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DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ 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."

"I COULD NOT HELP IT—NO, NOT I."

A plague upon the men, I say!
They'll never leave poor girls alone,
Ever teasing, siezing night and day,
Till they have won us for their own:
And yet the women love the men,
"Tis surely folly to deny,
For nine will answer out of ten,
"I could not help it—no, not I."
I told young William 't'other day,
I never would become a bride,
But sure he took another day,
To tell me truly that I lied:
First with a kiss he stopp'd my breath,
And softly said, "sweet creature why?"
And tho' he squeezed me most to death,
"I could not help it—no, not I."
What do you think at last I said?
I never shall forget, I swear!
I tell you plain I'll never wed,
So tease me now, sir, if you dare!
But oh! he kissed me so sweet,
And look'd so charming in my eye,
I vow'd in church the youth to meet,
"I could not help it—no, not I."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hermit of Niagara Falls.

The following particulars of the habits and death of FRANCIS ABBOTT, (says the Lockport Balance,) who for the last two years has lived in a secluded and unhappy manner, on and near the Islands at the falls of Niagara, were furnished us by the politeness of a gentleman residing at that place.

In the afternoon of the 18th of June, 1829 a tall, well built and handsome man, dressed in a long loose gown or cloak, of a chocolate color, was seen passing through the principal street of the village of Niagara Falls, on the American side. He had under his arm a roll of blankets, a fife, a port folio, and a large book; in his right hand he carried a small stick. He advanced towards the Eagle Hotel, attracting the gaze of the visitors and others about the Hotel, by his eccentric appearance. With elastic step and animated motion, he passed the Hotel, heeded not the inquiring gaze of the idle multitude, but erect and proudly bent his course to the small and lowly inn of Ebenezer O'Kelly. He at once entered into stipulations with the host, that the room he occupied should be solely his own; that he should have his table to himself, and only certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mrs. O'Kelly. He made the usual inquiries as to the localities of the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was a library, he immediately repaired to the individual by whom it was kept, deposited three dollars and took out a book; purchased a violin, borrowed music books, informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He conversed with him on various subjects, and his language was delivered with great ease and ability. The next day he returned to the same person—expatiated largely upon the beautiful scenery of the Falls—the grand views of the cascades and cataracts, and of that most sublime spectacle, the Falls themselves. In all his travels, he said, he had never met with any thing that would compare with it, on sublimity, except Mount Etna during an eruption. He said he should remain at least a week; observing that as well might a traveller in two days examine in detail the various museums and curiosities of Paris, as to become acquainted with the splendid scenery of Niagara in the same space of time. He was informed that visitors at the Falls frequently remained but a day or two, and he expressed his astonishment that they should be so little interested in the grand and beautiful works of nature as to spend only so short a period.

In a few days he called again, and again expatiated upon the beauties of the Falls, and said he had concluded to remain a month at least and perhaps six months. In a short time after this, he determined to fix his abode upon Gont or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, for the purpose of abstracting himself from all society, and becoming a solitary hermit. The proprietor of the Island did not think proper to grant him the privilege of erecting a building for such a use, but permitted him to occupy a small room in the only house on the Island. In this house there lived a family, who furnished him occasionally with bread and milk. But he generally dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles, and always doing his own cooking. This was his permanent residence for about twenty months. Last winter the family removed, and of those few persons with whom he held any communication, he expressed his great satisfaction of having it in his power to live alone. For some months he seemed to enjoy himself very much, until another family entered the house. He then concluded to erect a cottage of his own, and as he could not build it on the Island he determined to build it on the main shore. It yet stands about 30 rods from the main fall on the bank of the river. He occupied it about two months.

On Friday, the 10th of June last, he went twice to the river to bathe, and was seen to go the third time; at that time the ferryman saw him in the water. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon; the ferryman did not see him return, and his clothes were observed where he had deposited them. An examination was immediately made, but his body could not be discovered. On the 21st it was taken up at Fort Niagara and on the next day it was removed to, and entered decently at, the burial ground at Niagara Falls.

Thus has terminated the career of the unfortunate FRANCIS ABBOTT—little indeed known to those near whom he has spent the last two years of his life. Some gleanings can alone be given. He was an English gentleman, of a respectable family, of highly cultivated mind and manners. He had a finished Education, was not only master of the languages and deeply read in the arts and sciences, but possessed all the minor accomplishments of the gentleman—equal powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Many years of his life had been spent in traveling. He had visited Egypt, and Palestine; had traveled through Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for considerable periods of time in Rome, Naples, and Paris. While at the Falls, business brought him in contact with some of the inhabitants; with a few of these he would sometimes be sociable—to all others he was distant and reserved. At such times his conversation would be of the most interesting kind, and his descriptions of people and countries were highly glowing and animated. But at times, even with those he would hold no conversation, but communicated his wishes on a slate, and would request that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes for three or four months together he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head; his body enveloped in a blanket—shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitude of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin; but destroyed his compositions as fast almost as he produced them. When his little cot was examined, hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his own composition, but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded his door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. His cat occupied the place appropriated as his bed. His guitar, his violin, and flutes, and music books, were scattered around in confusion. There was a port folio, and the leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name was written in any of them.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. On the upper end of the Island he has established his walk; and at one place it had become hard trod and well beaten, like that on which a sentinel performs his tour of duty. Between Iris Island and Moss Isle, there is embayed in seclusion and shade, one of the most charming waterfalls or cascades imaginable. This was his favorite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice in the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the Island is a bridge leading to what is called the Terrapin rocks; from this bridge extends a single piece of timber some twelve or fifteen feet over the precipice. On this bridge it was his daily practice to walk; with a quick step he would pass the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly on his heel and walk back; and continue thus to walk for hours together. Sometimes he would let himself down at the end of the timber, and hang under it, by his hands and feet, over the terrific precipice for fifteen minutes at a time. To the enquiry why he would thus expose himself, he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy perform far more perilous acts, and as he should probably again pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such dangers. If the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. In the wildest hours of night, he was often found walking alone, and unfeared, in the most dangerous places near the Falls; and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man. He had a stipend allowed him of about \$5 a week. He always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully; was economical in the expenditure of money for his own immediate use; and was generous in paying for all favors and services, never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of religious duty and decorum; was mild in his behavior, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated. The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind.

What, it will be asked, could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as Francis Abbott's? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn—and what transform him noble in person and in intellect, into an isolated anchorite, shunning the association of his fel-

low men? The history of his misfortunes is not known, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion, will undoubtedly to us be ever a mystery. He was about twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He was perfectly infatuated with the scenery of the Falls, and expressed himself in ecstasies with the romantic retreats of Iris Island.

A PASSIVE INNOCENT.—Yesterday morning, a young fellow, named Daniel Lians, was committed to Bridewell from the watch house, on a charge of having attempted to steal a quantity of pine-apples from on board a sloop at Burling slip, on Saturday night. The prisoner's sleek black hair, well tanned hatchet-shaped countenance, and golden earrings, bespoke him as one "down east just now." On being asked if he had any thing to say to the charge, the prisoner replied that he had. "Why squire," said he, "I was just a walking down to the river, and not thinking of nothing, when this ere man takes me up to the watch."

Magistrate.—The complainant found you on board.

Prisoner.—Why, yes, squire, as I stood on the dock, some feller throwed me in, right on board.

Magistrate.—Aye, but you were found in the hold of the sloop.

Prisoner.—Why, yes, you see the feller shov'd me right over until I pitched right full into the hold.

Magistrate.—What, was your reason for attempting to remove the pine-apples?

At this question the unoffending innocent seemed rather confounded; he applied his ring-adorned fourth finger to his hair, and after a short pause said, "You see squire, I had nothing to do with it; circumstances—yes squire, circumstances threw me into this here scrape. As to the pine-apples, I just wanted to find what the things were, and so I just had one in my hand, but had not nothin' to do with stealing." As it appeared the owner of the apples lay in the hold to protect his property, and observed the movements, the magistrate committed him to Bridewell.

Horrible and unnatural Murder from the effects of Intemperance.—We are indebted to a gentleman of this city for the particulars of a shocking murder committed on Sunday of last week, in Naples, Ontario county. Paul B. Torrey, a merchant of Naples, in a fit of intoxication on Sunday, the 17th inst. after cruelly beating his own son, (ten years old,) with a large whip, took him by the legs and dashed his head against the side of the house with such violence as to break the wall, and then beat the poor child's head literally to a jelly, with a boot-jack! The dead body was discovered on Monday afternoon. The murderer is in jail at Canandaigua. Torrey was addicted to intemperance. His wife, in consequence of bad treatment, was driven from his house some time since. He was a merchant, (and as we learn from a house in this city with whom he dealt) in good standing. All this unutterable anguish comes from the detestable habit of drinking.

The NAVARINO.—The Portsmouth Journal relates the following accident which happened to a good old lady who was conveying home a fashionable Navarino, enclosed in a hand-box.

An unceremonious gust of wind, at an unexpected moment, gave a sudden turn to her thoughts—her highly prized box was wrested from her hands as she was passing the north side of the Parade—and assisted by a violent south wind, it commenced the tour of Market street. Its evolutions at first were regular, and the pursuit of the owner nearly corresponded in speed. Ere, long, however, the cover separated—a few more rotations, and the Navarino in its beauty, with flying ribbons, came forth—and all still rolled on—the box, the cover, the bonnet, the ribbons, and the owner in pursuit of the Navarino.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The eloquence of the North American Indian has never appeared to full advantage; the interpreters generally employed being ignorant and illiterate persons—There is often no less ingenuity than beauty in their ideas. One of the settlers on our Western borders, had used a great deal of argument to an Indian, in order to dissuade him from an hostile expedition on which he was about to set out. The Indian listened with fixed attention, and when his adviser had ceased, replied, that what he had been saying was undoubtedly extremely just; but that his feelings and resentments were not thus to be reasoned away. "Our arguments," said he, "are like good medicine, which yet often fails of effect, the patient takes it, but the pulse continues high in the temple."

PATROS.—The fleecy clouds of morning were now tinged with nature's richest vermilion; the sun was just lifting his radiant head above the stately trees of the forest; the feathered handles of nature sang forth their sweetest carols, and the universe had borrowed the robes of May; when Sylvia, more beautiful than Diana, walked out to feed the chickens.

POLITICAL.

Mr. Berrien's Address.

(Concluded.)
WASHINGTON, 23d June, 1831.

SIR:—Your note of yesterday was received in the course of the day. I was too much indisposed, however, to reply to it at the moment, and do so now merely to prevent misconception.

In your note of the 18th inst. you called on me to sanction or disavow the statement contained in a publication in the Telegraph of that date. I could not recognize your right to make this demand, but for the reasons mentioned in my reply, I thought it proper to state to you what I had done, in relation to this matter. To do this was the only object of that note.

You are quite right, however, in believing that I had no agency in procuring the publication of the statement referred to. And advertising to the spirit of your last note, I have no hesitation in thus confirming the conviction which you have expressed.

I am, respectfully,
JNO. MACPHERSON BERRIEN.

To J. H. EATON, Esq.

Shortly after this, I received a letter from Col. Johnson, which, with my reply, I feel myself bound now to give to the public. I have anxiously desired to delay this until I could receive Col. Johnson's answer. Perhaps I have waited long enough, for my reply, according to the memorandum which I have of it, was dated on the 7th inst.—But it is not this circumstance which has determined me. Col. Johnson has furnished to the editor of the Globe a statement full or otherwise, of what passed between Messrs. Branch and Ingham and myself and himself on the occasion so often referred to. Extracts from this statement are used to do me injustice. This is done, to be sure, without the authority of Col. Johnson, but he has furnished the means which are thus improperly used, and I have no alternative but to give the correspondence, or submit to continued misrepresentation. I publish Colonel Johnson's letter, as an act of Justice to him, that the public may be in full possession of his statement. My reply follows; and after this the letter and statement of Mr. Ingham, to whom, as well as to Mr. Branch, I forwarded a copy of Col. Johnson's letter.—From Mr. Branch I have received no reply—owing, as I suppose, to his absence from home.

Col. R. M. Johnson to Messrs. Berrien and Ingham.

GREAT CROSSING, 30th June, 1831.

Gentlemen.—The Telegraph has alluded to some communication made to you by a member of Congress, authorized by the President—the substance of which is, that the President wished to coerce a social intercourse between your families and Mrs. Eaton. I see the Globe denies it. I have thought it barely possible that the allusion could be made to me, because if I had ever communicated such an idea, I should have done the most palpable, gross, and wanton injustice to the President; for he disclaimed, on all occasions, any right, or desire, or intention, to regulate the private or social intercourse of his cabinet. The President had been induced to believe that a part of his Cabinet had entered into a deep laid scheme to drive Maj. Eaton from his Cabinet, and of this he complained. I did not believe it, and, as the mutual friend of all concerned, I proposed that I should have the opportunity to converse with that portion of his Cabinet before he had an interview with them, and he acquiesced—and the interview which I had with you, resulted, as I understood, in a better understanding, and in fact I considered it a reconciliation. Whatever came from me, upon the subject of a social intercourse; was the suggestions of my solicitude to restore harmony among friends. My object was peace and friendship. I have never considered myself at liberty to say any thing about this interview except to a discreet and confidential friend. I certainly should not think any of the parties justified in representing for publication or newspapers, what any of the other parties said, without submitting such statements for mutual examination; for the plain reason that such conversations are so easily misunderstood. I may well remember what I have said myself, but may not so easily represent what you have said, or intended to say. I have not myself seen the necessity or propriety of any allusion in newspapers, to our interview, which was among intimate and bosom friends, where the conversation was free and unreserved, and for the object of peace and friendship. But if any should consider it necessary, then the great object should be, to state the conversation correctly; for there can be no motive to misunderstand the facts. For fear that allusion should have been made to myself, as the member of Congress, and believing it barely possible that I may have been misunderstood on the particular point alluded to, I have felt it my duty, and due to that perfect friendship which has ever existed between us to make known these views, that the proper correction may be made, as a misunderstanding, without the necessity of any formal publication from either of us, and without even a

disclosure as to what member of Congress allusion was made.

Sincerely and truly your friend,
RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

Messrs. INGHAM & BERRIEN,
City of Washington.

The absence of Governor Branch has been the only case why this letter was not addressed to him.

Mr. Berrien to Col. Johnson.

WASHINGTON, 7th July, 1831.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 30th ult. addressed jointly to Mr. Ingham and myself has been duly received. I have noted your view of the occurrence to which it refers, with a perfect disposition to meet you in the spirit of frankness and of good feeling, which is expressed in your letter. It is an evidence of my reluctance to engage in controversy, that I have abstained from going before the public notwithstanding the multiplied misrepresentations with which the newspapers are teeming. I will desire to avoid this necessity—but as circumstances beyond my control may render it indispensable, I acquiesce with the less reluctance, in the interchange of recollections which you propose.

I am to speak of what occurred at the interview which took place between you, Messrs. Branch and Ingham, and myself, at my house. You had, as I afterwards understood, held previous conversations on the same subject with one or both of these gentlemen, but I was perfectly unprepared for the interview, until the moment when you announced its object at my house. The impression made by your announcement was such as not to be easily effaced from my memory. You began by expressing the friendly regard which you felt for those gentlemen and myself, and by stating that this was the motive for your interference. You told us that an impression had been made upon the mind of the President that a combination existed between Messrs. Ingham, and Branch, and myself, to exclude Mrs. Eaton from the society of Washington—that he was excited by this representation, considering it an attempt to wound him through Major Eaton—that the President had seen with pain the want of harmony among the members of his Cabinet—that he was determined to have harmony, and that his determination would be announced to us in the course of the week.

You added that you had in the mean time sought this interview with the approbation of the President, from motives of regard for all parties. You mentioned, as circumstances which had contributed to produce this impression on the mind of the President, that Messrs. Branch, and Ingham, and myself, had successively given large parties to which Mrs. Eaton had not been invited—and while you disclaimed any disposition on his part to require an intimacy between our families and that of Major Eaton, you added, that he would in future expect that at least on such occasions as that to which you had referred, (that is to say, when large or general parties were given,) that Mrs. Eaton should be invited. I replied to you that not having been previously advised of the intention to hold this interview—having had no conference with the other gentlemen, I must be considered solely responsible for what I was about to say. I then observed that I would not permit the President or any other man to regulate the social intercourse of myself or family—and that if such a requisition was persevered in, I would retire from office. You expressed your regret at the terms of this answer—and I remarked that it was indifferent to me in what terms it was conveyed, provided the substance was retained—but that from this I would not depart. I understood you to disclaim any intention on the part of the President to require an intimate intercourse between the families of Messrs. Branch, Ingham, and myself, and that of Major Eaton, but to express with equal clearness his expectation that when we gave large or general parties Mrs. Eaton should be invited—and it was my purpose to deny altogether his right to interfere in this matter. The replies of the other gentlemen were, according to my recollection, substantially the same—but I shall enclose copies of your letter to them, and leave them to speak for themselves.

The impression which this conversation made upon my mind is clear and distinct; and it is not probable that it could have been effaced from my memory. My own disposition was instantly to resign my office. In consenting to retain it, I yielded to the opinions of those in whose judgment I had confidence, and to my sense of what was due to the interests of Georgia, at that particular juncture.

My remembrance of this conversation is moreover confirmed by a recollection of what occurred on my subsequent interview with the President, in which a particular reference was made to it. When he spoke of a combination between Messrs. Ingham and Branch and myself, to exclude Mrs. Eaton from society, I claimed, as matter of right, to know the names of the persons by whom such a representation had been made. He said the impression had been derived from the various rumors which had reached him; spoke of the parties which had been given by these gentlemen and myself, to which Mrs. Eaton had not been invited—and added that his reports against her were foul calumnies. I