

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

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II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion.—The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.
IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."
FROM THE GETTYSBURG WREATH.
LINES
WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.
I've seen the fairest flowers of art,
And Nature's product glories reann'd;
I've studied every virgin's hand,
And trac'd unerring Wisdom's hand.
I've gaz'd with rapture on the night,
When cloudless rode the starry skies;
And gaz'd again with new delight
To see the sun in glory rise.
I've seen the laurel steep'd in blood
That bled the war-worn victor's brow;
On ruin'd grounds' wrecks I've stood
And sadly mused "What are they now?"
And I have gaz'd upon the sky,
With rolling, billowy clouds o'ercast,
That seem'd to Fancy's kindling eye
Like waves upon an Ocean's breast.
And thoughts with solemn grandeur fraught
Have fill'd my soul with strange delight,
When oft the lowly hill I've sought
From a dark and gloomy night.
For whilst I view'd the light'ning's blaze
And o'er my head the thunder crash'd,
Methought 'twas God's own voice that roas'd,
And God's own burning eye that flash'd.
And oft my spirit's raptur'd eye
Through Nature's realm hath roam'd abroad,
Till, step by step, ascending high
My thoughts have mounted up to God.
The thoughts with which such musings fill
Man's heart, are lofty, stern, sublime;
But oh! if aught can bend his will
And tame his pride, 'tis Woman! think!
Thy blent influences are felt
By all—before thy genial beams,
Man's rough and angry passions melt
And flow in pure, transparent streams.
When thou art near, his frozen heart
Gloweth with a pure and chasten'd flame;
And thou, all gentle as thou art,
His sternest, stormiest mood can tame.
Thou giv'st to bliss a purer ray,
To Nature's charms a brighter hue;
And when the joys of life decay
Thou still art constant, kind and true.
There is a magic in thine eye
That beams celestial joy around,
And in thy tender sympathy
There is a balm for every wound.
And when thy smile of sunny light
Irradiates life's shadowy way;
Its beams illumine the blackest night
And darkness yields to dawning day.
And when thine eyes of dewy light
The pearls drop of pity fall,
Remembering how thy Star so bright
When shining thro' dim twilight's veil,
There's not within the human breast,
A chord, but vibrates to its ray;
In tones as fine, as pure and just
As warblings of an Angel's lay.
Gettysburg, Pa. S.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. IX.]

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

It immediately occurred to me that it was most probable that the chain had been on Fleta's neck at the time that she was stolen from her parents, and might prove the means of her being identified. It was no common chain—apparently had been wrought by people in a state of semi-refinement. There was too little show for its value—too much sterling gold for the simple effect produced; and I very much doubted whether another like it could be found.
The next morning Fleta was too much affected at parting with me, to enter into much conversation. I asked whether she had recollected any thing, and she replied, "No; that she had cried all night at the thoughts of our separation." I cautioned her to be very careful of the chain, and I gave the same caution to the schoolmistress; and after I had left the town, I regretted that I had not taken it away, and deposited it in some place of security. I resolved to do so when next I saw Fleta; in the mean time, she would be able, perhaps, by association, to call up some passage of her infancy connected with it.
I had enquired of a gentleman who sat near me on the coach, which was the best hotel for a young man of fashion. He recommended the Piazza in Covent Garden, and to that we accordingly repaired. I selected handsome apartments, and ordered a light supper. When the table was laid, Timothy made his appearance, in his livery, and cut a very smart dashing figure. I dismissed the waiter, and as soon as we were alone, I burst into a fit of laughter.—"Really, Timothy, this is a good farce; come, sit down, and help me to finish this bottle of wine."
"No, sir," replied Timothy; "with your permission, I prefer doing as the rest of my fraternity. You only leave the bottle on the sideboard, and I will steal as much as I want; but, as for sitting down, that will be making too free, and if we were seen, would be, moreover, very dangerous. We must both keep up our characters. They have been playing me with all manner of questions below, as to who you were—your name, &c. I resolved that I would not

lose such an opportunity. Still I hesitated, and went up into my room, that I might reflect upon what I should do. I went to bed, revolving the matter in my mind, and turning over from one position to the other, at one time deciding that I would not take advantage of the mistake, at another quite as resolved that I would not throw away such an opening for the prosecution of my search; at last I fell into an uneasy slumber, and had a strange dream. I thought that I was standing upon an isolated rock, with the waters raging around me; the tide was rising, and at last the waves were roaring at my feet. I was in a state of agony, and expected that in a short time I should be swallowed up. The main land was not far off, and I perceived well-dressed people in crowds, who were enjoying themselves, feasting, dancing, and laughing in merry moods. I held out my hands—I shouted to them—they saw, and heard me, but heeded me not. My horror at being swept away by the tide was dreadful. I shrieked as the water rose. At last I perceived something unroll itself from the main land, and gradually advancing to the inland, formed a bridge by which I could walk over and be saved. I was about to hasten over, when, "Private, and no thoroughfare," appeared at the end nearest me, in large letters of fire. I started back with amazement, and would not, dared not, pass them. When all of a sudden, a figure in white appeared by my side, and said to me, pointing to the bridge, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature."
I looked at the person who addressed me; gradually the figure became darker, until it changed to Mr. Copagus, with his stick up to his nose. "Japhet, all nonsense—very good bridge—um—walk over—find father—and so on." I dashed over the bridge, which appeared to float on the water, and to be composed of paper, gained the other side, and was received with shouts of congratulation, and the embraces of the crowd. I perceived an elderly gentleman come forward; I knew it was my father, and I threw myself into his arms. I awoke, and found myself rolling on the floor, embracing the bolster with all my might.—Such was the vivid impression of this dream, that I could not turn my thoughts away from it, and at last I considered that it was a divine interposition. All my scruples vanished, and before the day had dawned I determined that I would follow the advice of Timothy. An enthusiast is easily led to believe what he wishes, and he mistakes his own feelings for warnings; the dreams arising from his daily contemplations for the interferences of Heaven. He thinks himself armed by supernatural assistance, and warranted by the Almighty to pursue his course, even if that course should be contrary to the Almighty's precepts. Thus was I led away by my own imaginings, and thus was my monomania increased to an impetus which forced before it all consideration of what was right or wrong.
The next morning I told my dream to Timothy, who laughed very heartily at my idea of the finger of Providence. At last, perceiving that I was angry with him, he pretended to be convinced. When I had finished my breakfast, I sent to enquire the number in the square of Lord Windermear's town-house, and wrote the following simple note to his lordship, "Japhet Newland has arrived from his tour at the Piazza, Covent Garden." This was confided to Timothy, and I then set off with the other letter to Mr. Masterton which was addressed to Lincoln's Inn. By reading the addresses of the several legal gentlemen, I found out that Mr. Masterton was located on the second floor. I rang the bell, which had the effect of "Open Sesame," as the door appeared to swing to admit me without my assistance. I entered an ante-room, and from thence found myself in the presence of Mr. Masterton—a little old man, with spectacles on his nose, sitting at a table covered with papers. He offered me a chair, and I presented the letter.
"I see that I am addressing Mr. Neville," said he, after he had perused the letter. "I congratulate you on your return. You may not, perhaps, remember me?"
"Indeed, sir, I cannot say that I do, exactly."
"I could not expect it, my dear sir, you have been so long away. You have very much improved in person, I must say; yet still I recollect your features as a mere boy. Without compliment, I had no idea that you would ever have made so handsome a man." I bowed to the compliment. "Have you heard from your uncle?"
"I had a few lines from Lord Windermear, enclosing your letter."
"He is well, I hope?"
"Quite well, I believe."
Mr. Masterton then rose, went to an iron safe, and brought out a packet of papers, which he put into my hands. "You will read these with interest, Mr. Neville. I am a party to the whole transaction, and must venture to advise you not to appear in England under your own name, until all is settled. Your uncle, I perceive, has begged the same."
"And I have assented, sir. I have taken a name instead of my real one."
"May I ask what it is?"
"I call myself Mr. Japhet Newland."
"Well, it is singular, but perhaps as good as any other. I will take it down, in case I have to write to you. Your address is—"
"Piazza—Covent Garden."
Mr. Masterton took my name and address. I took the papers, and then we both took leave of one another, with expressions of pleasure and good will.

I returned to the hotel, where I found Timothy waiting for me, with impatience. "Japhet," said he, "Lord Windermear has not yet left town. I have seen him, for I was called back after I left the house, by the footman, who ran after me—he will be here immediately."
"Indeed," replied I. "Pray what sort of person is he, and what did he say to you?"
"He sent for me in the dining parlour, where he was at breakfast, asked when you arrived, whether you were well, and how long I had been in your service. I replied that I had not been more than two days, and had just put on my liveries. He then desired me to tell Mr. Newland that he would call upon him in about two hours. Then, my lord," replied I, "I had better go and tell him to get out of bed."
"The lazy dog!" said he, "nearly one o'clock, and not out of bed; well, go then, and get him dressed as fast as you can."
Shortly afterwards a handsome carriage with grays drew up to the door. His lordship sent in his footman to ask whether Mr. Newland was at home. The reply of the waiter was, that there was a young gentleman who had been there two or three days, who had come from making a tour, and his name did begin with an N. "That will do, James; let down the steps." His lordship alighted, was ushered up stairs, and into my room. There we stood, staring at each other.
"Lord Windermear, I believe," said I, extending my hand.
"You have recognised me first, John," said he taking my hand, and looking earnestly in my face. "Good heavens! it is possible that an awkward boy should have grown up into so handsome a fellow? I shall be proud of my nephew. Did you remember me when I entered the room?"
"To tell the truth, my lord, I did not; but expecting you, I took it for granted that it must be you."
"Nine years make a great difference, John—but I forget, I must now call you Japhet. Have you been reading the Bible, lately, that you fixed upon that strange name?"
"No, my lord; but this hotel is such a Noah's ark, that it's no wonder I thought of it."
"I was about—"
"I see—I see," interrupted his lordship; "but recollect, John, that she is still your mother. By-the-by, have you read the papers yet?"
"No, sir," replied I, "there they are pointing to them on the side table. I really do not like to break the seals."
"That they will not contain pleasant intelligence, I admit," replied his lordship; "but until you have read them, I do not wish to converse with you on the subject, therefore," said he, taking up the packet, and breaking the seal, "I must now insist that you employ this forenoon in reading them through. You will dine with me at seven, and then we will talk the matter over."
"Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will read them."
"I must insist upon it, John; and am rather surprised at your objecting, when they concern you so particularly."
"I shall obey your orders, sir."
"Well, then, my boy, I shall wish you good morning, that you may complete your task before you come to dinner. Tomorrow, if you wish it—but recollect, I never press young men on these points, as I am aware that they sometimes feel it a restraint—if you wish it, I say, you may bring your portmanteau, and take up your quarters with me. By-the-by," continued his lordship, taking hold of my coat, "who made this?"
"The tailor to his serene highness the Prince of Darmstadt had that honour, my lord," replied I.
"Humph! I thought they fitted better in Germany; it's not quite the thing—we must consult Nugee, for with that figure and face, the coat ought to be quite correct. Adieu, my dear fellow, till seven."
His lordship shook hands with me, and I was left alone. Timothy came in as soon as his lordship's carriage had driven off. "Well, sir," said he, "was your uncle glad to see you?"
"Yes," replied I; "and look, he has broken open the seals, and has insisted upon my reading the papers."
"It would be very unkind in you to refuse, so I had better leave you to your task," said Timothy, smiling, as he quitted the room.
I sat down and took up the papers. I was immediately and strangely interested in all that I read. A secret—it was, indeed, a secret, involving the honour and reputation of the most distinguished families. One that, if known, the trumpet of scandal would have blazoned forth to the disgrace of the aristocracy. It would have occasioned bitter tears to some, gratified the petty malice of many, satisfied the revenge of the vindictive, and bowed with shame the innocent as well as the guilty. It is not necessary, nor, indeed, would I, on any account, state any more. I finished the last paper, and then fell into a reverie. This is, indeed, a secret, thought I; one that I would never had possessed. In a despotic country my life would be sacrificed to the fatal knowledge—here, thank God, my life as well as my liberty is safe.
The contents of the papers told me all that was necessary to enable me to support the character which I had assumed. The reason why the party, I was supposed to be, was entrusted with it, was, that he was in a direct line eventually heir, and the question was whether he would waive his claim with

the others and allow death to bury crime in oblivion. I felt that were I in his position I should so do—and, therefore, was prepared to give an answer to his lordship. I sealed up the papers, dressed myself, and went to dinner; and after the cloth was removed, I ord Windermear first rising and turning the key in the door, said to me, in a low voice, "You have read the papers, and what those, nearly as much interested as you are in this lamentable business, have decided upon. Tell me, what is your opinion?"
"My opinion, my lord, is, that I wish I had never known what has come to light this day—that it will be most advisable never to recur to the subject, and that the proposals made, are, in my opinion, most judicious, and should be acted upon."
"That is well," replied his lordship; "then all are agreed, and I am proud to find you possessed of such honour and good feeling. We now drop the subject for ever. Are you inclined to leave town with me, or what do you intend to do?"
"I prefer remaining in town, if your lordship will introduce me to some of the families of your acquaintance. Of course I know no one now."
"Very true; I will introduce you, as agreed, as Mr. Newland. It may be as well that you do not know any of our relations, whom I have made to suppose that you are still abroad—and it would be awkward, when you take your right name by-and-by. Do you mean to see your mother?"
"Impossible, my lord, at present; by-and-by I hope to be able."
"Perhaps it's all for the best. I will now write one note to Major Carbonell, introducing you as my particular friend, and requesting that he will make London agreeable. He knows every body, and will take you every where."
"When does your lordship start for the country?"
"To-morrow; so we may as well part to-night. By-the-by, you have credit at Drummond's, in the name of Newland, for a thousand pounds; the longer you make it last you the better."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MEDLEY.

"A MINGLED MASS FOR MANY MINDS."
EMIGRANTS.—Fourteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four emigrants landed at the port of New York, during the first six months of the present year.
The Jail of Greene County, Penn. was destroyed by fire on the night of the tenth. There were two persons in the prison when the fire was discovered, both of whom were taken out before they received any injury.
RIOTS IN JAMAICA.—From a letter received by Hubson, of the Merchants' News Room, dated at Kingston, (Ja.) June 22d, we learn that the whole island had been kept in a state of alarm and feverish agitation in consequence of the insurrection of the manumitted slaves, (or apprentices, as they are now called.) Not a day passes but one or more of the murderers are brought up for trial.
The Governor at present is very unpopular, in consequence of his taking part with the apprentices and favouring their cause. N. Y. Star.
Major Noah, who is one of the prettiest and wittiest, ablest and best news paper writers in the country, and one of the kindest and most affectionate parents—says:
"Brandy and water, and segars—a fast trotting horse—a pocket book with bank notes, gaming, and late hours—are the rocks on which are shipwrecked many bright hopes and alluring prospects—the fond anticipations of good parents, and the realization of anxiously desired blessings."
A FEMALE HORSE THIEF.—A singular incident took place in the New York Court on Friday last. A person named Charles Stewart, from Scotland, was placed at the bar on a charge of stealing a horse. The theft was proved by a competent witness, who purchased the horse from the prisoner at a fair valuation, and which he returned to the owner a few days since. The jury were about to bring in their verdict, when the whole court was thrown into a roar of laughter by the announcement of the prisoner's counsel, that the prisoner was a WOMAN. The court was fully satisfied as to the fact. She stated that she had passed as a man for more than three years, and that she had been a sailor in several ships during that period. She was dressed in sailor's clothes and looked exactly like a man. The prisoner's counsel objected to the indictment, as the prisoner was not a man as described therein. The objection was however, overruled by the court, and she was found guilty.—Phil. Gaz.
MEDICINAL SPRING.—We learn from the Frederick Herald, that a spring highly impregnated with medicinal properties has been discovered on the premises of Mr. Getzendanner on the Harpers' Ferry road, about a quarter of a mile from Frederick. A portion of the water has been chemically tested by Messrs Tyson and Fisher of Baltimore, and the analysis it is said, shows it to be possessed of as desirable qualities as are contained in some of the best springs in the country. The spring says the Herald, is thronged with visitors in the morning and evening, and will, we hope, prove beneficial to the valitudinarians in our vicinity.

FREDERICK, July 26.

It will be perceived from the subjoined analysis, that the water of Mr. Getzendanner's pump, near this place, is of superior medicinal quality, and we believe that the advantages of the neighbourhood would justify the erection of an establishment for the accommodation of visitors; we hope that some of our capitalist's will make an investment in that way, as we feel assured that it would yield a very handsome per cent.
ANALYSIS
Of the water of Mr. Getzendanner's pump, near Frederick, made by Messrs Tyson & Fisher of Baltimore:
Muricite of Soda
Do Lime,
Do Magnesia,
Carbonate of Lime,
Sulphate of Magnesia,
Do Soda.
The aggregate amount of the above mentioned salts, is two grains in one wine-pint of water. Free carbonic acid also exists and it may be denominated an acidulous saline water.—Herald.
DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.—The Penobscot Freeman mentions a disgraceful outrage which took place on Saturday night week in Bangor. A mob of disorderly persons collected to the number of about fifty, and proceeded to a house occupied by an Irish family, which was quickly demolished, leaving the family nearly naked, and without a shelter! The mob then proceeded to another house also occupied by Irish people, which they forcibly entered, when the City Authorities, with a posse comitatus, bounced upon them, and secured five of the leaders, who, it is hoped, will receive the severe punishment which they so justly merit.
"STRIKES."—Various trades in the Atlantic cities have of late been "turning out," or "striking" for higher wages. The mania has reached not only seamstresses, but shoe black-and-wood cutters—but of all the strikes the oddest is one at Bedford, in England, where the Paupers turned out and demanded wages in money—attacking the Guardians' House, and breaking windows, until the police interfered.—Ibid.
It is stated that Lord John Russell has recently married a bouncing widow. His lordship's figure is somewhat diminutive, and the wags of London call him "the widow's mite."
FATAL ACCIDENT.—A Western paper mentions a melancholy occurrence as having taken place a few weeks since in Baltimore, Fairfield county, Ohio. A congregation were assembled for the purpose of worship, when a violent storm arose, which blew in the gable end of the meeting house, killed a lady and dangerously wounded 11 other persons, besides injuring 15 or 20 more or less.
EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS reached his 80th year, on Saturday last, the 11th of July.—We add with pleasure, that the health of this first of living Statesmen, is better than it has been for many years, and the energies of his expansive mind have never been in more free exercise than at this moment. It is one of the highest honors Massachusetts can boast, that she can claim John Quincy Adams, as her own native born son, a plain republican, a profound Statesman, a learned scholar, a truly great and honest man.—Boston Advocate.
A COMET AT LAST!—A Comet [not 'Squire Pickle's] is visible near the small star marked sixteen in the head of the constellation Leo Minor.
PUBLIC OPINION.—Wherever the paragraph of the New York Post, touching the death of Judge Marshall, has been noticed by the press, it has without a single exception been in the language of indignant rebuke. The following short and pithy notice of the course of that paper, is taken from the Chambersburg (Pa.) Repository:
"The New York Evening Post, formerly a leading federal paper, but now a whole hog Jackson Van Buren paper, expresses 'satisfaction' that Judge Marshall has 'at length been removed from his station,' as Chief Justice!! A renegade is always worse than a Turk. No other editor in the Union, would rejoice at the death of such a man as Judge Marshall."
MORE METAMORPHOSING OF THE SEXES.—A black being called Sarah Thompson, and dressed in female apparel was taken to the upper police on Saturday, charged with stealing a purse, a ring and pocket book, the property of Mrs. Lozier, No. 55 Renwick street. The prisoner had lived with the above lady for some time as chambermaid, or maid of all work, until the period of the robbery; suspicion falling upon Sarah (so called) an arrest took place, and the lynx-eyed officer discovered a small sprouting of down upon the upper lip of the prisoner which seemed too sturdy to appertain to the petticoat tribe; and on further investigation the said Sarah turned out to be Mr. Peter Thompson, a full-blooded negro, nineteen years of age, who confessed his crime and was committed. He was raised as he says, in Tarrytown.—N. Y. Cour.
There has been a terrible tornado in the vicinity of Ellicott, (Maio) which uprooted and carried away trees, prostrated orchards, swept away large barns, and buildings and fences. Its force was concentrated in a path about half a mile in width.