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POETRY.

Gratitude to God.

BY S. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if I were wrong to blot them not,
They so degrade, so shame their birth.
To think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful and bright a thing,
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glorious appareling;
That sky, sea, air, should live and glow
With light, and love, and holiness,
And yet men never feel or know
How much a God of love can bless—
How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down in light,
Like floods of light poured on the sky—
When every tree and flower was bright,
And every pulse was beating high,
And the fall soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above.

And then, when men would soar, if ever,
To the high home of thought and soul—
When life's degrading love should sever,
And the free spirit spun control—
Then have I seen, oh, how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel,
That truth is in the words I speak,
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
Away to their unhallowed mirth;
As if the revelries of earth
And glorious heaven were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper
At woman's shrine—yet even there
I've found unworthiness of thought,
And when I deemed I just had caught
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
And rose lips looked in eloquent
Oh, I have turned and wept to find
Beneath it all, a trifling wind.

I was in one of those high halls,
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,
Where shaded light in softness falls
On perfect beauty. They were gone
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill
Had wrought such patient, but they spoke
To me in every feature still;
And crimson cheeks flashed gloriously
To life and motion. I had knelt
And-blept with Mary at the tree
Where Jesus suffered—I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
At the stern bullet of the Jew—
Had seen the Son of Glory bow
And bleed for sins he never knew,
And I had wept. I thought that all
Must feel his love, and when they came
A stranger bright and sweet to find
With step of grace and eye of flame,
And one and look most sweetly blest
To make her presence eloquent,
Oh, then I looked for tears. We stand
Before the presence of Calvary:
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gall—the agony of agony—
I saw His quivering lips in prayer,
"Father, forgive them,"—all was there!
I turned in bitterness of soul,
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control;
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With glowing sympathies. She said
A moment, and I carelessly,
Then coldly curled her lip and smiled—
The high priest's garment! Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee!

Oh, why 'tis woman—what her smile—
Her lip of love—her eyes of light—
What is she, if her lips revile
The lovely Jesus! Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her step—and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

mid the flush of youth's bright dreams—
and saw the arm on which it was her wont
to lean, all still and palsied now in death—
and looked in vain into those dull, glazed
orbs, for the fond glance which there was
used to beam—her bursting heart gave
way; she bowed her head upon the silent
corse, and wildly wept in speechless agony
and woe.

But, lo! as onwards swept the mournful
train, a band of humble pilgrims met the
weeping throng; and one among them
came and touched the bier. 'Twas He,
the lowly outcast Nazarene. His mild
blue eye looked sadly on the group, and
gushed from out his heart, all that pure
love he brought from Heaven, towards her
whose hope was gone—was buried 'neath
that silent pall. The sad procession stop-
ped, and they that bore the corse, stood
still. Jesus a moment gazed upon that no-
ble form, as in her wo the frantic mother
had thrown back the pall from off her
boy—a moment looked on her, who
weeping, hung upon the bier—then touch-
ed the stiffened hand, and calmly said, "Ar-
rise." At that life-giving word, the hue
of health began to steal upon the dead;
and, like the first faint flash of dawn, the
warm blood mantled to the cheek and
brow, and light began to beam from out
the eyes; the lips, just parted, caught a
sunny smile; and, like the leaping wave
his bosom heaved beneath the dark habil-
ments of death, which lay upon his quick-
ened form.

With piercing cry, "He lives—he lives!"
burst from the mourner's lips, and on the
Saviour's breast she fell and wept.

The Child at the Tomb.

The Brooklyn Eagle found the follow-
ing eloquent anecdote in the journal of a
traveller in the East:

A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Ar-
menian, like that of the Moslem, is ar-
ranged a short distance from the town, is
sprinkled with green trees, and is a favor-
ite resort, not only with the bereaved, but
with those whose feelings are not thus
darkly overcast. I met there one morning
a little girl, with a half playful counte-
nance, big blue eyes and sunny locks,
bearing in one hand a small cup of china,
in the other a wreath of fresh flowers.—
Feeling a very natural curiosity to know
what she could do with these bright things
in a place that seemed to partake so much
of sadness, I watched her light motions.
Reaching a retired grave, covered with a
plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—
which it appeared the cup contained—into
the slight cavities which had been scooped
out in the corners of the level tablet, and
laid the wreath upon its pure face.

"And why," I inquired, "may sweet girl
do you put seeds in those little bowls
there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she re-
plied, with a half wondering look, "they
will light on this tree," pointing to the cy-
press above, "when they have eaten the
seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing?" I asked, "to
you, or to each other?"

"Oh, no!" she quickly replied, "to my
sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh, yes, sir! but she hears all the birds
sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing,
she cannot see the wreath of flowers."

But she knows I put it there; I told her
before they took her away from our house,
I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved
that sister very much, but you will never
talk with her any more—never see her
again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a bright-
ened look, "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone there already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree until
they bring me here, and then we are going
to heaven together."

The Death-bed of an Infidel.

Some years ago, an individual, well known and
highly respected, in the religious world, narrated
in my hearing (says Ford's 'Damascus') the follow-
ing incident:

In early life, while with a college com-
panion, he was making a tour on the con-
tinent, at Paris, his friend was seized with
an alarming illness. A physician of great
celebrity was speedily summoned, who
stated that the case was a critical one, and
much would depend upon a minute atten-
tion to his direction. As there was no
one at hand upon whom they could place
much reliance, he was requested to recom-
mend some confidential and experienced
nurse. He mentioned one, but added,
"You may think yourself happy indeed
should you be able to secure her services;
but she is so much in request among the
higher circles here, that there is little chance
of finding her disengaged."

The narrator at once ordered his car-
riage, went to her residence, and much to
his satisfaction found her at home. He
briefly stated his errand, and requested
her immediate attendance.

"But before I consent to accompany
you, permit me, sir," said she, "to ask you
a single question: Is your friend a Chris-
tian?"

"Yes," he replied, "indeed he is—a
Christian in the best and highest sense of
the term; a man who lives in the fear of
God." But I should like to know your reason
for such an inquiry?"

"Sir," she answered, "I was the nurse
that attended Voltaire in his last illness,
and for all the wealth of Europe, I would
never see another infidel die."

The Brave Boy.

Two boys of my
acquaintance were one day on their way
from school, and as they were passing a
corn-field in which there were some plum
trees, full of ripe fruit, Henry said to
Thomas—

"Let us jump over and get some plums;
nobody will see us, and we can scud along
through the corn and come out on the other
side."

Thomas said, "It is wrong. I do not
like to try it. I would rather not have the
plums than steal them, and I guess I will
run along home."

"You are a coward," said Henry, "I al-
ways knew you were a coward, and if you
don't want any plums you may go
without them, but I shall have some very
quick."

Just as Henry was climbing the fence,
the owner of the field rose up from the
other side of the wall, and Henry jumped
back and ran off as fast as his legs would
carry him.

Thomas had no reason to be afraid. So
he stood still, and the owner of the field,
who had heard the conversation between
the boys, told him he was very glad to see
that he was not willing to be a thief; and
then he asked Thomas to step over into the
field and help himself to as many plums as
he wished. The boy was pleased with the
invitation, and was not slow in filling his
pockets with the ripe fruit.

Which of these boys was brave, the
one who called the other a coward, and
ran himself; or the one who said he would
not steal, but stood his ground?

Drawing a Tooth.

A countryman
learning that in London the dentists were
so skillful that they could extract teeth
in the wink of an eye, without pain, and
being afflicted with an obdurate tooth,
which for reasons best known to itself, had
apparently made a solemn resolution to
embitter the poor fellow's existence, he
sat one day in solemn dudgeon, after hav-
ing tested all the nostrums of the village,
which, strange to say, though they had
helped every body, would not alleviate him
in the least degree. Slapping one hand
on his thigh, he exclaimed:

"I'll go to Lunnun, an' I'll hev it out!"
And sure enough, he did go to Lunnun.
The man who draws teeth applied his in-
strument, and out flew the tormenter as if
by magic.

"What is the damage?"

"Five shillings!"

"Five shillings!" roared the petrified
bumkin; "why the blacksmith of our
village dragged one all around the room, and
only asked sixpence for all his trouble!"

All qualities are catching, as well as dis-
eases, and the mind is as much if not more
liable to infection than the body.

Battle of Hohenlinden.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

"The Isar and the Inn, as they flow from
the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly
in parallel lines and nearly forty miles a-
part. As they approach the river, the
space between them becomes one elevat-
ed plane covered chiefly with a sombre
dark, pine forest—crossed by two roads
only—while the mere country paths that
wind through it here and there give no
space to marching columns. Moreau
had advanced across this forest to the Inn,
where, on the 1st of December he was at-
tacked and forced to retrace his steps, and
take up his position on the farther side at
the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where
one of the great roads debouched from the
woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy."

"The Austrians in four massive columns,
plunged into this gloomy wilderness, de-
signing to meet in the open plain of Hohen-
linden—the central column marching along
the high road, while those on either side
made their way through amid the trees
as they best could.

"It was a stormy December morning
when these seventy thousand men were
swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of
Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained
heavily, and the roads were almost im-
passable; but now a furious snow storm
darkened the heavens, and covered the
ground with one white unbroken surface.
The bye-paths were blotted out, and the
sighing pines overhead drooped with their
snowy burden above the ranks or shook
them down upon the heads of the soldiers,
as the artillery wheels smote against their
trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those
long dark columns, out of sight of each other,
stretching through the dreary forest by
themselves; while the falling snow sifting
over the ranks, made the unmarked way
still more solitary. The soft and yielding
mass broke the tread of the advancing files,
while the rumbling of the artillery, and
ammunition and baggage wagons, gave forth
a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of
some mournful catastrophe. The centre
column alone had a hundred cannon in its
train, while behind these were five hundred
wagons—the whole closed up by the slowly
moving cavalry. Thus marching, it came,
about nine o'clock, upon Hohenlinden,
and attempted to debouch into the plain,
when Grouchy fell upon it with such
fury that it was forced back into the woods.
In a moment the old forest was alive with
echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined
with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy,
Grangeau and Ney, put forth incredible ef-
forts to keep this immense force from de-
ploying in the open field. The two former
struggled with the energy of desperation
to keep their ground, and although the sol-
diers could not see the enemy's lines, the
storm was so thick, yet they took aim at
the flashes that issued from the wood, and
thus the two armies fought. The pine
trees were cut in two by the artillery,
and fell with a crash on the Austrian col-
umn, while the fresh fallen snow turned
red with the flowing blood. In the mean
time Riechenpau, who had been sent by
a circuitous route with a single division to
attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished
his mission. Though his division had
been cut in two and irretrievably separated
by the Austrian left wing, the brave Gen-
eral continued to advance, and with only
three thousand men fell boldly on forty
thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau
heard the sound of his cannon through the
forest, and saw the alarm it spread through
the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and
Grouchy to charge full upon the Austrian
center. Checked, then overthrown, that
broken column was rolled back in disorder,
and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet,
stood in a tower and gazed on this terrible
scene, and, in the midst of the fight, com-
posed, in part, that stirring ode which is
known as far as the English language is
spoken.

"The depths of the dark forest swallow-
ed the struggling hosts from sight; but
still there issued forth from its bosom
shouts and yells, mingled with the thun-
der of canon, and all the confused noise of
battle. The Austrians were utterly rout-
ed, and the frightened cavalry were
plunging through the crowds of fugitives
into the wood—the artillery-men cut their
traces, and leaving their guns behind,
mounted their horses and galloped away—
and the magnificent column, as sent by
some violent explosion, was hurled in shat-
tered fragments on every side. For miles
the white ground was sprinkled with dead
bodies, and when the battle left the forest,
and the pine trees again stood calm and
silent in the wintry night, piercing cries
and groans issued out of the gloom in every
direction—sufferer answering sufferer,
as he lay and writhed on the cold snow.
Twenty thousand men were scattered
there amid the trees, while broken car-
riages and wagons and deserted guns,
spread a perfect wreck around."

"Ma," said an exquisite little girl, "will
rich and poor people live together when
they go up to heaven?"

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

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor
Christians associate together here?"
The mother did not answer.

The path of duty leads to the heaven of
peace and light, let the way be ever so thorny.
Go only steadfastly on, weary pilgrim, go,
and thou shalt reach the promised land.

Applying the Principle.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs, thrust considerably too
far through a pair of mottled pants and at-
tached to a couple of the largest sized feet,
which were encased in twin cowhide brogans,
formed the underpinning to a long,
slab-sided body, of otherwise generous propor-
tions, the whole being surmounted by a
head, which was covered with a gray
"five year old" (at least) seal skin cap.—
"This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes,
body, and chapeau—was the property,
by possession, of Mr. ZENAS HUMPHREY.
ZENAS had been on "a bat" during the
night previous, and had squandered full
half a dollar on himself, in white-eye and
sweetening. But his returning senses made
him feel quite philosophical, and on the
morning we speak of him, he stood, at an
early hour, in — street gazing mecha-
nically at the telegraphic wires—soliloquy-
ing, thus wise:

"—ic!—That's the telegraph!—W
—ic—well, I don't poovsee nuthin' per
—ic—culier 'bout them strings, on'y one's
bigger 'n' other—ic."
"That's the lightning line, big 'un," said
an urchin in the doorway near by.
"When does she—ic start?"
"You'd better ax in thar."
"Thar?"
"In the office, up thar."
The loafer was shown to the door of
the building, and "by hook or crook" found
his way up three flights of stairs, into the
Telegraphic office. The attendants inquired,
"what the gentleman had to forward?"
"For'ud?—ic—who's she?"
"What will you send?"
"Send whar?"
"This is the Telegraph office, sir."
"Well—ic—who'n thunder said it
wusn't?"
"I supposed you had business, sir."
"Nuthin' o' the sort—ic, quite the re-
—ic—verse o' the contrary."
"What will you have?"
"I want to make some 'ic—quiries."
The hour being early, and little doing,
the clerks very charitably determined upon
some fun with the fellow, with a view to
sobering him. The opportunity for any
thing gratuitous escaped them, however—
for as they commenced a consultation upon
the best means to benefit the intruder he
stepped up to one of the batteries, which
happened, fortunately, to be but lightly
charged, and, concluding that the nob's
were portable, he pulled his cap over his
forehead and attempted to remove one of
the balls; the next moment Zenas lay
stretched upon the floor!

He arose as best he could, and turned
to the clerk, with,

"Look yere, Mister—ic—wot's your
name? I kin liekas many sich like skunks
as you as could be draw into a forty aiker
lot! Wot in—ic—did yer—ic—noek an
innerment man down that way fer?—eh?"
"Nobody touched you," said the clerk.
"The—they—ic—didn't!"
"No sir. You took the!"
"Tok wot? Here's yure cormtemptible
copper"—and proceeding to dash a loose
penny towards the attendant, which lay
upon the machine—his fingers came in con-
tact with the battery, and away he went
again, heels over head, across the floor!

"Look yere!" continued the sufferer,
who, by this time, was well nigh sobered,
"od blast your infernal pictur, wot in
thunder are you 'bout?"

"You musn't handle the tools," observ-
ed the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.
"Look you! Mr. Wot's-your-name—
ain't to be fooled this yer way fer nuthin'—
I arn't. By thunder! I'm an independent
individual, I am—and this yere nookin'
people down, without notice of no kind,
arn't the thing no how. Ef you'll open
that yere door, I'll go out o' this, and no
questions axed—"

"That's the door, sir."
"That brass handle!"
"Yes."
"I'm blowed ef you do, though! This
child don't meddle with no more hard
ware in this trap, no how!"

The door was opened by the clerk, and
the fellow sidled out. A suppressed laugh
permeated the countenance of the attendant,
as Zenas departed, which, as the door
closed, vented itself in a broad haw-haw.

"You're a smart young gentleman—you
are!" bawled the loafer, through the key-
hole, as he held the door fast with both
hands—"you're a very smart young man,
may be. You'd like to git out of that, and
go to yer breakfast, bimby, may be! An'
ef yer dot any grub afore noon, jes let
a feller 'bout my size know it—will yer?
I'll teach yer to knock people down simul-
taneously fer nuthin'; I will"—and, from
the preparations making on the outside,
the prospect was that the "insiders" were
to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He dis-
connected the wire, and placing it in con-
tact with the nob of the door upon the out-
side, his companion let on the battery.

The door flew open instantaneously and
our valiant stranger, with the seal skin cap,
was discovered in the act of an anti-ang-
ular descent down stairs, the side of his head
scraping the paint from the edges of the
steps, and his legs, meantime, performing
an involuntary pirouette, which would have
done infinite credit to a French dancing
master.

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased
a bunch of lucifer matches the night be-

Tom Snoops.

"I never undertook but once," said Tom,
"to set at naught the authority of my wife:
You know her way—cool, quiet, but deter-
mined as ever grew. Just after we
were married and all was nice and cosy,
she got me in the habit of doing all the
churning. She never asked me to do it,
you know, but then she—why, it was
done just this way. She finished break-
fast rather before me one morning, and
slipping away from the table, she filled the
churn and sat it just where I could not
help seeing what was wanted. So I took
hold regularly enough, and churned till
the butter came. She didn't thank me but
looked so nice and sweet about it that I
felt well paid. Well then the next chur-
ning day came along, she had done the same
thing, and I followed suit and fetched the
butter. Again and again it was done just
so, and I was regularly in for it, every
time. Not a word was said, you know,
of course. Well by and by this began to
be rather irksome. I wanted she should
just ask me, but she never did, and I could
say anything about it, to save my life.
So on we went. At last I made a resolve
that I wouldn't churn another time unless
she asked me. Churning day came, and
when my breakfast—she always made
nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed
there stood the churn. I got up, standing
a few minutes just to give her a chance,
put on my hat and walked out of doors!
I stopped in the yard, to give her time to
call me but never a word said she, and so
with a palpitating heart I moved on. I
went down town, and up town and all o-
ver town, and my foot was restless as that
of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done
wrong—I didn't exactly feel how—but
there was an indescribable sensation of
guilt resting on me all forenoon. It seem-
ed as if dinner time would never come, and
as for going home one minute before din-
ner. I would as soon have cut my ears
off. So I went fretting and moping a-
round town till dinner hour came. Home
I went, feeling very much as a criminal
must when the jury is out, having in their
hands his destiny—life or death. I could not
make up my mind exactly how she would
meet me—but some kind of a storm I ex-
pected. Will you believe it—she never
greeted me with a sweeter smile—never
had a better dinner for me than on that
day; but there stood the churn just where
I left it! Not a word was said, I felt
confoundedly out, and every mouthful of
that dinner seemed as if it would choke
me. She didn't pay any regard to it, how-
ever, but went on just as if nothing hap-
pened. Before dinner was over I had a
chair resolved, and shoving back my chair
I marched to the churn and went at it just
in the old way! Splash, drip, rattle,
splash, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in
spite, butter never was so long coming!
I supposed the cream, standing so long, had
got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts.
Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore a-
way while I was churning. I paused
last from real exhaustion, when she spoke:
for the first time: "Come Tom, my dear,
you have rattled that butter-milk quite
long enough, if its only for fun you are
doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash!
She had brought the butter in the forenoon,
and left the churn standing with the butter-
milk in, for me to exercise with! I
never set up for myself in household
matters after that."—Barré Gazette.

A pedlar overtook another of his tribe
on the road, and thus accosted him: "Hal-
lo, friend, what do you carry?" "Rum and
whiskey," was the prompt reply. "Good,"
said the other, "you may go a head; I fear
ry grave-stones!"

Above all things never despair.

MISCELLANY.

The Widow of Nain.

The touching incident in scriptural history
which has furnished the theme for so much poetry,
is very beautifully set forth in the following lines,
which we find in a New Haven newspaper:

Forth from the gates of Nain a funeral
train in mournful silence came. The sunset
flush was lingering still upon the hills
around; the last departing ray of day yet
stayed, tinging the floating clouds above
with hues of crimson and burnished gold,
while heaven's pure azure seemed more
soft and sweet amid those gorgeous tints;
for naught within the wide world's bounds
could entrance the soul like that sweet
sunset scene among Judah's hills and plains.

Yet death was there, and even now
swept on his silent train. And he who
lay the stricken victim there, had died all
glorious in his manly pride;—the noble
form, but half concealed beneath the sable
robe which wrapped it round, was cold
and motionless, yet oh, how beautiful in
death! The pale and ashy lips, on which
the parting word seemed still to tremble
low, were chiselled like Apollo's—proud
but soft—and wore the stamp of energy
and strength; the radiant eyes were glazed
in death, in which once shone ambig-
tion's fires, and gleamed youth's bright and
joyous hopes in days ago, and yet they
seemed as closed in gentle sleep; and 'mid
his rich and clustering hair, which lay, as
if in life's warm glow, upon the pall, so soft
and fair it was, the low wind moved, stir-
ring the curls and wildly flowing locks, as
when in health they had been freely flung
to woo its balmy breath. A thing of light,
too beautiful he seemed to die, yet as he
was passing to his last long home, so
young and fair—his widowed mother's on-
ly stay—and she now felt alone to meet
the world's cold frowns; and cheerless
live.

Behind the bier, with form bowed down
and bleeding heart she came; and, as she
saw upon her noble boy, struck down a-