

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

VOL. XII.—NO. 30.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1841.

WHOLE NO. 600.

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

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## THE GARLAND.



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

## SUMMER'S GONE.

Thou art gone, Oh! glorious summer,  
With thy sunshine and bright flowers;  
Thou hast left the hearts that lov'd thee,  
With thy merry, laughing hours;  
The pleasant sounds that dwell with thee,  
Will soon be heard no more,  
And the sky wears not as bright a blue  
As yesterday it wore.

Thou hast not met a lingering fate,  
Like some convalescing one,  
Nor seen thy beauties all decay,  
Before thy race was done;  
The leaves are still as fresh  
As in their early prime,  
Yet thou hast past away from earth,  
Oh! glorious summer time.

The glossy maple leaves begin  
To wear a tint of brown,  
And now and then a dying one  
Comes slowly sailing down;  
But thou art fled—thou wilt not see  
Thy lov'd ones all decay—  
Oh! thou hast faded gloriously,  
Sweet summer's latest day.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies Companion for October.

## THE FIRST DOUBT.

Of all the pangs inflicted on the sensitive heart, that which is the most insupportable, and which disenchants for ever the bright illusions of life, is the first doubt, which intrudes itself of the idol of the soul's affection. The sweet outpouring of entire confidence and perfect trust, vanishes never to return, and the warm and trusting heart feels crushed in its most holy feelings. This intense suffering is further aggravated by the consciousness that it is unmerited; the evil increases, and we are no longer guided by reason, and incapable of consolation, the victim sinks, and the heart is broken.

The imagination in woman being more vivid than with us, renders them more frequently the victims of their unguarded attachment. They endow the idols of their fancy with perfections which they seldom possess; they torment themselves with groundless fears, and imagine that all covet the same treasure. They are ingenious in creating phantoms of infidelity, and the most tried constancy is sacrificed to a crime. A calm exterior hides the secret suffering; a constrained smile suppresses the rising reproach, and the fever of the heart withers like the hot breath of the Sirocco, the delicate garland woven by the hand of Hymen.

Caroline Armigny, an orphan of noble extraction, had been, some months, united to Leon de Saint Far, an officer in the French navy, in whom, to the brilliant advantages of person were, added a mind of the highest order. His bearing was frank and manly; his countenance open and expressive, and his eloquence captivated the heart, while it charmed the ear. These attractions joined to a cultivated understanding, might well justify the thrill of gratified vanity which agitated the heart of Caroline when she distinguished him in the crowd of adorers, drawn around by her beauty, her rank and her large fortune. In the last, she was far superior to her lover, whose family had been ruined by political reverses; but it was her pride and pleasure to bestow, with her hand, that worldly wealth, which was her least attraction in his eyes. His unbounded gratitude expanded itself in constant end-avants to contribute to her happiness, and to vary her pleasures and occupations. Their hotel at Paris was the resort of all the most distinguished persons. All of birth, rank or talent, sought admission to their society, where taste and refinement heightened the eclat of wealth.

The first three months of her marriage flew away on wings of enchantment. The unwearied exertions of Leon to increase the pleasures of his adored wife, blinded him to the possible consequences of so much dissipation; until a slight cold, acting on an impaired constitution, produced

an inflammation of the lungs, of which the progress was so rapid, that, in a week, she was on the brink of the grave. What a contrast! the brightest ornament of the Parisian fetes—she who had eclipsed all others, where all are graceful, was now insensible to the assidues, and to the despair of her unhappy husband. He never left her; he listened with a pulseless heart to her incoherent murmurings, and executed, himself, all the prescriptions of her physicians. During her intervals of consciousness, her first look found the anxious eye of Leon bent on hers, and her hand fondly clasped in his; and for a moment, a languid smile of gratitude and love would contend in her agonized face, with the shades of death which were fast gathering around it. It was but a moment, for the fever returned with such violence, that hope was abandoned, and the Physicians confessed that the resources of their art were exhausted. Her youth was her only chance for recovery, and that night would determine her fate. Their friends endeavored to persuade Leon to retire from the distressing scene, but his determined answer that "he had received her first avowal of love, and would receive her last sign," silenced their importunity. Regarding her altered features, and listening to her fluttering breath, he desired them to leave him alone with the poor sufferer, whose last hour seemed fast approaching. They fastening the door, he threw himself beside her, and gave full vent to the anguish of despair.

He pressed her to his throbbing heart, and wildly supplicated Providence to spare an existence in which all his hopes of happiness were wrapped. His loved voice found an echo in the heart of the dying wife, and his scalding tears fell on her face like a benediction; a faint color displaced the paleness of death. His prayer was heard, and a faint pressure of his hand accompanied the soft murmur of her voice as she said, "Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part." Frantic with joy, he pressed her again and again to his breast, exclaiming, "No beloved nothing shall separate us! live, live to love me, to make happy a life that without thee would be a long agony!"

When the Physician returned, he declared the crisis past, and that her recovery might be hoped for. Soon afterwards, she again revived, and turning towards her husband, repeated with a sweet smile, "Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part." From this time her recovery was rapid, and the increasing care of her happy husband was directed against every possibility of relapse. He carefully guarded her from the danger of exhausting visits of congratulation, and providing such slight amusements as her weak frame could bear. The variety of his talents, which had charmed crowds, was now devoted to such tender exertion of them as would relieve but not fatigue, the attention she could give them. He read, he sang to her, and when his love was rewarded by her perfect restoration, he formed plans for the future more consistent with the care her delicate health would require. They determined to abandon those irregular hours and large assemblies to which they could all their life suffice.

"Why should we," said Leon, "risk the loss of your precious health for the delight it gives me to see you shine above all others in society? Are we not all to each other, and where can we be so happy as in our own home?"

"And, my beloved Leon, whose admiration is valued by me like mine—how I glory in my choice, and how happy I am to call myself thine!"

"And, sweet wife, how has the agency of the moment when I thought I was losing thee, strengthened the tie that binds us, and how grateful am I to the beneficent Being who heard my prayer, wrung from the torture of a heart whose life was bound up in thine."

"'Twas thy voice my Leon, thy prayer, which penetrated my heart and awoke me from the sleep of death, and nothing could add to my felicity, since I owe my life to thee."

"Should I, in my turn, be on the borders of the tomb, thou, beloved Caroline, canst call me thence by repeating thy dear assurance."

"Leon, dear Leon! we will not part!"

It was in such delightful converse that those happy days passed every moment not devoted to the necessary claims of society, and they felt how little, in comparison, were the tumultuous pleasures of the gay world, to the perfect union, the delicious effusion of united hearts and congeniality of thoughts, taste, and disposition. Happy epoch in life, in which we realize a paradise on earth; blest spring of Hymen, where the path is strewn with flowers and whose sun shines beneficent and pure. Ah, why is your duration so short; why can the smallest cloud so often obscure your horizon, and create tempests, when all before was so serene?

his tender expression of unchanging affection. So true is it, that, in the words of a true painter of nature, speaking of parted lovers—"as soon as they are alone, they are together."

Saint Far returned at the close of autumn, after visiting the southern shores of France, and distinguishing himself in an expedition to the island of Cyprus. Caroline was ready to receive him at Paris, and the joy of meeting repaid her for the pain of separation. Again, under his protection, she appeared to ornament society, but carefully avoiding the vortex of which she had nearly been the victim, she devoted an evening in each week to the reception of the most celebrated of both sexes, and, at these assemblies, Saint Far, whose disposition was very gallant, shone conspicuously in the fair circles of which they were composed.

At first this occasioned Caroline no uneasiness; to her he was uniformly so tender and so kind; she was so sure of reigning supreme in his heart, where all was open to view, that suspicion could find no place in her bosom. But there were not wanting those who would willingly have received his visits, and who would not have scrupled to triumph in the violation of that fidelity to his wife, of which she was so justly proud. They could not conceive the possibility of its continuation. Many a bright eye shed its softest ray at his approach, many a smothered sigh met his ear, many a sentimental reverie was assumed in his presence, and all the artillery of coquetry was called forth and aimed at poor Saint Far. His amusing descriptions of these incidents, to Caroline, furnished them with many a gay hour, but, as yet, no doubt disturbed her full security, though her inclination to general society was thereby much increased, though she scarcely was conscious of the cause. She took care not to lose sight of her husband, who, however, unconscious of his danger, abandoned himself to the full vortex of coquetry, in which many a more experienced mariner has suffered shipwreck.

A few days after his arrival, a party at tennis ball was formed, and many ladies invited to witness the skill of the players. Saint Far, whose conspicuous for grace and agility, was on high in his favor, and encouraged by the applause of the spectators and the tender interest depicted in the eyes of Caroline, he grew animated, until, throwing up in his eagerness the sleeve of the dimity vest, worn at the games, he disclosed a bracelet of hair, of a dark color, to the alarmed gaze of the poor Caroline. A mortal agony seemed to chill her whole frame. She could not believe her senses, and when the mist cleared from her sight, she stole another glance, and saw too clearly that a braided tress, with a rich clasp, was there.

"From whom," thought she, "could he have received this love token? I have never given him one like that, and the hair is not light like mine. Leon, dear Leon, canst thou have deceived me?" Then trying to rally herself and to conceal her agitation, she recalled his increased tenderness since his return, the perfect openness of his communications to her, the enthusiasm of his gratitude for her selection of him, and his almost idolatrous love. She thought of his brilliancy, of the eagerness with which his society was sought for by the most fascinating women, and again exclaimed—"Leon, dear Leon, canst thou have deceived me?"

But the conflict was too great, and while her imagination thus led her from conjecture to suspicion, a burning fever, succeeded the chill which had benumbed her, and when Saint Far turned to seek his reward in her sweet face, which, to him, was more dear than the rapturous plaudits bestowed on his success, he was shocked to perceive her pale, and nearly fainting. He eagerly demanded what was the matter, while she tried in vain to dissipate his fears.

"But something must have caused this trembling—tell me what it is, my love?" he persisted, and Caroline, whose pride forbade her to tell the truth, said, "She had been foolishly alarmed at the near approach of the tennis ball to his breast, and that she thought she saw him wounded and overthrown;" and, added she, "I also felt the blow strike my heart."

Touched at her anxiety, he tried to laugh at her fears, declaring that she must accustom herself to see him attack and defend his adversary at the game. "I must make a heroine of you, at this mimic war, which is so attractive to me, dearest, and after you have seen it a few times, and know that with skill and practice there is no danger."

"No, no, no, one trial I like this is too much. I could not bear another." So saying she turned tremblingly away, and supported by his arm, she could scarcely gain her carriage. She was unable to appear at the splendid collation which succeeded this memorial contest of tennis players, and was confined to her apartment many days.

Her confidence was now shaken, and she could scarcely endure the caresses her husband lavished on her. She replied to his endearing language by looks which sought to read the bottom of his soul, and she shrank from his embraces as from the deceitful folds of a serpent. In his looks she read treachery and infidelity, and the idea of the concealed bracelet never left her thoughts. If pride had not restrained her, she would have avowed her anguish and by disclosing her knowledge of his secret, have confounded, at once, the auth-

or of her misery. But, in spite of his faults, she still loved too tenderly to willingly cause him a moment's mortification.

It was only in their moments of domestic privacy that the unhappy Caroline endured a torture, which it is useless to attempt to describe. Her sufferings were aggravated in the gay circles where she again suffered herself to be led. While others participated in the pursuits which called them together, and Saint Far was again the life and attraction of all their parties, Caroline, under the pretext of indisposition, seated herself in a retired corner, and with restless eyes and heart, endeavored to discover the object of her gnawing jealousy. She examined the color of each one's hair, that bore any resemblance to that of the bracelet, and watched every action and motion which could unravel the mystery which attended it. Ashamed, at last, at the meanness of espionage, and wearied by the fruitlessness of her endeavors to find a rival on whom certainty could fix, she resolved to seize a moment to examine the bracelet itself, and discovered the name of her rival. Fortune soon favored her wishes. Saint Far, returning fatigued from a game at tennis, threw himself on a sofa in the little music room which overlooked the gardens of the hotel; and Caroline encouraged the drowsiness which oppressed him, by the softest strains of her harp. In a few moments she perceived that a soft slumber had possessed his faculties, and that the execution of her design was made easy, by the light morning dress which he still wore; his head was supported by his right hand, while the left, on which was the bracelet, hung negligently by his side. Caroline approached softly, but at the moment of discovery, she hesitated, from the fear of confirming her misery. "Alas," said she, "what am I about to do? if doubt is insupportable, how shall I bear to know that another rivals me in his heart; and am I not seeking to penetrate what he wishes to keep secret? But not let me, at least, know my rival; perhaps it is my dearest friend, one whom I have cherished, and shall I let pass this opportunity of unveiling treachery and ingratitude; to hesitate is a weakness. If this chance be lost, I may not find another! No, to know the worst is better than this dreadful suspense."

Softly kneeling at his side, she gently raised the arm which had so often encircled her, and cautiously lifting the sleeve, saw the fatal bracelet, which, however, appeared, on a nearer view, much brighter than before. With eager eyes she sought the inscription, and read the words, in golden letters, "Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part!" Below was inscribed the date in Roman characters. "Midnight of the 9th and 10th February."

She then attempted to describe the sudden revulsion from fear to joy. "Ah, Heaven!" said she, "how well I remember that night when the earnest invocation of a despairing husband reawakened my fluttering breath. This must be my hair darkened by the braiding; whose else would be ornamented with this inscribed? I could gaze for ever—Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part!" Her husband's light slumber was broken by the joyful tones of Caroline, and amazed at her humble position, he attempted to raise her in his arms. "No said she, 'let me expiate at thy feet, my shame and remorse for having doubted thee! Ah, could my scalding tears effuse from my remembrance the injustice I have done. Could you but know all I have suffered!" She then disclosed the fatal discovery of the bracelet at the game of tennis, the circumstances which gave weight to her suspicions, the anguish, the conflicts between her love and pride, between her love and confidence.

"And Caroline could doubt my love!" said he, pressing her to his heart; "but her sufferings have expiated her fault." Then recurring to the memorable night of her illness, he had out of a tress of her beautiful hair as a memorial of their short lived felicity. He had not mentioned it from the pain of recalling the scene, but wishing to preserve a remembrance of it, he had the bracelet made at Toulon, and the clasp so secured, that it could not be removed. "And thus have I compensated you for so much constancy, fidelity and consideration! Blad that I was, to even, for a moment, suspect you of deceit!"

"And what misery may arise from misapprehension and concealment with those we love, my Caroline; let us here enter into a sacred engagement to allow no appearances to disturb our happiness—Should one of us have cause to complain of the other, let us clear the doubt before it oppresses one heart; otherwise, our union, which is the sweetest of earthly blessings, will become a tedious slavery, and the hyemal chain will become heavy and insupportable, and all for the indulgence of 'The First Doubt!'"

BE SOMETHING.—It is the duty of every one to take some part as an actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think they can vegetate, as it were, without being any thing in particular. Man was not made to rust on his life. It is expected that he should "act well his part." He must be something. He has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die, without having done any thing for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans that every man should have a fate. No Chris-

tian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness—Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by hard labor and frugal industry? Is he put here to pass through life like an automaton? Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? Does he owe nothing to his country as an inhabitant? A man who does nothing is a mere cypher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world; and when he dies, he has not finished the work which was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. Be something. Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted.

See that young man; no matter what are his circumstances—if he has no particular business to pursue, he will never accomplish much. Perhaps he has a father abundantly able to support him; perhaps that father has labored hard to obtain a competence which is sufficient for his sons to live in idleness. Can they go abroad in the world with any degree of self-complacency, squandering away the money which their fathers have earned by hard labor? No! No one who has the proper feelings of a citizen, who wished to be ranked among the useful members of society would live such a life.

Be something—don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or your future prospects; but those riches may fly away, or those hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such a case, ten to one but you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you ere you are aware of it, and, having no profession, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is therefore important that you should be something. Don't depend upon Fortune, for she is a fickle spirit, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

Be something. Pursue that vocation for which you are fitted by nature—pursue it faithfully and diligently. You have a part to act, and the honor in performing that part depends upon yourself. It is sickening to one to see a parcel of idle boys hanging round a father, and spending the money which he has earned by his industry, without attempting to do any thing for themselves.

Be something should be your motto—every one is capable of learning some "art, trade, or mystery," and can earn a competence for himself. He should be something and not bring down the gray hairs of his father with sorrow to the grave. He should learn to depend upon himself. Idle boys, living upon a parent, without any profession or without any employment, are ill qualified for good members of society. And we regret to say it is too often the case that it is the parents' fault that they are thus brought up. They should be taught to be something—to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity, to act well their part, and they will reap the honor which therein lies.—Boston Transcript.

## ADVICE TO WIVES.

BY J. A. JAMES.

Economy and order in the management of her personal and domestic expenditures, are the obvious duties of a wife.

You are to preside in the direction of household affairs, and much of the prosperity and comfort of the little community will depend upon your skillful and prudent arrangements. A showy, luxurious, and expensive taste, is almost universally cherished and is displayed in innumerable instances, where there are no means to support it. Christian families are in the most imminent peril of worldly conformity in the present day; and the line of demarcation between the church and the world is fast wearing out. It is true they have no cards; they do not frequent the theatre or the ball room; and perhaps they have no midnight routs; but this is not all—for many are as anxious about their furniture, the fashion of their habits, the expensiveness of their entertainments, as the veriest worldling can be. Now, a wife has great influence in checking or promoting all this. It has been thought that this increasing disposition for show and gaiety is to be attributed chiefly to female vanity. It is woman that is generally regarded as the presiding genius of such a scene; she receives the praise and the compliment of the whole; and she, therefore, is under the strongest temptation to promote it.

But let her consider how little all this has to do with the happiness of the family, even in its most prosperous condition; and how the recollection of it aggravates the misery of adversity, when a reverse takes place. Then to be found in debt for finery of dress and fortune; then to have it said that her extravagance helped to ruin her husband; then to want that for bread which was formerly wasted on luxury; then to hear the whispered reproach of having injured others by her own thoughtless expenditure! Avoid, my female friends, these miseries; do not go on to prepare worm wood and gall to embitter still more the already bitter cup of adversity. Endeavor to acquire a skillfulness in domestic management, a frugality, a prudence, a love of order and neatness, a midway course between meanness and luxury, a suitableness to your station in life, to your Christian profession, and economy, which shall leave

you more to spare for the cause of God and the miseries of man. Rather check than stimulate the taste of your husband for expenses; tell him that it is not necessary for your happiness, nor for the comfort of the family; draw him away from these adventurous circumstances, to the mental improvement, the moral culture, the religious instruction of your children. Let knowledge, piety, good sense, well formed habits of harmony and mutual love, be the source of your domestic pleasure; what is splendor of furniture, or dress, or entertainments, to these?

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—This famous line is so often mentioned in and out of Congress that to American ears its name is familiar as household words. Its history and location are not, however, so well or generally known, but that the annexed article from the Salem Gazette will be found to contain information, new at least to some of our readers, on the subject.

This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—two gentlemen who were appointed to run unfinished lines in 1762, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the Territories subject to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A line had been run in 1739, but had not given satisfaction to disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement between themselves. A decree had been made in 1718 by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his Majesty (afterwards to William Penn) which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 40th degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, in 1718, and Lord Baltimore in 1714, until John and Richard and Thomas Penn—who had become the proprietors of the American possessions of their father, William—and Cecilium, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 19th of May, 1772. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen and delineated a division by an east and west line, running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the Peninsula.

Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with the agreement, and endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kingly decrees, proprietary arrangements followed which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line.—This was effected in 1739. But the case in Chancery being decided in 1739, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open until 1762, when the line was run by Mason and Dixon.

THE LATE GALE.—Many Lives Lost.—The Boston Patriot says:

Reports of disasters at sea, caused by the late gale, are still reaching us. We regret to say that several of them have been accompanied with loss of life. The schooner Bride, of Dennis, ran ashore on the back of Cape Cod, and all hands on board, eight in number, were drowned in the cabin. The Captain of the schooner President, of Plymouth, which vessel was entirely lost on the Cape, reports that before he left fifty dead bodies had been picked up on the shore, and that there were some forty or fifty vessels on shore.

The stern of a vessel with "Susan, of Boston," on it, carlines, gaffs, quadrant case, a large travelling trunk, and the body of a child, washed ashore at Provincetown, on the afternoon of the 4th inst.

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon, says the Baltimore American, "five lads between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, were playing about a sand bank a short distance from the city on the Bel-Air road, when the bank gave way and buried three of them under it, from which they were not extricated until they were dead. It appears that the three went into the pit and endeavoring to throw down the bank by loosening the earth with sticks.—The two who were on top saw the earth giving way, and warned their companions of their danger, but before they could return the earth fell on them. Assistance was immediately procured, and the bodies taken out after a lapse of about forty minutes, but all exertions to restore life were unavailing. One of the deceased lads was a son of Mr. James Fleming, another the son of Mr. Charles Grimes, and the third a son of Mr. W. F. Boke, all residing in or near north Gay street."

THE CASE OF GROGAN.—The Montreal Herald, in allusion to this case, says that no demand had been made by the United States, but "our government having become convinced that the scoundrel had not got into jail in the regular way, determined that he should not remain, and accordingly sent him off to the frontier."

DR. FITCH OF PHILADELPHIA.—The New York Express says:—Dr. Fitch, of Philadelphia, who had been arrested and taken to Connecticut on a charge of forgery, said to have been committed 17 years ago, has been discharged from custody, nothing appearing against him. It appears that no forgery had been committed.