

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.

VOL. 6—NO. 42.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 302.]

THE GARLAND.

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

FROM THE FRANKLIN REPOSITORY.

TO A KEPSAKE.

Thou art still as bright, dear token,
As thou wert when first received,
When the friendly words were spoken,
Which too fondly I believ'd.

The vows they pledg'd is broken,
That heart from me hath rang'd
Yet I cherish thee—dear token,
For mine hath never chang'd.

And to me thou art a treasure,
Thus reviving moments dead,
Though 'tis with a mournful pleasure,
As we think of friends long dead—
Ah no—grief hath its measure,
When memory cheers the soul;
But Friendship's cold console,
The past may not console.

What though, in fancy's dreaming,
Thou recall'st to my view
The smile so brightly beaming,
The glance of kindness true,
The words of truest cheering,
Ah—all alike are vain.
How shall hope's idle scheming,
Delude my heart again?

Yet, when those pleasures fleeting
Awaken deep regret,
I turn to her fond cheering,
And all my griefs forget.
She plans a happier meeting,
When both again shall be
What, in the first warm greeting,
Is now retrac'd by thee.

And thou again—dear token—
As in a former hour,
Shalt bear a promise given,
With a pledge of holier power;
A pledge that never broken,
His binding links shall be,
And then, as now, dear token,
Will I fondly cherish thee.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. B.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. XXIX.]

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

I may as well describe him and the whole tableau. The room was long and narrow, and at the father end was a large sofa, on which was seated my father with his injured leg reposing on it, his crutches propped against the wall. On each side of him were two large poles and stands with a magnificent mosaic. Next to the mosaic were two native servants, arrayed in their muslim dress, with their arms folded. A hawk was in advance of the table before the sofa; it was magnificently wrought in silver, and the snake passed under the table, so that the tube was within my honored father's reach. On one side of the room sat the two governors of the Foundling Hospital, on the other was seated Mr. Copagus in his quaker's dress; the empty chair next him had been occupied by Mr. Masterton. I looked at my father: he was a man of great size, apparently six feet three or four inches, and stout in proportion, without being burthened with fat; he was gaunt, broad shouldered and muscular, and I think must have weighed seventeen or eighteen stone. His head was in proportion to his body, and very large; so were all his features upon the same grand scale. His complexion was of a brownish yellow, and his hair of a snowy white. He wore his whiskers very large and joined together under the throat, and these, which were also white, from the circle which they formed round his face, and contrasting with the colour of his skin, gave his features a much more than a gentlemanly appearance. You don't know me, you may turn out a couple of cowardly blacks, but now I'll show you that I am not to be played with. I discard you for ever—I disinherit—I disacknowledge you. You may take your choice, either to quit this room, or be put into the hands of the police."

"The police, my dear sir! What can the police do? I may call in the police for the assault just committed by your servants, and have them up to Bow street, but you cannot charge me with an assault."

"But, sir, G—, sir, true or not true?"

"Indeed you would not, my dear father, a De Benyon would never be guilty of a lie. Besides, if you were to call in the police? I wish to argue this matter coolly, because I ascribe your present little burst of ill-humor to your sufferings from your unfortunate accident. Allowing then, my dear father, that you were to charge me with an assault, I should immediately be under the necessity of charging you also, and then we must both go to Bow street together. The general made no reply, and I proceeded. "Take oath—bring Bible—kiss book, and so on."

"You then, as a quaker, have no objection to swear to the identity of this person."

"Swear!" cried Copagus, "Yes, swear—swear now—no Japhet!—I'm damned—go to hell, and so on."

The other parties present could not help laughing at this explosion from Copagus, neither could I. Mr. Masterton then asked the general if he required any more proofs.

"No," replied the general discourteously, and speaking in Hindostanee to his attendants, they walked to the door and opened it. The hint was taken, Mr. Masterton saying to the others in an ironical tone, "After so long a separation, gentlemen, it must be natural that the general should wish to be left alone, that he may give vent to his paternal feelings." In the mean time, I was left standing in the middle of the room, the gentlemen departed, and the two native servants resumed their stations on each side of the sofa. I felt humiliated and indignant, but waited in silence: at last my honored parents, who had eyed me for some time, commenced.

"If you think, young man, to win my favor by your good looks, you are very much mistaken; you are too like your mother, whose memory is anything but agreeable."

The blood mounted to my forehead at this cruel observation: I folded my arms and looked my father steadily in the face, but made no reply. The color of the gentleman was raised.

"It appears that I have found a most dutiful son." I was about to make an angry answer, when I recollected myself, and I courteously replied, "My dear general, depend upon it that your son will always be ready to pay duty to whom duty is due; but excuse me, in the agitation of this meeting, you have forgotten those little attentions which convey demands; with your permission I will take a chair, and then we may converse more at our ease. I hope your leg is better?"

I said this with the blandest voice and the most studied politeness, and drawing a chair towards the table, I took my seat; as I expected, it put my honored father in a tremendous rage.

"If this is a specimen, sir, of your duty and respect, sir, I hope to see no more of them.—To whom your duty is due, sir—and pray to whom is it not due, sir, if not to the author of your existence?" cried the general, striking the table before him with his enormous fist, so as to make the ink fly out of the stand some inches high, and bespatter the papers near it.

"My dear father, you are perfectly correct: duty, as you say, is due to the author of our existence. If I recollect right, the commandment says, 'Honor your father and your mother;' but, at the same time, if I may venture to offer an observation, are there not such things as reciprocal duties—some which are even more paramount in a father than the mere begetting of a son?"

"What do you mean, sir, by these insolent remarks?" interrupted my father.

"Excuse me, my dear father, I may be wrong; but if so, I will bow to your superior judgment; but it does appear to me that the mere hanging me in a basket at the gate of the Foundling Hospital, and leaving me a bank-note of fifty pounds to educate and maintain me until the age of twenty-four, is not exactly all the duties incumbent upon a parent. If you think that they are, I am afraid that the world, as well as myself, will be of a different opinion. Not that I intend to make any complaint, as I feel assured that now circumstances have put it into your power, it is your intention to make me amends for leaving me so long in a state of destitution, and wholly dependent upon my own resources."

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The natives advanced, but I whirled the crutch round my head, and in a moment they were on their knees. As soon as they gained their feet, I attacked them again, until they made their escape out of the room; I then shut the door and turned the key.

"Thank you, my dear sir," said I, returning the crutch to where it was before. "Many thanks for thus permitting me to chastise the insolence of those black scoundrels, whom I take it for granted you will immediately discharge; and I again took my seat in the chair bringing it closer to him.

The page of the general was now beyond all bounds, the white foam was spluttering out of his mouth, as he vainly endeavored to find words. Once he actually rose from the sofa, to take the law in his own hands, but the effort seriously injured his leg, and he threw himself down in pain and disappointment.

"My dear father, I am afraid that in your anxiety to help me, you have hurt your leg again," said I, in a soothing voice.

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I said this with the blandest voice and the most studied politeness, and drawing a chair towards the table, I took my seat; as I expected, it put my honored father in a tremendous rage.

"If this is a specimen, sir, of your duty and respect, sir, I hope to see no more of them.—To whom your duty is due, sir—and pray to whom is it not due, sir, if not to the author of your existence?" cried the general, striking the table before him with his enormous fist, so as to make the ink fly out of the stand some inches high, and bespatter the papers near it.

"My dear father, you are perfectly correct: duty, as you say, is due to the author of our existence. If I recollect right, the commandment says, 'Honor your father and your mother;' but, at the same time, if I may venture to offer an observation, are there not such things as reciprocal duties—some which are even more paramount in a father than the mere begetting of a son?"

"What do you mean, sir, by these insolent remarks?" interrupted my father.

"Excuse me, my dear father, I may be wrong; but if so, I will bow to your superior judgment; but it does appear to me that the mere hanging me in a basket at the gate of the Foundling Hospital, and leaving me a bank-note of fifty pounds to educate and maintain me until the age of twenty-four, is not exactly all the duties incumbent upon a parent. If you think that they are, I am afraid that the world, as well as myself, will be of a different opinion. Not that I intend to make any complaint, as I feel assured that now circumstances have put it into your power, it is your intention to make me amends for leaving me so long in a state of destitution, and wholly dependent upon my own resources."

"You do, do you, sir? Well now, I'll tell you my resolution, which is, there is the door—go out, and never let me see your face again."

"My dear father, as I am convinced that this is only a little pleasantry on your part, or perhaps a mere trial whether I am possessed of the spirit and determination of a De Benyon, I shall of course, please you by not complying with your humorous request."

"Won't you, by G—d!" roared my father: then turning to his two native servants, he spoke to them in Hindostanee. They immediately walked to the door, threw it wide open, and then coming back to me, were about to take me by the ankles. I certainly felt my blood boil, but I recollected how necessary it was to keep my temper. I rose from my chair, and advancing to the side of the sofa, said,

"My dear father, as I do perceive that you do not require your crutches at this moment, you will not perhaps object to my taking one.—These foreign scoundrels must not be permitted to insult you through the person of your only son."

"Turn him out," roared my father.

The natives advanced, but I whirled the crutch round my head, and in a moment they were on their knees. As soon as they gained their feet, I attacked them again, until they made their escape out of the room; I then shut the door and turned the key.

"Thank you, my dear sir," said I, returning the crutch to where it was before. "Many thanks for thus permitting me to chastise the insolence of those black scoundrels, whom I take it for granted you will immediately discharge; and I again took my seat in the chair bringing it closer to him.

The page of the general was now beyond all bounds, the white foam was spluttering out of his mouth, as he vainly endeavored to find words. Once he actually rose from the sofa, to take the law in his own hands, but the effort seriously injured his leg, and he threw himself down in pain and disappointment.

"My dear father, I am afraid that in your anxiety to help me, you have hurt your leg again," said I, in a soothing voice.

"Arrah, sirrah," exclaimed he at last; "if you think that I do you are very much mistaken. You don't know me. You may turn out a couple of cowardly blacks, but now I'll show you that I am not to be played with. I discard you for ever—I disinherit—I disacknowledge you. You may take your choice, either to quit this room, or be put into the hands of the police."

"The police, my dear sir! What can the police do? I may call in the police for the assault just committed by your servants, and have them up to Bow street, but you cannot charge me with an assault."

"But, sir, G—, sir, true or not true?"

"Indeed you would not, my dear father, a De Benyon would never be guilty of a lie. Besides, if you were to call in the police? I wish to argue this matter coolly, because I ascribe your present little burst of ill-humor to your sufferings from your unfortunate accident. Allowing then, my dear father, that you were to charge me with an assault, I should immediately be under the necessity of charging you also, and then we must both go to Bow street together. The general made no reply, and I proceeded. "Take oath—bring Bible—kiss book, and so on."

"You then, as a quaker, have no objection to swear to the identity of this person."

"Swear!" cried Copagus, "Yes, swear—swear now—no Japhet!—I'm damned—go to hell, and so on."

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The other parties present could not help laughing at this explosion from Copagus, neither could I. Mr. Masterton then asked the general if he required any more proofs.

"No," replied the general discourteously, and speaking in Hindostanee to his attendants, they walked to the door and opened it. The hint was taken, Mr. Masterton saying to the others in an ironical tone, "After so long a separation, gentlemen, it must be natural that the general should wish to be left alone, that he may give vent to his paternal feelings." In the mean time, I was left standing in the middle of the room, the gentlemen departed, and the two native servants resumed their stations on each side of the sofa. I felt humiliated and indignant, but waited in silence: at last my honored parents, who had eyed me for some time, commenced.

"If you think, young man, to win my favor by your good looks, you are very much mistaken; you are too like your mother, whose memory is anything but agreeable."

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