

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.]

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1837.

[VOL. 8--NO. 37.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



The Fashionable Hats, Caps and Bonnets.

Wm. W. Paxton,

AS now on hand a very large assortment of

HATS, CAPS & BONNETS at his old stand in Chambersburg Street, two doors from the Court House.

CONSISTING AS FOLLOWS

Men's Castor HATS,
" Roram do.
" Spanish body do.
" Silk do.
" Plain Russia do.
Youth's Fur do.
Old Men's Broad Brims do.
" Low Crown do.

Also Second hand HATS.
Ladies FUR BONNETS,
" SILK do.

Also—A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

FUR CAPS, of different kinds;
HUR SEAL CAPS for MEN and BOYS.

All of which he will sell at Low Prices wholesale and retail—for Cash and Country Produce—such as Wheat, Corn, Rye, Buckwheat, Oats, Wood, Wool, &c. &c.

Call and judge for yourselves.

November 17, 1837. (f-33)

FIRE! FIRE!

DELAWARE COUNTY INSURANCE COMPANY,

CAPITAL, AUTHORIZED BY LAW,

\$250,000!

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

THE subscriber being appointed Agent

for the above Company, would respectfully

inform the public that he will make insurance

either permanent or limited on property

and effects of every description, against

loss or damage by fire, on the most reasonable

terms.

SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK.

Gettysburg, Oct. 13, 1837. (f-28)

COACH LACE,

FRINGE AND TASSELS.

THE Subscriber has now on hand a large

stock of very superior

COACH LACE,

FRINGE AND TASSELS,

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

which he will dispose of on the most reasonable

terms.

Orders from a distance will be promptly

attended to. Any Pattern made to order.

Address

JOHN ODELL,

Gettysburg, Pa.

N. B. All kinds of MILITARY work

done to order.

November 17, 1837. (f-33)

FRESH TEAS.

Kettwell, Wilson & Hillard

GROCERS & COMMISSION

MERCHANTS,

Corner of Commerce and Pratt Streets,

BALTIMORE.

OFFER to the Country trade for Cash

or prompt payment, the following

GOODS:

TO WIT:

50 bbls. S. H. Molasses

20 bbls. West India & N. Orleans ditto

200 bags Rio Coffee, (part strong scented)

100 " Laguitra do.

100 " Havana do.

50 bbls. N. Orleans & Porto Rico Sugar

10 pipes and half pipes Champagne and

Rochelle Brandy

5 " Gin

50 tierces Hovey

200 boxes Raisins

100 quarto do.

150 eighth do. } Fresh importation.

50 kegs do. }

TOGETHER WITH

Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper, Teas in chests,

half chests and boxes, &c. &c.

Baltimore, Nov. 17, 1837. (f-33)

BARIRON.

JUST received and for sale by the sub-

scribers,

A LARGE STOCK OF

BARIRON,

OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Also—Stoves, Hollow Ware

and Griddles.

GEORGE ARNOLD & Co.

Gettysburg, Nov. 24, 1837. (f-34)

THE GABLAND.

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

I LOVE THEE MORE AND MORE.

FARTHOUS in fortune's darkest hour,
Till then our loves were dreams of youth!

'Twas then I felt affection's power,
'Twas then I proved thy bosom's truth.

Yes, when I see the quivering tear
Bedim the eye that thriv'd before,

I feel that thou indeed art dear,
And love thee—love thee more and more.

Waked from a soft Elysian trance
To life's severe reality,

I find in thy more pensive glance
A deeper, sweeter sympathy.

Our griefs, as from our fountain spring,
Now that our mutual joys are o'er—

Yes, not a sorrow time may bring,
But I shall love thee more and more.

I'll clasp thee yet—I'll clasp thee yet,
Though passion's burning hour is past,

Nor breathe one accent to regret
That the bright moments fled so fast;

Nay, the more dark the sky may be,
And the more loud the storm may roar,

The closer will I cling to thee,
And love thee—love thee more and more.

Thus far together have we come—
Nor be the hope, the tear, the supple,

That we may reach our long lost home
Together, and united rest.

But should my fate be first to die,
While death stands looking at the door,

I'll turn to thee, and faintly sigh,
I love thee—love thee more and more!

THE REPOSITORY.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE hero of the following sketch was one Jack

Humphrey—a youth of great parts, so far as a

long application to books would render him—extremely

wise in his own conceit, as most young

men of his age are apt to be—very fond of the fair

sex—sensitive to a fault, and as jealous as an Italian:

Phrenologists of the present day would

probably have discovered upon his pericranium several

bumps that would have developed all the natural

propensities of the individual more fully than we

shall attempt to do.

Humphrey was in love with a fair, blue-eyed,

cherry-checked damsel, named Julia Meadows—

she was beautiful, both in person and manners—

affectionate as a turtle-dove, and as constant as an Italian:

she was, withal very fond of showing herself, like

most pretty women, to the best advantage, and securing

the homage of every sprig of fashion.

It happened one day, as Humphrey had returned

from a long jaunt in the "Groves," that he discovered

a stranger in Miss Julia's apartment, who upon

a nearer approach, proved to be a gentleman

dressed as an officer. He was very busy inspecting

the dress of the fair Julia—not merely with

the eye, but actually clasping a fold of the garment

within his hand and was lavishing praise

both upon the texture of the article and the beauty

of the wearer. Poor Humphrey! he knew but

little of the artifices and peculiarities of the woman,

and this shock, slight as it was, nearly petrified

him. He at first determined to enter the apartment,

surprise the couple, and abandon Julia forever;

he next thought of challenging the unknown

individual who had so sadly marred his peace—

but a moment's reflection left him like Bob Acres

in the play—his courage having completely oozed

out of his fingers' ends. At length, Julia's associate

having sufficiently admired her wardrobe,

kissed her hand, and left the apartment amidst a

thousand little civilities.

Humphrey retraced his steps towards the Groves

to vent his feelings on the "desert air."

Lovers are easily ruffled—the smallest zephyr

that would hardly raise a tempest in a teacup, is

sufficient to set all their feelings in motion. "Trifles

light as air," &c., &c., is very applicable in most

cases, but the present had not half the foundation

to pin the adage as that which first caused Bill

Shakespeare to give it to the world. It nevertheless

rested like an incubus upon Humphrey, and required

more philosophy than he was master of to throw it

off.

It was sun-set—the moon appeared like a burning

world on high, decking the heavens with her

glorious beams—the zephyrs gently played among

the groves, and every leaf echoed the sweet music

of nature; such a time and place as Humphrey

chose for cool reflection, would have been deemed by

a poet a perfect paradise. But our hero was not

in a fit state of mind to appreciate the lovely

scenery, which at other times would have lulled

him into tranquility. Having arrived in the midst

of solitude, he gave vent to his feelings in the following

soliloquy:

CHAPTER I.—JEALOUSY.

Humphrey (solus).—"The perfidious, un-

feeling woman. I have been betrayed and

duped, but she shall know that I have dis-

covered her. It was but yesterday that she

vowed eternal constancy to me—I declared

like a fool that I loved her, and she answered

me with tears in her eyes that her affec-

tion for me was most sincere—incapable of

a shadow of change. Oh the dissembling

baggage! He kissed her hand—the villain!

She invited him to call again—the inconsistent!

What shall I do? to pour forth my resent-

ment upon her would but cause the unfeeling

woman to laugh at me, and again draw

me into her net. No!—I'll wait for the next

interview, rush upon them unawares, and

they shall both feel the weight of my resent-

ment. What would I give could I but enter

Miss Julia's apartment unperceived and

listen to their conversation. Oh that by

some supernatural magic, I could become

invisible."

"What would you give?" re-echoed a pretty

voice at a distance.

Humphrey was for a moment aroused from

the deep reverie into which he had fallen, but

fancying the sound was created by his own

"What would you give?" again was wafted

upon the breeze in accents sweet and clear.

The sound appeared to proceed from a

small stream near by, which flowed among

the caverns of some iron bound rocks, so

romantically thrown up as to lead one to the

belief, that they were wrought by the hands

of Fairies. The moon seemed to touch the

crystal waters with her bright beams; Humphrey

had scarcely reached the edge of the stream,

when out popped a little figure with a

face full of wrinkles, and dressed with all

the colors of the rain-bow. The little old

woman cut so many comical capers that

caused Humphrey to forget his troubles and

burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Well old lady what is your will with me."

"Not so old as you think, young mad-cap."

"I am a Fairy, and this Grotto is the abode

of my family. You just now wished to be

made invisible—I have the charmed talis-

man—now what would'st thou give to be

what thou so much desirest?"

Favor my request, and name your reward—

no sum will I consider too great to recom-

pense you."

"The Fays deal not in gold, young man,

we catch the first rays of the sun-beams as

they fall from the East, and play with the

silver dew-bells upon the green leaves—our

province is the air, and our food the honey

from the opening buds. Thy wish is un-

natural, it savors of discontent, but it shall

be gratified.

The Fairy waved her hand, and a score

of sisters sprang from the rocks.

"Get thee within the magic circle," said

the Fairy in a sharp voice.

Humphrey did as he was commanded, and

in an instant he found himself encircled with

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,"

who after cutting sundry antic capers, whiz-

zed off in the twinkling among the rocks.—

Humphrey's head was very dizzy—his whole

body seemed to be moving like a top, but a

light touch of the Fairy's wand brought him

into consciousness.

"The Talisman you require is now ready—

—thou hast drunk deep of Minerva's fount,

but you are ignorant of human nature—this

will teach you wisdom—it will lead thee to

look at things as they are, not as they seem

to be—it will show the moving principle—

that pendulum which causes the whole ma-

chinery of the human race to be put in mo-

tion. It will dispel the delusive mist from

thy eyes, and teach thee a lesson that will

be of essential service to thy future happi-

ness. The Talisman is at thy service—the

price of it will be paid by thy own sad expe-

rience."

The Fairy placed a cap upon Humphrey's

head with these words:

"This will render thee invisible—the

charm lasts five days—that time will be suf-

ficient to learn thee the elementary prin-

ciples of that great lesson which thou should'st

be master of—after which return thou with

the Talisman to the "Fairy Grot"—if thou

failest, the charmed cap shall be taken in an

unexpected moment, and thy nose severely

tweaked for the neglect.

The fairy vanished, and Humphrey was

once more solus. This adventure thought

he, will at least be of some service to me.—

His feelings had now become changed—and

he retraced his steps cheerfully through

the Groves.

He was much pleased with his success,

and hastened with all speed to Miss Julia's

apartment, to investigate a very weighty

matter. On entering, he found the stranger

by the side of Miss Julia. The conversation

was as follows:

"Dearest Julia, it gives me much joy to

find you so happy; I despaired some months

"Come, gentlemen," said one, "let's have

another cup all round—the wine sparkles

yet, and no time like the present."