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The Star.

DUCE AMOR PATRIÆ PRODESSE CIVIBUS—THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS.

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POETRY.

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

From the Boston Advocate.

The annexed is the attempt of a wife whose hus-
band is at sea, and she in prison for a debt which
she can neither pay, nor prove her marriage—
and more, has no funds wherewith to fee a law-
yer to obtain her release.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

Shine on, fair star—thy ray to me,
May shine forever, and in vain;
Shadows thy bright, thy glorious reign,
The pang of ill—of destiny—

Away—beyond the sparkling sea,
Journeys my loved, my only one,
And I am cast, sweet one, from thee,
To grope this cell, unblessed, alone!

This cell; but thou, in dreams, art near,
When fancy breaks this grated wall,
And I remember scenes once dear,
When night spreads round her murky pall.

This cell—my home—my rest—my grave,
I never soild by reckless crime;
Pure, as the ocean's purest wave,
Believe I am, where'er thy clime.

I sing, dear one, thy favor'd song,
When o'er her mellow twilight spreads—
Am happy, though the rich one's wrong,
Hange heavy o'er our injured heads.

But when, in other days, the turf
Shall bloom and fade where, still, I lie
Close to the murmur of yon sur,
Then sleep beside me, when you die.

This cell—these bars—forget them then,
But still remember all our bliss,
Ere came the blasting ills of men,
To crush us, up to happiness.

My song is done—the swan's last lay,
The dying note of heaven, once thine,
And as it flows to Heaven away,
Its tone is thine, and thou art mine.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE TWO SISTERS:

A SKETCH—BY KOTZEBUE.

In a large city in Germany dwelt two sisters,
Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had
the good fortune to be very handsome, and
the bad fortune to find it out very soon.—
She soon accustomed herself to look in the
glass—that was natural; she soon took pains
in dressing—that was pardonable; she en-
deavored to acquire accomplishments—that
was prudent; but she thought nothing more
was necessary—that was foolish. True,
she played well on the harpsichord, and sung
bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes
after Hackert, and embroidered flowers from
nature. But she only played the harpsi-
chord in great companies, and only sung
airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes
for exhibition, and embroidered flowers for
sofas and screens. At home, time passed
tediously, although her old weak mother
was continually praising her beauty. This
old truth could give pleasure by coming
from new lips; hence Jeannette was contin-
ually seeking new society. Ladies always
practice a certain economy in the praise of
other ladies; but gentlemen, on the contrary,
are generally very lavish of praise; and
therefore Jeannette was fond of the society
of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have
thought and acted in the same manner; but
no one praised the poor girl, simply because
no one noticed her, for the small-pox had
rendered her appearance homely. She was
also far behind her sister in showy accom-
plishments. She played the guitar and sung
agreeably, merely simple little songs. She
was not behind Jeannette in the art of draw-
ing; but, except a few landscapes which hung
in her mother's chamber, which no one but
her mother saw, no one knew of her talent;
for the homely Pauline was as diffident as
the fascinating Jeannette was unembarras-
sed; and it only required a second look from
any one to cause her blush deeply. Fortu-
nately this did not often happen, for no one
looked at her twice: She embroidered as
well as her sister, but only upon work bags
for aunts and grandmothers. She appear-
ed best at home—in company the conscien-
tiousness of her homeliness gave her an air
of constraint; but at home affairs could not
go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother
thought proper that they should take charge
of the house, each one by turns, week about.
Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and
her week all things went on right. When
Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about
busily the whole forenoon, but when noon
came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved
also at the time she lost from her singing
and harpsichord, and at the little time which
was left her to arrange her head dress for
her evening parties. The good-hearted
Pauline frequently took her task off her hands
until finally the practice was neglected of
relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette
troubled herself no more about domestic af-
fairs. The weak mother did not interfere,
for she could not be displeased with the lo-
vely face which pleased every body. There
could be no large party unless Jeannette
Western graced it; her name served the
poets for a subject, and was the universal
toast. Few only knew that she had a
sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice
saw Jeannette and both became extremely
enamored. Both were of good family, brave,

noble, and both very rich. Jeannette was
delighted with her conquest, and her moth-
er, who was in moderate circumstances, in-
dulged herself in sweet dreams of the future.
"If both should be in earnest!" said she to
her daughter, "which will you prefer?" "I
don't know myself," answered Jeannette,
"they both please me, but I shall like the
richest one the best. Then I should take
care of you mother, in your old age, and I
would have my sister to manage my house
for me." The doating parent wept for joy
at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and
Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sis-
terly affection. In the mean time both of
the young men wooed earnestly for the beau-
tiful, and both were equally kind to the
homely Pauline, because she gave them the
pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette
was really in embarrassment which of
her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball,
at which she was queen, and she thought on
that evening she was in a fair way to love
Edward. Maurice gave a sleigh-ride, and
she flew along the street in a splendid equip-
age, and on that day she thought Maurice
more amiable than his rival. So she delay-
ed her decision from one day to another, at-
tributing her hesitation to her heart.

"If I were in your place," said Pauline
one day, "I should take Edward."

"Why?—Maurice is as rich, and you will
acknowledge he is handsomer."

"He is generous too," replied the mother.

"But he is fickle," replied Pauline. "Our
aunt has told me a good many things about
him."

"Our aunt," answered Jeannette snappish-
ly, "is an old aunt."

"Edward, on the other hand," continued
Pauline, "is more steady; and I think I have
often remarked, that he feels more deeply
and more sincerely than Maurice."

"Pshaw!" said Jeannette, tossing her
head while she stuck a flower in her hair
before the glass. "They both feel so deeply
that I hardly know how to manage them.
Meanwhile, what harm will there be in de-
laying my choice awhile? Their rivalry
makes my time pass very pleasantly, and fi-
nally accident will decide." Pauline was
silent. Both suitors continued their atten-
tions without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room, he
found Pauline in tears, and Jeannette laugh-
ing loudly. He asked modestly the cause
of the tears and the laughter. "I am a child,"
said Pauline blushing, and left the chamber.
"A child indeed," said Jeannette, laughing
after her; "you would never guess what she
was crying for."

"If it is not improper to ask?"

"Oh not at all. You have probably some-
times remarked the old blind dog that used
to lie on the sofa? He was mine, and in his
young days used to make a good deal of
sport. This morning he broke a handsome
dish. At first I fretted a little; at last I
thought the old blind animal was good for
nothing, and only did mischief; so sent him
to a huntsman and had him shot."

"And that was the cause of your sister's
weeping?"

"That was it. One would think we were
living in the times of romance."

Edward was silent, and soon changed the
conversation. But after that time he never
overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done.
He conversed sometimes with her, became
acquainted with her unpretending worth,
admired her modesty, and began to think
her appearance less homely. Yet when the
fascinating Jeannette appeared, her charms
made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid mas-
querade dress for the character of a Sultana
for the carnival which was approaching,
when her mother was taken sick. Pauline
was to have accompanied her as her slave,
and had prepared a becoming dress for the
occasion. The day arrived; the illness of
the mother had increased; the looks of the
physician, although he said nothing, made
Pauline determine not to go to the masque-
rade. Jeannette gave herself but little trou-
ble to persuade her to go, and went without
her.

"Where is your sister?" asked Edward.

"My mother is not well, and Pauline has
remained at home for company." He was
pleased at that; but he had little time to
think of it, for Jeannette appeared more
beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Mau-
rice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph
of being admired in the highest degree.—
Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed
around her; wherever she went, she heard
the voice of flattery.

Towards midnight, just as she had prom-
ised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a
domine came up and took off his mask; it
was her mother's physician. "Miss," said
he, "I have just come from your house, and
I dare not conceal from you that your moth-
er is very ill."

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, terrified
and perplexed, "I must go this moment."

"By all means," said Edward, "let us
go."

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette
looked round embarrassed; Edward offered
his services to look for her servant. She
was just at the point of requesting him
to do so, when one of the dancers in the set
took her hand and commenced the figure.
She obeyed mechanically, but said to a la-

dy standing next to her, "I cannot dance
any longer, my mother's sick." "O, do not
rob us of the ornament of our quadrille," said
a young rich Englishman—"A few minutes
can make no difference." She looked at
Edward as if she wished him to decide for
her, but he was silent. It was now his turn
to dance. The person next him joggled
him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette;
his neighbor reminded him again—
Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced
the figure with her, and the quadrille was
finished without any thing more being said.
She would then have gone, but she was so
heated that she would have taken cold, by
going into the air. After walking up and
down an adjoining room for some time, she
went home, and Edward accompanied her.
As they went up the step they saw fire in
the kitchen, where Pauline was at the fire
place, preparing something for her mother.
Her countenance, reddened by the glow of
the fire, appeared handsome, this time, to
Edward.

"It is well you have come," said Pauline
to her sister, "mother has been very sick,
& I have frequently had to leave her alone."

Edward felt himself in a singular frame
of mind. On this very evening Jeannette
had dropt some hints, which gave him hopes
of gaining the victory over his rival. His
delight on that account, however, had been
very much moderated since the last quad-
rille. A film fell from his eyes. He was
able, for the first time, to look upon her
beauty without a violent wish to possess her.
He would probably have renounced her im-
mediately, if vanity had not whispered that
she would have immediately left the ball if
she had not been dancing with him; and that
it was he who had made her forget her duty
for a moment. His feelings could not with-
stand the flattering thought of being beloved
by so beautiful a girl, and all that reason
could win of him was a determination to put
her supposed affection to the proof.

He waited until her mother recovered,
and then went one day with an air of trouble
in his countenance to Jeannette, and in-
formed her that his estate in Suabia had been
ravaged by the enemy, and that it would
take at least a year's rent to put it in its
former condition. "But," added he tenderly,
"if Jeannette only loves me, my income will
be sufficient to protect us from want." She
was visibly shocked, and changed colour as
he began his relation, and her endeavor to
conceal her confusion did not escape him.
An anxious pause ensued. She soon how-
ever recovered her composure, laid her hand
upon his in a friendly way, and said, "my
good friend, I will not deceive you, I am a
spoiled child, and cannot do without a great
many things. We are neither of us roman-
cers. We know that the hottest love will
grow cold in a cottage. That I am well
inclined towards you, I will not deny; but
we must act reasonably—remain my friend."

This declaration was a thrust in the heart
of Edward; but it was a beneficial operation
—the wound soon healed. He soon after-
wards repeated the story in presence of Pauline.
She did not look up from her embroi-
dery, but he remarked that her eyes were
moist. "What gives me the most pain from
this misfortune," continued he, "is the pov-
erty of my mother—my good mother. If I
should devote the whole of my income to
her, it will not be sufficient to provide her
the luxuries to which she has been accus-
tomed; and you know that poverty always
depends upon the different wants of man-
kind." Pauline raised her head and looked
at him kindly. She said nothing, but her
countenance spoke. The needle trembled
in her hand. She bethought herself, and
continued her embroidery. After a pause
she asked, as if merely to renew the conver-
sation, "where does your mother reside?"
Edward answered at Sturgard, where, in real-
ity, she was in the highest circle of society.
Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation
and advantages of Sturgard, and nothing
more was said of Edward's misfortune.—
For the purpose of confirming what he had
said of his losses, he limited his expenditures
and sold his fine-horses. He continued to
visit the two sisters, and the calmness of his
feelings permitted him now to see a thou-
sand little things that had formerly escaped
him. None of his observations were of a
kind to rekindle his former love; on the other
hand, Pauline daily appeared more amiable
to him, and her homeliness less striking.
As he now conversed more with her than
with Jeannette, she felt more confidence to-
wards him, her bashfulness was conquered
and she unfolded her heart. What conduced
very much to this was the modest proposi-
tion, that Edward could have no thought
of a marriage with her; that removed her
embarrassment, and she showed her pure,
unrestrained, sisterly affection.

Jeannette, on the other hand, did not re-
ceive much pleasure from his visits, which
were especially disagreeable when Maurice
was present. To him she now confined her
whole coquetry, and soon drew the net so
tightly over him, that he besought her pres-
singly every day, to make him the most en-
viable of mortals, at the altar. She still
took airs upon herself and teased him for a
while, and at last jestingly gave her consent.
The lover was delighted excessively, and
the most expensive preparations were com-
menced for the nuptials.

Meanwhile Edward continued very calm.
He was no longer in love, but it appeared to
him at times as if he loved Pauline. His
wish to see her, if he had not seen her for a
day or two; the quickness with which time
passed in her company; the unwillingness
with which he separated from her—all these
things often made him think "what if I
should offer Pauline my hand?" A surpris-
ing occurrence suddenly decided for him.

He received a letter from his mother,
containing a bill of exchange upon Sturgard
for one hundred dollars, signed by one of
the principal bankers of the place in which
Edward resided. "I cannot comprehend,"
she wrote in her letter, "why it should have
been sent to me. It was sent in an anony-
mous letter, in which I am besought, in a
few lines, not to despise the gift of a good
heart." A flame blazed in Edward's breast.
He trembled—his eyes sparkled. He hur-
ried to the Banker. "Did you draw this
bill of exchange?" "Yes." "For whom?"
"I have been paid the value." "By whom?"
"I cannot say." "But the bill of exchange
was sent to my mother." "I know nothing
of that—it is no business of mine." "I beg
you to tell me the person." "I cannot."
"You will probably cause the happiness of
my life." The banker looked at him with
surprise. "Will you tell me the truth if I
name the person?" "Yes." "Miss Pauline
Western." "You have guessed it."

Edward hurried out. In two minutes he
lay at Pauline's feet and asked her hand.—
She was confused—she could not answer—
she sighed. He put his arm around her—
"Am I disagreeable to you?" She sank
upon his breast. "Oh no.—I have long
loved you; but how could I hope." The
first raptures of love flowed through two
noble hearts. Pauline could not comprehend
how Edward had taken such a sudden violent
resolution. She often asked the reason
—he smiled but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were
fixed for the same day, on which Jeannette
was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline
made dispositions for strict frugality in her
future domestic affairs; her white plain bri-
dal dress contrasted powerfully with the sil-
ver lace of her sister. Edward pressed her
to his heart and smiled. "To-morrow,"
said he, "I will inform my mother of the
choice I have made, you must also add a
letter." Pauline promised it, not without
some embarrassment, and Edward smiled
again. On the next day she handed the
letter, but showed him at the same time her
finger bound up, which had compelled her
to get her sister to write the letter. Edward
kissed the finger; cast a look of love upon
her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eye.
She blushed and thought something was not
right; but he said "very well," and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward
came early in the morning and laid a val-
uable necklace in his bride's lap. Pauline
was astonished, but Jeannette was more so,
for the necklace was more valuable than
her own. "I have been practising usury,"
said Edward jestingly, "a little sum, advan-
ced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has
doubled itself a thousand fold." "By a noble
lady?" said Pauline. "The necklace is
very fine," continued Edward, "but what
adorns it the most, and will make me the
happiest of men, is concealed in this paper." She
opened it confusedly. It was the wed-
ding ring folded in the bill of exchange.—
Pauline recognized it at the first glance, and
cast down her eyes blushing. Edward fell
at her feet. She sunk down. "To deceive
me so!" whispered she.

When all was explained, Pauline's moth-
er embraced her, while Jeannette tossed
her pretty head. She endeavored to con-
ceal her vexation; but her marriage day was
the commencement of her matrimonial ill
humour.

Several years past; Edward found to his
astonishment that he had been blind, that
his wife was really handsome; and his do-
mestic happiness increased every day. Do-
mestic happiness never made its home with
Jeannette. Pauline was surrounded by
blooming children. The sisters seldom saw
each other; for Pauline lived only for her
husband and children, Jeannette only for
the great world. Here she found sufficient
amends for the only true happiness of mar-
riage, as long as her beauty daily at-
tracted new admirers, and as long as her
husband's riches afforded the means of ex-
pensive luxuries. But alas! her charms
began to vanish—she grew sickly—the af-
fection of her husband became deadened—
his coffers were emptied—poverty intro-
duced discord. They avoided one another; ma-
dam ran in debt—Monsieur gambled away
her jewels. They began with complaining
and ended with reproaches. At length, one
morning Maurice rode away, without taking
leave, and was never heard of afterwards.

Poor and helpless Jeannette was forced
to seek an asylum with her sister. She was
kindly received, and treated with the most
tender forbearance; but her conscience was
not at ease, a violent cough enfeebled her
frame, and in her twenty-eighth year no
trace of her former beauty remained. Her
mind was soured and embittered so that she
was rendered unfit for any domestic joys.—
The servants of the family trembled before
her. It is needless to hush the infant,
she had only to say, "Aunt is coming."

The larger children, when at play, if they
heard her cough at a distance, slipped into
some corner, and whispered to one another
"Aunt is coming."

From the New York Constellation.

UPSETTING OF A DANDY.

There is no creature that takes to him-
self more airs than a city dandy—none that
pretends to more wit and wisdom, and none
that betrays a greater want of them. One
of this class of bipeds, who had escaped from
the city a few weeks last summer, to inhale
the country atmosphere and astonish the na-
tives, betook himself to the stage-coach as
the most economical way of travelling.—
Lest, however, his motives should be suspec-
ted, he invariably informed his fellow trav-
ellers that he preferred this kind of convey-
ance for the opportunities it afforded of stu-
dying human nature.

It so happened that during our exquisite's
travels, he was thrown into company with a
Jack-tar, fresh from the fore-castle, and bound
on a short trip to his native village to recruit,
and make repairs. Jack was seized upon
by our cockney-philosopher, as a rare sub-
ject of investigation—one from which might
be extracted the material for many a pre-
cious story on his return home. He accord-
ingly commenced his examination by im-
pertinent questions, to which Jack answered
with apparent good humor. Emboldened
by his success, our student next proceeds to
quiz the honest old tar, and finding his jokes
not resented, he plies them with increased
rudeness.

At the next stage, Jack was the first to
alight, while our young philosopher, who by
this time began to suspect that his inquiries
into human nature might not result so satis-
factorily as he had expected, was the last to
leave the coach. No sooner had he alighted,
than Jack made towards him—the dandy
retreats—Jack follows him up, and seiz-
ing him by the collar, exclaimed,
"Now we'll square accounts, you land lub-
ber!"

"Oh! Oh!—let go my collar, you ruffin me,"
cried the dandy, "what do you want to do
with me?"

"Just to pay you for that soft soap you
have been giving me, you rascal!" says
Jack, giving him a leelurch, by which the
terrified dandy was thrown flat on his back
into a mud-puddle.

Jack was proceeding to further extremi-
ties, when the other passengers came up and
interfered for the relief of the fallen philo-
sopher. The old sailor was easily prevailed
upon to desist, and our soiled dandy resum-
ed his seat in the coach, with little desire to
renew his investigations into human nature.

A CATEGORICAL ANSWER.

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary
difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain
question; and yet it is an art which requires
some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized
nations, the inquirer for the most simple
things, is met by an enigma for an answer;
and, among the peasantry of Scotland and
Ireland, civilized as the general communi-
ties may be; the system often seems to be
studied evasion. This dialogue is the model
of thousands in the Hibernian isle:—"Is
this the nearest road to Cork?" "Is it to
Cork you are going?" "Yes, but my ques-
tion is, as to the nearest road?" "Why, this
road is as near as that on the other side of
the hill; for neither of them is any road at
all." "Then which way ought I to go?"
"Oh, that depends on your honor's own lik-
ing. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back
again?" "Certainly not. But, one word
for all, my good fellow; do you know any
thing about any kind of a road here?"
"There now, if your honor had asked that
before, I could have told you at once."—"Out
with it then." "Why the truth is,
your honor, that I am a stranger in these
parts, and the best thing you can do is to
stop till somebody comes that knows all a-
bout the way." "Stupid scoundrel! why
did you not say so at first?" "Stupid! that's
all my thanks. But why did not your hon-
or ask me if I belonged to the place? that
would have settled the business. Take a
fool's advice and stop where you are."

A boy who had been brought up in a log
house in Ohio, which, of course, was not
much encumbered with useless furniture
was one day sent on an errand to a neigh-
bor's house where several articles of more
fashionable furniture had just been received
from "the eastward," and among other
things a looking glass, which was suspended
opposite the door. The boy had never be-
fore seen his own face; and when, on entering
the house, the first object which presented it-
self was a dirty looking face surrounded by
long yellow shaggy hair, &c. he was so af-
frighted that without ceremony he ran home
as fast as his legs could carry him, exclaim-
ing, "Daddy, daddy, I've seen old Nick!"

FAT SHEEP.—Sixteen sheep, fed by
Mr. John Bradley, of Willistown Township,
Chester county, Pennsylvania, weighed as
follows:—105, 109, 125, 108, 125, 125,
121, 139, 160, 148, 121, 110, 123, 115,
141, 128, 124.—Total, 1999 lbs.; average
weight 125 lbs. These sheep were sold at
the rate of 12 1/2 cents per pound. The own-
er obtained \$5 06 1/2 for the hide and tallow
of each.—Philadelphia Post.