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The Star.

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

BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.
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THE GABLAND.

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

HOME.

Go, let the wand'rer search around
The hidden stores of Earth;
Go where the farthest India's bound,
In search of joy and mirth:
He ne'er will find a charm so dear,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
As that sweet sound that greets his ear
"Of home, sweet home."

In that one word is centred all
That gives to life its zest;
It doth the wand'rer's hopes recall,
And makes him doubly blest.
Where'er his fragile bark is borne,
Though on the white sea foam,
One hope shall linger 'mid each storm,
"Of home, sweet home."

New hopes may rise to greet his eyes,
And pleasure frolic round;
Yet 'mid its maze, one tear will rise,
To hear the wish'd for sound:
Though from his heart all joy depart,
And withered his hopes become;
Yet still the charm that cheers his heart
"Is home, sweet home."

THE STAR.

Tuesday Morning, August 2, 1831.

THE LIFE OF HENRY STILLING.

We have been favored with the proof sheets of the first form of the "LIFE OF HENRY STILLING," translated from the German by Dr. HAZELIUS, Second Professor of the Theological Seminary at this place, and now in the course of publication. The work is said to be highly interesting. It has been translated into the Danish, Swedish, Norwegian and Russian languages—and in the German, it has gone through many editions. We make the following extract—detailing principally the incidents attending Stilling's birth.

HENRY STILLING

Was born September the 10th, in the year 1740. He was a fine healthy child, his mother likewise recovered, in spite of the evils and prognostications of the Sibyls of Tiefenbach.

The child received the ordinance of baptism in the church of Florenburg, and Father Stilling prepared a christening feast, to which parson Stolbine was invited. For this purpose John was sent to the parsonage. In approaching the house, he remembered, that the minister was a great stickler for ceremonies, and therefore had his hat under his arm, as soon as he entered the court-yard, lest he should prove unsuccessful in his mission. But alas! how useless is frequently all human foresight! The large house dog attacked him, and John unluckily picked up a stone, and hit him in his side, so that he began to howl most piteously. The parson, who had seen the whole transaction from the window rushed out of the house in a violent passion, shook his fist at poor John, and exclaimed: "You rascal, I'll teach you, how to treat my dog!" John replied: "I beg your pardon, I did not know, that the dog belonged to your Reverence. I came, to ask your Reverence, in the name of my brother and parents, to go with me to Tiefenbach, to honor them with your presence at the christening feast."—The parson walked back into the house, without saying yes or no. However, when he had reached the door, he turned half round, muttering: "Wait, I'll go along." John waited nearly an hour in the yard, endeavoring to pacify and coax the dog, in which he by far better succeeded, than in gaining the good will of the learned parson, who however at length made his appearance. He stopped forward in the conspicuousness of his dignity, supported by his cane. John followed him trembling, his hat under his arm, having learned from sad experience, how dangerous it was to wear a hat in his worship's presence; for Mr. Stolbine had frequently given him in former years a box on his ear, when he had forgotten to pull off his hat as soon as he appeared in sight. But in walking along John found it an unpleasant task, to be exposed for an hour, to the burning rays of the sun, on a warm September day, and he was thinking of some excuse to cover his head without offense to Mr. Stolbine. While he was engaged in musing his plan, the parson suddenly stumbled and fell so hard on the ground, that it shook. John was frightened. He approached, the minister with these words: "I hope, your Reverence has received no injury?" "What is that to you, scoundrel?" replied Stolbine, as he was endeavoring to rise. At this John's temper became likewise somewhat irritated, and he said in a sarcastic tone: "Well, then I am very glad, you did fall."—"What! What!" exclaimed Stolbine. But John fearlessly covered his head, going on his way, without minding the roaring of the lion. The parson likewise stepped briskly forward, and thus they both soon arrived at Tiefenbach. Father Stilling stood uncovered before his door, his venerable grey locks glistening in the rays of the moon. "I rejoice," said he, smiling, to the minister, as he cordially shook his hand, "that I shall have the satisfaction, of seeing your Reverence in my old age at my table; but scarcely would I have been so bold, as to give you the invitation, if my joy at the birth of a grand-son had not been so great." The parson congratulated him on this happy event, adding however in a very serious tone, that he ought

to educate his children better, than he had hitherto done, unless he wished, that the curse of Eli should fall upon his head. The old gentleman received this rebuke in silence with a conscious smile of having performed his duty in that respect: When Stolbine had entered the room, he looked at the guests, and observed: "I hope, you do not wish me to eat among this crowd of peasants?" Father Stilling answered: "No-body shall eat here, but myself and my children, do you take us for a crowd of peasants?"—"For what else shall I take you?" replied the minister.—"Then I must tell you," answered Stilling, "you are no servant of Christ, but a Pharisee. The Redeemer sat down to meat with publicans and sinners; he was always humble and lowly minded. Your Reverence!—my grey hair is rising on my head, sit down or return home, as you please."—"Here," laying his hand on his heart, "here is a monitor, or else I might disregard your uniform, for which I always have entertained respect.—Sir! some time ago our prince rode past my house, as I was standing yonder before my door; he knew me, and said: Good morning Stilling! I answered: Good morning, Your Highness! He dismounted, for he was tired with the chase. Fetch me a chair, said he, that I may rest a little while. I have an airy room, was my reply, if your highness pleases, let us walk in, you will be more comfortable there. "Very well, I will," said he. He and the officer who was in his company, entered; yonder he sat, where I have placed my best chair for you. Margaret brought him sweet milk, with white bread and butter. He desired us, to eat with him, and assured us, that he had never taken a meal with a better appetite than this. In a neat and clean house any man may eat with satisfaction. Take your choice now, your Reverence, will you, or will you not eat?—We are all hungry."—Stolbine sat down, without speaking a word. Stilling then called his wife and children, but they would not come. Margaret filled an earthen dish with chicken broth for the minister, put some meat and sauce on a plate, and placed a mug of beer before him. Father Stilling waited upon him, Stolbine ate and drank without saying a word, and as soon as he had finished his meal, returned to Florenburg. When he had departed, the whole family surrounded the festive board. Margaret pronounced the benediction. Dorothy had taken her mother's place at the table, with her infant at the breast, and mother Margaret made the hostess for that day. She was dressed for the occasion in a short gown and petticoat of fine black cloth, from under her cap her honorable grey locks were visible, powdered with age. It may appear strange, but nevertheless it was so, that not a word was said about Mr. Stolbine; I suppose, the only reason was, because father Stilling did not lead the conversation to that subject. While they were at dinner, a poor woman with an infant tied in a cloth to her back, knocked at the door, asking for a piece of bread. She was dressed in ragged, dirty clothes, though fashionably made. Father Stilling ordered a portion of the christening dinner to be given her, and a piece of the rice pudding to her child. Having eaten heartily of what she had received, she prepared to depart. But father Stilling requested her to state her circumstances to the family. She was very willing to do so, and having taken a seat near Mary Stilling, commenced with the following observation: "A few years ago, you folks would have thought it a great honor, had I accepted an invitation to dine with you!"

W. Stilling: "Is it possible?"

J. St. I have no doubt of it, if your disposition had been similar to that of Parson Stolbine.

Father Stilling. Hush, Children! let the woman tell her story!

"My father is a pastor at—"

Mary. "Dear me! your father a minister?" (she moves nearer towards her.)

"Yes, to be sure a minister. He is a very learned and rich man."

J. Still. Where is he minister?"

"At Goldingen."

J. Still. "I must look for that place on the map. It can't be far from the Muhler lake, towards Septentrio."

"O my dear young gentleman, I am not acquainted with any place near by, called Santander!"

Mary. "Our John did not say Santander. How did you say?"

F. Still. Hush, children! Do you continue.

"I was at that time a handsome girl, and had many fair offers for marrying, (Mary viewed her from head to foot,) but no match pleased my father. One was not rich enough, another one of too low an extraction, and a third did not go to Church."

Mary. "John, tell me, how these people are called, who do not go to church?"

J. Still. Be still, Sister!—Separatists.

"Well, I plainly perceived, I would never have a husband, unless I endeavored to get one myself. A young journeyman barber."

Mary. "What is a journeyman barber?"

W. Still. "Be still, Sister! you may afterwards ask any question you please, only let the woman now go on.—Barbers are persons, who shave people."

"I beg your pardon, Sir! My husband performed cures like the best of doctors; yes, many, many cures did he perform: In short,

I ran away with him. We settled at Spel-terburg on the Spa river."

J. Still. "Yes, that is true, a couple of miles up the river, where the Milder falls into it."

"Yes, that is the place. O what an unhappy woman am I! For I soon perceived, my husband was connected with certain people, whom I did not like."

Mary. "Who had married you?"

"Why, who would have married us—we were not married." (At these words Mary removed her chair a little farther off from the woman.) "I would not allow, that my husband should have any connection with thieves, for though my father was but a cobbler." Here the woman flung her child on her back, and rushed out of the house, as fast as she could run.

Neither father Stilling nor the family could comprehend, for what cause the woman broke off in the midst of her narrative, and ran away. All gave their opinions on the case, and at length they agreed, it was likely, that the woman had become suddenly ill, from eating a hearty dinner, to which she was not accustomed. Father Stilling drew this inference from the narrative, agreeable to his custom, that it was highly necessary, to implant a love for religion and virtue into the hearts of children, and afterwards, when they have attained a suitable age, to give them a free choice in the selection of a companion, provided they do not disgrace the family. He observed, that parents ought indeed to admonish their children on such occasions, but no compulsion ought to be used; when a person has reached the age of manhood, he thinks, he knows what is right, as well as his parents.

While father Stilling made these observations, William was musing, his head resting on his hand. When he had ceased, William said: "Every thing the woman has mentioned, appears to me doubtful. In the beginning she said, her father had been minister at—"

Mary. "At Goldingen."

"Yes, that was it. And at last she said, he had been a cobbler." All present clapt their hands together with astonishment, they now discovered the cause of her sudden flight, and it was resolved, carefully to close every door and opening in the house; and I suppose the reader will not blame Stilling's family for taking that precaution.

Dorothy had not spoken a word while this scene was passing. If the reader ask me the reason, I must acknowledge my ignorance.—She had been wholly engrossed in nursing her Henry, whom she was regarding with the most tender affection; and indeed, he was a fine hearty child.—The neighbor women, who pretended great skill in the discovery of likenesses, were unanimously of opinion, that he bore a striking resemblance to his father, and fancied, they discovered the traces of a wart on the upper eyelid of the left eye, exactly as his father was marked in the same place. But inexplicable partiality must have deceived all these good women; for the boy possessed and retained the traits of his mother's countenance, and her tender feeling heart.

VARIETY.

Various;
That the mind of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

From the Wellsboro' (Pa.) Fun.

MARRYING FOR PENIT.

A marriage which lately took place in this county, and which was announced in this paper last week, turns out to be rather a ludicrous affair, and took place under the following circumstances: the parties, together with a number of the young people of both sexes in the neighborhood, had been invited to the wedding of another couple, and had assembled at the house of the bride where the nuptials were celebrated. After the ceremony had taken place, a young gentleman, one of the guests, proposed to a young lady present, to be married for fun, and they stood up together upon the floor for that purpose. The magistrate, who it seems was willing to contribute his share of the fun, consented to gratify the humor of the couple so far as to agree to marry them a *fig's* worth—a second contract followed to be married to the value of a "levy," and in this way the "fun" proceeded for some time. The magistrate, it appears, at last became rather tired of the sport, and informed the young couple that if they persisted in their demands to be "married for fun," he would marry them in earnest. They dared him to do it, & after his repeated admonition to them, (although they contend it was "all in fun," he actually pronounced them "husband and wife," and it would seem, not until they had separated and retired each to their own home, did they begin to understand it any thing more than being "married for fun." Learning now however, that they were really caught in the marriage noose, it became matter of serious concern to see the magistrate with a few more *figs* and *levys* to "loose the tie," which by this time was getting rather burdensome, and which was considered not the less so by the continued rallying of their comrades. They were soon given to understand however, the truth of the old trite saying that a magistrate can tie a knot with his tongue that he cannot untie with his teeth, and as we learn, have given up all hopes of a

legal separation short of an application to the Legislature.

The transaction reminds us of another wise saying, which we would urge to the consideration of the young couple, which is, "be careful how you meddle with edge tools," a magistrate's tongue being a dangerous instrument for those to meddle with who only desire to be married for fun.

A plain, but interesting looking girl, accompanied by a young man, both apparently from "up country," a few days since, after some scruples about danger, exposure, ladder, &c. took their seats on top of one of the Baltimore Rail-road cars, and looked with wonder and admiration on the preparations that were making for departure. When the car had got pretty well under way, the following dialogue took place:

"Now this aint slow, is it Betsy?"

"Dear me! I reckon not—it's little better than riding in an ox-team. Can't we have rail-roads up in our country, I wonder?"

"We have plenty on 'em, but they're made different. Did'n't you never pass by Otter-swamp? The people there have torn down all the Virginny fences and laid them lengthwise on the road to keep the cattle from stalling."

"Jimminy! how we strick along! What would our folks say if they were to see us now? I reckon cousin Sally wishes she was along. How I would like to be standing out yonder looking at myself riding along in this ere car."

The anniversary of Independence was celebrated at Topsham, Me. by the Misses of that place. "At half past one o'clock, the young ladies, dressed in white attire, a chaplet of roses encircling each one's brow, marched in procession into the Court house, where they listened to an oration delivered by Elizabeth Walker, and to a poem pronounced by Caroline C. Green.

A correspondent in Massachusetts, wishes to know if BENEDICT ARNOLD was a Freemason. HE WAS; and "Worshipful Master" of a Lodge in this State. This statement was made in the *Intelligencer* more than a year ago, from good authority; and it has never been contradicted by any of the Handmaid's heralds in this State.—*Hartford, (Ct.) Intelligencer.*

A NEW COAT.—Give me a new coat says an old proverb; and I will give you a friend for each of its stitches. So great is the influence that dress has with the larger portion of mankind, that one with a new coat on, shall be recognized by many of his acquaintances, who would not deign to acknowledge him in an old one. In Pope's time, worth made the man; in our day it is the tailor that makes him. A Spendthrift with not a cent in his pocket, but with a dashy dress, will pass for a man of consequence, while the economical man with a thread-bare coat, will be hustled among the crowd as a useless piece of furniture.

In De Kalb county, Ga. William Crowder was recently sentenced to death for the murder of his wife and child. He was jealous of his wife, and with too much reason. He beat out her brains, cut his child's throat, that it might not go to his wife's father who had protected his daughter in her misconduct; then set fire to the house, cut his own throat, not so as to cause his death, but so as not to be able to talk without squeezing his wind-pipe together.

GALLANT DAUGHTER.—Sir John Cochrane who was engaged in Argyle's rebellion against James the second, was taken prisoner, after a desperate resistance, and condemned to be hanged. His daughter, having notice that the death warrant was expected from London, attired herself in men's clothes, and twice robbed the mails between Belfor and Berwick. The execution was by this delayed, till Sir John Cochrane's father, the Earl of Dundonald, succeeded in making interest with father Peter, a Jesuit, King James' confessor who for the sum of five thousand pounds, interceded with his royal master in favour of Sir John Cochrane, and procured his pardon.

SKILFUL REPLY.—The society of Princes is hazardous to their inferiors, from the difficulty of paying them either too little difference or too much. To flatter, without the appearance of intending to flatter, is the delicate point. "Zimmerman" said Frederick the Great, sourly, to the celebrated physician, "I suppose you have in your time helped many a man into the other world." Zimmerman turned with a quick retort, "not so many as your Majesty." The King stared at his freedom.—"Nor with so much honor to myself," happily continued the bowing physician.

AN IRISHMAN'S REPLY.—An Irish soldier passing through a country village, a large mastiff ran at him, and he stabbed the dog with a spear he had in his hand. The owner of the dog carried the soldier before a justice of the peace, who asked him why he did not rather strike the dog with the butt-end of his weapon? "And so I should, an' please your honour, had the bastie ran to me with his tail foremost."

POLITICALS.

THE TRUTH AT LAST!

To the Public.

Circumstances beyond my control have placed me under the necessity of presenting myself to your notice. I assert no claim to your attention, which does not belong equally to every free citizen of the Republic. But I ask, and I feel that I have a right to expect, your candid consideration of this address. Its subject is one of awakening interest to us all.—The position in which I find myself has nothing inviting in it. It is one which I have not sought, but which has been forced upon me, and one in which I am called upon to vindicate not myself merely, but the cause of truth, and the best and dearest interests of the community, at a hazard to which fatuity alone could be insensible.

The misrepresentations of a public Journal, professing to speak the language of the President of the United States, and published under his eye, have presented to me the alternative, of submitting to an imputation, as like dishonorable and unfounded in fact, or of meeting the issue which has been tendered to me under the alleged authority of that high officer. If I do not shrink from this unequal strife, it is because I have a confidence which has never wavered, in the intelligence of my countrymen, a firm and unshaken reliance in the justice of that tribunal, whose high prerogative it is at all times, and under all circumstances, to vindicate the cause of truth.

I have studiously abstained from any effort to excite public feeling in relation to the dissolution of the late Cabinet. I have felt that the question of its propriety was one, the decision of which belonged alone to the American People. Personally I have not been disposed to deny the right of the President to exercise his own free will, as well in the change, as in the original selection of his Cabinet; and with a perfect sense of the delicacy of my own situation, I would have been at all times a reluctant witness in the investigation of the causes which led to the recent events. It was not however enough that I should submit myself to his will, although the principle by which it was avowedly regulated, could have no application to me; for this I have unhesitatingly done. But I have been required silently to witness the entire misrepresentation of occurrences which the public were well aware must have come under my observation; nay, to be publicly vouched as authority for that which was directly in conflict with my convictions of truth—and finally to be called to vindicate my own claim to veracity, assailed as it is under the alleged authority of the President of the United States, or to submit to an imputation which no honorable man may bear. I mistake the character of the American People, if they would require this. I am totally ignorant of my own, if, under any circumstances, I could yield to it. If, in the face of this great community, the cause of truth can be prostrated by the arm of power, at least the privilege of vindicating it, shall not be tamely surrendered in my person. I will bow to the decision of my countrymen—but whatever that decision may be, the high consolation of having faithfully discharged my duty to them, and to myself, shall not be taken from me.

The disingenuous and unmanly suggestion of my desire to remain in the Cabinet of General Jackson, notwithstanding the occurrences which produced my retirement, will be my apology for adverting briefly to the origin of my connexion with it, and to the circumstances which induced its continuance.

It was without any solicitation on my part or so far as I know or believe, on the part of any of my friends, that I was invited to accept the office of Attorney General of the U. States. There were circumstances, temporary in their nature, but still strongly operative, which rendered it not desirable to me. I felt, however, that I was called to decide upon the question of my acceptance not merely as an individual, but as a citizen, and especially as a citizen of Georgia. On certain principles of general policy, some of which were particularly interesting to the people of that State, the views communicated to me by the President, were in accordance with my own; and I felt it to be my duty, not to withhold any assistance which I could give to carry them into effect. The announcement of the names of the intended Cabinet seemed to me, however, to present an insuperable bar to my acceptance of the office which was tendered to me. I thought I foresaw clearly the evils which have too obviously resulted from this selection. A stranger to Gen. Jackson, I could not with propriety discuss these objections with him. I knew moreover, that some of his confidential friends had faithfully discharged their duty to him, and to the country, by a frank communication of them. In this state of things, I sought the counsel of those around me. To a gentleman high in the confidence of the President, and to a distinguished citizen of my own State, I submitted the inquiry, whether, with this view of the Cabinet which the President had selected, I could with propriety become a member of it. The former expressed his decided conviction, founded on a long and intimate knowledge of the President's character, that he would himself spend