

# 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.]

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## THE GABBARD.

"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care."

## MUSIC AT A DEATH BED.

BY JULIE H. LEWIS. (AGED 14 YEARS.)

Oh! sing to me sweet sister, sing  
The song I lov'd to hear,  
And when I'm gone, oh sing it still  
And think I'm lingering near.

Oh! let me hear before I leave  
This world for yonder skies,  
The trembling tones of thy rich voice,  
On sighing zephyrs rise.

Oh! whilst we've watch'd the weary sun,  
Behind the mountains hide,  
Casting his soft, and parting light  
On SUSQUEHANNA'S tide.

And standing by our mother's side,  
Or by our father's knee,  
That song has risen on the breeze;  
Oh! sing it now for me—

In fancy then will rise the scenes  
Of my lov'd childhood's home;  
Again I'll pluck my favorite flowers,  
And through my lov'd haunts roam.

The forms of those in childhood dear,  
Before me I shall see,  
And present sorrow 'll be forgot;  
Then sing that song for me.

The deep rich tones so sweetly rose  
Upon the evening air;  
They seem'd to stay the hand of death,  
And angels linger'd there.

The song now ceas'd—the wall of grief  
Succeeded that sweet lay;  
For, with the lov'd and dying strains  
HER SPIRIT PASS'D AWAY.

## THE DEPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

## BLANCHE OF PARIS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SEVENTH.

One of the most accomplished cavaliers who flourished at the court of Charles the Seventh, King of France, was the Duke de Chateau Rosier. The fame of his name had penetrated all parts of his native country, and was acknowledged even by the stern Britons, whose haughty valor was then signified by a successful invasion of la belle France. The Duke de Chateau Rosier had wedded the fair Marguerite de Valence, whose beauty he had long proclaimed peerless, and sustained his gallant avowal, whenever lances were splintered and swords hacked in the tilting-ring. But he was a fickle lover, and after wedding the lady of his choice, his affection grew a little colder. This was not an unusual occurrence in the days of Charles the Seventh, and is sometimes noticed even now. Gay, volatile and gallant, the young duke lived but for the pursuit of pleasure, and though his temperament rarely hurried him into a criminal excess, it prompted him to seek amusement, *coute que coute*. It happened unfortunately for the duchess of Chateau Rosier, that her husband had promised an old comrade on his death-bed, to watch over his surviving daughter, Lady Blanche, called for her pale and pearly beauty, *Lys-des-champs*. As this fair damsel was not received beneath his roof, the young duke was constrained to make her frequent visits at her late father's mansion, where under the guardianship of a staid old duenna, the *Lys-des-champs* seemed determined to live in monastic seclusion, unknown and unknowing of the world. Paris, however, was the last place in the universe where a lady could reside unhonored, and accordingly knight and minstrel sang the praises and proclaimed the beauty of the peerless Lady Blanche. Once to have heard any lady save Marguerite de Valence styled the peerless, would have raised the gorge of the Duke de Chateau Rosier; but now he listened to the exaggerated encomiums heaped upon the Lady Blanche, not only with perfect nonchalance, but even with delight. In her presence he trifled hourly with his wife, and Blanche endured his society, partly because he was the friend of her father, and partly because he kept at a distance the giddy courtiers whose glances annoyed her. In the midst of this unworthy kissing the duke received a summons to join the banners of Charles the Seventh, then displayed against the English in the north. He briefly acquainted the duchess of the necessity of a speedy departure, while his trumpets blew to horse and saddle in the courtyard.

"Farewell!" said the duchess, wiping a tear from her eyes as she spoke; "farewell, brave of heart, stout of hand! Do thy devoir against these fierce invaders, for the honor of thy lady la belle France. And stay! you are a married man; but still let my color and my favor shine on thy lofty helmet."

She detached a scarf of blue and silver from her bosom, and gave it to the duke as she embraced him. The knight received it with an air of professed respect and perfect indifference, politely enough took leave of the duchess, and hurried the air of a prophetic song, as he descended the great marble staircase that led from the hall to the courtyard.

"A benison for thy gift!" murmured the duke to himself. "But Henry of Chateau Rosier wears the favor of another dame." As he thus soliloquized, he drew forth a small white glove, placed on a single silver lily was embroidered, and placed on the crest of his helmet. Moulding his strong war-horse, that he found foaming and pawing the pavement in the courtyard, he rode out into the streets of Paris, where, taking an unfrequented route, he sought the dwelling of the Lady Blanche. In those remote times, they had not discovered the method of being "not at home," to an unwelcome visitor, and so poor Lady Blanche was forced to give an audience to the Duke. She endeavored to keep her old duenna by her side; but that worthy old dame refused to understand the signals of her mistress, and, being in the interest of the errand cavalier, made some excuse for leaving him alone with Blanche.

"To what, my lord," said Blanche, "am I to attribute a visit at this early and unreasonable hour, and why do you come wearing in a garb so unfitting for a lady's bower, a shining corset of Milan steel, instead of doublet of Venetian velvet?"

"Alas! fair lady!" answered the duke, "the warrior and corset must now be familiar to the

dames of France, and happy they if they do not see the steel of Englishmen gleaming in their bowers. I am for the wars, and therefore wear my coat of proof. This must be my apology for taking leave of you in harness."

"Say no more, my lord," said Lady Blanche. "Though I dislike to see noble knights arm themselves for the tournament, prepared to deface the image of their Maker, under pretence of honoring their mistresses, still I can view the departure of the chivalry of France to battle for their country, with feelings of unmingled pleasure. Methinks the helmet of the knight sits with a loftier grace upon his brow when he rides forth in such a cause. Go then, my lord—hasten to join the standard of our royal Charles, and believe, that while your sword is carrying destruction to the ranks of the invaders, Blanche of Paris is kneeling to Notre Dame, and praying the blessed virgin to extend her spotless shield before you."

Blanche had risen as she spoke; a divine light beamed from her bright blue eyes, the rose-tint deepened on her cheek, and the animation of her gestures shook her long, clustering curls of gold upon her peerless brow.

"Beautiful girl!" exclaimed the Duke, "you are the noble enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans.—Hear me proffer on my knee the homage—"

"Rise, my lord!" cried Lady Blanche. "This language I have once before forbidden. It is unworthy of yourself—insulting to me! What! do you forget that you are a husband and a father? When I listen with attention to your shameless suit, may the avenging fires of heaven strike me dead!"

"Ha!" cried the Duke, rising, and muttering to himself—she preaches rarely. My Carmelite confessor could hardly give more ghostly counsel. By our lady, there must be more in this than meets the eye. She has some other lover. I'll delay my departure till to-morrow, lying *perdue* in the meanwhile, and try to discover whom this proud girl loves *par complot*. If Lady Blanche is but as other dames of the court, all Paris shall ring with the tale. Henri de Chateau Rosier is not lightly scorned."

With an air of deep respect, the knight raised the fair hand of the offended Blanche to his lips, and took his leave of her. From her presence he went to seek his friend and companion in arms, the Chevalier St. Armand de Montluc. Meanwhile, the old duenna of poor Blanche, who only favored the Duke de Chateau de Rosier for the sake of his money, had told to the unhappy duchess the secret of her husband's infidelity. To return, however, to the duke.

"St. Armand," said the duke, when the two knight-companions met, "show art my tried and trusty friend?"

"I thank your grace for the confidence," replied St. Armand. "Sir Dames and Sir Pythias, of whom our troubadours tell the story in their jingling ballads, were not, I think, more faithful to each other. If my poor sword clef the crown of the catfish, who was swinging an axe above thy helm at Pont de Navarre, it was thy good lance that saved my life at Barreac."

"I come to ask a favor of thee, St. Armand." "Twenty, on my please. My heart and hand, sword and lance, are at your service."

found that his antagonist supplied his deficiency in strength and size, by employing consummate adroitness and activity. He avoided a tremendous blow of the cavalier by leaping to one side, and repaid it with interest by a severe cut on the sword-arm of his adversary. At the moment of receiving this disabling wound, the cavalier's foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. The sword of the youth was instantly at his throat.

"Yield thee!" cried the conqueror, "or, by the stainless Notre Dame de Paris, I will slay thee on the spot!"

"I am vanquished," said the fallen knight, "and my life is in thy hands!"

"I spare it!" cried the stranger youth, sheathing his sword, and permitting the cavalier to rise. "Resume the sword you wield so well. Go to your friend, St. Armand, and tell him that his rival bears testimony to the courage of his sentinel. You perceive that you are known. Adieu!"

The cavalier wound his mantle round his injured arm, returned his blade to the scabbard, and left the scene of his discomfiture with a slow and feeble step. The youth smiled at his good fortune, then, tapping a wicket in the iron-bound door, whispered the pass-word, *l'amour des dames*, and was admitted. The treacherous duenna conducted the youth up the lordly staircase, and ushered him into a spacious apartment, where, seated in a rich arm-chair, with her head resting pensively upon her hand, the Lady Blanche appeared wrapped in a painful reverie. The sight of a stranger recalled her to her senses, and with an indignant glance at duenna, she exclaimed:

"What means this, Ursula? Is there a conspiracy to rob me of my rest and name? This morning you admitted an unwelcome visitor, and tonight I am again intruded on. Begone, sir, or I summon those on whose protection I can rely."

"Beautiful maiden," said the stranger, in a sneering tone, removing his steel casque, and bowing with great ceremony—"thy feeble voice would vainly shriek for aid. Know that this aged seneschal has drunk so deep of malvoisie, he would not wake, although the bandog Bedford, and all his crew of English mastiffs, were howling at the gates. As for three other varlets, their drink was drugged by the pottinger, and their leaden sleep is like the sleep of death. Thy sentinel I wounded in the street; this aged dame is more at my command than thine. I speak the truth, fair Blanche of Paris—thy fame is in my hands. Ay, wring thy hands, sweet *Lys-des-champs*—in nothing it avail thee. Ursula! begone!"

"Stay!" exclaimed the Lady Blanche; "stay, Ursula! I conjure—I command you!"

"Nay, nay," muttered the old crone, "I am old and a-weary. The young and the fair may keep vigil together—but Ursula is past her days of folly. I'll to bed—to bed—to bed; and, muttering to herself, the wrinkled hag hobbled away."

"Now, Saint Mary be my succor!" cried the deserted maiden, sinking into a chair.

"Fair damsel," said the youth approaching, "why this terror? I do not speak in vanity, but of a truth, fair ladies have not often looked with fear upon my countenance." So saying, he shook the dark curls from his brow, and cast a self-satisfied glance at a huge mirror of polished steel, on each side of which burned a great wax torch in a silver sconce. Drawing nearer to the lady, he attempted to possess himself of her hand, but she angrily withdrew it.

"Surely," answered the duke, in a more respectful, but less determined tone than he had previously used; "they are the features of Sir Huon de Baisanceur, page to our sovereign liege, the king."

"Ay—you know me now," said Huon. "Believe me, duke, no lover ever longed to embrace his mistress with half the eagerness that I have sought this meeting. From the Lady Blanche I never should have known her wrongs—but the hag who guards her hath some sense of honor. Hardly could I bring myself to credit the tale of Ursula—hardly could I think that Henri de Chateau Rosier, the renowned and fortunate, honored by his sovereign, beloved by his lady, could meditate the ruin of an orphan girl. Your presence here brings damning evidence."

"Ursula! hag! wretch!" muttered the duke to himself. "She must be the very incarnate spirit of mischief. What else could have impelled her to embroil us all. But I will incarcerate her in the lowest dungeon of Chateauon in Languedoc, where toads and serpents as venomous as herself, shall be her sole companions."

"Is your grace deliberating whether to accept my challenge or not?" inquired Huon, sneeringly, playing with a mailed glove which he had drawn from his hand.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the duke. "Thy blood be oh thy head!"

Actuated by ungovernable fury, and forgetful of the hour and place, they drew their swords and commenced a desperate combat, in which the Duke de Chateau Rosier, perhaps depressed by the consciousness of a bad cause, or rendered rash by rage was foiled by the consummate skill and determined resolution of his adversary. Sir Huon had him at a disadvantage, and would probably have slain him, had there not arisen at this critical instant, the loud shriek of a woman in distress, followed by the rustling of silk and the clang of armor. Blanche of Paris and her male companion, the former in tears, and the latter with his sword drawn, rushed into the hall. Blanche sprung to the victorious knight, and clung convulsively to his sword arm, while the stranger youth rushing between the combatants, struck up their swords, and fiercely cried:

"Hold, Huon! wouldst thou slay the Duke? And thou, Henri, hast thou no nobler employment than brawling in a lady's dwelling? Shame on ye both! Return your swords till Charles the Seventh bids ye draw them in your country's cause. Sheath your blades, I say!"

"Under your favor, no!" replied Huon; "or not until an explanation—oh, Blanche! Blanche! I did believe thee true. Had an angel whispered aught against thee, I would have closed mine ears against the tale. Farewell, poor Blanche! Henceforth I couch no lance for lady's honor. As for you, dastard!" he added, turning sternly on the stranger youth, "where lies my gauntlet! Take it up and follow forth!"

"Ere the youth could make reply, the duke had interposed."

"Pardon me," said he, his haughty air contradicting the courtesy of his words, "but this quarrel belongs to me. I swore to the father of Blanche upon his death-bed, that I would guard her honor with my sword and life. Wo is me! her beauty made me, for a time, forget my vow. But if penance and offerings made can expiate my crime, nor scourge nor treasure shall be spared.—Blanche of Paris, thou hast wronged thy father's memory; but the author of thy guilt shall rue in blood the ruin he has made."

## CONGRESSIONAL.

### Extracts from Mr. Clay's Speech On the Sub-Treasury Bill, IN U. S. SENATE, SEPT. 25, 1837.

Mr. CLAY commenced by observing that feeling an anxious desire to see some effectual plan presented to correct the disorders in the currency, and restore the prosperity of the country, he had avoided precipitating himself into the debate now in progress, that he might attentively examine every remedy that should be proposed, and impartially weigh every consideration urged in its support. No period had ever existed in this country, in which the future was covered by a darker, denser, or more impenetrable gloom. None, in which the duty was so imperative to discard all passion and prejudice, all party ties and previous bias, and look exclusively to the good of our afflicted country. In one respect—and he thought it a fortunate one—our present difficulties are distinguishable from former domestic troubles, and that is their universality. They are felt, it is true, in different degrees, but they reach every section, every state, every interest, and almost every man in the Union. All feel, see, hear, know their existence. As they do not array, like our former divisions, one portion of the Confederacy against another, it is to be hoped that common sufferings may lead to common sympathies and common counsels, and that we shall, at no distant day, be able to see a clear way of deliverance. If the present state of the country were produced by the fault of the people; if it proceeded from their wasteful extravagance and their indulgence of a reckless spirit of ruinous speculation; if public measures had no agency whatever in bringing it about, it would nevertheless be the duty of Government to exert all its energies and to employ all its legitimate powers to devise an efficacious remedy. But if our present deplorable condition has sprung from our rulers; if it is to be clearly traced to their acts and operations, that duty becomes infinitely more obligatory; and government would be faithless to the highest and most solemn of human trusts should it neglect to perform it. And is it not too true that the evils which surround us are to be ascribed to those who have had the conduct of our public affairs?

In glancing at the past (continued Mr. C.) nothing can be further from my intention than to excite angry feelings or to find ground for reproach. It would be far more congenial to my wishes that, on this occasion, we should forget all former unhappy divisions and animosities. But, in order to discover how to get out of our difficulties, we must ascertain, if we can, how we got into them.

Prior to that series of unfortunate measures which had for its object the overthrow of the Bank of the United States, and the discontinuance of its fiscal agency for the Government, no people upon earth ever enjoyed a better currency, or had exchanges better regulated, than the People of the U. States. Our monetary system appeared to have attained as great perfection as anything human can possibly reach. The combination of United States and local banks presented a true image of our system of General and State Governments, and worked quite as well. Not only within the country had we a local and a general currency perfectly sound, but in whatever quarter of the globe American commerce had penetrated, there also did the bills of the Bank of the United States command unbounded credit and confidence. Now we are in danger of having fixed upon us, indefinitely as to time, that medium—an irredeemable paper currency, which, by the universal consent of the commercial world, is regarded as the worst.

How has this reverse come upon us? Can it be doubted that it is the result of these measures to which I have adverted? When at the very moment of adopting them, the very consequences which have happened were foretold as inevitable, is it necessary to look elsewhere for their cause? Never was prediction more distinctly made; never was fulfillment more literal and exact.

Whatever of embarrassment Europe has recently experienced may be satisfactorily explained by its trade and connections with the United States. The degree of embarrassment has been marked, in the commercial countries there, by the degree of their connexion with the United States. All, or almost all, the great failures in Europe have been of houses engaged in the American trade. Great Britain, which as the Message justly observes, maintains the closest relations with us, has suffered most; France next, and so on, in the order of their greater or less commercial intercourse with us.—Most truly was it said by the Senator from Georgia, that the recent embarrassments of Europe were the embarrassments of a creditor, from whom payment was withheld by the debtor, and from whom the precious metals have been unnecessarily withdrawn by the policy of the same debtor.

Since the intensity of suffering, and the disastrous state of things in this country have far transcended any thing that has occurred in Europe, we must look here for some peculiar and more potent causes than any which have been in operation there.—They are to be found in that series of measures to which I have already adverted.

1st. The veto of the Bank.

2d. The removal of the deposits, with the urgent injunction of Secretary Taney upon the Banks to enlarge their accommodations.

3d. The gold bill, and the demand of gold for the foreign indemnities.

4th. The clumsy execution of the deposit law; and

5th. The Treasury order of July, 1836.

of those measures to show that the actual condition of the country, the wild speculations which had risen to their height, when they began to be checked by the operations of the local banks necessary to meet the deposit law of June, 1836, the suspension of specie payments, and the consequent disorder in the currency, commerce, and the general business of the country, were all to be traced to the influence of the measures enumerated. All these causes operated immediately, directly, and powerfully upon us, and their effects were universally felt in Europe.]

The first impression which the measures brought forward by the administration make, is, that they consist of temporary expedients, looking to the supply of the necessities of the Treasury; or so far as any of these present a permanent character, its tendency is rather to aggravate than alleviate the sufferings of the People. None of these propose to rectify the disorders in the actual currency of the country; but the People, the States, and the banks, are left to shift for themselves as they may or can. The Administration having intervened between the States and their banks, and taken them into the Federal service, without the consent of the States; after having brought them, or contributed to bring them, into their present situation, now suddenly turns its back upon them, leaving them to their fate! It is not content with that; it must absolutely discredit their issues. And the very People who were told by the Administration that these banks would supply them with a better currency, are now left to struggle as they can with the very currency which the Government recommended to them, but which it now refuses itself to receive!

The professed object of the administration is to establish what it terms the currency of the constitution, which it proposes to accomplish by restricting the Federal Government in all receipts and payments; to the exclusive use of specie, and by refusing all bank paper, whether convertible or not. It discards all purposes of crippling or putting down the banks of the States; but we shall better determine the design or the effect of the measure recommended by considering them together, as one system.

1. The first is the sub-Treasury, which are to be made depositories of all the specie collected and paid out for the service of the general Government, discrediting and refusing all the notes of the States, although payable and paid in specie.

2. A bankrupt law for the United States, levelled at all the State banks, and authorizing the seizure of the effects of any of them that stop payment, and the administration of their effects under the Federal authority exclusively.

3. A particular law for the District of Columbia, by which all the Corporations and People of the District, under severe pains and penalties, are prohibited from circulating, sixty days after the passage of the law, any paper whatever not convertible in specie on demand, and are made liable to prosecution by indictment.

4. And lastly, the bill to suspend the payments of the fourth continental to the States, by the provisions of which the deposit banks indebted to the Government are placed at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is impossible to consider this system without perceiving that it is aimed at, and, if carried out, must terminate in, the total subversion of the State banks; and that they will be all placed at the mercy of the Federal Government. It is in vain to protest that there exists no design against them. The effect of these measures cannot be misunderstood.

And why this new experiment or untried expedient? The People of this country are tired of experiments. Ought not the Administration itself to cease with them? Ought it not to take warning from the events of the recent elections? Above all, should not the Senate constituted as it now is, be the last body to lend itself to further experiments upon the business and happiness of this great People? According to the latest expressions of public opinion in the several States, the Senate is no longer a true exponent of the will of the States or of the People. If it were, there would be thirty-two or thirty-four whigs to eighteen or twenty friends of the Administration. Is it desirable to banish a convertible paper medium, and to substitute the precious metals as the sole currency to be used in all the vast extent of varied business of the entire country? I think not. The quantity of precious metals in the world, looking to our fair distributive share of them is wholly insufficient. A convertible paper is a great time-saving and labor-saving instrument independent of its superior advantages in transfers and remittances.—A friend, no longer ago than yesterday, informed me of a single bank whose payments and receipts in one day amounted to two millions of dollars. What time would not have been necessary to count such a vast sum! The payments in the circle of a year, in the city of New York, were estimated several years ago at fifteen hundred millions. How many men and how many days would be necessary to count such a sum! A young growing, and enterprising people, like those of the United States, more than any other, need the use of those credits which are incident to a sound paper system. Credit is the friend of indigent merit. Of all nations, Great Britain has most freely used the credit system; and of all she is the most prosperous. We must cease to be a parsimonious People, we must improve, we must solve from the commercial world, and throw ourselves back for example, if we neglect our business to the exclusive use of specie.

It is objected against a convertible paper

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.—Miss Grimke, a talented Carolina girl, is lecturing in Massachusetts against slavery. The Worcester Palladium pays her this very pretty compliment:—"The eloquence, pleasing address, and apparent sincerity of that bright-eyed Carolinian, will make more slaves than she will ever emancipate."