

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 MY HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

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GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 294.]

THE GARLAND.

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

THE WINDS AND THE FLOWERS.

Song of the Winds.
Our pinions droop with weariness,
For thence the globe we spanned;
And pil'd the desert's sand,
Since last, sweet flowers, we rested on
Your leaves of radiant hue,
And drank from your rich nectar-cups
The strength-renewing dew.

We've bowed with mighty hurricanes
The forest's lofty pride—
O'er ocean's winged levathans
We've hoisted its sward-like tide;
And now we come like conquerors,
From scenes of death and gloom,
Oppressed with toil, and languishing
For beauty and perfume.

The garden's painted wanderers
Flit over us in swarms—
The bees, those chartered plunderers,
Are feasting on your charms;
But we're no faintly-purp
We wear no hidden stig—
The fragrance they but rob you of,
Our cooling kisses bring.

When shadeless noon distresses you,
We'll flutter gently round,
We'll dry the dew that presses you
At morning to the ground;
We'll throw aside inconstancy,
Enchained, for ever dwell,
And in love's softest whispering
Our changeless passion tell.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[No. XXII.]

JAPHET,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

Timothy returned, and brought me consolation; the bleeding had not recommenced, and Harcourt was in tolerable spirits. An eminent surgeon had been sent for. "Go again, my dear Timothy; and as you are intimate with Harcourt's servant, you will be able to find out what they are about."

Timothy departed, and was absent about an hour, during which I lay on the sofa, and groaned with anguish. When he returned, I knew by his face that his intelligence was favorable. "All's right," cried Timothy, "no amputation after all. It was only one of the smaller arteries which was severed, and they have taken it up."

I sprang up from the sofa and embraced Timothy, so happy was I with the intelligence, and then I sat down again, and cried like a child. At last I became more composed. I had asked Captain Atkinson to dine with me, and was very glad when he came. He confirmed Timothy's report, and I was so overjoyed, that I sat late at dinner drinking very freely, and when he again proposed that we should go to the *rouge et noir* table, I did not refuse—on the contrary, flushed with wine, I was anxious to go, and took all the money that I had with me. On our arrival, Atkinson played, but finding that he was not fortunate, he very soon left off. As I had followed his game, I also had lost considerably, and he entreated me not to play any more—but I was a gamester it appeared, and I would not pay attention to him, and I did not quit the table until I had lost every shilling in my pocket. I left the house in no very good humor, and Atkinson, who had waited for me, accompanied me home.

"Newland," said he, "I don't know what you may think of me—you may have heard that I'm a *rouge, &c. &c.*, but this I always do, which is, caution those whose are gamesters from their hearts. I have watched you to-night, and I tell you, that you will be ruined if you continue to frequent that table. You have no command over yourself. I do not know what your means may be, but this I do know, that if you were a Cæsar, you would be a beggar. I cared nothing for you while you were the Mr. Newland, the admired, and leader of the fashion, but I felt for you when I heard that you were scouted from society, merely because it was found out that you were not so rich as you were supposed to be. I had a fellow feeling, as I told you. I did not make your acquaintance to win your money—I can win as much as I wish from the scoundrels who keep the tables, or from those who would not scruple to plunder others; and I now entreat you not to return to that place—and am sorry, very sorry, that ever I took you there. To me, the excitement is nothing—to you, it is overpowering. You are a gamester or rather you have it in your disposition. Take, therefore, the advice of a friend, if I may so call myself, and do not go there again. I hope you are not seriously inconvenienced by what you have lost to-night."

"Not the least," replied I. "It was ready money. I thank you for your advice, and will follow it. I have been a fool to-night, and one folly is sufficient."

Atkinson then left me. I had lost about two hundred and fifty pounds, which included my winnings of the night before. I was annoyed at it, but I thought of Harcourt's safety, and felt indifferent. The reader may recollect, that I had three thousand pounds, which Mr. Masterton had offered to put out at mortgage for me but until he could find an opportunity, by his advice I had bought stock in the three per cent. Since that, he had not succeeded, as mortgages in general are for larger sums, and it had therefore remained. My rents were not yet due, and I was obliged to have recourse to this money. I therefore went into the city, ordered the broker to sell out two hundred pounds, intending to re-place it as soon as I could—for I would not have liked that Mr. Masterton should have known that I had lost money by gambling. When I returned from the city, I found Captain Atkinson in my apartments, waiting for me.

"Harcourt is doing well, and you are not doing badly. I have let all the world know that you intend to call on whoever presumes to treat you with indifference."

"The devil you have! but that is a threat which may easier be made than followed up by deeds."

"Shoot two or three more," replied Atkinson, coolly, "and then, depend upon it, you'll have it all your own way. As it is, I acknowledge there has been some show of resistance, and they talk of making a resolution not to meet you, on the score of your being an impostor."

"And a very plausible reason, too," replied I; "nor do I think I have any right—I am sure I have no intention of doing as you propose. Surely, people have a right to choose their acquaintance, and to cut me, if they think I have done wrong. I am afraid, Captain Atkinson, you have mistaken me; I have punished Harcourt, for his conduct towards me—deserved punishment—I had claims on him; but I have not upon the hundreds, whom, when in the zenith of my popularity, I myself, perhaps, was not over-courteous to. I cannot run the *muck* which you propose, nor do I consider that I shall help my character by so doing. I may become notorious, but certainly, I shall not obtain that species of notoriety which will be of service to me. No, no; I have done too much, I may say, already; and, although not so much to blame as the world imagines, yet my own conscience tells me, that by allowing it to suppose that I was what I was not, I have, to say the least, been a party to the fraud, and must take the consequence. My situation now is very unpleasant, and I ought to retire, and, if possible, re-appear with real claims upon the public favor. I have still friends, thank God! and influential friends. I am offered a writership in India—a commission in the army—or to study the law. Will you favor me with your opinion?"

"You pay me a compliment by asking my advice. A writership in India is fourteen years' transportation, returning with plenty to live on, but no health to enjoy it. In the army you might do well, and moreover, as an officer in the army, none dare refuse to go out with you. At the same time, under your peculiar circumstances, I think if you were in a crack regiment, you would, in all probability, have to fight one half the mess, and be put in Coventry by the other. You must then exchange on half-pay, and your commission would be a great help to you. As for the law, I'd sooner see a brother of mine in his coffin. There, you have my opinion."

"Not a very encouraging one, at all events," replied I, laughing; "but there is much truth in your observations. To India I will not go, as it will interfere with the great object of my existence."

"And pray, if it be no secret, may I ask what that is?"

"To find out who is my father."

Captain Atkinson looked very hard at me. "I'm more than once," said he, "have thought you a little cracked, but now I perceive you are mad—downright mad; don't be angry, I couldn't help saying so, and if you wish me to give you satisfaction, I shall most unwillingly be obliged."

In the meantime, the particulars of the duel had found their way into the papers, with various comments, but none of them very flattering to me, and I received a note from Mr. Masterton, who, deceived by the representations of that class of people who cater for newspapers, and who are but too glad to pull, if they possibly can, every one on their own level, strongly animadverted upon my conduct, and pointed out the folly of it; adding, that Lord Windemere, wholly coincided with him in opinion, and had desired him to express his displeasure. He concluded by observing, "I consider this to be the most serious false step which you have hitherto made. Because you have been a party to deceiving the public, and because one individual, who had no objection to be intimate with a young man of fashion, station, and influence, does not wish to continue the acquaintance with one of unknown birth and no fortune, you consider yourself justified in taking his life. Upon this principle, all society is at an end, all distinctions levelled, and the rule of the gladiator will only be overthrown by the stiletto of the assassin."

I was but ill prepared to receive this letter. I had been deeply thinking upon the kind offers of Lord Windemere, and had felt that they would interfere with the *pitium mobile* of my existence, and I was reflecting by what means I could evade my own inclinations, when this note arrived. To me it appeared to be the height of injustice. I had been arraigned and found guilty upon an *ex parte* statement. I forgot, at the time, that it was my duty to have immediately proceeded to Mr. Masterton, and have fully explained the facts of the case; and that, by not having so done, I left the natural impression that I had no defence to offer. I forgot all this, and still I was myself to blame; and I hear now that the letter in itself was unjust and unbecoming, when I consider of their assistance. I will have none of them—Such were my reflections; and the reader must perceive that I was influenced by a state of morbid irritability—a sense of abandonment which prostrated me. I felt that I was an isolated being without a tie in the whole world. I determined to spurn the world as it had spurned me. To Timothy I would hardly speak of it. I lay with an aching head, and from my face it glauced upon the notes. I could not use a common expression, neither believe, in my eyes nor in my ears. At last he took the money, again unbuttoned and pulled out his pocket-book, with a trembling hand showed them away as before.

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"Good bye, Mr. Emanuel," said I, "and let me at my dinner."

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"Fader Abraham recivde me." My rage was appeased, and I turned pale at the idea of having killed the poor wretch. With the assistance of Timothy, whom I summoned, we dragged the old man up stairs, and placed him in a chair, and found that he was not very much hurt. A glass of wine was given to him, and then, as soon as he could speak, his rilling passion broke out again. "Mister Newland—ah, Mister Newland, cannot you give me my monish—cannot you give me de monish—cannot you give me de interest? you are very well-come to de interest. I only lend it to oblige you."

"How can you expect a d—d rascal to do any such thing?" replied I.

"D—d rascal. Ah! it wash I who wash a rascal—and wash a fool to say de word. Mister Newland, you wash a gen'lman, you will pay me my monish— you will pay me part of my monish. I have de agreement in my pocket, all ready to give up."

"If I have not the money, how can I pay you?"

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happy of late—I may say, so miserable—that I have neither eaten nor slept. Indeed, Japhet, I have laid in bed and wept, for my happiness depends upon yours. Go where you will, I am ready to follow and to serve you, and as long as I see you are comfortable, I care for nothing else."

These words of Timothy almost shook my resolution, and I was near telling him all; but when I recollect, I refrained. "My dear Timothy," said I, "in this world we must expect to meet with a checked existence; we may laugh at one time, but we must cry at others. I owe my life to you, wherever I may be."

"No," replied Timothy, "you are not likely to forget one who is hardly an hour out of your sight."

"Very true, Timothy; but circumstances may occur which may separate us."

"I cannot imagine such circumstances, nor do I believe, that but as things may turn out, they will be so bad as that. You have your money and your house; if you leave London you will be able to add to your income by letting your own apartments furnish, so we never shall want; and we may be very happy running about the world, seeking what we wish to find."

"My heart smote me when Tim said this, for I felt, by his devotion and fidelity, he had almost the same claim to the property I possessed, as myself. He had been my partner, playing the inferior game, for the natural benefit. "But the time may come," Tim said, "when we may find ourselves with what appears as we were when we first commenced our career, and shared three or four halfpenny each, by selling the old woman the embrocation."

"Well, sir, let it come. I should be sorry for you, but not for myself. If for you Tim could be of any portance, and more useful than as valet with little or nothing to do."

I instantly exclaimed, "I have, I think I have been a long great fool, and I wish I were a child again, and I did feel, I felt a delightful conviction, that we shall meet again, and all this misery of parting will be a subject of future gratuity." "Yes, Tim," said I, "I will see you, and I will give you up de paper."

"I never offered five hundred pounds."

"Not offered; but you mention de sum, dat quite enough."

"Well, then, for five hundred pounds you will give up the paper?"

"Yes; I wish content to loshe all de rest, to please you."

I went to my desk and took out five hundred pounds in notes. "Now, there is the money, which you may put your hands on when you give up the agreement." The old man pulled out the agreement and laid it on the table, catching up the notes. I looked at the paper to see if it was all right, and then tore it up. Emanuel put the notes, with a heavy sigh, into his inside coat pocket, and prepared to depart. "Now, Mr. Emanuel, I will show you that I have a little more honor than you think for. This is all the money I have in the world," said I, taking out of my desk the remaining ten-and-pence, and half of it I gave to you, to pay you the whole money which you lent me. Here's five hundred pounds more, and now we are quits."

The eyes of the old man were fixed upon me in astonishment, and from my face it glauced upon the notes. I could not use a common expression, neither believe, in my eyes nor in my ears. At last he took the money, again unbuttoned and pulled out his pocket-book, with a trembling hand showed them away as before.

"You show a very odd gentleman, Mister Newland," said he, "you kick me down stairs, and—"

"Good bye, Mr. Emanuel," said I, "and let me at my dinner."

The Jew retired, and I commenced my meal, when the door again slowly opened, and Mr. Emanuel crawled up to me.

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ing up a great heap against an old age, which perhaps we may never see, absorb all the powers and faculties of our immortal soul."

THE STORMY DAY.
The moral conveyed in the following anecdote, copied from "Peter Parly's Almanac for Old and Young," must prove beneficial to a certain class of persons. If any such should peruse, we trust the practical and cutting reproof of the anxious wife, will have the desired effect.

It was a half drizzling, half snowy day—just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humor with themselves and every body else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire, immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Dodge, can't you mend the front door latch to-day?"

"No," was the answer.

"Well, can't you mend the handle of the water pail?"

"No."

"Well, can you fix a handle to the mop?"

"No."

"Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes in our chamber?"

"No."

"Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?"

"No—no—no!" answered the husband, sharply.