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THE STAR,

AND

Adams County Republican Banner.

DUCIT AMOR PATRIE, PRODESSE CIVIBUS.—"THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS."

BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON,
At \$2 per annum, half yearly in advance.

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THE GARDLAND.
"With sweetest flowers cur'd
From various gardens cul'd with care."

FAREWELL.
We meet as friends,—as friends we part,—
The faltering lip and glowing cheek,
Though they betray a conscious heart,
Cannot its full emotions speak.
'Tis better thus! I would not tear
Away the veil suspended there:
Nor wish to read one thought above
A sister's unimpassioned love.
But I must think of other days,
And other scenes to both so dear,
When I could tell in artless lays,
The tale thou didst not frown to hear;
Of hopes that center'd in thy form;
Of young affections, pure and warm,
A heart, before unchain'd and free,
Then first and only bound to thee.
How, like a meteor of the night,
Has fled that dream of happiness,
And left a sad and chilling blight,
On every good that comes to bless!
Nor thine the fault! may joy's bright
As hope can paint, thy truth requite!
While I at fate alone repine,
That severed thus thy path and mine.
As friends we part—a full and kind,
And warm farewell, my lips bestow;
And may the hearts with time entwined,
With thee the richest blessings know.
For thee my best desires shall rise;
For me thy prayer ascend the skies;
And cherish'd kindness thus dispel
The sorrows of this long farewell.

THE MIRROR.
From "The Club Book."
THE UNGUARDED HOUR.
BY JOHN GALT.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"—[Macbeth.]
Many proverbial expressions are founded
on experience. "The Unguarded Hour" is
one of them; and it has become so common,
that few of those who oftenest employ it are
aware of the mystery to which it alludes.
It conveys the belief that mankind are each
protected by a supernatural guardian. It
implies also, that the angel at times quits
his post, and that in the interim, "the un-
guarded hour," the defenceless mortal is
liable to be assailed by the insidious tempta-
tions of the universal adversary. Whether
this impressive thesis be an hypothesis, or
an apocalypse, it baffles the human under-
standing. It cannot be rejected as altogether
earthly and of mortal imagination, nor
accepted as divine and of celestial descent.
But it is not my present purpose to examine
the evidence on either side; I have only to
describe a series of seeming accidents, calcu-
lated to enforce the doctrine by the cir-
cumstances in which their advent took place
and to awaken at once solemnity, wonder
and dread.
"Many years ago," said a friend, when
detained by indisposition in a small village
in Hungary, a discovery was one morning
made, by which the superstition of the sim-
ple inhabitants was greatly excited. It had
been a custom from time immemorial when
the judge in office travelled through the
country to dispense justice, that as often as
he came to Panigstein, and I believe it was
only once in a course of the cycle of the
moon, every nineteen years, and at the
change, that he held a free assize in the
open air, near the Martyr's cross, an ancient
monument which stands alone on the solitude
of the spot, at the distance of a bowshot or
more from the church. The cause of this
venerable ceremony being held at that par-
ticular spot, was never satisfactorily explai-
ned, but it originated either in a prediction
which had been delivered by the Martyr, or
on some incident connected with his doom.
On every occasion, when the court was held
at this spot, the inhabitants were summoned,
in the name of heaven, to hearken to the
list of offenders which the magistrate of the
district openly placed in the hands of the
judge, and all such as could bear witness to
the facts regarding them were commanded to
come forward and do so.
"Although then but in shattered health,
this remarkable ceremony, which elapsed
while I was at Panigstein, induced me to be
present among the crowd of spectators when
the judge was expected to arrive. The day
was gray and silent; the sun was not invis-
ible, but his dim orb hung in the firmament
with an obscure lack lustre sickness; and
all the landscape, and every living thing,
seemed overcast and dejected. The en-
signs of judgment which marked the place
of administration added to the solemnity
of the scene, and the magistrate, to augment
the gloom, had ordered a lofty new and
black gallows to be raised at a little distance
from where the benches and table for the
court had been constructed.
"Among other impressive customs con-
nected with the free assize, is one of unknown
antiquity. The magistrate, in preparing
the list of offenders for the judge, is not al-
lowed to divulge to any person the names of
the criminals intended to be accused; and it
is alleged, that this has a religious influence
on the morals of the people, no one being
aware how his conduct may have been noted,
or of what he may be found charged with
in the list. The crisis is, in consequence,
very awful to all. On the occasion when I
was there it was not anticipated that any
particular crime would be divulged, and it
was thought rather odd that the magistrate

should have ordered the gallows to be erect-
ed; indeed, in the opinion of the people, the
calendar was clear, so peaceful and free
from all violence had been the county from
the former assize nineteen years previous.
"The magistrate I knew very well; he has
sometimes invited me to his house; was a
gentleman in great esteem with the imme-
diate villagers. From small beginnings he
had raised an ample fortune, was famed for
the strictest integrity, and distinguished for
great benevolence and holy purity of life.
It was thought by many that there was a de-
gree of affectation in his singular piety, for
in his youth he had been less austere, and
he had put on his sanctity somewhat sudden-
ly, in consequence of an event which, though
distressing in itself, could not be said to af-
fect him more than any other in the town.
"It was a murder committed nineteen
years before the very morning when the as-
sise was held. No trace of the assassin had
been discovered, and that circumstance, to-
gether with the worth of the victim had pro-
duced a strong impression on every one;
but on none more than this magistrate,
whose faithful servant the victim had long
been. The crime was yet mysterious, for
the man was poor, and it excited unusual
surprise that one who in his condition had
been so much respected should ever have
provoked a doom so sudden and inexplicable.
Time had greatly mitigated the recollection
of the occurrence; it was almost forgotten
by every body but the widow and the chari-
table master, who, with his family, constant-
ly endeavored to soften, with unavailing sym-
pathy, her grief. She, however, became
old and crazed, and when pointed out to me
was a spectacle of extreme misery. She
was standing near the Martyr's cross, against
which, owing to my weakness, I was then
leaning, and perusing the ground, I observ-
ed her eyes vividly glancing with supernat-
ural vigilance. She was something wild
and fierce, ready to leap upon its prey, and
watching for the moment. But I had not
much time to notice her, for the sound of
trumpets proclaimed the approach of the
magistrate, attended by his officers, and soon
after a movement in the multitude also an-
nounced the coming of the judge.
"When he had taken his seat on the judi-
cial bench, and the lawyers had plac-
ed themselves at the table, and the trumpet
sounded a solemn peal three times, and the
magistrate, with a roll in his hand, advanced.
At the same instant the widow rushed, with
a shriek like the oracular Pythia in her ec-
stasy, and placed herself at the side of the
magistrate, as he presented the roll to the
judge. The multitude was silent, and I
felt as if the functions of my breathing were
stopped.
"The judge rose, and standing up, unroll-
ed the paper, which, with an audible voice,
and religious thankfulness, he declared was
clear.
"No, no," cried the impassioned and ve-
hement widow, "it is not so, it has not my
husband's death."
"True!" exclaimed the magistrate, "I had
forgotten it, the deed was done so long ago,
nineteen years ago—how was it possible I
could forget the unguarded hour?"
"The words were repeated by every voice
I believe, in the multitude in succession, and
the sound was fearful. "The unguarded
hour?" said the judge to himself, looking to-
wards the magistrate calmly, as if the ques-
tion had scarcely more meaning than when
uttered in echo by the crowd.
"Yes," cried the widow aloud, "his guar-
dian angel was then away; and she conclud-
ed, by accusing the magistrate, her own
benefactor, and the gracious master of the
deceased husband, as the murderer.
"She has been long, almost ever since
the fatal event, in a state of insanity," said
the magistrate to the judge; and turning to
his officers, bade them take the helpless
creature away.
"I will not go—I will have justice," she
exclaimed, wrestling with the officers, as they
attempted to remove her. The crowd
remained as if frozen into silence.
"Good woman," said the judge compas-
sionately, "you know not what you say."
"I do, I do; let me be heard," was the
wild reply; and the multitude in the same in-
stant cried out, "let her be heard, let her be
heard!"
"This is a vexatious business," said the
judge to the magistrate, "for the charter by
which the assize is held at this place obliges
me to receive the charge, and I cannot de-
part from its ordinances, nor is her evident
insanity a valid reason to reject the accusa-
tion. Good woman why do you persist in
this extravagance—there is no evidence to
sustain the charge?"
"There is, if you will listen," she impa-
tiently again cried, and with earnest ges-
tures and surprising eloquence endeavored,
by innumerable coincidences that she had
remarked in the conduct of the magistrate,
to show the grounds of her suspicion.
"During the whole time that she contin-
ued speaking, the spectators listened with
the greediest ears, and before she had finish-
ed her impassioned appeal, it was manifest
that they were all convinced that the mag-
istrate was indeed the murderer. The
judge listened to all she said with intense
attention, but the accused maintained his
wanton equanimity. It was astonishing that
he could do so, for some of her reasons tho'
far from probability, were of the most touch-

ing and pathetic kind; doubtless all she said
was void of evidence; still, however, it was
fearfully impressive, and I could not myself
withstand its energy. When she had rather
exhausted her strength than finished what
she had to say, the judge replied
solemnly—
"Protect us, Heaven, from having ought
to conceal from such vigilance—this is thy
work and comes not within the possibilities of
human law!—There is reason, according to
the charter, that a regular trial should be
proceeded with, and therefore let the indict-
ment be prepared."
"The feelings of the multitude were exci-
ted to the utmost, and took utterance in a
loud shout, not of joy or of gladness, but a
deep, solemn, and awful sound, whose might
and majesty were portentously increased by
the distant low hollow echo of the hills.
The accused stood a statue of consternation
for a moment. I looked at him with indis-
criminate emotion, but the paleness which
overspread his complexion vanished, and he
appeared as serene and as self-collected
as before.
"While the papers were being written I
observed the judge speaking to the poor wo-
man, and I heard him sympathizingly en-
quire respecting the age of her husband, his
general appearance and the manner in which
he was dressed; to which she gave brief but
distinct answers, as if the living presence of
the murdered man had been seen actually
before her. She was, however, impatient at
the judge's questions, and answered him
peevishly, forgetting the respect due to his
dignity; indeed, the questions, at the time,
seemed to me frivolous; I could not discern
their propriety nor why so grave an officer,
the representative of the emperor and the
king, should so far lose all consciousness of
the place and the occasion, as to speak to
her in the manner he was doing. He asked,
for example, the color of her husband's hair,
and she answered black, and that he wore
his cap gallantly dotted; then, after some
other inquiries as to his occupation, he spoke
of his coat and the color of it, but she lost tem-
per and after telling him it was blue, and
his vest was red, intruded he would not
probe her wounded remembrance with mat-
ters of this kind.
"In the mean time the magistrate was en-
gaged with an advocate who was perfectly
convinced, and so expressed himself, that
the trial would soon be safely over. Alto-
gether the scene was most singular, but the
passion of the crowd was becoming appalling,
and I was fearful lest the magistrate should
be made the victim of some outrage. Him-
self calm, and certain that no evidence could
sully him, he was yet visibly disturbed; and
I saw him once or twice start, and shudder,
no doubt amazed that such a delirious accu-
sation should have been so strangely imagin-
ed against him.
"When all the requisite forms were com-
pleted, he was directed to place himself at
the bar; and the judge according to the char-
ter, called him by name to answer to God,
who was then present for the crime of which
he was accused. At that moment, and be-
fore he could reply, the sun darted a bright
and golden ray upon the forehead of the
judge, and made it shine as if it had been
crowned with a halo. All the spectators were
witnesses to this glorious symbol; and I
could scarcely control my trembling limbs,
so much did it shake my whole frame.
"The accused was evidently affected, but
he had such mastery of himself, that he
answered with firmness, "Nor Guilty."
"A pause of sometime ensued, and then
the widow was requested to come forward
with her evidence. She advanced, and sud-
denly cried, "I have but these tears."
"The advocate with whom the accused
had been consulting rose, and animadvert-
ing on the insanity of the charge, demanded an
acquittal.
"Stop," said the judge, solemnly, "the
order and provisions of the charter have not
yet been fulfilled,—bid the trumpets sound
thrice."
"The silence of the multitude was dread-
ful; the trumpets sounded, and the judge ris-
ing from his seat, reverentially uncovered
his hoary head, and said with a voice of the
lowliest humility,
"Heaven send forth thy witness."
"I looked at the dismayed prisoner; he
was pale, but serene. The judge then re-
sumed his seat, and the advocate again rose;
"I demand," said he, "the acquittal of the
accused."
"Another short pause ensued; and the
judge, rising, cast his sight to a distance,
and said,
"Make way for the witness."
"What witness?" cried the prisoner, in
visible trepidation.
"That man in the blue coat—he with
his cap on the one side—make way for him
—he with the red waistcoat!"
"It is himself that comes," cried the wo-
man with an exulting shout, and all the spec-
tators looked back towards the spot where
they expected to behold the witness, but they
saw no one; and when they had again turn-
ed their eyes to the bar, the accused had
fainted. This confirmed the amazed spec-
tators, and the judge kneeled down with de-
votion, and raising his hands to heaven,
prayed and did homage to divine justice.
The wretched criminal was left lying on the
ground, for all present at the same moment
uncovered their heads, and with tears and

awe joined in worship with the judge. A
more affecting scene was never witnessed;
and when the adoration was ended the guilty
man awaked from his trance, rose and con-
fessed the crime.
"I seek not mercy," said he, "I have en-
joyed it too long, yet my offence is not of an
atrocious die—it was but a hasty blow.
Yes, the hand of heaven is too visible here,
that I dare not ask remission, even if my hid-
den misery were not punishment enough,—
there, take me,—be now no more delay.
The gallows is ready, and mercy dare not
in this place contend with justice."
Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity;
and power a pageant; but knowledge is ex-
tatic enjoyment—perennial in fame, unlim-
ited in space, and infinite in duration.
In the performance of its sacred offices,
it fears no danger—spares no expense—
omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—
looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean
—perforates the earth—wings its flight into
the skies—encircles the globe—explores sea
and land—contemplates the distant—ex-
amines the minute—comprehends the great—
ascends to the sublime.—No place too re-
mote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted
for its reach.
LOVE IS TALENT.—A moral writer, in a
very flaming article about beauty and the
tender passion, says, "a man of talents spurns
the idea of stratagem to obtain the affections
of a woman, that he will not sacrifice his
feelings or his good sense to the degrading
resort of hypocrisy, but will at once avow
his love," &c. Without pretending to un-
derstand one half of this eloquence, we hun-
bly conceive that a man of talents is not par-
ticularly apt to show his good sense on such
occasions—he generally cuts twice as
many whimsical capers as ordinary men.
It is the proudest triumph of the "urchin of
the bow and quiver," that he makes a man
of sense a fool.
SECOND MARRIAGES.—On the subject of
second marriages, the Boston Statesman of a
late date, has the following:—How rare is
the felicity of a second marriage, when either
party has any children by the first. Step
fathers and step mothers too often trample
upon the rights of those who are not the off-
spring of their love, but only the objects of
their care. Parental regard can only arise
from filial love, where there is no regard
there is no obedience; and where there is no
obedience there can be no love, between pa-
rents and children. If a woman is left with
a family of children, she seldom desires to
marry—she is too wise to desire it; but when
a man is left with a family, he is often fool
enough to marry, and generally lives long
enough to repent it. We often see women
left without any fortune, bring up a large
family, usefully, decently and respectably;
and often see a man, possessed of a large
fortune, take a new wife—so crooked it can-
not lie still—make his house a bedlam, and
his former children vagabonds.
A correspondent of the same paper thinks
the subject of sufficient importance to arrest
Legislative attention, with a view of abol-
ishing this practice. He remarks that not a
single instance of a second marriage proving
as happy as the first, has ever come under
his notice; and that he knows of more than
fifty cases of second marriages which have
brought misery upon the offspring of the first.
DEATH.—It is doubtless hard to die;
but it is agreeable to hope we shall not live
here forever, and that a better life will put
an end to the troubles of this. If we were
offered immortality on earth, who is there
would accept so melancholy a gift? What
resource, what hope, what consolation would
then be left us against the rigour of fortune,
and the injustice of man?
SAFETY.—A preacher being requested to
perform the last sad offices for a young wo-
man at the point of death, pressed her to be-
lieve that flesh and blood could not enter the
kingdom of Heaven. Then I am safe, said
she, for I am nothing but skin and bone!
THE USE OF A TEA-KETTLE.—A schol-
ar who was reading at night heard a thief
breaking through the wall of his house.
Happening to have a tea-kettle of boiling
water before the fire, he took it up, and
placing himself by the side of the wall, wait-
ed for the thief. The hole being made, a
man thrust his feet through; when the schol-
ar immediately seized them, and began to
bathe them with boiling water. The thief
screamed and sued for mercy; but the schol-
ar replied very gravely, "Stop till I have
emptied my tea-kettle."
A LONG TEXT.—A clergyman was once
going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan
woman; and after reading it, he said,
"Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text
is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."
A conceited coxcomb once asked a bar-
ber's boy: "Did you ever shave a monkey?"
"Why no, sir (replied the boy), but if you
will please to sit down, I will try."

POLITICAL.

"SUPREMACY OF THE LAWS."
We now start for the national campaign.
The local interest is over for this year, and
anti-masonry is set far enough ahead to bring
a full and final triumph within our reach, if
we are active and vigilant. Always be it
remembered, that "eternal vigilance is the
price of liberty." To establish the SUPRE-
MACY OF THE LAWS, we now start for the
election of WILLIAM WIRT. The supre-
macy of the laws! Who could have believ-
ed that it would ever have been necessary,
in our republic to organize a political party
for this object. Who could have believed
that any party could look on with the most
cold blooded indifference, and we must add
with absolute connivance, and see justice
trampled upon and exiled from her own
sanctuary. Be it so. Those who have
read the history of the western trials, and
the trials of Washington county, and the
absolute refusal of our government to inter-
fere when legitimately called upon, have
seen masonry and the ruling party blended
together, either for or AGAINST law, as may
best subserve their ends. Those who have
not read must do so now, for the question
will certainly be all engrossing. Near
the "infected district," nor the State of
New York, nor the whole northern states,
can longer be the bounds of anti-masonry.
The question is going before the nation,
and the citizens of the United States must
each sit in judgment upon the matter be-
tween masonic domination and the SUPRE-
MACY OF THE LAWS.—*Elucidator.*

From the Norristown Free Press.

VIEWS OF THE MORALS OF POLITICS.
From one of the old-fashioned school of
patriotism, or pure republicans.
"We are Republicans when we neither
live nor act, nor undertake any thing, nor
choose a profession or situation, nor settle in
life, except for the public good."
"We are republicans, when, from love of
the public, we endeavour, by example as
well as precept, to stimulate our children to
active beneficence; and seek to render them
useful to others, by turning their attention
to such pursuits as are likely to increase the
public prosperity."
"We are republicans when we endeavour
to imbue the minds of our children with the
love of science, and with such knowledge as
may be likely, in mature life, to make them
useful in the stations they may be called to
occupy; and when we teach them to "love
their neighbors as themselves."
"Lastly, we are republicans, when we
preserve our children from that self-interest-
ed spirit, which, at the present day, seems
to have gained more ascendancy than love
over a nation, whose people have, notwith-
standing, reason to regard each other, and
to love each other as brethren, but the greater
part of whom, care only for themselves,
and look only for the public good when they
are compelled to do so. Far from us be
this spirit! It is as anti-republican as it is
anti-christian."

These sentiments, from the pen of an able
hand in Germany, in 1794, and addressed to
the younger inhabitant, are worthy of a
niche in every newspaper on our Continent.
Read and remember may be subjoined, to
the youth and not to them only, in the Uni-
ted States. Pure republicanism, is of rarer
existence than some suppose.

Noisy demagogues who are driven on-
ward by their hope of promotion are fond of
being styled republicans. Are they such? Far
from it—*Pro republicana re, not pro re publica,*
is their true motto. They have their own
advancement uppermost in their eye,
and the state may sink or swim provided
they can gain their aims.

A man to be a republican must be a good
man, if the former definitions are correct.
A selfish, narrow-hearted, heated partizan
cannot be a republican. He is a tyrant, a
despot, an enemy to the welfare and advance-
ment to any but himself.

A friend to Republicanism,

as explained above.
The prospect for Mr. Clay's election to
the presidency is utterly hopeless. The
New England States—Massachusetts, Con-
necticut, and Rhode Island—Delaware, five
votes in Maryland—and Louisiana—in all
40 votes—are all that he can calculate upon,
with even reasonable probability and assur-
ance. Yet, with such prospects, Mr.
Clay is willing, for the mere gratification
of his vanity, to be held up as a candidate
before the nation. Is it generous, to ask
of his friends the sacrifice of waging a vision-
ary conflict? Is it magnanimous, to permit
them to toil on ineffectually in the ranks of
a hopeless minority? And it may be asked,
is it politic for himself to accumulate defeat
—to tempt a certain, inevitable, ignominious,
overthrow!—*Cin. Rep.*

Messrs. CLAY AND WIRT.—Some of Mr
Clay's partizans are flattering themselves
that Mr Wirt will be withdrawn. They
deceive themselves greatly. It would not
be a very unwise bet, that Mr Wirt's aggre-
gate vote, with the people of the United
States, will exceed that of Mr. Clay. A
vast number of persons, indifferent as respects
them both politically, will vote for Mr. Wirt,
as a man of sound judgment, greater learn-
ing and virtue than Mr. Clay.—*Ibid.*