

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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[WHOLE NO. 279.]

THE GARLAND.

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

FROM THE WREATH. Address of DUMOURIEZ to the French Army, before the Battle of Gemappe.

Lo! Europe from her fetters breaks, And outraged man at length awakes, And fearful retribution takes, For every former injury.

Behold! the shudd'ring despots quake; Their blood-stain'd thrones beneath them shake; Soon o'er their guilty heads shall break The storm of vengeance fearfully.

The fear-struck tyrants trembling see France regenerate and free; To quench the flame of Liberty, They madly strive convulsively.

Behold! they come—the hired slaves! With onward steps, to find—their graves! In numbers like the Autumn leaves, Like them to fall gloriously.

Freemen! shall we falter? No! Arms may faint that strike the blow, Blood in crimson tides may flow, But our souls shall still be free.

The slaves! they beat against a rock; Come one, come all, we'll bid the shock; And shame to him that turns his back, The coward's portion, infamy!

Freemen! lo, the foe draws nigh! Be Liberty your battle cry: Swear to conquer or to die, Swear to combat manfully!

Let every freeman have his brand, And in the vanguard take his stand, And battle for his native land, For home, for life, and Liberty!

By your race of honor run; By your deeds of glory done; By the freedom you have won, Swear to battle valiantly!

Swear that you will ne'er be slaves, By your comrades' bloody graves; Where the flag of freedom waves, Swear to live and bleed and die!

Freemen! to the battle field, All who can a falcon's wield, Never falter, never yield, On, on to death, or victory!

Gettysburg, S.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[No. x.]

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

His lordship gave me the letter of introduction. I returned to him the sealed packet, shook hands with him and took my departure.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, rubbing his hands, as he stood before me, "what is the news; for I am dying to hear it—and what is this secret?"

"With regard to the secret, Tim, a secret it must remain. I dare not tell it even to you." Timothy looked rather grave at this reply. "No, Timothy, as a man of honour, I cannot." My conscience smote me when I made use of the term; for, as a man of honour, I had no business to be in possession of it.

"My dear Timothy, I have done wrong already, do not ask me to do worse."

"I will not, Japhet, but only tell me what has passed, and what you intend to do?"

"That I will, Timothy, with pleasure;" and I then stated all that had passed between his lordship and me. "And now, you observe, Timothy, I have gained what I desired, an introduction into the best society."

"And the means of keeping up your appearance," echoed Timothy, rubbing his hands. "A thousand pounds will last a long while."

"It will last a very long while, Tim, for I never will touch it; it would be swindling."

"So it would," replied Tim, his countenance falling; "well, I never thought of that."

"I have thought of much more, Tim; recollect I must in a very short time be exposed to Lord Windermear, for the real Mr. Neville will soon come home."

"Good heavens! what will become of us?" replied Timothy, with alarm in his countenance.

"Nothing can hurt you, Tim, the anger will be all upon me; but I am prepared to face it, and I would face twice as much for the distant hope of finding my father. Whatever Lord Windermear may feel inclined to do, he can do nothing; and my possession of the secret will ensure even more than my safety; it will afford me his protection, if I demand it."

"I hope it may prove so," replied Timothy, "but I feel a little frightened."

"I do not; to-morrow I shall give my letter of introduction, and then I will prosecute my search. So now, my dear Tim, good night."

The next morning I lost no time in presenting my letter of introduction to Mr. Carbonnell. He lived in apartments on the first floor in St. James's Street, and I found him at breakfast, in a silk dressing-gown. I had made up my mind that a man of independence always carries an air of fashion. When I entered, therefore, I looked at him with a knowing air, and dropping the letter down on the table before him said, "There's something for you to read, Major; and in the meantime I'll refresh myself on this chair,"

suiting the action to the word, I threw myself on a chair, amusing myself with tapping the heels of my boots with a small cane which I carried in my hand.

Major Carbonnell, upon whom I cast a furtive eye more than once during the time that he was reading the letter, was a person of about thirty-five years of age, well-looking but disfigured by the size of his whiskers, which advanced to the corners of his mouth, and met under his throat. He was tall and well made, with an air of fashion about him that was undeniable. His linen was beautifully clean and carefully arranged, and he had as many rings on his fingers, and when he was dressed, chains and trinkets, as ever were put on by a lady.

"My dear sir, allow me the honour of

making at once your most intimate acquaintance," said he, rising from his chair, and offering his hand, as soon as he had perused the letter. "Any friend of Lord Windermear's would be welcome, but when he brings such an extra recommendation in his own appearance, he becomes doubly so."

"Major Carbonnell, replied I, "I have seen you but two minutes, and I have taken a particular fancy to you; in which I, no doubt, have proved my discrimination. Of course you know that I have just returned from making a tour?"

"So I understand from his lordship's letter. Mr. Newland, my time is at your service. Where are you staying?"

"At the Piazza."

"Very good; I will dine with you to-day; order some mulligatawny, they are famous for it. After dinner we will go to the theatre."

I was rather surprised at his cool manner of asking himself to dine with me and ordering my dinner, but a moment's reflection made me feel what sort of person I had to deal with.

"Major, I take that as almost an affront. You will dine with me to-day! I beg to state that you must dine with me every day that you are not invited elsewhere; and what's more, sir, I shall be most seriously displeased, if you do not order the dinner every time that you do dine with me, and ask whoever you may think worthy of putting their legs under our table. Let's have no doing things by halves, major; I know you now as well as if we had been intimate for ten years."

The major seized me by the hand. "My dear Newland, I only wish we had known one another ten years, as you say—the loss has been mine; but now—you have breakfasted, I presume?"

"Yes; having nothing to do, and not knowing a soul after my long absence, I advanced my breakfast about two hours, that I might find you at home; and now I'm at your service."

"Say rather I am at yours. I presume you will walk. In ten minutes I shall be ready. Either take up the paper, or whistle an air or two, or any thing else you like, just to kill ten minutes—and I shall be at your command."

"I beg your pardon, Newland," said the major, returning from his dressing-room, resplendent with chains and bijouterie; "but I must have your Christian name."

"It's rather a strange one," replied I; "it is Japhet."

"Japhet! by the immortal powers, I'd bring an action against my godfathers and godmothers; you ought to recover heavy damages."

"Then I presume you would not have the name," replied I, with a knowing look, "for a clear ten thousand a year."

"Whew! that alters the cause—it's astonishing how well any name looks in large gold letters. Well, as the old gentleman, whoever he might have been, made you compensation, you must forgive and forget. Now where shall we go?"

"With your permission, as I came to town in these clothes, made by a German tailor—Darmstadt's tailor by-the-by—but still fit for a prince, not the prince of tailors—I would wish you to take me to your own; your dress appears very correct."

"You show your judgment, Newland, it is correct; Stultz will be delighted to have your name on his books, and to do justice to that figure. Adieu, done."

We sauntered up St. James's Street, and before I had arrived at Stultz's I had been introduced to at least twenty of the young men about town. The major was most particular in his direction about the clothes, all of which he ordered; and as I knew that he was well acquainted with the fashion, I gave him carte blanche. When he left the shop, he said, "Now, my dear Newland I have given you a proof of friendship which no other man in England has had. Your dress will be the ne plus ultra. There are little secrets only known to the initiated, & Stultz is aware that this time I am in earnest. I am often asked to do the same for others, and I pretend so to do, but a wink from me is sufficient, and Stultz dares not dress them. Don't you want some bijouterie? or have you any at home?"

"I may as well have a few trifles," replied I. We entered a celebrated jeweller's, and he selected for me to the amount of about forty pounds. "That will do—never buy much; for it is necessary to change every three months at least. What is the price of this chain?"

"It is only fifteen guineas, major;" "Well, I shall take it; but recollect," continued the major; "I tell you honestly, I never shall pay you."

The jeweller smiled, bowed, and laughed; the major threw the chain round his neck, and we quitted the shop.

"At all events, major, they appear not to believe your word in that shop."

"My dear fellow, that's their own fault, not mine. I tell them honestly I never will pay them; and you may depend upon it I intend most sacredly to keep my word. I never do pay any body, for the best of all possible reasons, I have no money; but then I do them a service—I make them fashionable, and they know it."

"What debts do you pay then, major?" "Let me think—that requires consideration. Oh! I pay my washer-woman."

"Don't you pay your debts of honour?" "Debts of honour! why I'll tell you the truth; for I know that we shall hunt in couples. If I win I take the money; but if I lose—why then I forget to pay; and I always

tell them so before I sit down to the table. If they won't believe me, it's not my fault. But what's the hour? Come, I must make a few calls, and will introduce you."

We sauntered on to Grosvenor Square, knocked, and were admitted into a large, elegantly furnished mansion. The footman announced us—"My dear Lady Maelstrom, allow me the honour of introducing to you my very particular friend, Mr. Newland, consigned to my charge by my Lord Windermear during his absence. He has just arrived from the continent, where he has been making the grand tour."

Her ladyship honoured me with a smile. "By-the-by, major, that reminds me—do me the favour to come to the window. Excuse us one moment, Mr. Newland."

The major and lady Maelstrom walked to the window, and exchanged a few sentences, and then returned. Her ladyship, holding up her finger, and saying to him as they came towards me, "Promise me now that you won't forget."

"Your ladyship's slightest wishes are to me imperative commands," replied the major, with a graceful bow.

In a quarter of an hour, during which the conversation was animated, we rose to take our leave, when her ladyship came up to me, and offering her hand, said, "Mr. Newland, the friendship of Lord Windermear, and the introduction of Major Carbonnell, are more than sufficient to induce me to put your name down on my visiting list. I trust I shall see a great deal of you, and that we shall be great friends."

I bowed to this handsome announcement, and we retired. As soon as we were out in the square, the major observed, "You saw her take me on one side—it was to pump. She has no daughters, but about fifty nieces, and match-making is her delight. I told her that I would stake my honour upon your possessing ten thousand a year; how much more I could not say. I was not far wrong, was I?"

I laughed. "What I may be worth, major, I really cannot say; but I trust that the event will prove that you are not far wrong. Say no more, my dear fellow."

"I understand—you are not yet of age—of course have not yet come into possession of your fortune."

"That is exactly the case, major. I am now but little more than nineteen."

"You look older; but there is no getting over baptismal registries with the executors. Newland, you must content yourself for the two next years in playing Moses, and only peep at the promised land."

"We are now two or three more calls, and then returned to St. James's Street, where shall we go now? By-the-by, don't you want to go to our banker's?"

"I will just stroll down with you, and see if they have paid any money in," replied I carelessly.

We called at Drummond's and I asked them if there was any money paid in to the credit of Mr. Newland.

"Yes sir," replied one of the clerks; "there is one thousand pounds paid in yesterday."

"Very good," replied I. "How much do you wish to draw for?" enquired the major.

"I don't want any," replied I. "I have more money than I ought to have in my desk at this moment."

"Well, then, let us go and order dinner; or perhaps you would like to stroll about a little more; if so, I will go and order the dinner. Here's Harcourt, that's lucky. Harcourt, my dear fellow, know Mr. Newland, my very particular friend. I must leave you now; take his arm, Harcourt, for half an hour, and then join us at dinner at the Piazza."

Mr. Harcourt was an elegant young man of about five and twenty. Equally pleased with each other's externals, we were soon familiar. He was witty, sarcastic, and well-bred. After half an hour's conversation he asked me what I thought of the major. I looked him in the face, and smiled. "That looks tells me that you will not be his dupe, otherwise I had warned you; he is a strange character; but if you have money enough to afford to keep him, you cannot do better, as he is acquainted with, and received by, every body. His connections are good; and he once had a very handsome fortune, but it was soon run out, and he was obliged to sell his commission in the Guards. Now he lives upon the world; which, as Shakespeare says, is his oyster; and he has wit and sharpness enough to open it. Moreover, he has some chance of falling into a peerage; that prospect, and his amusing qualities, added to his being the most fashionable man about town, keeps his head above water. I believe Lord Windermear, who is his cousin, very often helps him."

"It was Lord Windermear who introduced me to him," observed I.

"Then he will not venture to play any tricks upon you, further than eating your dinners, borrowing your money, and forgetting to pay it."

"You must acknowledge," said I, "he always tells you beforehand that he will never pay you."

"And that is the only point in which he adheres to his word," replied Harcourt, laughing; "but, tell me, am I to be your guest to-day?"

"If you will do me that honour."

"I assure you I am delighted to come, as I shall have a further opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance."

"Then we had better bend our steps towards the hotel, for it is late," replied I; and we did so accordingly.

On our arrival we found the table spread, champagne in ice under the sideboard, and

apparently every thing prepared for a sumptuous dinner, the major on the sofa giving directions to the waiter, and Timothy looking all astonishment. "Major," said I, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your kindness in taking all this trouble off my hands, that I might follow up the agreeable introduction you have given me to Mr. Harcourt."

"My dear Newland, say no more; you will, I dare say, do the same for me if I require it, when I give a dinner. (Harcourt caught my eye, as if to say, "You may safely promise that.") But, Newland, do you know that the nephew of Lord Windermear has just arrived? Did you meet abroad?"

"No," replied I, somewhat confused; but I soon recovered myself. As for Tim, he bolted out of the room. "What sort of a person is he?"

"That you may judge for yourself, my dear fellow, for I asked him to join us, I must say, more out of compliment to Lord Windermear than any thing else; for I am afraid that even I could never make a gentleman of him. But take Harcourt with you to your room, and by the time you have washed your hands, I will have dinner on the table. I took the liberty of desiring your valet to show me in about ten minutes ago. He's a shrewd fellow that of yours, where did you pick him up?"

"By mere accident," replied I; "come, Mr. Harcourt."

On our return we found the real Simon Pure Mr. Estcourt, sitting with the major, who introduced us, and dinner being served, we sat down to table.

Mr. Estcourt was a young man, about my own age; but not so tall by two or three inches. His features were prominent, but harsh; and when I saw him, I was not at all surprised at Lord Windermear's expressions of satisfaction, when he supposed that I was his nephew. His countenance was dogged and sullen, and he spoke little; he appeared to place an immense value upon birth, and hardly deigned to listen, except the aristocracy were the subject of discourse. I treated him with marked deference, that I might form an acquaintance, and found, before we parted that night, that I had succeeded. Our dinner was excellent, and we were all, except Mr. Estcourt, in high good humour. We sat late—to late to go to the theatre, and promising to meet next the day at noon, Harcourt and the major took their leave.

Mr. Estcourt had indulged rather too much & after their departure became communicative. We sat up for more than an hour; he talked of nothing but his family and his expectations. I took this opportunity of discovering what his feelings were likely to be when he was made acquainted with the important secret which was in my possession. I put a case somewhat similar, and asked him whether in such circumstances he would waive his right for a time, to save the honour of his family.

"No, by G—d!" replied he, "I never would. What! give up even for a day my right—conceal my true rank for the sake of relatives? never—nothing would induce me."

I was satisfied, and then casually asked him if he had written to Lord Windermear to inform him of his arrival.

"No," replied he; "I shall write to-morrow. He soon after retired to his own apartment, and I rang for Timothy."

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Timothy, "what is the object of my wishes. I will allow no obstacle to stand in my way, in my search after my father."

"Really, you seem to be quite mad on that point, Japhet."

"Perhaps I may be, Tim," replied I, thoughtfully. "At all events, let us go to bed now, and I will tell you to-morrow morning, all the events of this day."

Harcourt wrote his letter, which Tim very officiously offered to put into the post, instead of which we put it over the bars of the grate.

I must now pass over about three weeks, during which I became very intimate with the major and Mr. Harcourt. I was introduced by them to the clubs, and almost every person of fashion. The idea of my wealth, and my very handsome person and figure, ensured me a warm reception, and I soon became one of the stars of the day. During this time I also gained the entire confidence of Mr. Estcourt, who put letter after letter into the hands of Timothy, who, of course, put them into the usual place. I pacified him as long as I could, by expressing my opinion, that his lordship was on a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood of his seat; but at last he would remain in town no longer. "You may go now, thought I, I feel quite safe."

It was about five days after his departure, as I was sauntering, arm in arm, with the major, who generally dined with me about five days in the week, that I perceived the carriage of Lord Windermear, with his lordship in it. He saw us, and pulling his check-string, alighted, and coming up to us, with the colour mounting to his forehead with emotion, returned the salute of the major and me.

"Major," said he, "you will excuse me, but I am anxious to have some conversation with Mr. Newland; perhaps," continued his lordship, addressing me, "you will do me the favour to take a seat in my carriage?"

Fully prepared, I lost none of my self-possession, but, thanking his lordship, I bowed to him, and stepped in. His lordship followed, and saying to the footman, "Home—drive fast," fell back into the carriage, and never uttered one word until we had arrived, and had entered the dining-parlour. He then took a few steps up and down, before he said, "Mr. Newland, or whatever your name may be, I perceive that you consider the

possession of an important secret to be your safeguard. To state my opinion of your conduct is needless; who you are, and what you are, I know not; but," continued he, no longer controlling his anger; "you certainly can have no pretensions to the character of a gentleman."

"Perhaps your lordship," replied I, calmly, "will inform me upon what you may ground your inference."

"Did you not, in the first place, open a letter addressed to another?"

"My lord, I opened a letter brought to me with the initials of my name, and at that time I opened it, I fully believed that it was intended for me."

"We will grant that, sir; but after you had opened it, you must have known that it was for some other person."

"I will not deny that, my lord."

"Notwithstanding which, you apply to my lawyer, representing yourself as another person, to obtain sealed papers."

"I did, my lord; but allow me to say, that I never should have done so, had I not been warned by a dream."

"By a dream?"

"Yes, my lord. I had determined not to go for them, when in a dream I was ordered so to do."

"Pally excuse! and then you break private seals."

"Yes, sir, under your false name."

"It is the name by which I go at present, although I acknowledge it is false; but that is not my fault; I have no other at present."

"It is very true, sir, that in all I have now mentioned, the law will not reach you; but recollect, that by assuming another person's name—"

"I never did, my lord," interrupted I.

"Well, I may say, by inducing me to believe that you were my nephew, you have obtained money under false pretences; and for that I now have you in my power."

"My lord, I never asked you for the money; you yourself said into the banker's hands, by my credit, and my own name. I appeal to you now, whether, if, after you so deceived yourself, the law can reach me?"

"Mr. Newland, I will say, that much as I regret what has passed, I regret more than all the rest, that one so young, so prepossessing, so candid in appearance, should prove such an adept in deceit. Thinking you were my nephew, my heart went towards you, and I must confess, that since I have seen my real nephew, the mortification has been very great."

"My lord, I thank you; but allow me to observe, that I am no swindler. Your thousand pounds you will find safe in the bank, for perjury would not have induced me to touch it. But now that your lordship appears more cool, will you do me the favour to listen to me? When you have heard me out to the present, and may please for what I have done, you will then decide how far I am to blame."

His lordship took a chair, and motioned me to take another. I narrated what had occurred when I was left at the Foundling, and gave him a succinct account of my adventures subsequently—my determination to find my father—the all that had induced me to go for the papers—and all that the reader has already been acquainted with. His lordship evidently perceived the monomania which led me, and heard me with great attention.

"You certainly, Mr. Newland, do not stand so low in my opinion as you did before this explanation, and I must make allowances for the excitement under which I perceive you to labor on one subject; but now, sir, allow me to put one question, and beg that you will answer candidly. What price do you demand for your secrecy on this important subject?"

"My lord!" replied I, rising with dignity; "this is the greatest affront you have put upon me yet; still I will name the price by which I will solemnly bind myself, by all my future hopes of finding my father in this world, and of finding an eternal Father in the next; and that price, my lord, is a return of your good opinion."

His lordship also rose, and walked up and down the room with much agitation in his manner. "What am I to make of you, Mr. Newland?"

"My lord, if I were a swindler, I should have taken your money; if I had wished to avail myself of the secret, I might have escaped with all the documents, and made my own terms. I am, my lord, a man who has abandoned children trying all he can to find his father. My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears. As soon as I could recover myself, I addressed his lordship, who had been watching me in silence, and not without emotion. "I have one thing more to say to you, my lord. I then mentioned the conversation, between Mr. Estcourt and myself, and pointed out the propriety of not making him a party to my important secret."

"His lordship allowed me to proceed without interruption, and after a few moments' thought, said, 'I believe that you are right, Mr. Newland; and I now begin to think that it was better that this secret should have been entrusted to you than him. You have now conferred an obligation on me, and command me. I believe you to be honest, but a little mad, and I beg your pardon for the pain which I have occasioned you.'"

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mr. Newland?"

"If my lord could assist me, or direct me in my search—"

"I will not be denied, Mr. Newland; and if you feel any delicacy on the subject, you may take it as a loan, to be repaid when you find it convenient. Do not, for a moment, consider that it is given to you because you possess an important secret, for I will trust entirely to your honor on that score."

"Indeed, my lord," replied I, "your kindness overwhelms me; and I feel as if, in you, I had already almost found a father. Excuse me, my lord, but did your lordship ever—?"

"I know what you would say, my poor fellow: no, I never did. I never was blessed with children. Had I been, I should not have felt I was disgraced by having one resembling you. Allow me to entreat you, Mr. Newland, that you do not suffer the mystery of your birth to weigh so heavy on your mind; and now I wish you good morning, and if you think I can be useful to you, I beg that you will not fail to let me know."

"May heaven pour down blessings on your head," replied I, kissing respectfully his lordship's hand—and may my father, when I find him, be as like unto you as possible. I made my obeisance, and quitted the house. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCAN MAG.—A witness lately examined before a judge in a case of slander, was requested to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the whole court upon him, then fixing his eyes earnestly upon the judge, he began—"May it please your honor, you see and steel, and get your lying by thiving." The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "There is the Jury, Sir!"

THE MIRROR.

Selected for the Star & Republican Banner.

A SPECTOR.

Imagine for yourselves a picture of the Christian rum-seller's premises. Early some Monday morning, you station yourself a mute spectator, in his grog-shop, or as he would call it, his grocery and tavern. He is really a benevolent, good natured looking fellow; has laid aside, with his Sunday coat, that long sanctimonious face you observed yesterday, and has insinuated a hundred smiles ready for the reception of the first customer. His elegantly arranged bottles are filled to the brim; and the Saturday night's dabouché, having drained them quite to the bottom. Presently the hinges creak, the door opens, and in stalks a well-known personage, himself also a professed Christian. He salutes the rum-seller, with

"Brother, didn't you think we had a most powerful sermon yesterday?"

"Indeed I did," is the reply, "and my heart beat within me to think of the situation of poor sinners!"

"And so did mine, but the Lord is merciful! I'll take a little of your St. Croix, neighbor."

"Certainly—yes, the Lord is merciful!" Long use has made him a dexterous hand in dealing out the article, and his brother is soon supplied. He pockets the sixpence and the door opens with another customer, one whose steps is always known.

"Say, landlord," cries the man, with a horrid oath, "I'll take a little of your rye; a little drop of the good creature won't hurt anybody; the devil take those temperance societies!"

"So I say, too," responds the rum-seller, as he hands down the bottle. His company begins to increase, and all characters and ages are flocking to his counter; the young man just commencing his downward career—the old hony-headed veteran trembling on the brink of the grave—the moderate drinker and the inveterate drunkard—the man of wealth and the man of rags. One man steps up to the counter with his friend, his son perhaps; another insists that the landlord, who is nothing loath, shall drink with him; one man takes down his draught in sullen silence; another must deliver himself of a half dozen oaths, by way of clearing his throat, or perhaps a Bacchanalian song. Presently a poor woman enters, the wife of one of his regular customers, with an interesting child in her arms, and she exclaims in the language of entreaty—

"Landlord, I have come to ask you not to sell my husband any more spirits; he has beggared me and my child, and this morning says he will see the last bag of moat we have for more drink!"

The tears gush into her eyes and the rum-seller says he will see to it. "Poor man," is his pious ejaculation. "I fear he will sink to perdition!" Scarcely however has she left