ally looked at her and felt the warm tears creeping to her. Why had she never been thus happy? And why should that terrible shadow which had settled on her cradle, darken at this point so full of strange wondrous interest, now when she was

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

The tears crept to Ally's eyes, but they had no time to fall. She heard a shriek and saw the woman covering over the verge of the lake, her hands clasped as though in an ecstasy of agonized fears.

"The child!" thought Ally, as she sprang forward, new life in every limb and lighting up her eye.

She was right. The little one was just rising to the surface after her first terrible plunge. Ally caught a glimpse of a pale agonized face, then a fold of scarlet, and all disappeared, except the successive rings formed by the rippling water.

"It is not deep, not very deep," she said, half to herself, half to the careless nurse, "were I only taller."

She stepped into the water carefully as though to insure in the outset a firm footing. Another step and the water grew deeper—another—another. The water had risen above her waist and her slight figure seemed swayed by its undulations. Dare she go farther? Oh, the lake was so still—only a ripple on its surface, and a life—a life at stake! Again on one more step—the little scarlet dress appeared just before her. But one short step more!—She falters—reeks—and grasps it! Now Ally! See, she pauses deliberately to steady herself! Her presence of mind, even in the moment of triumph, has not forsaken her, and her foot is still firm.—She returns slowly, safely to the shore and sinks with her recovered human treasure at the feet of the terrified nurse.

Ally Fisher opened her large wondering eyes upon a strange scene. Her head lay upon a pillow of rich velvet; and she turned from her singular couch to magnificent folds of drapery, heavy golden cords half hidden in their soft shadows, rich massive furniture, the use of which she did not understand—all the wonders of this magic palace—quite unheeding a kind face, which bent anxiously over her.

"Oh, I was so careless and you so good!" was the first exclamation she heard; and then from a sofa at the other side of the room came a pale beautiful lady, who whispered, "Dear child! God bless her!" in low tremulous tones, as though the terror had not yet gone from her heart.

"Does she recover?" inquired another voice. It was that of a man, and though strong there was now a subdued tremor in it which gave evidence that the string on which it vibrated had been lately jured by fear and sorrow. "Does she recover?" This noble deed has made her ours as Marcia is. She shall never go back to that poor hovel again."

"My mother!" was Ally's answering remark; "Oh, she will be so frightened! I must go to my mother now."

It was in vain that the lady and her husband and even the attending physician insisted on her remaining until she was quite recovered, and offered to send for her mother. Ally rose to her feet and smiled her usual sad smile.

"I am well, quite well. It didn't hurt me; I was only frightened because I thought the poor little girl was dead. To be sure I shouldn't fear the dead, but when I had her in my arms—are you sure she will get well?"

"She will, and it was you who saved her life."

All shuddered. "Oh! her cheek was cold! just like little Willie's. But you say she will get well, I am very glad, though sometimes I think it would be a pleasant thing to die and go to heaven where Jesus Christ is. It is so dreary here!" she added, in a pitiful tone, half musingly.

Dame Fisher was surprised to see the family carriage of the Burnells draw up at her humble door, and more surprised when her own Ally, in strange garb "a world too wide," sprang from it, her pale face really brilliant with excitement. Ally's large eyes were larger than ever, and the heart's light was centred beneath their jetty fringes; while her mouth, the lips no longer pale, was wreathed with unusual smiles.

"Oh, mother! I have saved a life! Is not God kind to let me do so great a thing?"

Strange that neither Ally nor her mother thought of the lost school that night, heavy as the disappointment was! Nay, it is strange? They thought of it in the morning, however, and then dame Fisher was more sad than Ally.

"So you are to sow your life away," she said, despondingly, "my poor, poor Ally."

"No, mother; God will take care of me."

It was not noon when the family carriage of the Burnells again appeared at the door of Billy Fisher's miserable cottage.

"Mrs. Burnell! It may be, Ally, she will get you the school; these rich people have so much influence."

Mrs. Burnell came to offer Ally, as her husband had promised in his first lively emotion of gratitude, a splendid home.

"You shall share with little Marcia, in everything," she said; "You shall even divide our love; more, you are older, and shall be considered in everything the eldest daughter. Come and live with us, dear; for we would have had no child but for you."

Ally looked at her mother, whose thin face now glowed with gratified ambition; glanced at the broken walls of the miserable hovel she called home; turned from one little half-starved figure to another; and then, approaching the lady, said in a low firm tone. "You are very kind, and I will pray God to bless you for it; but I must not go away from here."

"Must not, Ally!" exclaimed the surprised, disappointed mother.

Ally's voice became choked. "This is a very poor place—I never knew how poor until I went into some of the grand houses—but I have always lived in it."

"But the sewing and that terrible pain in the side, my dear!" interrupted the mother.

"It will be better soon, I think; and maybe, I shall not have to sew much now, for Mary is growing bigger."

"But, Ally—"

"Mother don't drive me away from home."

"He will give you a home," pleaded the lady, "the house you saw yesterday. There you shall every thing you can wish, things much more beautiful than you have ever seen in your life—and little Marcia whose life you saved—will love you and so will we all."

"Then you will love my poor, poor mother?" and Ally burst into tears.

At the commencement of the conference a head had been raised from a pile of bed-clothing in a corner of the room, and a red bloated face looked out on the group with vague wonder. Soon an expression of intelligence began to brighten up the heavy eyes, and now and then a trace of something like emotion appeared upon the face. At Ally's last words there was for a moment a strange convulsive working of the features, and the head fell heavily back upon the pillow.

It was in vain that both the lady and dame Fisher pleaded. Ally's firm, modest answer was ever the same. "Oh, it was nothing; I couldn't let the little girl drown when it was easy to prevent it.—It was nothing; so I do not deserve that beautiful home. I shouldn't be of any use there either, and here I am indeed."

"But I will give you five times the money you can earn by sewing," urged the lady, "and you shall bring it all here."

Ally was for a moment staggered.

"So you would help me more by going than by staying," added the dame, quite forgetful of self while so anxious for her child's welfare.

"But, mother; who would hold your head when it aches, and bathe your temples, and kiss away the pain, and then sit and watch you when you sleep? And when the trouble comes who would try to make it light and help you to find all the happy things to weigh against it? And who would sit with you at evening when you are so lonely? Who, mother, would read the Bible to you? for you told me yesterday that your eyes were failing; and who would—would love you, mother! Oh, don't send me away! All those beautiful things would make me sorry if you could not have them too; and so you must let me stay here in the old house, for it is the only place where I can be happy. God would not love me if I should leave you with all the children to care for and none to comfort you when you are sad."

The lady's eyes were suffused with the heart's dew, as with a mental blessing on the young girl's head and a silent determination to reward her self-denying spirit richly, she turned away.

"You have sacrificed yourself for my sake, Ally," sobbed the dame, folding her gentle child in her arms; "Oh why did you do it?"

"No, mother; I am happy here, and he—" Ally pointed to the bed meaningly. "I couldn't mention it before her."

"Yes, darling, you are right—you always are; he would kill himself without you in a week, I know. But oh, it is a dreadful thing—my poor, poor Ally!"

Ally was at her sewing as calm and quiet as if nothing unusual had occurred, though there was a singular bright spot on her cheek; and the dame had busied herself with preparing the children's supper, when Billy Fisher crept from the bed and gazed, half-timidly to the door.

"Don't go to-night, father," whispered Ally, laying her slight hand on his, and fix-

ing her large mournful eyes on his face most pleadingly.

"Don't go; I will help you to fix the chessmen you wanted me to do last night; or I will hem the pretty new handkerchief I bought for you to-day, and sing whatever you like best while I am doing it; or I will read to you from my beautiful library book, or do any thing you like—only don't go! It is very lonely here without you, father."

The lips of the miserable man parted as though he would have replied; but the words seemed choking him, and he brushed hastily past her. Tears came to Ally's eyes as she turned again to her work, but no one heeded them.

That evening passed as hundreds of others had done. The children had been sent to bed, and then Ally and her mother sat down by their one tallow candle to earn bread for them.

"It is so pleasant to be together!" said Ally, raising a face all beaming with gratitude.

"Yes, but you lose a great deal by it, dear."

"Oh, no; I lose nothing. I should have lost a great deal if I had gone away from you, Mother. I have been wondering since this morning that God had been so kind as to keep us together while I am so ungrateful. I never knew how happy it made me to be with you till now."

"We never see half the blessings which God bestows upon us, darling."

Murmured—yet surrounded by comforts and elegancies, feasting on dainties and rolling in luxuries—oh, could you look in upon dame Fisher's cottage, with its bare broken walls and scanty furniture!—And yet the poor drunkard's wife was really more deeply blest than you—blessed with the inner wealth of a "meek and quiet spirit."

The hour of ten drew near, and Ally's quick ear caught the sound of a step upon the door stone.

"Father! he is very early. Oh, I hope he has not—"

She had no time to finish the sentence. The door was thrown open with a quick, earnest, joyous dash.

"I have done it, Ally, bird—I have done it! There—there—what! Don't look so frightened, pussy; it is nothing bad—it is something good—very good. It will make your little heart glad, and I ought to make it glad once in your sorry life-time, birdie, dear. Shall I tell you? shall I tell you, Ally? I have taken the step—the step; and now, darling, your poor mother shall have somebody to love her, and so shall you, too. Oh, it has been a dreadful course; it has almost broken my heart sometimes to think of my miserable ways; and I have felt the worse when you thought I was stupid and didn't care. Sometimes I have been determined to break away, but then I was tempted and couldn't. Now I have done it. Never another drop to my lips so help me God!"

That night there was not so happy a house in all the State of New York as the wretched hovel to which Billy Fisher had brought so much joy. And Ally—oh, no, she never regretted having sacrificed her own bright prospect to the happiness of those she loved; for never was human heart more deeply blessed than gentle, trusting Ally Fisher's. Other and more brilliant blessings now clustered around her path, but these are mere trifles compared with that great first one.

It was true, Ally, sweet Ally; thy never failing gentleness it was that won him. Go on, pure-hearted one! There is still more for thee to do.

"Still thy smile like sunshine dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Like the olive tree, said to fertilize the surrounding soil, there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all, and about our path, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they applaud; its rewards are valueless, unless they share them! There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and perhaps it is not an extreme eulogium of the poet, that, without that influence, many a man had been "a brute indeed!" The concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it. Man may make a fine melody, but woman is also required to make up harmony.

BEAUTIFUL.—The following beautiful passage we take from a tale in the last National Press:—"A brother's and sister's love—earth holds nothing more faithful, and deep, and self-denying; it is affection between the trustful and the protecting in all its strength and beauty, yet without jealousy, without distrust. It is a weaving of heart-links, bound together from childhood, and becoming stronger with every passing year; a union of separate branches of one parent vine, twined and interlaced by tendrils that nothing but death may unclasp."

"Here, you little rascal, walk up here and give an account of yourself—where have you been?"

"After the girls, father."

"Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"

"No, sir—but mother did."

PENNSYLVANIA GIRLS.—An affair occurred in Westmoreland county recently, which shows the stuff the Pennsylvania girls are made of. Two large sized men entered the house of Mr. Samuel Karns, in Franklin township, and asked lodgings, but the inmates, Mr. Karns and his two sisters, did not like their appearance and refused. One immediately drew a long knife or dirk, some 12 or 18 inches long, and presented at Mr. Karns' breast, saying, I understand you have money; and a scuffle commenced with Karns and the man that drew the dirk. One of the females got down the gun, but the fellow engaged with Karns dropped his knife and seized the gun. The other villain picked up the knife, and while Karns and the first scoundrel fought for the gun, made an attack upon the girls. He gave one of them some five or six wounds, two of them deep cuts, while she was plying a cudgel on him as hard as she could. The other girl received some slight wounds. Both the girls fought with unparalleled heroism. They alarmed the neighbors, and the wretches made off.

POTATO FLOUR is manufactured in England and Ireland, which contains not only the starch, but all the ingredients of the tuber, except the skin and cuticle.—The potatoes are washed, sliced, dried thoroughly, ground, and sifted through a bolt or sieve. 100 pounds of potatoes yield from 27 to 30 pounds of flour. This article is said to be sixty per cent. more nutritious for man or beast than superfine wheat flour. It ferments with yeast flour, and makes fair bread. Experiments have been made which show that a given surface of land cultivated in potatoes will yield four times more flour from this crop than can be obtained from a crop of wheat. It is not stated how well or long potato flour will keep; probably as long as any other, for the vegetable matter is killed-dried. By this operation all danger from rotting is removed, and this most valuable root or tuber can be preserved like wheat or beans for an indefinite period.

COMPARISON.—A New England correspondent of the New York National Press, thus concludes a letter:

"Somewhat apropos to the above train of thought, is an anecdote related in the pulpit, by Mr. Knapp, the celebrated comic preacher, and which not being in his usual vein, is the best thing I ever heard of his saying. 'An infidel,' said Mr. K., 'once, in order to prove that the earth may have been at first created, and afterwards held together by the simple, self-existing laws of nature, dipped his hands into a cup of water, and throwing off a globe, exclaimed, 'There, I have made a sphere.' 'Vain worm,' continued Mr. K., 'what was he to that being who dipped his hands into chaos, and threw off worlds?' Adieu."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RICH AND POOR.—"Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven," said the Saviour and the beautiful remark is strongly brought to mind, in reading the following squib from an exchange paper:

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to Heaven?"

"Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate here?"

The mother did not answer.

SUICIDES IN CONGRESS.—Gov. Briggs delivered an address on Temperance at Saratoga Springs, on the evening of July 30, in which he stated that while he was a member of Congress he had known seven or eight members of that body, of talents far above mediocrity, absolutely killed with intoxicating liquors.

Alexander the great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find, was the reply—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

That was rather a severe joke of the man who cried out to the keeper of a grog shop on seeing a drunken man's heels up, before the door, "Mister, your sign has fallen down."

A young man having attended a silent Quaker meeting, was asked by one of the Friends—"How didst thou like the meeting?" To which he pettishly replied, "Like it? why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hour together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill the devil!" "Yes, my friend," replied the Quaker, "that's just what we want."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Quin being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than earth!"

A NORTHERN MAN WITH VERMONT PRINCIPLES.—A yankee from Vermont was pursued and caught near Erie, Pa., last week, having with him two negroes, stolen from Virginia.

"It's a poor rule that wont work both ways," as the scholar said when he sent it back again at the master's head.

"I'll be blessed if I do"—as the girl said when her lover asked her to get married.