

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, in support of all other liberties."—MILTON.

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PHOTOGRAPH. 83.

Office of the Star & Banner... COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum... if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months... and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion...

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



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

IDLE WORDS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL. The strongest love hath yet at times, A weakness in its power; And latent sickness often sends...

I loved her then—I love her still,— But there was in my blood A growing fever that did give...

And when, with tears of wonder, she Looked up into my face I coldly turned away mine eyes...

"Twas ever soon and cause,—not soon The sad effects passed by: They rule me 'neath the summer's sun...

Month after month—year after year, I strove to win again The heart an idle word had lost...

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

It had been a bright day in the bright month of June; the earth was decked with her jewels, and rejoiced with song and incense...

them appear mere ornamental than the richest satins and laces, which wrapped less lovely women. She never wore ornament, other than her own dark curls, or clusters of rich blossoms...

Oh! that I had died then, when I first became miserable, when the romance and beauty of existence faded away; when the glorious robes of fancy fell from mortality, and I turned with disgust from the deformity of her nakedness...

My wife informed me that her dear friend Mary M., had become a widow and would soon be with us with the intention of staying all summer. She is welcome I muttered, while my heart swelled bitterly...

I soon discovered that Adah had never complained to her of me. She seemed to consider me a paragon amongst men, and spoke to me as to a brother of all that interested her. Poor Adah was overjoyed, the presence of her friend was like an angel of peace to her heart and habitation...

"And why will you leave us?" I heard my Adah say to her friend. "Because my loved sister, I cannot bear longer to be a dependant. I am one notwithstanding all the pains which your Pelham, and yourself have taken to conceal it from me, and I have received the offer of an excellent situation, as an instructress in a seminary..."

"Ah! Adah, this world contains but few men like your husband. If I should find one like him I should not refuse his hand." I heard no more, for my soul was in tumult, and amongst its wild throbbings came a shadow of a wish that I was free to make her an offer of mine...

Almighty, pleas of the most impious character, asserting that my feelings were involuntary, and beyond my control; and beseeching him to remove the obstacle to my happiness. I fancied that as Adah was a Christian, a transition from earth to heaven would be to her a blessed change...

The beautiful month of May came, and with it came Mary on a visit to her friends. I can not express the tumultuous working of my passions as I clasped her hand, and bade her welcome. She was greatly improved in appearance, having regained her health and spirits. I was inexorably happy as I hung around her, drinking in her words, and living on her smiles...

My wife informed me that her dear friend Mary M., had become a widow and would soon be with us with the intention of staying all summer. She is welcome I muttered, while my heart swelled bitterly...

She came, I saw her, and I seemed like one entranced. She was in all respects the opposite of my wife. Tall, slender, graceful; with dark eyes, and jetty ringlets, shading a brow and cheeks of pearl. Her lips alone claimed affinity with roses, and they were fresh as a May morning...

"I resolved upon the knife. I pretended business at the next town, and left home, telling Adah that I should be absent at least two days. I took all my money with me, and also our silver spoons, and intended to return in the night and kill my wife, then proceed to the town specified, secret the money and valuables, and then I had no doubt but that the general impression would be, that Adah had fallen a victim to some monster who had robbed the house..."

Meantime I travelled on to a thick wood, into which I entered, and having tied my horse to a tree, concealed the effects which I had taken with me, in a hollow of a fallen beam, and sat down to await the grey-winged evening, under whose protection I would return and perform the deed of blood...

ideal delight, I clasped Mary all my own to my burning bosom; then Adah rose before me, with her meek smile, and downy eye, clasping my own little one to her bosom, and enquiring what she should do to serve me. Then a passion of wild hate that she with her love, stood between me and Mary, prompted me to draw my dirk, and then I saw the tragedy. My helpless children shrieking and sobbing in agony around the bleeding corpse of a tender mother, whose loss, no earthly treasure ever would compensate...

At length the shadows of the wood began to darken, I sprang from my seat, but so great was my agitation that I could not sustain myself, and sunk down upon the earth. Why did I not abandon my horrid design? Alas no good spirit withheld me, and the friends of the infernal world urged me on. Darkness spread over her heavy burden, and I felt as if its shadow was between me and the All-seeing. I left the wood, and proceeded homeward along the road, intending to be at my victim's bedside about midnight...

In every flash of lightning I saw the horrid faces of exulting fiends, and felt the stinging lashes with which they goaded me onward. But the angel of mercy came not, I was given up to a remorseful mind. I hurried forward, fearing only that Adah would not be sleeping, or that some incident would frustrate my purpose...

I stepped into the room, and my wife lay upon her bed, and I felt as if I had entered a tomb. She was pale, and her eyes were closed, and I felt as if I had entered a tomb. She was pale, and her eyes were closed, and I felt as if I had entered a tomb...

Hour after hour passed by, until the voice of the clock told three. Then the door of his cell was cautiously opened by the jailer, and two children ushered into the cell of the doomed one. They approached the couch and stood gazing wistfully upon him...

Arrived at the wood, I sought my horse, but the poor animal frightened no doubt by the tempest, had broken his halter and fled away. I sought him in vain. It was now day; my saddle and bridle lay upon the log where I left them, soaked with the rain. What could I do? I was going to be sought in the town to which I was going, probably messengers were now on the road...

By my guilt was obvious; my child testified that hearing her mother scream, she looked up and saw me with a lamp in one hand and a bloody knife in the other, and they found blood still upon that knife. They found the money and valuables which I had hidden in the wood, and were satisfied that I had been lurking there. I was committed to prison. I had taken a violent cold, and now fell into a fever which kept me in a torpid state for fourteen days...

yet in store for me, for I saw plainly that my guilt must be evident to all. Oh the tortures which seized upon my soul! How I longed to be annihilated. How I sought some spot of peace to rest upon, some glimpse of consolation, or palliating circumstance. But there was none. Death, temporal, and eternal, was my certain doom. And what had become of the fierce passion which had urged me to this abyss of guilt? Swallowed up it was in remorse and horror; nor could I comprehend how it ever existed. I was like one who should suddenly awake in hell. Cut off from hope, and surrounded by innumerable taunting fiends, who cast up all my sins, and ridiculed every specious plea with which I had appeared my conscience...

I lived to stand in the court room, to hear myself accused, implorad, and condemned by my fellow men. I looked round upon the audience; there was curiosity, wonder, horror, and detestation in the faces which scowled upon me. But pity, the sweetest angel which my crushed and harassed spirit sought, she was ashamed of my companionship. Only on the drooping brows of a few meek lowly men, and women, could I trace her hand writing which said, crushed and fallen as thou art, thou art our brother...

To-morrow I must die in conformity to the precept, "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The law is just, I cannot extenuate my dark doings. I was truly in a dream of delirium; and fancied that my passion was restless. But I sought not to subdue it. On the contrary, I cherished it and lived upon its avoisons, until its poison was diffused through every fibre of my soul and body. Then indeed it was in vain to resist, for it had become a part of my being and I had become delirious. It is decided that I was sane. Could that be possible, when my whole soul dwelt with fierce intensity on one single idea. No, no! I will venture to assert that no sane person ever shed human blood in murder. Anger, revenge, jealousy, or avarice, for the time, become omnipotent, and all the reasoning powers are perverted, and rendered tributary to its powerful sway...

Hour after hour passed by, until the voice of the clock told three. Then the door of his cell was cautiously opened by the jailer, and two children ushered into the cell of the doomed one. They approached the couch and stood gazing wistfully upon him. Oh! how heavily upon the soul of that young girl and boy lay the sins of their father. Pale they were as snow, and their blue eyes were dim and swollen with weeping. Yet so lovely were they in their forms of innocence, that one might deem them guardian angels, but for their deep black dresses. Sorrow had taught their little hearts to be circumspect, and they kept silence fearful of awakening the sleeper from his last dream, to the dreadful consciousness of his situation. Neither of them resembled him in feature, although the bright curls of the boy looked as if they might have been shorn from his head in his days of happiness...

The bitterness of that day is past. The murderer has paid the forfeit, life for life; and is almost forgotten on the earth, save by the active and useful Missionary, his sister and brother-in-law, who now occupy a post of usefulness and honor on an island of the far Pacific, and who as they recall the sorrows of their childhood, oft speak with gratitude of the ways of Providence, and of the times when they shall meet their parents in the region of purity and peace.

wandering about in equal misery. There were no enclosed and cultivated fields; no beautiful cities; no manufactories; no roads; and, apparently no social intercourse. At length I came to a spot like the garden of Eden. Fair fields and beautiful groves, surrounded a neat and well built village, swarming with a happy looking population. And why, I thought, is not this whole land like this fair and favored spot? Or to what does this region owe its superiority? I approached a large building in the centre of the village, I heard the sweet music of a hymn swelling up to the eternal God. A pale, serene looking man stood in a pulpit at one end of the house, and near him sat a beautiful and joyous couple; and these were surrounded by hundreds of the dark and simply attired natives of the land. Every eye was turned intently upon the speaker in the pulpit. I saw at once that I was in a land of heathen savages, and that this fair spot was a missionary station. I felt my heart overflowing towards the servants of God who had left all to preach his name, and teach his commandments to these benighted creatures. The young missionary blessed the Lord for that he had blessed his labour; for that he had brought him with his fellow-laborers into that abundant field; and also for the ever ruling goodness which made events the most distressing, conduce to this great and glorious end; events which drove the speckled birds from amongst their fellows, to carry the olive branch into the wilderness, and sing the songs of love beneath its shadow...

At this moment I felt as if it were a soft breeze playing round me, fragrant with the richest perfume. Earth has nothing like it; it seemed a balm of power, to soothe the weary, and allay the fever of the mind. I felt every earthly passion sink into peace as it breathed upon my forehead. And now it seemed to swell into a voice of entrancing melody, which pronounced my name. I looked up, and saw myself surrounded by a white soft light, intense yet not dazzling, which streamed in a halo from around the person of a celestial creature who hovered near me. I cannot describe her beauty; but she was heavenly beauty; even the expression of perfect peace, confidence and happiness. But the form, the features were all familiar to me—it was your mother—it was my murdered wife. Do not tremble so dear children. It was her very self, and I was wild with joy as I looked upon her. Pelham! she said, and her voice was boldy melody, Pelham you soon to die! Yes, I replied, to-morrow my life must make atonement for yours. But I shall die happy now, I shall go down willingly to the pit, since I have seen you in heaven's glory. And you do not hope to be with me there. I am, she said. Oh! no, I answered, that cannot be. I have sinned beyond all hope of pardon. I have not only debased myself and murdered you, but I have entailed disgrace and misery upon our innocent children. Oh, not 'The Good, the Just, can never pardon me! And do you think, she answered, that man by his crimes can so frustrate or enervate the wise purposes of omnipotence as to provoke him to vindictive anger? Look! am I not more blessed than if you had never sinned against me? And behold the blessed destinies of our children. Instruments of his mercy for the salvation of the heathen! Has he not made the wrath of man to praise him? And think you that he is filled with indignation against you, a poor wind shaken reed? Your sins have not injured the holy Lawgiver—you have sinned against your own soul. His broken laws require their penalty; and the soul that sinneth it shall die! Not because the sinner has injured God, any more, than because he has offended his fellow men who sit in judgment upon him. But because he has forfeited his life, by a willful breach of a known law. Now, Pelham, do you suppose that the judge who sentenced you to death, would refuse to receive a precious ransom for your life, if the laws allowed the murderer to be ransomed? And is not the omnipotent judge perfect in all goodness? Will he refuse the ransom which himself has appointed for his convicts? Oh! never! Yet man judges the God by himself, and knowing that he has offended, fancies that he must do something to appease. Hence the convict's exclamation has ever been, "what shall I do to be saved?" But the answer is uniform, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ! Pelham! here is a ransom for the chief of sinners! Jesus Christ has satisfied the requirements of divine justice. Come and sit down humbly at his feet, and he will make your peace with God...

Oh my children, the words of your angel mother were holy balsam to my spirit. I now saw my Savior in his glory, as the redeemer of mankind, the friend of sinners. I felt to take hold on his righteousness; and now I am ready to die, for I believe that God will for his Son's sake receive my spirit. Do not mourn for my dear children; I shall assuredly go to heaven where your mother now is, and where, when you have done the will of your heavenly Father, you will be permitted to join us. I leave you in confidence that He who careth for the fatherless, and the stranger, will have you in his especial keeping. Ellen here is a letter which I have written to Mrs. Mary Elliott.—She was your mother's dearest friend, she was the innocent cause of all our anguish. I have entrusted her to be a mother unto you: If she should take you to her home, I charge you to be dutiful and affectionate to her, as if you were her own children. It is now time for us to part. Do not cry so bitterly. God will be your father. "Oh, sin! what hast thou done. Lord have mercy upon me! This is a bitter cup. How shall I drain it! Dear children be comforted. You must go with the jailer now. He will be kind to you, and send you into the country until Mrs. Elliott comes for you. Remember what I have said to you this morning, and may it please the merciful Lord to accomplish all the blessed designs which he has mercifully shadowed forth in the Convict's dream.

The bitterness of that day is past. The murderer has paid the forfeit, life for life; and is almost forgotten on the earth, save by the active and useful Missionary, his sister and brother-in-law, who now occupy a post of usefulness and honor on an island of the far Pacific, and who as they recall the sorrows of their childhood, oft speak with gratitude of the ways of Providence, and of the times when they shall meet their parents in the region of purity and peace.