

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

By worldly care distressed,
He oft invites her to the "Star's" shore.

(Written for the Star.)
THE WIFE.

When address through the bleeding heart
By worldly care distressed,
Who like the gentle one we love
Can tell our sighs to rest?

Who wipes away the falling tear,
Or glides the brow with kind love them,
O, who in all this dreary world,
Like her, the cherub's wife?

When fall disease these limbs invade
Thy friends may linger near,
What face of all around our couch
As her's is half so dear?

Who pours the balm of healing then,
Who calms the fevered strife,
Thy she, the angel of the scene,
The fond and faithful wife.

And when at last we give to God
The fleeting life he gave,
Who turns with sad and weeping step
To seek our lonely grave?

O, then when we are all forgot
By those we loved in life,
Who wakes in memory of the past?
The never-changing wife.

Easton, Sep. 19, 1848. ION.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Gliding down Life's rapid river,
Hurrying onwards, onwards, ever,
Tarrying for a moment never,
See the years fly by.

Oh for a charm or spell to stay them:
But one moment to delay them,
Just while memory might array them
Round the shadowy past!

Sure they stay!—Bright eddies dashing,
In the glorious sunlight flashing,
Silver circles, crossing, crashing,
Light, and fresh, and free.

See! the very skies above them,
Beaming, bliss, and love them,
Onward still!—no smiles can move them
From their goal, the sea.

Stealing on the wave before us,
Fall night shadows dimly o'er us,
And an echo rings around us,
From the sounding sea.

Speaks a voice that is not mortal,
Who is this by Death's dim portal,
Under angel's bright escort,
Near the solemn sea?

And the waters, answering never,
Still keep hurrying onward ever,
And in silence Life's deep river,
Meets the silent sea.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

JACOB'S LADDER.

Welsh Anecdote on the Support of the Ministry.

A Welsh clergyman, invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in some part of England, was appointed to deliver the address to the church and congregation; and having been informed that their previous minister had suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the church was fully able to support him comfortably, took the following singular method of administering reproof.

In his address to the church, he remarked: "You have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart, to be your pastor. You have done well. God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now, you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do—you must take care of him, and in order to his being happy amongst you, I have been thinking you have need to pray again. 'Pray again—pray again! what should we pray again for?' Well, I think you have need to pray again. 'But for what?' Why, I'll tell you. Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down to the earth again. 'Jacob's ladder! Jacob's ladder! what has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister?' Why, I think if God would put Jacob's ladder down, that your minister could go up to heaven on the Sabbath evening after preaching, and remain all the week; then he could come down every Sabbath morning so spiritually minded, and so full of heaven, that he would preach to you almost like an angel. 'O yes, that may be all very well, and if it were possible we should like it; but then we need our minister with us during the week, to attend prayer meetings, visit the sick, hear experience, give advice, &c., &c., and therefore must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention.' That may be, and I will admit the necessity of his daily attentions to your concerns; but then, you will remember that if he remains here, he must have bread and cheese; and I have been told that your former minister was wanting the necessities of life while many of you can enjoy its luxuries; and therefore I thought if God would put Jacob's ladder down, your present minister might preach to you on the Sabbath, and by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful necessity of supporting him."

ROMANCE AND CORSETS.

Romance and corsets have probably done more to undermine the constitutions, and ruin the health and usefulness of girls than any other pair of maladies known to the physician. One keeps her from sleeping, and the other from exercising her lungs; while both together fill her with chimeras, indigestion, night-mare, and a passionate desire to wed a knight with a satin beaver shirt on, all spangled with glory and doubloons. From the cradle to

the gave girls read and dress as if they wished to make lunatics of their heads, and hour glasses of their bodies, and they too often succeed; but it is at the expense of health, appetite and enjoyment; consequently the most of them at the age of 20 become filled with vapors and haunted castles, instead of being qualified for the duties of a good wife or a No. 1 nurse.—We have known persons of box noses, whose constitutions would have been robust, weakened gradually by the too strong impressions of impassioned writings.—The most tender romances hinder marriages instead of promoting them. A woman, while her heart is warmed by the languor of love, does not seek a husband; a hero must lay his laurels of her feet. The fire of love does not warm her heart, it only inflames her imagination, and instead of making her desire a husband, only causes her to set her affections on the "benevolent assassin," the "sympathetic cut-throat," or some other "high-fencing" young gentleman, that animates the mountains of Italy, or adds a charm to highway robbery.

The Leonard Town, Md. Beacon claims to have the oldest printing press in Maryland. Its statement runs thus:—

AN ANCIENT PRESS.—But few of our readers are aware, we expect, that the press upon which our little sheet is printed, is the oldest now in use in the United States, and probably in the world. Yet such is a fact. The press now in use by us has been in almost constant service for more than a hundred years! Upon it was first printed "The Maryland Gazette," the earliest paper published in the Province of Maryland, and one among the very first in America. Upon it, also, was printed the first volume of the laws of Maryland that ever appeared. It is constructed somewhat on the Ramage principle, and requires three pulls, though two were originally sufficient, to produce a good impression.—It is truly a venerable object, and has afforded us matter for many an hour's pleasant reflection, and we shall be sorry, very sorry indeed, when the time arrives for it to be removed from the place it has so long occupied in our office.

PRESERVING NEWSPAPERS.

One of the many things which I have to regret, says a correspondent of the British Banner, when I review my past life, is that I did not, from earliest youth, as soon as I was able to do it, take and preserve some good newspaper. How interesting would it be now to a sexagenarian to look into the papers which he read when he was twelve, or sixteen, or twenty years old!—How many events would this call to mind which he has entirely forgotten! How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive! What a view would it give of past years! What knowledge would it preserve by assisting the memory! And how many valuable purposes of a literary kind, even, might it be rendered subservient to!

How much do I wish that I could look into such a record when composing this short article! But newspapers are quite different things now from what they were sixty, or even twenty years ago. They are unspeakably more interesting and valuable in this respect, at least, (I believe in many others,) these times are better than the former. Formerly the editors of newspapers were obliged to strain their wits and exhaust their means in order to obtain matter to fill their pages. Now the great difficulty is, to insert all the valuable and interesting materials that are pouring upon them from every part of the world, and from every grade and phase of society. Now, newspapers contain many of the best thoughts of the most highly gifted men, on the most momentous subjects, and their reports of current events are among the most reliable, and will furnish an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to the end of life.

A FEW WORDS FOR CHILDREN.—

You were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—Horace Mann.

The pulse of a healthy person beats about 76 in a minute; if, therefore, between a flash of lightning and the thunder, I can feel 1, 2, 3, 4 beats of my pulse, I know that the clouds are 900, 1500, 2700 feet from me.

Sound, like light, after it has reflected from several places, may be collected in one point as a focus, where it will be more audible than in any other part. On this principle, whispering galleries are constructed.

Speaking trumpets are intended to assist the hearing of deaf persons, depend on the reflection of sound from the sides of the trumpet, and also upon its being confined and prevented from spreading in every direction. A speaking trumpet, to have its full effect, must be directed in a line towards the hearer. The report of a gun is much louder when towards a person than one placed in a contrary direction.

INTERESTING FACTS.

A bell rung under the water returns a tone as distinct as if rung in the air.

Stop one ear with the finger, and press the other to the end of a long stick or piece of deal wood, and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, ticking will be heard, be the wood or stick ever so long.

'Tis a poker on the middle of a strip of flannel two or three feet long, and press your thumbs or your fingers into your ears, while you swing the poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a heavy church bell.

These experiments prove that water, wood and flannel are good conductors of sound, for the sound of the bell, the watch, and the fender, pass through the water, and along the deal and flannel to the ear.

It must be observed, that a body in the act of sounding is in a state of vibration, which it communicates to the surrounding air—the undulations of the sound affect the ear, and excite in us the sense of sound.—Sound of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of 15 miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distances.

Suppose a ship in distress, fire a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, 20 seconds before a report is heard, it is known to be at a distance of twenty times 1142 feet, or little more than four and a half miles.

Again if we see a vivid flash of lightning, and in two seconds hear a tremendous clap of thunder, I know that the thunder cloud is not more than 760 yards from the place where I am, and I should instantly retire from an exposed situation.

A CAPITAL HORSE STORY.

A jocos Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer that auctions off horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a horse I wanted to sell, provided I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a little thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you ax?"

"One dollar first insertion, fifty cents for every time after."

"That's ten dollars for three times; I reckon that you may put him in the newspaper once stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good, what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound! Oh sound as a dollar—shouldn't like to warrant him, though."

"All right, I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by 12 o'clock."

"I just want to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, but you may let him go for five."

"Exactly, and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well no, I'm not disposed to be hard, anyhow, I calculate not."

Saturday came, and a dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse, how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half is offered for the animal now before you. One dollar and a half—going—going."

"Sell him, sir, he's dying!" whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ears of the knight of the hammer.

"Come!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale, the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk to settle.

Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale, you have just to pay us fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"Po-litical de-struction!" exclaimed the Vermont, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. "Then with a satisfied manner he continued, 'It's cheap enough! there's a fifty cent piece. Cheap enough! I couldn't gin him away at no price, and it would cost ten dollars and a half to bury him. Jest half a dollar saved. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap Enough!'"

Marrying a Minor.—John Winwright charged with a misdemeanor in marrying a minor without the consent of parents or guardian, has been tried and convicted at St. Louis. The offence is punishable with a fine of not less than \$500, or imprisonment in the county jail for a period not exceeding one year.

The Lone Buffalo.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

Among the many legends which the traveler frequently hears, while crossing the prairies of the far West, I remember one, which accounts in a most remarkable manner for the origin of thunder. A summer storm was sweeping over the land, and I had sought a temporary shelter in the lodge of a Sioux Indian on the banks of the St. Peters. Vividly flashed the lightning, and an occasional peal of thunder echoed thro' the firmament. While the storm continued, my host and his family paid but little attention to my comfort, for they all were evidently stricken with terror. I endeavored to quell their fears, and for that purpose asked them a variety of questions respecting their people, but they only replied by repeating, in a usual tone, the name of the Lone Buffalo. My curiosity was of course excited, and it may be readily imagined that I did not resume my journey without obtaining an explanation of the mystic words; and from him who first uttered them in the Sioux Lodge I subsequently obtained the following legend:—

There was a chief of the Sioux nation whose name was the Master Bear. He was famous as a prophet and hunter, and was a particular favorite with the Master of Life. In an evil hour he partook of the white man's fire-water, and in a fighting broil unfortunately took the life of a brother chief. According to an ancient custom, blood was demanded for blood, and hence the Master Bear went forth to hunt, he was waylaid, shot through the heart with an arrow, and his body placed in front of his widow's lodge. Bitterly did the woman bewail her misfortune, now mutilating her body in the most heroic manner, and anon relating to her only son, a mere infant, the prominent events of her husband's life. Night came, and with her child lashed upon her back, the woman erected a scaffold on the margin of a neighboring stream, and with none to lend her a helping hand, enveloped the corpse in her more valuable robes, and fastened it upon the scaffold. She completed her task, just as the day was breaking, when she returned to her lodge, and shutting herself therein, spent the three following days without tasting food.

During her retirement the widow had a dream, in which she was visited by the Master of Life. He endeavored to console her in her sorrow, and for the reason that she had loved her husband, promised to make her son a more famous warrior and medicine man than his father had been.—And what was more remarkable, this prophecy was to be realized within the period of a few weeks. She told her story in the village and was laughed at for her credulity.

On the following day, when the village boys were throwing the ball upon the plain, a noble youth suddenly made his appearance among the players and eclipsed them all in his boundless skill. He made and the wildness of his shots. He was a stranger to all, but when the widow's dream was remembered, he was recognized as her son, and treated with respect.

Only a few days had elapsed when it was rumored that a party of Pawnees had overtaken and destroyed a Sioux hunter, when it was immediately determined in council that a party of 100 warriors should start upon the war path and revenge the injury. Another council was held for the purpose of appointing a leader, when a young man suddenly entered the ring and claimed the privilege of leading the way. His authority was angrily questioned, but the stranger only replied by pointing to the brilliant eagle's feathers on his hand, and by shaking from his belt a large number of fresh Pawnee scalps. They remembered the stranger boy, and acknowledged the supremacy of the stranger man.

Night settled upon the prairie world, and the Sioux warriors started upon the war path. Morning dawned, and a Pawnee village was in ashes, and the bodies of many hundred men, women, and children were left upon the ground as food for the wolf and vulture. The Sioux warriors returned to their own encampment, when it was ascertained that the nameless leader had taken more than twice as many scalps as his brother warriors. Then it was that a feeling of jealousy arose, which was soon quieted, however, by the news that the Sioux Indians had stolen a number of horses and many valuable furs from a Sioux hunter as he was returning from the mountains. Another warlike expedition was planned, and as before the nameless warrior took the lead.

The sun was near his setting, and as the Sioux party looked down upon a Crow village, which occupied the centre of a charming valley, the Sioux chief commanded the attention of his braves and thus addressed them:—

"I am about to die, my brothers, and must speak my mind. To be fortunate in war is your chief ambition, and because I have been successful you are unhappy. Is this right? Have you acted like men? I despise you for your meanness, and I intend to prove to you this night that I am the bravest man in the nation. The task will cost me my life, but I am anxious that my nature should be changed, and I shall be satisfied. I intend to enter the Crow village alone, and before departing, I have one favor to command. If I succeed in destroying that village, and lose my life, I want you, when I am dead, to cut off my head and protect it with care. You must then kill one of the largest buffaloes in the country and cut off his head. You must then bring his body and my head together, and breathe upon them, when I shall be free to roam in the Spirit-land at all times, and over our great Prairie land when I please; and when your hearts are troubled with wickedness remember the Lone Buffalo."

The attack upon the Crow village was successful, but according to his prophecy the chief lost his life. The fate of the hero's mother is unknown, but the Indians believe that it is she who annually sends from the Spirit land the winds of spring, which cover the prairies with grass for the sustenance of the Buffalo race. As to the Lone Buffalo, he is never seen by the most cunning hunter, excepting when the moon is at full. At such times he is invariably alone, cropping his food in some remote part of the prairies; and whenever the heavens resound with the moaning of thunder, the red man believes from his breast every feeling of jealousy, for he believes it to be the warning voice of the

LONE BUFFALO.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum in advance, payable at the expiration of six months; if not paid until the close of the year \$2.50 will be charged.

Subscriptions will be discontinued until all arrears are settled, without the approbation of the publisher, and no subscription will be taken for a less period than six months—Single copies 5 cents.

The "Star" has, probably, a more extensive circulation than any paper on the shore, and is, therefore, the most advantageous journal for the publication of Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms.

Advertisements not exceeding a square (14 lines) inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in the same proportion. Those making less than a square will be inserted four times for one dollar, if required.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for six months.

All Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till forbid and charged accordingly.

All Advertisements and Communications, sent by mail, should be post paid to secure attention.

Removal.

LABORATORY OF THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINE.

EPHRAIM LARRABEE, No. 20 South Calvert street, Baltimore, has removed his Laboratory to his new building No. 24, and has always on hand the largest and most complete assortment of pure Botanic Medicines in the United States, prepared under his special care at his Laboratory—being the first erected in the United States for the special purpose of preparing Thomsonian Botanic Medicines. All of the pulverized and compounded articles are put up in quarter and half pound packages, and neatly labelled, with directions suitable for retailing, and upon better terms than the same article can be had for in the U. S. Every article in his line is warranted genuine—the public can rely upon this.

A liberal discount made to country merchants, who are particularly requested to call and examine quality, &c. before purchasing.

The various Treatises, embracing the most reputed authors, upon the Thomsonian Botanic System of Medicine, may also be had at his establishment, by the quantity or single copy. aug 29—ly

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND FRUIT STORE.

No. 10 Light street, (opposite Mercer), BALTIMORE, MD.

The undersigned, proprietor of the above establishment, begs leave to call the attention of the public to his large assortment of **JANUARYS**, embracing three hundred different varieties. The extensive arrangements which I have lately introduced into my manufacturing department enables me to afford every article in the **CANDY LINE** at prices which cannot fail to please. Every article manufactured is warranted to be of the best quality, and warranted to keep in any climate, and packed in the most careful manner.

My Fruit Department

comprises every article in season of Imported and Domestic, Green, Dried or Preserved, with a great variety of Jellies, Sauces, Catsups, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, Oils, Jujube Paste, Chocolate Drops, Chocolate Stick, Rock Candy, red, white and yellow, imported and domestic, together with every kind of NUTS, &c.

Every attention paid to persons desirous of examining my stock and prices.

All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.

All goods shipped free of charge. Balto., aug 29—4w JOS. R. MANN

The Niagara Shower Bath, an entirely new article for SHOWER BATHING.

With Cold or Warm water.

A Great and important improvement is this Shower Bath over all others, by throwing the water immediately on the body without wetting the head, unless the will or pleasure of the bather; but a greater point is gained by being enabled to bathe with warm water, which no other Shower Bath is adapted to—and most important of all, the Bath can be medicated without injury to the hair.

Many persons cannot take a cold bath—their case is met in this, as they can regulate the temperature of the water to suit their wish, and commence bathing at any season of the year without any unpleasant result. Ladies can have the advantage of bathing without wetting the head or covering the same.

The arrangements are simple and complete, and not liable to get out of order.—The Bath can be adjusted to suit any height from a small child to the tallest person.—When the door is closed, the fixtures are hid and the outside appearance is that of a neat piece of furniture.

They have received the approbation of several medical gentlemen—who are requested to call and examine them.

Manufactured by the Patentee, EPHRAIM LARRABEE, 24 South Calvert street, Balto.

BATHING.—Read what Armstrong says:—

Do not omit, we win would health secure,
The daily fresh ablution, that shall clear
The sluices of the skin; enough to keep
The body sweet from its impudent soil.
Still to be pure, even if it did not conduce
(As much as it does) to health, very greatly worth,
Your daily pains, 'tis this adorns the sick;
The want of this is poverty's worst foe.
With this external virtue, age maintains
A decent grace, without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. Balto., Aug. 29, 1848—ly

Maryland Military Academy, OF OXFORD, MD.

Principal—J. H. ALLEN, grad. West Point.

Visitors—the Governor of Maryland; the President of the Senate; and the Speaker of the House of Delegates.

The Fall Term of this Institution will commence on the first of October.—The Academic Department has been in operation one year, and has received a very flattering support. The Arms and Equipments, appropriated by the Legislature, will be in readiness by the commencement of the Fall term. The new buildings (in addition to those heretofore used,) will be completed, and the Institution will then go into full operation.

Circulars can be obtained of Cushing and Brother, 262 Market street, Balto., or of the Principal. Sep. 12, 1848—3t

WANTED TO HIRE.—

A servant woman without husband or children to do the work of a small family for which liberal wages will be given. Apply to the Printer. Sep 19