Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

VOL. XVII.—35.} GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1846. {WHOLE NO. 597.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

BINGEN.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friend of mind.
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground.
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a solder, too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a Sister;—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with HER, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still:
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine.
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown:
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shown on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

MISCELLANY.

Hope and Memory.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A little baby lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said "look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book that will be sweet to thee when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sung a melodious song, and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sang thee."

But Memory said, "Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we shall be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams.—When he woke, they came with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But, at length Age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend.—He looked at her seriously, and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"

And she answered, "I fear so: for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my key. But the gems thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are."

While thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenly flight.

The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshhold and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said, "Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine. Jesus hath redeemed it."

Such as give ear to slanderers are worse than slanderers themselves.—*Bonitius.*

EXISTENCE OF A GOD.—There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him,—the insects sport in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the dawning of the day—the bird sings to him in the foliage—the thunder declares his immensity. Man alone has said "there is no God!" Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects of nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, all the year, a morning of Spring, and a morning of Autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; a meadow enamelled with beauteous flowers: forests hoary with snow and fields gilded with the tints of autumn—then alone you will have a just conception of the Universe. While you are gazing on the sun which is plunging under the vaults of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking, fatigued and burning under the shades of the evening, re-appear at the same instant, fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the West; or rather our sense deceives us, and there is, properly speaking, no East or West to the World. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light, one single substance.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.—The grave is a world of gloom, dark and cheerless, with no ray of light to illume its night of horrors; but a better philosophy teaches us that *that* is not the end. That though a cloud of darkness may gather around the closing scene, and the pall of death become the winding sheet of frail mortality—a brighter dawn begins to break upon the soul's vast empire, while imperial thought links its fond immortality fast to the immutability of the Eternal Throne.—*Bee.*

THE HEART AND THE SWORD.—It is recorded of the Duke of Luxembourg that on his death-bed, he declared that he would have cherished more deeply the memory of having given a cup of cold water to one of his fellow-creatures in poverty and distress, than all the victories he had achieved, with their scenes of blood, desolation and death. An admirable lesson is conveyed in this brief expression of opinion.

It is because we are dissatisfied with ourselves that we are so anxious to have others think well of us; and were we conscious of meriting their good, we would care less for their ill opinions.

That was a good remark of Seneca's, when he said:—"Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate; and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware."

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the farther you can hear them. Ladies are like tulips: the more modest and retiring they appear, the better we love them.

Gen. Washington with his Mother,

FOR THE LAST TIME.

Who that has parted with an aged mother, and received her last blessing as he was about to go forth into a land of strangers to seek a home for himself, can read the following last interview between Washington and his mother, and suppress the rising tear that starts unbidden, at the remembrance of such a scene. Time may dim the recollection of many of the incidents of youth when we come in contact with the world, but there is a magic in the mother's voice—her well-remembered tone of admiration, her kindness and unceasing care will rise up before him who loved her, and follow him as a guardian angel in all the varied scenes of life. Happy the man who was blessed with such a mother, and loved her—happier he who, having such, forgets not her love, her kindness and instructions.

Immediately after the organization of the present Government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother preparatory to his departure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the Chief Magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—

Here the matron interrupted him:

"You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not long be in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you: go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessings be with you always."

The President was deeply affected.—His head rested on the shoulder of his parent. That brow, on which Fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever given to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look, which could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in full tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion and the days of his youth, and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instructions and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron's predictions were true.—The disease, which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of 85, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

MOTHERS.—Napoleon, after having observed to Madame Campan, that the old system of children's education was bad, inquired what she considered wanting to make it good. "Mothers," was the reply. As women were the first and perhaps the most influential teachers, we must have good mothers if we would secure good teachers. With them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more important than that of the head. Sentiment precedes intelligence; and it has been well observed by the authoress of a deservedly popular work, that the earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress is the first lesson in the affection. Mothers were meant by nature to inspire virtue even when they do not directly seek to teach it, and they will rarely go wrong when they follow their parental impulses.

PRINTER'S LANGUAGE.—The following orders from a foreman in a newspaper printing office don't mean half so much as would seem to the uninitiated:

"Charley, put Gen. Washington in the galleys, and then finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday.—Frank, do you set up entire, the ruins of Herculanæum—distribute the small pox—you need not finish that runaway match—have the high water in the paper this week—let the pie alone till after dinner, but put the political barbecue to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning."

A JUST SENTIMENT.—The Pennsylvania Inquirer says: "the true glory of a nation; the lasting, the deathless glory, consists as much in the lofty tone of its integrity, the exalted character of its morals, the tenacious adherence of its people to right and justice, as in the force of its physical power, the strength of its warlike armaments, or the vastness of its internal resources."

AN EVIL THOUGHT.—An evil thought needs but a nod to make it lodge in another mind, while arguments might fail to fix a good one there. A wink may speak to others hurt, and the best of volumes fail to do them good. How true the remark of a lady, 'I find it hard work to be good.'

A dandy at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He apologised. "Not a word, sir", said the lady, "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody."

The Man that the Mule Kicked.

Many are the anecdotes and stories which our volunteers tell, the scene of which has been the Rio Grande, and many yet remain to be told.—The followed good one was yesterday related to us by our friend Sewell Taylor:

On a certain starless night, in the latter part of July, two volunteers—living editions of Damon and Pythias, so sincere were their friendships, so mutually strong were their attachments—were sitting on some lumber in the neighborhood of Sewell's (the sutler's) tent. They had given pretty strong proofs during the day of their abhorrence of the water of the Rio Grande in its primitive state, by mixing it with a liberal component part of Sewell's brandy, which, as Burns says, made them "unco' happy." They sat there for a considerable time and talked of "old times" and new times—of times past, present, and to come—of the indomitable courage and invincible power of the United States volunteers, and of the cowardly, craven Mexicans.—Indeed, from the mood they were in, "they could," as they expressed it, "walk into Ampudia and his whole pusillanimous host!"

One of them had occasion to withdraw for a few minutes, and after making in advance due apology for his temporary absence, he assured his friend that but little time would elapse before he would rejoin him. Not returning, however, as soon as his friend thought he should, the latter "put out," too. He who first left, soon, in a zigzag course, returned, but instead of going up to where he and his friend had been sitting, he approached to where a vicious mule was haltered.

"Come," said he, laying his hand on the hind quarter of the mule, "let us go to our tent."

"Wee-ee-e," cried the mule, letting fly his left hindleg at him, striking him in the abdomen, and sending him on the broad of his back in among the neighboring chaparral.

After recovering, he picked himself up and advancing again towards the mule, said—

"Look here, Bill, this is awful shabby conduct! I would'nt treat a Mexican so, letting alone an old comrade. If you've any spite against me, just say so, and I'm your man; but don't strike a fellow that way, with the butt end of your musket in the dark. I tell you I felt that last lick as if a dragoon's horse had kicked me.—Come, now, no more of that; let us shake hands;" and again he went up within kicking distance of the mule.

"Wee-ee-i-ee," growled the mule, and again he gave the intruder a kick which laid him flat on the ground.

"Murder! murder!" cried he, "I'm shot—I'm stabbed—he has run his bayonet through me—he has broken my head with the butt end of his musket—I'm shot—I'm killed! Guard! Rounds! Grand Rounds!"

Attracted by the noise, a crowd instantly gathered round; lights were brought, and the Great Kicked was picked up out of the chaparral. Two of his ribs were found to be broken, and his friend and comrade, Bill, was the first to render him assistance. Of course, although he could not at the time be made to believe it, it was at once seen that his enemy in disguise was the peevish mule, and not his friend and comrade soldier, Bill.—*Daily Delta.*

SINGULAR.—A favorite cat, belonging to a family at Hovington, having lost her kittens, of her own accord adopted a chicken of the pheasant fancy breed, which was domesticated. The chicken appeared highly pleased with her nurse, and puss on capturing a mouse, or obtaining any other food, carefully carries it to the chicken, which has imbibed many of the peculiarities of the cat, and the two now lie comfortably together, puss putting her paw over the bird to protect it from harm.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

A SINGULAR DEATH.—A lad twelve years of age, named Edward O. Knowles, was killed at South Boston on Friday last in the following singular manner: He was standing in a blacksmith shop, some ten or twelve feet from an anvil, where two men were forging a piece of iron, and one of the sledges missing the iron, struck on the anvil, and a small spliter was broken off, which flew off, striking the lad in the thigh, cutting the main artery, so that he bled to death in a few minutes.

"Agriculture," says Socrates, "is an employment the most worthy the application of man, the most ancient, and the most suitable to his nature; it is the common nurse of all persons, in every age and condition of life; it is the richest source of health, strength, plenty and riches; and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and, in short, of all virtues, civil and military."

GOOD WEIGHT.—A gentleman has sent to the editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer, a potato weighing nine and a half pounds, and a turnip weighing seventeen pounds. He has a cow that gives thirteen quarts of milk at a milking—(he did not send the cow to the editor.) This is pretty well for Virginia.

HORSE DISTEMPER.—The Delaware County Republican learns that this disease, so fatal to the horse, which has prevailed extensively in Long Island and New Jersey, has made its appearance in that county, and that several horses have died from its effects.

From the Knickerbocker.

FANNY HALL.

The sweetest girl of all I know,
Is charming FANNY HALL;
The wildest at a husking,
The gayest at a ball:
Her cheek is like a Jersey peach,
Her eye is blue and clear,
And her lip is like the sumac
In the Autumn of the year.

Canova never made a hand
Like her's, so plump and fair;
Poor Raphael had been crazed with her
Madonna brow and hair:
And I'm inclined to think if Powers
Could see her, he would grieve
To find a romping Yankee girl
Had beaten Mrs. Eve!

There's not a blemish in her form,
No fault about her face;
Sit down and gaze from morn till night,
You'll find her—perfect grace.
And then, to finish all, her voice!
From the sweetest bird's in spring
You couldn't tell its warble;—but
She "DOESN'T KNOW A THING!"

From the Harrisburg Telegraph of April 16, 1845.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE

REMARKS OF MR. COOPER,

OF ADAMS COUNTY,

In the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, on the Bill granting right of way through Pennsylvania to the New York and Erie Railroad.

Mr. COOPER said this bill proposed to authorize the New York and Erie Railroad Company to cross the Delaware at or near Port Jervis, into Pike county, and construct their road through that county, for a distance of some twenty-four or five miles. In consideration of this privilege, the company were to procure a right from the New York Legislature to connect the Northern Branch Canal with the Chemung and Chemango Canals in the State of New York, and also a right to a connection with the road proposed to be constructed at Elmira, or some other point, of any improvement which Pennsylvania should think proper to make or authorize to be made; and that the company before using their road, were to consent to all of these connections.

He had listened patiently and attentively to hear a substantial reason against granting the privilege asked for by the company; and he hoped he would offend no gentleman when he declared that no reason sufficient to satisfy any body had been given. If he believed that the State improvements were to be rendered less valuable, or the commercial metropolis of the State injured in the slightest degree, he would oppose the bill; but, believing that it was the interest of both that the privilege should be granted, he was bound to give it such feeble support as he could.

Let us, said he, look at the question without permitting preconceived impression to bias our judgments.

The first argument used against granting the privilege asked for by this company, was, that another great channel of communication would be opened between the lakes and the city of New York over which large amounts of produce would be carried. Let us see what force there is in this argument. The trade of the lakes, all the vast commerce that floated upon them, now found its way to the city of New York, either by the New York and Erie Canal, or by the Railroad extending from Buffalo to the Hudson. Not a pound of tonnage, not a farthing's value of this immense trade ever touched our public works or reached Philadelphia; all went to New York through or over the great thoroughfares which he had just named. Now, however, a rival to these great works was about to be constructed, running along the northern boundary of Pennsylvania, the entire length of the State, and proposing to enter her territory in several places, if permission be granted. The opponents of the bill under consideration, had asserted that this work was to become the great rival of the New York and Erie Canal, and of the Railroad from Buffalo to Albany, in carrying to market the trade of the lakes.—This, he admitted, it would be to some extent: and, in his judgment, the more of the trade it diverted from the other works, the better for us. This trade on its way to market, would pass over the New York and Erie Railroad, through Elmira, a point at which Pennsylvania was to be authorized to make connections by both canals and railroads. From this point, where these connections are authorized to be made, the distance to Philadelphia, according to the statement of Governor Porter, in his message to the Legislature in 1841, was 71 miles less than to New York; and the practical difference in favor of Philadelphia, he said, was far greater. Going eastward from Elmira, the New York and Erie Railroad had to encounter grades, which, but a few years ago, would have been declared impracticable. These grades were, in many places, and for long distances together, from 50 to 68 feet per mile. From Elmira to Philadelphia, there need be no grades excepting 35 feet to the mile; and for the greater part of the way, trade would pass over descending grades to market. This would give to Philadelphia, an immense advantage over New York.

But it was said, he remarked, that there were at present no means of reaching Philadelphia from Elmira. That was true, but the cost of completing a Railroad which would unite Philadelphia with the New York and Erie Railroad, by means of a connexion at Elmira, would be trifling, compared with the outlay which New York, Boston, and other commercial cities were making to secure the trade of distant parts of the country. It was indeed true, he said, if Philadelphia stood still, while her competitors were striving around her, at the North and the South, to draw to themselves the productions of distant sections of the country, by the construction of Railroads and canals, she must lose her commercial position. But if she exerted herself with an energy commensurate with the interest she had at stake, she had it in her power, he said, to secure a portion and a considerable portion of trade, which perhaps, naturally belonged to her great and enterprising rival, the city of New York. This connection insured it to her, if she did not stand in her own light, and neglect an opportunity which might never present itself again. Her representatives here were opposed to it, but they must pardon him if he suggested that in their anxiety to guard imaginary interests, they were sacrificing real ones, of immense magnitude. They must recollect that, by defeating the application of the New York and Erie Railroad Company to come into Pennsylvania, they did not prevent the completion of the work. It would go on whether the application of the Company was granted or refused. By denying the privilege asked for, they prevented none of the mischiefs which they imagined they saw, but rejected a certain advantage—the advantage of a connection at Elmira, now offered to us. If he could see any possible injury to Philadelphia, or the public improvements of the Commonwealth, he would most assuredly oppose the application; but he could see none. He would be as sorry to injure Philadelphia as the gentlemen who represented her so creditably on this floor; he was going to say, that he was axious for her prosperity, and as deeply interested in the successful industry of her people as they were. But this, perhaps, would be going too far. Kindred sympathies and local attachments might excite in them stronger emotions of anxiety for their welfare than in him; but he could say with sincerity, the most perfect, that he felt a deep interest in every thing that concerned her, because he knew, after all, that her interests and those of the Commonwealth were to a great extent identical. Her industry, her skill, her enterprize and capital were subjects of interest to every citizen. If these languish from any cause, the effect was felt throughout the whole Commonwealth. He would repeat, therefore, that he would do nothing knowingly, that proved detrimental to her interests. The passage of this bill could not injure her; on the contrary, she would be benefited by it. If he could see anything in the future, it was the day when the benefits of this measure would be felt and acknowledged by all. When all the connections authorized and provided for in this bill were completed—when the diversified productions of the regions which they penetrated should be poured through the channels of our public improvements into the lap of Philadelphia, stimulating her enterprise, rewarding the industry of her citizens, all would realize the wisdom of this measure, and wonder at the blindness which opposed it. Turn again, he said, to the advantages which the proposed connection would afford to Pennsylvania and Philadelphia. The whole trade of the lakes—all the productions which reached them from the valley of the Mississippi, and the whole West, now found their way to New York by the Canals and Railroads, already completed from Lake Erie to the Hudson. Now, by the money of others, a great work is to constructed, along our own borders, penetrating them at several points, if we will grant permission, and offering us for such permission, the right of connection at such places as we may select. This work is to become the rival of the other New York improvements in carrying the trade of the Lakes. This trade, on its way over this road to market, will pass several points at which the distance is much less to Philadelphia than it is to New York. This he had already referred to, and only adverted to it again for the purpose of referring to other facts in connection with it. In late years, there had been a crowd of travellers, every year, passing from South to North on pleasure or business. They now go to New York, thence to Albany, and over the the Railroads to the Lakes. If the New York and Erie Railroad were completed, and the connections established, uniting it with Philadelphia, this immense travel would either go North or return South, over the improvements of Pennsylvania. Shall we then, he said, neglect the opportunity which is afforded of securing a portion of the vast trade of the Lakes, now wholly monopolized by N. York? It is her's at present by virtue of her position; but that position would be relatively changed by the construction of this great work, if Pennsylvania could but see her own true interests, and act in conformity with them. An illiberal policy, he said, was almost always an unwise one; this, Pennsylvania will one day realize, if she refused a privelege which was itself, independent of any connection which it secured, an advantage to a portion of her citizens. If there were no other advantages to result from this measure, than such as were purely local, he would still go for it. It would benefit the North—it would open to it a way to market, enhance the value of property, and enable that portion of the State to contribute more than it had hitherto done, to the support of the Government. From our system of internal improvement, that too-