

The Star.

DUCIT AMOR PATRIE PRODESSE CIVIBUS—THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS.

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POETRY.

With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

The following thrilling affusion is from the pen of
the young lady who superintends the Female
Department in the "Genius of Universal Emman-
cipation." For her years she has not her equal,
perhaps, in the Union.

THINK OF OUR COUNTRY'S GLORY.

Think of our country's glory,
All dimmed with Africa's tears—
Her broad flag stained and gory,
With the hoarded guilt of years!

Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shriek, alas! in vain;
When heart from heart is rending,
No'er to be joined again!

Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's lightest feelings crushed!
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?

Oh no! by every blessing,
That Heaven to thee may lend,
Remember their oppression
Forget not, sister, friend.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the New-York Amulet.

THE LAST FRIEND.

BY THE EDITOR.

I saw the virtuous man confound
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.—[CAMERON.]

We are not about to enter into a question of ju-
risprudence; nor do we propose to discuss the mer-
its of that much disputed point—Imprisonment
for Debt. But, as having some bearing on the sub-
sequent narrative, we cannot but remark, that it
forms a very serious objection to such a mode of
punishment—that whilst the bad man, the prac-
ticed rogue, the systematically dishonest—either
avoids it, or, if he suffers, feels it not—the good
man—whose only criminality is misfortune—
whose only disgrace, poverty; upon him it falls,
with all its tremendous force.

Surely it must be a heart-breaking thing, first
to bear
"The stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune;"
and then the castigation of Justice; to be shut out
from society—to be shut in with rogues. If the
inflictions of those laws be for retaliation only,
they are bad—if for "the terror of evil doers," they
are futile—if for correction, worse than useless:
for certain it is, more good hearts have been
broken within the walls of a debtor's prison, than
bad ones amended. But, to our Tale.

The firm of Melbourne and Son was for many
years one of the most respectable in the mercan-
tile city of —, and it well merited the credit
it possessed. A clear head and honest heart made
the elder Melbourne a fit associate for the un-
suspicious and warm-hearted Henry Melbourne, his
only son. "I do not wish to make you sly and dis-
trustful, Henry," said his father on one occasion,
when his generous and confiding disposition had
been imposed upon by a designing man—"but I
would make you wary and cautious. I would not
have you expect to tread upon a snake at every
step—that would make you miserable; yet my
son, you must not forget, there are snakes—this
will make you prudent."

Henry forgot not the advice of his parent, nor
did he under value it; but his feelings would, nev-
ertheless, sometimes run away with his judg-
ment; the honest principle which dwelt within
his own bosom led him to expect the same in oth-
ers; and he was often deceived.

The first dark cloud which gathered over the
fortunes of Henry Melbourne, was the death of his
beloved parent—his first best friend. With a sor-
rowing heart, he placed in the tomb what then
seemed to him his all of earthly value. His af-
fections were torn from that object round which
they had twined with all the relying fondness of
filial love.

It was in this gloomy state of adversity, when
earth seemed to have lost its greatest charm, that
Henry Melbourne was introduced to the family
of the Seymours. The voice of sympathy had
frequently spoken, but had hitherto found no echo
in the bosom of Henry. It was soon to be oth-
erwise.

There was one in the family circle of the Sey-
mour, whose voice, as that of an angel, proclaim-
ing a message of comfort to the mourner, oper-
ated like a spell on the sorrowful soul of Henry Mel-
bourne. Caroline Seymour, was seen by him in
all the bloom of youthful beauty, and his heart
could not refuse that tribute, which beauty like a
resistless empire, claims as her due. Perhaps,
he fancied he saw something better than beauty—
that expression of high intelligence, which some-
times shows itself indisputably in the human
countenance.

This, too, might claim the meed of admiration;
but it was that which time revealed to him of
Caroline Seymour's character—the amiableness,
the gentleness, the goodness of her heart, that won
his love. The passion was mutual, for Caroline
Seymour knew how to appreciate the excellence
of Melbourne's character.

He was a rich man, as well as the choice of his
daughter, and therefore, Mr. Seymour, whose
character was cold and calculating, assented to
their union. In fact, the history of their attach-
ment seemed to deny the maxim of the poet,
"The course of true love never yet ran smooth."
The interruption of his current, and the loss of its

truth, was but reserved for a later period. Two
years had passed away, during which, they for
themselves had proved the fallacy of the idea, that
Love must take its flight at the sight of humani-
ties, and to the joy of wife and husband, that of
parent had been added, when a tempest of trou-
bles which had long been gathering over their un-
conscious heads, broke suddenly, and in all its fu-
ry, upon them.

Some time after the death of his father, whose
assistance in the business of the firm, was mis-
used by Henry as much as his friendship and society,
he found it necessary to associate himself in part-
nership with a person who had long been on terms
of intimacy with the family—Mr. Horton, for
such was his partner's name, presented an appear-
ance of the greatest candour and integrity, in his
demeanour, conversation, and conduct, and Henry
was led to place the most implicit confidence in
his management of the affairs of the firm.

The unsuspecting character of Henry Mel-
bourne, might have been imposed upon by less
specious appearances than his partner presented
—for he was in reality a most perfect and accom-
plished villain. He had for many years been a
professed gamester; one of the most desperate
and daring characters—yet, had so skillfully and
successfully thrown the cloak of hypocrisy over
his proceedings, that no one even suspected him
of the practice.

Since the time when he had connected himself
with Henry Melbourne, he had what is technical-
ly termed, "a run of ill luck." To support his
credit, he had, unknown to his partner, and in a
way which bid defiance to detection, till ruin had
resulted, involved the firm in debts to an immense
amount.

At the time when the crisis came, and conceal-
ment was no longer possible, Henry Melbourne
was accompanying the beloved of his heart and
home, with their mutually adored idol, on a short
tour, which the state of Mrs. Melbourne's health
rendered necessary.

The messenger of bad tidings found Henry
Melbourne and his family at an hotel in the vicini-
ty of the romantic town of —, where they
had proposed to remain a few days. They had
just returned from an evening ramble, in which
they had enjoyed that most splendid of earthly
spectacles—the setting of the sun, seen over a
wide expanse of waters, and were taking their
evening repast, when a letter was placed on the
table by the servant of the hotel—it declared the
firm of Melbourne and Horton insolvent; his vil-
lainous partner had escaped, and was no where to
be found. In addition to the responsibilities in
which he had involved their own house, far beyond
what they were able to meet, he had committed a
forgery, on a firm of the same city, and that to a
large amount. There was reason to suppose, there-
fore, that he had fled the country, and had left his
guiltless partner to bear the whole weight of the
responsibility.

The effect of the letter on the wretched Henry
Melbourne, was too violent and sudden to permit
concealment from her who must be the sharer in
his wretchedness. It fell from his hands, and he
sat with a vacant gaze of horror—unconscious for
a time of the nature or extent of the evil which
had befallen him—a state of mind which sudden
calamity induces, resembling the stunning effect
of a violent blow. But the sensitive perception,
and the keen anguish soon followed. He took up
the letter—again perused it, as though doubtful if
his eyes had not deceived him; but alas! it was
all too certain, and his heart sunk within him.

A moment the thought came over him, that he should
conceal from his wife the whole extent of the evil;
but it would have been impossible. The sudden
change and deathlike paleness of his countenance,
and the clammy coldness of the hand which she
anxiously and fondly pressed between her own,
told her that something dreadful had occurred.—
Melbourne strove to speak—but he could not tell
the tale—and he gave her the letter. She perused
it with suppressed emotion; it she felt all the weight
of the misfortune; but it was evident some consol-
ing thought sustained her mind from sinking be-
neath its pressure.

"Now," said the affectionate wife, "now, Hen-
ry, we shall learn the value of each other's love.
It has been a joy to us—the greatest amongst
many joys—but now, when it is likely to be our
only one, we shall find out its true worth. Be not
thus wretched, my Henry. I know—I know it is
not for your own sake you are so—"

"No! No!" exclaimed the wretched man, rous-
ed by these words from the state of torpor into
which he had again sunk.

"It is for mine, and for our infant's sake—say,
then, that your wife and your child have by this
event sustained a heavy, a grievous loss. Say,
that the bad man whom you confided in but too
generously has wronged us of our gold—will my
Henry, my husband—will my child's father rob
us of that we have still left, of that which is of
ten-fold more value to us both—his own love and
happiness?"

How beautiful, how admirable is the fortitude
of woman! Delicate of nature, and clinging for
support, in all ordinary trials, to the more robust
nature of man, it might be deemed, she were un-
equal to the rude blasts of misfortune, and the
hour of danger. How different is the fact! How
often has it been found, that woman, strengthened
by Love, has been able, not only to sustain, but
to cherish and succour! The tempest in its desola-
tion has swept away every vestige of his pleasure,
and his hopes! and spirit-broken man sits down
to wait the event in the torpor of despair! But a
gentle form is seen beside him, delicately beau-
tiful as a flower—ministering to his wants and par-
ticipating in his sorrows—a soft sweet voice is

heard, soothing, sympathizing, encouraging—it
is the ministration and the voice of woman's love.

Supported by the sympathy and encouraged by
the example of his wife, Henry Melbourne was
enabled to pass the fiery ordeal of the circumstan-
ces we have mentioned. From the wreck of
their fortune enough was saved to enable him to
commence business again, though on a very hum-
ble scale. Most of his former friends distanced
themselves into acquaintances, and the Seymour
family regarded him as an imprudent man, "who
might have taken more care for others' sake, if
he did not choose to do it for his own." Mr. Sey-
mour would have assisted him in his re-establish-
ment in the world,—but he wished him to feel
the consequences of his former folly.

Whether it might be called folly or imprudence,
the fact was evident that he did feel the conse-
quences of it—it had shaken the foundations of
his constitution to their very base. The ingrati-
tude of some, the reproaches of others, and the
meek resignation of his Caroline to her sadly al-
tered lot, were sources of that ceaseless "carking
care," which preys on the body's health slowly,
but surely, till the work of ruin is complete. To
the fearful eyes of Mrs. Melbourne every day ex-
hibited some fresh token of her husband's declin-
ing state. His hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks
and temples, with the bright hectic flush that
came and went, as the slow fever which was con-
suming him prevailed or subsided—spoke a lan-
guage too plain to be misunderstood.

He attended to his business with unremitting
assiduity, but he was fearful and anxious lest evil
should again befall him. The society of his wife
and child had become dearer to him than ever,
and he confessed that misfortune alone could have
taught them the worth of each other's affection.

But the last vial was yet to be poured out on
the head of the unhappy Henry Melbourne. Cauti-
ous as he had been, he became from the failures
of others again involved; and though to a trifling
amount, it presented him with the horrors of a gaol.
His father-in-law, Mr. Seymour, on this second
failure, became exasperated, and confirmed in the
opinion he had before entertained—that the whole
was attributable to the negligence of Melbourne;
and though he did not close the door on him, he
did that which had the same effect on the mind
of Henry Melbourne's spirit—he made it evident to
him that he was not welcome.

The day preceding that which was to bring
Henry the alternative of paying his bill, or going
to prison, he spent in fruitless applications to
friends; he got abundance of pity, but no help—
all were willing, no one able; and he returned
home, tired of foot and sick at heart, to gaze on
the saddest portion of his gloomy prospect—the wife,
with her nursing babe, from whose society he was
so soon to be torn.

"Have you got the money, Henry?" was the
question, with which, in a quick, but whispered
tone, she met him on the threshold; and with
suspended breath she awaited his delayed answer,
"No!"

At that sound, her fortitude for a few moments
failed, and she sank a lifeless form into the arms
of her husband.

With returning consciousness, came again that
enduring spirit which had sustained her through
the protracted trials of Fortune. "I will see my
father," said Mrs. Melbourne, "I will take my
babe with me, and its laughing eyes shall plead
with the tears of mine, the cause of the blameless,
though unfortunate—he cannot deny his aid to his
own child any longer."

She was mistaken. Mr. Seymour was an ad-
mirer of justice and firmness. He thought his
relative had been imprudent, and accounted it just
he should suffer for his folly; and it was now a
matter of pride to him to persist, in his Brutus-
like severity, in spite of his daughter's heart-
searching appeals on her husband's behalf.

"He must go to a gaol then, dear father."

"He sought his own way there, Caroline—it will
teach him discretion."

"But consider his health, sir; would you have him
lose his life in a gaol?"

"Your fears aggravate the evil. We will take
care matters do not go so far as that; I will assist
him yet; but he must take a lesson first, my child,
to know how to profit by that assistance."

With a sad heart, and sorrowful step, Mrs.
Melbourne re-entered the door of their humble
dwelling. Henry Melbourne was pacing the
room, pressing his thin white hand on his still
paler brow, and apparently lost in thought. A
momentary gleam of hope lit up his countenance,
but his wife's look told him the sad truth—the fail-
ure of her endeavours.

"Have you no friend yet entried, my love?" in-
quired Mrs. Melbourne.

"Yes," said Henry, "I now remember there is
one friend." As he spoke, a languid smile which
played over his features, was immediately follow-
ed, as he fixed his earnest gaze on his wife and
the playful infant in her arms, by a look of sorrow-
ful melancholy.

"Oh, Henry, why not try him then. To-mor-
row—"

"It will be time enough to-morrow," said Hen-
ry, in a low solemn voice. "There is a man to
whom I once rendered a kindness. I saved him
from the relentless clutches of the law, at the very
time they were dragging him to a prison; I re-
stored him to his heart-broken family, and they
evergloved me with their grateful words. I
gave him that, too, which under the genial influ-
ence of fortune's sun, has sprung up into a rich
harvest—"

"Grateful man! and is he the kind friend of
whom you speak?" inquired his wife, anxiously.
"No!" said Melbourne, pausing, as if in a deep

revery on past events. "No! I have seldom seen
him since I have kept company with Misfortune.
Yesterday I saw him, for I sought him,—and he
pitied me—lamented that it should happen so un-
fortunately, that I should need his assistance, at a
time when he could not conveniently afford it—
and then he talked of prudence, and wished me
safely through my troubles."

"But the one kind friend—you mentioned one
just now; why not see him to-night? To-mor-
row—"

Again Mrs. Melbourne checked herself at that
word—for it was her wish not to bring the proba-
ble event of the next day before his mind more
forcibly, by talking of it—but the thought was
maddening her brain, and the word would escape
her lips.

"Not to-night! it is so late to call on a friend,"
said Melbourne, with an air of languid mirthful-
ness, "and for your sakes, I might wish—"
He paused, and it was in vain his wife endeav-
oured to win from him the meaning of these
mysterious words.

The dreaded day came, and again and again
did Mrs. Melbourne inquire concerning the last
friend, to whom her husband had alluded. He
still spoke of him, but it was with a strange mel-
ancholy tone and manner.

"Has he promised to come?" asked Mrs. Mel-
bourne.

"He has promised, my love."

"But when—when, Henry?"

"To-night!"

"To-night? oh, gracious Heavens! to-night,
Henry—you will be in gaol!" For the words
would no longer be suppressed.

"It matters not!—to-night he will come!" said
Melbourne in a positive and solemn manner.

Early in the morning the arrest was served on
the unfortunate Henry. When the men entered,
his wife was sitting beside him weeping, with her
head reclining against his shoulder, and he had
his darling infant in his arms.

"I will attend you," said Melbourne. "Car-
oline, take our babe—she must not go to prison too!"
With faltering step she crossed the room and
taking from above the mantelpiece a miniature of
his wife and child, gazed fondly on it for a short
time.

"I will take it, though I shall not need it. Ca-
roline, you will go to your father's with our dear
infant—he will not let you suffer—"

"But the friend, Henry—the friend you mention-
ed—to-night you say he will come—are you certain,
he will come?"

"I feel that he will!" was the answer.

"Then to-morrow you will be released?"

"To-morrow!" repeated the husband.

Strange as the manner was, in which the assu-
rance was given, Mrs. Melbourne was so fixed by
the thought, "to-morrow he will be released," that
she took no notice of it.

Once more he kissed his babe, as it struggled
in the arms of its mother to come to him—and
fondly embracing his wife, turned to depart. His
limbs trembled beneath him, and his step was fal-
tering. As though he had sustained himself by
mental excitement till that hour—his bodily weak-
ness became suddenly evident, and he soon found
it necessary to ask the support of the officer's arm.

The insidiousness of consumptive disease, is a
trite subject of remark. Like the undermining of
a building, the foundation of the constitution is
sapped away by it, till at length, as by a sudden
crash, the fabric falls. Henry Melbourne, as we
have before related, had long been its victim; and
its progress was not a little accelerated by the
mistortunes he had endured.

Mrs. Melbourne no longer induced to conceal
her own sufferings lest they should augment
those of her husband, on his removal to the goal,
hastened to her father's, and again, with all the
eloquence of grief, besought him to stretch forth
his hand and save her husband from dying in a
prison. She so far prevailed as to gain his prom-
ise, that if the friend whom Henry Melbourne ex-
pected that night, did not keep his promise, he
would provide for his liberation on the morrow.

Late in the afternoon a messenger came for
Mrs. Melbourne; her husband wished to see her
as speedily as possible, with her infant. Her fa-
ther, accompanied her to the prison door, but,
whether ashamed of the length to which he had
permitted their sufferings to run, or from firmness,
he entered not, and Mrs. Melbourne was shown to
the apartment where her husband had been placéd.

A gray-headed old man, who was also a prison-
er for debt, occupied a portion of the same small
room. On the entrance of Mrs. Melbourne, with a
delicate and gentlemanly feeling, he rose, and,
bowing his venerable head, with the tottering fee-
ble step of age left the room.

A paleness, as of death, was on the features of
the poor prisoner; he fondly embraced the treas-
ures of his broken heart, and a few tears trickled
from his eyes upon the rosy cheek of his babe—but
he was calm.

"Henry, it is night, and your friend—your last
friend has not arrived," said Mrs. Melbourne, in-
tending to communicate the glad tidings of her
father's promise for the morrow; but her husband
interrupted her.

"Caroline," he said, in a low, painful voice; then
paused, as if too much overcome to proceed.

His wife, imagining it was from the grief he
felt at being once more deceived by his friends, was
again about to speak of her father's intention;
when, with an effort, Henry Melbourne proceed-
ed:—

"No, Caroline, my last friend will not deceive
me! To-night—yes—to-night he will be here,
and he—He who sends him to release me, will
protect my poor wife—my darling babe." As he

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cordingly.

spoke he took his wife's hand, and when his faint
voice ceased, pressing it to his lips, he bowed his
head upon the table.

Mrs. Melbourne, overcome with sorrow, hung
fondly over him, and her tears fell abundantly on
the corpse of her husband.

His last friend had arrived—Henry Melbourne
was dead.

VARIETY.

Singular Blessing.—Ogländer, in his
memoir, of the Isle of Wight, written in
1700, gives us the following record of a
blessing formerly enjoyed by that favored
spot. "I have heard," says our author,
"and partly know it to be true, that not
only heretofore was there no lawyer or attor-
ney in the Isle of Wight, but, in Sir George
Cary's time, 1588, an attorney, coming to
settle there, was, by his command, and with
a pound of candles hanging at his skirts,
lighted, with bolts about his legs, hunted out
of the Island."

A letter from New Orleans, dated 25th Dec.
states—"We have had a frost here which will out
of the crop of Sugar one-fourth, say 30,000 hds.
less than was expected two weeks ago." Other
accounts correspond with this.

A good Actor.—A few days ago, a sail-
or, whose upper story had been too heavily
ballasted, fell smash through a shop window
at Leith, breaking at least half a dozen
panes. On the following day when the ac-
cident was repaired, the shopman was show-
ing some friends how the thing happened,
but imitating alas! too well the gyrations of
the "toxicated" tar, he went souze through
the same window, with this difference, that
he broke two panes more than were fractur-
ed on the previous day.

An example for American Ladies.—The
wife of William IV. King of England, has
given it forth as her express desire, that at
her approaching levee all the ladies appear
clad exclusively in British fabrics.

CAN DEAD FISHES SPEAK?—A negro, a-
bout to purchase some fish, visited a shop where
several were exposed for sale. But suspecting that
one he intended to buy was not so fresh as he could
wish, he presumed, either to dissipate or confirm
his suspicions, to apply it to his nose. The fish-
monger, conscious that it would not bear much ex-
amination, and fearing that other customers
might catch the scent, exclaimed in a snarly tone,
"How dare you smell to my fish? 'Me no smell to
it," replied the black man. "What then where you
doing?" "Me only talking to it, massa." "And
what were you talking about?" "Me ask him,
massa, what the best news at see?" "And what
reply did he give you?" "O, massa, he say he
know no news, as he hab not been dere dis tree
weeks!"

Inscription on a village Doctor's sign in Devon-
shire:—

"I cures A Goose, my wife cures the Glanders."
As our readers may find some difficulty in mak-
ing this out, it is necessary to explain that the
good man intended to make known, that he cured
agues and his wife cured the jaundice.

EQUALITY.—A curious conversation
lately took place on board one of the Mar-
gate hoys, which being overheard, occasioned
no small merriment among the passen-
gers. A gentleman who was totally unac-
quainted with the customs of those vessels,
till all the cabins were doubly occupied, one
excepted, in which there was a lady. He
addressed himself to her: "Pray, madam,
be so kind as to make way for me?" "Good
heavens, sir! you cannot come here, go to
the other cabins." "I have, madam; and
they are all full." "Sir, it is impossible to
admit you here, for I am undressed." "Well
madam, I scorn to take any advan-
tage of you, I will therefore undress too!"

STATUARY AND WIT.

Among other foibles of the renowned
Lord Timothy Dexter, was an imaginary
taste for statuary and wit. To prove his
claim to the former, he had a large yard in
front of his house, filled with statues, includ-
ing gods, demi-gods, heroes and great men,
among the latter of whom he ranked him-
self, and had his statue placed accordingly.
And to make good his claim to a taste for
wit, he used to encourage jokes, even at the
expense of being himself the butt of ridic-
ule.

He was very vain of his statues, and vain
of the rank he held among them. Seeing a
countryman one day gazing at them over
the fence, he popped his head out of the
window and said, "Friend, I suppose you
are from the country, aint you?"

"Why then I 'spose I am. And what of
that?"

"Don't you think I've got a little paradise
here?"

"Why, yes, I should think so, if I didn't
see the devil looking out of the window."

"Good! good! come in friend, and take
something to drink."

A schoolmaster in a neighboring town,
while inflicting punishment upon a refract-
ory scholar, was visited by a teacher of mu-
sic. "I find you very actively employed
this morning," said the musician. "Yes,"
replied the instructor, "and our business
happens to be quite in accordance for you
see, I am striking the trembling lyre!"

Truth is mighty, and will prevail.