

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA., MONDAY, MAY 1, 1887.

[VOL. 8—NO. 5.]

THE GABARD.

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

FROM THE FREDERICK HERALD. TO A SOLITARY FLOWER.

Say, beautiful flower,
Why bloom'st thou alone!
Nor hoar-frost that plains
Nor winter's cold train.
Thy delicate petals
Unused to the blast,
Must feel too its rudeness
And perish at last;
Nor think to be graven
On men's memory when dead
To the region of shadows
The home of the dead.
'Tis not in the nature
Of mortals below,
On beauty once faded
Thy boon to bestow,
But fled from the vision
As time rolls along,
'Twill cease to be cherished
In mem'ry or song.
Bloom on lovely, flower,
Bloom on for a while,
Exult for a moment
In autumn's faint smile,
But list me! the winter,
Dear winter will come,
And then with thy kindred
Thou'lt sleep in the tomb. P. L. J.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK. MADELINE.

Ducias.—But, my dear Margaret, my charming
Ducias, do you think we shall succeed?
Ducias.—I tell you again, I have no doubt on it;
but it must instantly be put to the trial.—*Sheridan.*
Rosalind.—What think you of falling in love?
Celia.—Marry, I prythee, do, to make sport withal.
[*Shakespeare.*]

The mask is off—the charm is wrought.—*Moore.*

An evening of beauty with the moonlight just
slipping upon the silvery raven, as the steamer
glided swiftly on the feathery foam that
broke round her bows, two gentlemen were pro-
mending the deck, arm in arm, ever and anon;
stopping as a low burst of merriment, and the mu-
sical tones of young voices from a gay group near
them, fell upon their ear. And as they passed
and repassed, more than once a pair of sparkling
black eyes was raised to the face of the taller of
the two, and instantly dropped again, whilst a smile
of arch meaning play upon a beautiful lip.

"You surely are not in earnest, my mad
cousin?" said one of the ladies, laughing. "I know
that romance had cast her bright mantle over you,
but was not aware that you would engage in any
such wild scheme."

"You will surely fall," rejoined another of
the party, with a laugh. "Be assured that Freder-
ick Leroy knows human nature too well to allow
even a light spell to be woven around him. He
entrances himself behind his dignity or haughti-
ness, or whatever you may please to term it, and is
colder when woman smiles than the snows of
Greenland. I know his character well, and warn
you, Madeline."

"I thank you for your warning, lady fair," re-
plied the beautiful and lively girl, with a gay smile.
"Were he ten times colder he shall, ere the winter
closes,

Read the knee at woman's shrine,
And call her lovely, fair, divine!"

"Now, Ellen, dear," addressing the first lady,
"you must not mar my project by telling it to your
sister, for she would infallibly betray me—
Let him think that his unsuspecting cousin,
Madeline Campbell, has become changed from the
artless girl of old into the listless fashionable belle.
It will only afford us more mirth. But, Emilie,"
she added, turning to her other companion, "re-
member that you are to play 'Celia' to my 'Rosal-
ind'; so my secret is safe with you."

"I am not sure, my fair coz," observed a young
gentleman, the only one of the party, and who
had been listening to the discourse in evident am-
usement, "that your own free heart may not be-
come entangled whilst you are spreading nets for
others."

"Now, cousin George, I thought you were too
much interested in your book to heed what we
were saying," cried Miss Campbell in a tone of
reproach. "You are the last person I would have
told it to, for I know your satirical disposition too
well. But we must now make you engage with
us to be sure of secrecy."

"No! no! I thank you," he replied laughing,
"I have no fancy for these plots and counterplots,
I choose to remain neutral, a spectator of the drama;
but pledge you the word of a true knight not to be-
tray you; and now having settled all the pro's and
con's of this mighty affair, will you walk the deck
with me?"

"Do you know who that beautiful girl is who
passed by now with George Murray?" asked Freder-
ick Leroy, the taller of the two gentlemen before
mentioned, of his friends, as, after replying to his
suggestion, they again leaned over the side of the boat,
watching the moonlit waves.

"It is Miss Campbell, a cousin of his, who is
to pass the winter in New York with Mrs. Eustace,
his sister. By the way, Leroy, you have a
letter of introduction to her husband. They were
married about a year ago, and live in much style.
She is an amiable, fine woman, and you will find
it a pleasant visiting-place, when wearied with the
cares of business or the heartlessness of fashion-
able life; for they will make it seem like home to
you with their gentle words and smiles of happi-
ness."

"You know, Lindsey, that I despise fashionable
life, and would rather wed a shrew than a mere
fashionable girl. Believe me, my friend, though
you laugh at my obsolete ideas of a wife, that they
are correct. When I choose, it must be one who
will make her husband's home to him the sunny
spot of earth. Her husband's heart the resting
place of all her young affections. I should not be
content to marry them with the world; and, al-
though I may place my standard of female perfec-
tion too high, still till I can find such an one, I
shall remain single."

"You are a strange fellow, Leroy; the same dream-

ing enthusiast you were in our boyhood, when you
so oft provoked our mirth by your odd fancies; but
though Charles Lindsey, your quondam friend,
approves your very wise decision, yet he must plead
guilty to the charge of being captivated by a pair
of the softest blue eyes that ever shone on man—
I met the lady at the Falls, but have never had
the honour of an introduction to her. Her name is
Emilie Spencer, as pretty a little fairy as ever
tripped to a gay measure. I hear that she, too, is
to be an inmate of Mr. Eustace's dwelling for the
next few months. I shall call as soon as I arrive
in New York. But look! Leroy, there is that
sparkling black-eyed Hourly passing us again; and,
as I live, the pretty Emilie with her. There is
Murray, too, standing alone, looking with his own
satirical smile upon the different groups as they
pass before him. I will make him introduce me.
Come, Fred, perhaps you may find your *beau ideal*
in your laughing girl!"

"She is too fashionable to suit my taste," an-
swered Leroy, in a tone of contempt. "One would
think she had some design in thus continually
crossing our path."

"And perhaps she has, Fred; your broad, intel-
lectual brow, raven eye, and commanding person,
have often won more than a passing glance from
beauty's eye. Beware, Leroy, there is a danger-
ous spell in the playful smile of that ruby lip;
and with a gay laugh Charles Lindsey left his
friend and joined Murray, who introduced him soon
to his own particular party, whilst Frederic Leroy,
wrapped in his mantle of coldness, stood by him-
self, dreaming his own wild dreams, until tired and
weary he sought his berth."

The sunlight was gilding every spire of the
"Great Emporium," when the "President" touch-
ed the wharf—and every one who has once pass-
ed through the ordeal, knows too well the Babel-
like confusion that reigns at such a time. Mrs.
Eustace's carriage was in waiting, and Charles
Lindsey was too busily engaged in attending to
Miss Spencer to think of his friend. Leroy threw
himself into a hackney coach, and two hours after,
Lindsey found him comfortably ensconced in one
of the most spacious and pleasant rooms in the
A—House, reading with the utmost composure
the papers of the day.

Madeline Campbell was the daughter of a mer-
chant of high respectability and wealth in the city
of ——. She was only child; and whilst her
fond parents gave her every accomplishment that
could charm and attract, they were careful to instil
into her young mind those principles which could
not fail to render her respected, and to correct a
somewhat hasty temper, until she became an amia-
ble, intelligent, and beautiful girl. She was, in-
deed, a gifted being; and her character was tinged
with a slight degree of romance that only served
to make it more interesting; whilst her playful,
lively disposition made her the idol of her father's
home, and of her large circle of friends. She was
fortune's favourite; and young and old, rich and
poor, always had a smile and kind word for Madeline.
Mrs. Eustace had been her playmate from
infancy, and when she married Mr. Henry Eustace,
of New York, a widower with one sweet lit-
tle girl, she claimed a promise from Mr. and Mrs.
Campbell, that her cousin should pass a winter
with her. At the time the story commences, she
was returning from a visit to them, accompanied
by Madeline and Emilie Spencer, another childish
friend. While on board the boat, they were attract-
ed by the manly beauty, and haughty mien of
Frederic Leroy, and making inquiries of their male
companions, found that he was a young gentleman
who had been some years abroad, immensely rich,
talented; but with a most sovereign indifference
towards the whole female sex. Madeline was amu-
sed by the picture drawn of him by her satirical
relative, and immediately made a playful bet with
her cousin that she would compel him, ere the
winter was over, to surrender his proud heart at
discretion. It was an undertaking just suited to
her romantic mind. And she claimed a promise
of secrecy from her friends, whilst she prepared to
personate a gay, dashing belle—a character above
all others, for which Frederic Leroy had the great-
est horror.

"Leroy, my dear fellow, remember three o'clock,"
exclaimed Mr. Eustace, as Frederic was leaving
his counting-room. "I am impatient to introduce
you to my wife. She would just suit you, for she
is the very personification of quiet happiness; and
then I am egotist enough to wish you to see my
beautiful child, with her shining ringlets and soft
gazelle-like eyes."

"I will certainly come," replied Leroy, with his
hand upon the brass knob of the door, "and thank
you for your cordial invitation," his eye resting upon
Mr. Eustace's face, which was lit up with all a
husband and a father's feeling. "Such open hos-
pitality makes me forget that I am in the stranger
land."

"But stay, I forgot to mention a great attraction.
Mrs. Eustace has two young friends with her.—
One is her cousin, a lively, gifted girl, though I
find her somewhat metamorphosed since we last
met; and that pretty little, blue-eyed fairy, Miss
Spencer. They will make your visit rather more
gay."

"The society of a belle can never enhance the
pleasure of a visit to me," coldly replied Leroy.—
"But certainly shall wait upon you," and bowing
low, he wished him good morning.

It wanted just a quarter to three when Frederic
rang at the door of Mr. Eustace's handsome man-
sion in one of the most fashionable streets of New
York. The servant ushered him into the drawing-
room, and a scene of domestic happiness was pre-
sented to his view. His eye just glanced upon the
splendid carpets, the rich draperies of the win-
dows, the mirrors, pictures, all that wealth could
collect around her favoured children, and then be-
came riveted upon the group that was clustered
around the glowing grate. Mr. Eustace was re-
clining, with a brow free from care, upon one of
the couches, that was drawn for comfort near the
fire. His young wife was bending over his should-
er, with a smile lighting up her countenance,
as she stooped to the kiss that his little girl, a sweet
and lovely child, who was busily dressing her wax-
en doll, proffered to her.

George Murray was quietly reading, though once
or twice he laid his book down, in order to tease
the little Clara, who only replied with the glad-
hearted, ringing laugh of childhood. Emilie Spen-
cer was engaged in forming some pretty plaything
for her young favourite.

On her cheek the rose
Burnt like a fossil lamp; the sunniest smiles
Wander'd upon her face.

And Leroy found an excuse for his friend Lindsey
in her exceeding loveliness.

He was welcomed by Mr. Eustace and his gen-
tle wife with so much unostentatious kindness that
he soon felt at home with them, and was engaged
in an animated conversation with Miss Spencer
and Murray, that was calculated to unfold to them
the stores of his richly-gifted mind, when they were
summoned to the dining room.

"Where can Madeline be?" asked Mr. Eustace
of his wife, as they seated themselves at table.—
"I believe our gay city has turned her head, for
she forgets all old established customs, and is gov-
erned by the fashionable fad of ever being punctu-
al."

"She has but just donned the novice's costume,"
replied his wife, laughing, "and, therefore, there
is excuse to be made for her. Emilie, my dear,
when did you last see her?"

"About two hours ago," answered Miss Spen-
cer, with an arch smile, "deep in discussion with
Mrs. W.—, and wavered between the compara-
tive merits of a pink hat with drooping plumes,
and a white one with none at all."

At this moment a light step was heard, and ra-
diant in beauty, Madeline Campbell entered. She
went through the ceremony of introduction with
the utmost ease and grace, and seating herself near
Mrs. Eustace with an air of affected languor, ex-
claimed,—

"This horrid shopping! 'tis enough to weary
one to death. I went into a dozen stores before I
could suit myself, and now I have chosen such an
unbecoming silk that I don't believe I shall put it
on. By the way, Ellen, I met Henry Constant
to-day; what superb eyes he has! Merely you
have all done dinner, whilst I am talking. I wish,
Ellen, you would dine at four instead of three."

"And lose my husband's society by the means,"
said Mrs. Eustace: "no, I thank you, my dear, I
am not a fashionist."

"Well, I am—and should be miserable if I could
not stand upon the highest pinnacle of the temple
where the Goddess presides."

Frederic Leroy gazed upon her beautiful face
whilst she uttered this speech. So young—so
lovely—said he to himself—can the world have
already reared its shrine in that heart! Forbid it
heaven! and he turned with a sigh to the meek,
quiet beauty of Mrs. Eustace.

Her was a character that pleased him. He saw
her affectionate demeanor towards her husband,
and heard her tender words of endearment to his
child. He noticed the mingled look of love and
respect with which the domestic regarded her,
and felt that such a woman must make his home
a blessed spot.

In the evening their circle was augmented by
the addition of Lindsey and two other gentlemen,
and Madeline was urged to sing. Her voice was
both powerful and sweet, and her eyes strains
touched more than one heart. But she soon vacat-
ed her seat at the piano in favour of Miss Spen-
cer. Those who entranced, had listened

"When the dice of song
From beauty's lip was flowing,"
and offered the homage and admiration that was
evidently expected by her who touched the keys
with such unrivalled skill, felt that there was some-
thing more touching in the simple, plaintive ballad
that Emilie sung with so much feeling. Madeline
played the bells to perfection, and by the extreme
fascination of her manner, and the gift of such
sparkling beauty, she succeeded in her design of
fixing Leroy's attention upon herself. He thought
he was safe in thus trifling with one, who was so
evidently a votary of fashion, and of course, heart-
less. But as he left the house, he inwardly mur-
mured, "so transcendently beautiful! oh! why is
not her mind and disposition equally lovely! She is
like one of the beings of my early dreams, and
dreams are never realized!"

With her dark hair unbound and floating over
her shoulders, her raven eye lighted up with merriment,
and discretion. It was an undertaking just suited to
her romantic mind. And she claimed a promise
of secrecy from her friends, whilst she prepared to
personate a gay, dashing belle—a character above
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cer was engaged in forming some pretty plaything
for her young favourite.

On her cheek the rose
Burnt like a fossil lamp; the sunniest smiles
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ed at her shrine, he felt she was incapable of such
love as he coveted.

"Lindsey, my dear fellow, your face is the very
picture of joy. Where have you been sentiment-
alizing all the morning! but I need not ask. Has
fate been propitious?"

"Most kind," replied Lindsey with a smile.—
"I availed myself of Mrs. Eustace's absence, and
ventured a confession. Emilie's heart is my
own."

"I give you joy; she is a sweet creature, who
has yielded up to you her wealth of young affec-
tions; and you, my friend, will consider it a sacred
deposit. Her witching smile will be as sunlight
in your path."

[To be continued.]

VARIETY.

The following beautiful lines were written on
receiving a copy of the Chambersburgh "Week-
ly Messenger," Edited by Rev. Mr. SCHAECK,
formerly of this place.

TO THE "MESSENGER."

Welcome to the weary breast,
Messenger of Peace,
Bidding care's wild billows cease,
And worldly sorrows cease—
Bidding bleeding hearts like mine,
Seek the balsam from above;
Bearing from the Fount Divine,
Messenger of Love.

This poor heart has fondly clung
To many an earthly joy,
Then with bitter anguish wrung,
Mourn'd o'er the broken toy.
I have watch'd the budding flower
And fondly hop'd to see it bloom,
But the storm, the frost, or shower,
Has ever laid it low.

I have lent a willing ear
To Hope's delusive strain;
And shed full many a bitter tear
To find her promise vain.
I have sought perennial flow'rs
Along life's painful thorny way;
And mourn'd beneath the rilled bow'rs
To see them fall away—

I have learn'd what restless things
Earth's joys and treasures are;
Seen them spread their phantom wings,
And vanish into air,
All the loves, and joys of earth,
As like the bubbles on the stream;
All its honor, fame, and mirth,
The meteor's fitting gleam.

Welcome then, fair Messenger,
Of more substantial bliss;
Pointing to a holier,
And happier world than this;
Speak thy Message near and far,
That Christ will give the weary rest;
Show the beams of Bethlehem's Star,
To the benighted breast.

LIBERTY, PA. LYDIA JANE.

SOMETHING ABOUT KISSING.
Mr. Pickwick bowed low to the ladies, and not-
withstanding the solicitation of the family, left
the room with his friends. "Get your hat, Sam,"
said Mr. Pickwick. "It's below stairs, Sir," said Sam,
and he ran down after it. Now there was nobody
in the kitchen but the pretty housemaid, and
Sam's hat was mislaid; he had to look for it, and
the pretty housemaid lighted him. They had to
look all over the place for the hat, and the pretty
housemaid, in her anxiety to find it, went down
on her knees and turned over all the things that
were heaped together in a little corner by the
door. It was an awkward corner. You couldn't
get it at without shutting the door first. "Here it
is," said the pretty housemaid. "This is it,
sir!" "Let me look," said Sam. The pret-
ty housemaid had stooped the candle on the floor,
and as it gave a dim light, Sam was obliged to go
down on his knees before he could see whether it
was really his own hat or not. It was a remark-
ably small corner, and so it was nobody's fault
but the man's who built the house—Sam and the
pretty housemaid were necessarily very close to-
gether.

"Yes, this is it," said Sam. "Good-bye—good
bye," said the pretty housemaid. "Good-bye,"
said Sam, and as he said it, he dropped the hat
that had cost so much trouble looking for. "How
awkward you are," said the pretty housemaid.—
"You'll lose it again, if you don't take care."
—So just to prevent his losing it again, she put
it on for him. Whether it was that the pret-
ty housemaid's face looked prettier still, when it
was raised towards Sam's, or whether it was the
accidental consequence of their being so near each
other, is a matter of uncertainty to this day; but
Sam kissed her.—"You don't mean to say you
did that on purpose?" said the pretty housemaid,
blushing. "No, I didn't," said Sam—but
I will now!" So he kissed her again. "Sam,"
said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the banisters.—
"Coming, sir, replied Sam, running up stairs.—
"How long you have been!" said Mr. Pickwick.
"There was something behind the door, sir, which
prevented our getting it open, for ever so long,"
replied Sam.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing
which goes so far towards placing young people
beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the
arrangement of their domestic affairs. It is as
much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic,
with a half a dozen butts started, or as many
bolt holes in her bottom, as to conduct the con-
cerns of a family without economy. It matters
not; whether a man furnishes little or much for his
family, if there is a continual leakage in the kit-
chen or in the parlor; it runs away, he knows not
how, and demon, Waste, cries more, like the horse-
leech's daughter, until he that provides has no
more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring
into the house and it is the duty of the wife to see
that nothing goes wrongly out of it; not the least
article, however unimportant in itself, for it es-
tablishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for
it opens the door for ruin to stalk in! A man gets
a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him
in his journey through life. The husband's inter-
ests should be the wife's care and her greatest am-
bition carry her no further than his welfare and
happiness, together with that of her children.—
This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of ex-
ploits, of the bosom of her family, where she may
do as much towards making a fortune, as he pos-

sibly can do in the counting-room or workshop.—
It is not the money earned that makes a man
wealthy; it is what is saved from his earnings.—
A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of
the fruits of his labor with his best friend—and if
that friend be not true to him, what has he to
hope; if he dare not place confidence in the com-
panion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A
wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent
of many she loves, and she is bound to act for
their good and not for her own gratification. Her
husband's good is the end at which she should
aim—his approbation is her reward. Self-grati-
fication in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more
company than his purse can well entertain, are
equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to ex-
travagance—the second fastens a doctor's bill to a
long butcher's account, and the latter brings in-
temperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

From the National Intelligencer.

Junius in the United States.

Observing in the last number of the New
York Albion, that the Scotch newspapers are
reviving the inquiry respecting the
identity of "Junius," and are pointing to
this country as the probable depository of
some evidence that bears upon it, I employ
a moment's leisure to explain more fully not
only the nature of the evidence, but the
degree of importance which may be attached
to it.

In 1827, Dr. BREWSTER, now Sir DAVID,
showed to a gentleman, now in this country,
some of the literary correspondence which
his father-in-law, the celebrated OSMAN
MACPHERSON, as he is called, had had with
various distinguished individuals. Amongst
the rest were letters signed LACHLAN Mc-
LEAN. These were generally written with
much vigor of style. The metaphors and
figures in which they abounded were always
forcible, and often quite remarkable for their
beauty. Sir DAVID pointed out several
passages which had struck him, both in
their structure and language, as being al-
most identical with others found in the let-
ters of Junius; and what gave greater in-
terest to this similarity was, that the hand-
writing bore an equally singular resem-
blance to the fac similes of the MSS. of
Junius, as published in Woodfall's edition.

Having communicated the impression
these letters had made upon him, one of his
friends pointed out to him a passage in
Gait's Life of West, which greatly excited
his inclination to investigate the affair.—
From this passage it appeared that Govern-
or HAMILTON, of Pennsylvania, calling upon
West, the painter, one morning in Lon-
don, West showed him the attack upon the
King, which had that morning appeared in
Woodfall's newspaper. On reading it,
Hamilton exclaimed that he knew the au-
thor; that certain passages and epigrammatic
expressions in it he had seen before, and
that the author was that scoundrel Lach-
lan McLean, who once resided in Philadel-
phia, and who had at that time made a vio-
lent attack upon him, then Governor of the
State of Pennsylvania, in a Philadelphia pa-
per.

This circumstance had induced Sir DA-
VID to inquire what had been the ostensible
existence and movements of LACHLAN Mc-
LEAN during that period embraced by the
letters of Junius, and the result upon his
mind was almost equal to conviction that
McLean was the author of those letters.—
That he was a powerful writer, and that he
wrote in the style of Junius, he had suf-
ficient proofs in his own possession. Then
there were the remarkable facts, that he
had been under-Secretary of State to Lord
Shelburne, had been sent on a lucrative mis-
sion to India, at the very period Junius an-
nounces his own retirement, and had perished
on a second voyage to India, in the Swallow
Packet, together with probably some
written evidences, that had he died
a natural death, might have ere this cleared
up the suspicion; for, after all, it is but a
suspicion, and was so regarded by others at
the time, especially Sir Walter Scott, Lord
Minto, and Mr. Jeffrey, to whom the gen-
tleman, that Sir David had shown Macpher-
son's correspondence to, had mentioned the
affair; and they, after seeing the letters of
Lachlan McLean, concurred in opinion
that Sir David was on a wrong scent.—
This opinion, too, was expressed in such a
decided manner as to awaken a thought
in the gentleman's mind that they were
among the initiated few who knew who was
the author of the letters of Junius.

It was agreed, however, on all hands, that
on the return of this person to America, he
should make some inquiries in Philadelphia
about Lachlan McLean, and the newspaper
attacks upon Governor Hamilton. This
was infructuously done. Assisted by others,
all the accessible files of the newspapers
published during the government of Hamil-
ton were examined, and nothing was found.
Some information, however, respecting
Lachlan McLean, was collected: the late
Bishop White, then a boy at school, re-
membered him. He was an Irishman, and
a Surgeon in the Army, and kept a small
apothecary's shop near Second street and
Market. Some officer in Orway's regi-
ment had given offence to one of the citi-
zens, and Governor Hamilton espoused the
cause of the citizen. This drew forth the
keen pen of McLean, who defended the of-
ficer, and was very severe on the Govern-
or. It was an affair which created much excite-
ment in Philadelphia. It is barely possible
that some light may be thrown on the sub-
ject, if the descendants of Governor Hamil-
ton would examine the papers they have
preserved, and which once were very nu-
merous.

After the affair with Hamilton, he return-
ed to England, became the intimate of Burke
and other literary men of the day. About
this time, (1771,) he wrote a defence of the
Ministry, which is not extant, unless some
copy has been preserved in the United
States. It was on the subject of the Falk-

land Isles. In 1772, Lord North gave him
the collectorship of the port of Philadelphia,
when he came out again. He returned to
England in 1773. It deserves attention,
that during this interval Junius did not
write.

HON. LEWIS CLAY, now Ambassador at
Paris, has addressed the public in the
columns of the Washington Globe in vindica-
tion of his conduct as Secretary of War
from the blame of the failure of the first
Seminoles campaign. Some part of it is
very satisfactory; but, as we have not been
among the accusers of the Ex-Secretary,
we do not feel called upon to publish his
defence.

By the way, the United States Gazette
has a good idea with regard to this Sem-
inole business. Gen. Scott was first trium-
phantly acquitted of all blame; then Gen.
Gaines; now Secretary Cass absolves him-
self. Who is the Jonah? The Gazette
suggests that it must be Orelia, and that he
ought to be Court Married—after we
have caught him! We second the motion.
[New Yorker.]

"FREE DISCUSSION."—This is the title
of an excellent Anti-Slavery paper, pub-
lished at New Lisbon, Ohio. Though his
name does not appear in it, we presume
our old friend, AMOS GILBERT, stands at the
editorial helm.

They have an Anti Slavery Society also,
at that place, of which another "old friend"
of ours, JACOB JANNEY, formerly of Wash-
ington City, is the President. At a meeting
of this Society, on the 25th ult. the follow-
ing resolutions were passed. When our
southern friends find themselves in situations
where they dare speak their sentiments,
they speak plainly.—
Resolved, That we consider the right of
petition is guaranteed to every man by the
God of nature, whether he be free or not,
and that no government has the power to de-
prive him of this right.
Resolved, That John Q. Adams, for the
noble stand which he took, and so ably main-
tained against the effort to prostrate the
right of petition during the last session of
congress, merits the gratitude of the friends
of liberty.

Resolved, That in pursuing the slave
trade, if they (the slaves) be carried on the
high seas, the highway of nations, they
are entitled to freedom by the law of na-
tions.—National Enquirer.

JACKSON MEASURES OF RELIEF.—The
Boston Morning Post and the Washington
Globe.—The concerted wisdom of these two
enlighteners of politics and finance are put
forth in an article on the Times, published
in the former, and transferred to the col-
umns of the latter, in which, after various
measures of retrenchment and reform in
expenditures are pointed out, we come to the
following, as regards the staff of life.—
Speaking of flour—"We know a family
that formerly used a barrel in six weeks,
that have made the same quantity last eight
weeks since the high price of that article."
We must deny ourselves the usual food;
diminish what we eat one-third; give up a
meal a day—but find no fault with the Ad-
ministration. We shall next have the
Curfew Bell directing us to put out fires,
and go to bed by order of Government.

Among the failures at New Orleans are,
N. & J. Dick; Bullet, Ship & Co; Wilcox
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