

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BEULER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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WHOLE NO. 880.

## OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE "STAR AND BANNER."  
WOMAN.

### AN INCIDENT ON THE PRESENT MEXICAN WAR.

[From the *Linnæus Journal* for February.  
LOOSE LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL. NO. IV.]

#### Visit to a Prince who was not "AT HOME."

"Captain, I wish to be put ashore at N——."

"It shall be done, sir."

On the afternoon of the 14th of last July, I was rapidly gliding down the glorious Rhine on a small dandy steamboat, with her deck crowded with passengers. I heard French, German, Russian and American spoken by the motley assemblage, for each of these nations was fully represented.

You see in one day all sorts of people in the great thoroughfares in Europe, and hear a whole polyglot at once. An hour or two before I disembarked, I went up to a young man, who had a beautiful girl carelessly leaning on his arm, as she gazed with admiration on the ruins of an ancient castle we were just passing, and addressed him thus: "You are an American, I presume, sir?" "Yes, sir, and so are you, I take it." I could almost always tell an American in a crowd, there's an indescribable something in his bearing, that distinguishes him, but I recognized this one, from the fact that one corner of his mouth was slightly stained with tobacco: that is pre-eminently an American characteristic. It was mutually gratifying to learn that we were from the same city—lived for twenty years three squares of each other—had often heard of each other, but never met. He introduced me to his young wife, and who should she be, but the daughter of one of my female school-mates of by-gone years, for whom I remember having felt a very tender juvenile passion. Strange coincidences do happen in this journey of life!

"Get your trunk ready, sir—we shall soon be at N——." "Thank you, Captain!" We rounded a tongue of land, and the beautiful village of N—— burst on our view. Towering high above the dwellings of its quiet citizens (for it is partly a Moravian town), were seen the battlements of a lordly castle, the winter residence of the distinguished nobleman I was going to visit.

On a high hill, about three miles from the village, I observed a magnificent palace, whose snowy whiteness contrasted beautifully with the deep green forest in which it was partly embowered. It was a striking object—it stood proudly prominent and challenged the admiration of every voyager on the Rhine. I inquired whose it was? "Oh! that's the summer residence of the Prince!" "Ah! indeed, then I expect to dine there this evening?"

My informant looked inquiringly at my breast to see whether I wore an order or a ribbon.

With nerves unstrung by fear, she read the face of each such sufferer.

To be assured if it were him she sought,

How like a blessed angel did she seem!

So pityingly upon them—while they moaned

The supplication from their black-parch'd lips—

"A drop of water!"—in the name of Christ!"

She answered not, "I brought it not for thee!"

Nor said, "Thou art my country's enemy,

I may not snore thee!" Her soul was full

Of human tenderness, and she beheld

In each the worship'd of some woman heart,

And felt how could bless her for the deed

Which comforted their sufferer. So she knelt,

And rising tenderly the languid head,

Prest'd to the eager lip her simple shell.

Of precious water. Then with gentle hand,

And tears that fell like rain-drops, she replaced

The thrashing temple on the bare, hard ground,

And laid the aching limbs, with-kindest care,

In that position which seemed most like ease,

And gave to each who still had strength to eat,

A portion of her bread. She even untied

The kerchief from her unprotected head,

And bound it round a wounded soldier's brow,

To staunch the flowing blood. So she kept on

Her ministry of mercy, till she stopt.

Was quite exhausted,—then she turned her home,

But reappearing soon, with fresh supplies,

Resumed her woman's mission.

Was she not

In this a perfect representative

Of woman upon earth—with shrinking soul,

And timid footstep, gliding silent,

Sustained by her strong arm of love alone,

Wherever man's unwholly thirst for power,

Or gold, or glory, or blazoned bays,

Has wrought its work of woe. She cannot save,

She cannot join the broken chords of life,

Or wake the crush'd and withered buds of joy,

Writhing and groaning, in her agony,

And shrieking vainly in heaven and earth,

For ease and aid.

With nerves unstrung by fear,

She read the face of each such sufferer,

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