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ADVERTISEMENTS

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dollar per square—over four times, twenty-five
cents per square will be charged.

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

THE GARLAND.

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

O DE

WRITTEN BY MISS LESLIE.

AIR—"Marseilles Hymn."

Hail! to the eagle's flight of glory,
Now soaring mid the northern skies,
Fair Freedom's Eagle—he is strong.
The same where'er his pinions rise.
From his bright glance the sun light streaming
First gave Columbia's star to shine,
Then colored France's rainbow sign,
And now o'er half the world is bearing.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, ye brave,
To triumph or to fall:
March on, march on, Sarmatia's sons,
March forward, one and all.

Hark from the desert's furthest regions
The shouting Cossacks rend the air;
Though victory o'er the Moscovian legions,
They know not all that patriots dare.
Fair Poland's plains before them lying,
No Bulcan heights now intervene,
No mountain barriers rise between,
The fierce invader's course defying.

CHORUS.

"Come on—come on, ye slaves,
In souls at least we're free.
Come on—come on—our bodies now
Your Balaen ridge shall be."

Then wealth was lavished without measure
To aid that cause, all else above,
And woman gave her heart's fond treasure,
The sacred ring of married love.
Oh! noble race—still we cherish
The memory of the gallant son,
Who came to aid us ere we won
The glorious wreath that no'or shall perish.

CHORUS.

Advance, advance the flags—
The standards of the free—
Look down, look down, Kosciusko's shade,
We wove them for thee.

THE MIRROR.

THE BLIND PREACHER

BY WILLIAM WIRT, OF MD.

It was Sunday as I passed through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruined old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear what the preacher of such wilderness could say, was not the least of my motives.

On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and in a few moments I ascertained that he was blind.

The first emotions which touched the breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But oh! sacred God! how soon were my feelings changed! the lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostick swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was the day of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago.

Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give this topick a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystick symbols, there was a peculiar, a more human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate, his ascent up to Calvary, his crucifixion, and death.

I know the whole history, but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! it was all new and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrase had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the faces of the Jews; the staring frightful distortions of their malice and rage. We saw the bullet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands involuntary clenched!

But when he come to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour, which he drew to the life, his blessed eyes were streaming to heaven; his voice breathing to God, and soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable.

The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was a long time before the tumult had

subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject; or perhaps shocking them with the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau. Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such a stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their genius: you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting melody; you are to remember the pitch of the passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised, and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned through the house: the preacher removing his handkerchief from his aged face, (even wet from the recent torrent of tears,) slowly stretching forth his palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence—"Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raised the other hand pressing them both together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul in his tumultuous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had indeed and in truth been an angel of light the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Masson, or the force of Bourdaloue, it had fallen far short of the power which I felt at the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood which had just before rushed in a hurricane to my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a kind of sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering delicious horror!

The paroxysm of the blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adore him as—a God!

VARIOUS MATTERS.

MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—We learn from various quarters, that the determination to reject Mr. Van Buren's nomination as Minister to England, is becoming stronger and stronger. There are ample grounds for taking this measure, which justice alike to the individual, and the country require. There are an abundance of reasons for the measure.

1st. Mr. Van Buren was the first to introduce party politics on the floor of the Senate, as a reason for rejecting the President's nominations.

2d. Mr. Van Buren opposed the nomination of Mr. Sergeant to the Panama mission.

3d. His instructions to Mr. M'Lane, respecting the West India trade, are of themselves a sufficient reason for the rejection.

If it be said that the theory of our government supposes that the instructions to our foreign ministers proceed

from the President, then, as a patriotic American, he should have resigned office, rather than disgraced his country by signing such instructions.

So, also, Mr. M'Lane should have resigned, rather than have acted under such degrading injunctions.

4th. Mr. Van Buren should be rejected, because of the disgraceful scenes which he was so actively engaged in producing at Washington, and which resulted in blowing up the cabinet!

5th. The negligence which has

marked his administration of the State Department, and the slovenly manner in which he left his affairs.

All these without reference to his unfitness for the station, are ample reasons for his rejection and recall.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

POTY TOBACCO, (Md.) Sept. 17.

The Nuns of Mount Carmel, of this neighborhood, twenty-four in number, took their departure on the 13th inst. for Baltimore, after a residence among us of upwards of forty years.

They are of the oldest order, and of the oldest standing in the United States—having established themselves here a few years after the American Independence, and during the troubles on the continent of Europe.

Their old Convent is situated about two miles from this place, and was under a different regulation and discipline from any similar institutions in the country.

They live entirely secluded from the world, and have many devotions and deprivations not in use in other Nunneries.

They are going to Baltimore to rid themselves

of the charge of a large sum, a number of slaves, and to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather. Their present convent being built of wood, is now in a state of decay and dilapidation.

They are of the order of "Mendicant Carmelites" of the reform of St. Teresa.

The original founders of the institution came from the English Convent at Antwerp, and have died here

with the last two or three years.

The Philadelphia Inquirer has information

from a gentleman a resident of Dover, Delaware, now in Philadelphia, that a few days

since, a conspiracy was discovered to have been formed among the blacks in the county of Sussex, Delaware, with the object of revolting and rising against the whites.

The day of election was fixed upon as that on which the attempt should be made.

Fortunately, however, the plot was discovered,

and twenty-four of the prominent participants in it, were arrested and are now in the prison of Sussex county.

Apprehensions were also entertained for the quiet of Kent county, in the vicinity of Dover.

Patrols walk the streets nightly to prevent surprise, and many of the inhabitants continue in a state of much excitement and alarm.

England contains 10,000 leagues of roads,

1,500 leagues of canals, and 1,200 leagues of rail-roads.

The territory of France is twice more extensive than that of England, and has only 1,500 leagues of roads, 500 leagues of canals, and forty leagues of rail-

roads.

EDITORIAL DILEMMA.—During the dead

season, the Editor of a country paper being

much distressed for matter, ransacked every

hole and corner for intelligence, and after

having, as he thought, completed his task,

set down to dinner with what appetite he

might.

In the middle of it he was interrupted

by the entrance of his familiar, alias

the Devil," demanding "more copy."

"Curse the fellow," "more copy!" said he;

"why, have you put in the story of the tre-

mendous mushroom found in Mr. Jones'

field?" "Yes, sir."

"And the account of

the prodigious crop of apples gathered from

Mr. Timms' tree?" "Yes, sir."

"And about Mr. Thompson's kitten being suckled by a *neek-nug!*" "Yes, sir."

Smith's dreadful accident with his one horse

chaise as he passed down Holborn Hill?" "Yes, sir."

"About the men who stole the corn out of the stacks in the farm yard?" "Yes, sir, it is all up; but there is still a line and a half wanting."

"Then add," said he, with the utmost dignity, "that they most au-da-ci-ous-ly took and threshed it out on the premises."

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the packet ship Samuel

Robertson, Capt. Griswold, from London

and last from Portsmouth, whence she sailed

on 22d Aug., the Editors of the New York

Mercantile Advertiser have received papers

from the former place to the 21st, and from

the latter of 22d Aug.

In the British House of Commons, the

Reform Bill still continued under discussion

at the latest dates: on the 18th Aug. an a-

endment of Lord Chandos, providing that

to sit at will, paying £50 per annum rent,

shall be entitled to vote for county members,

was carried against the ministry.

A London paper of 21st Aug. says, it is reported

that a misunderstanding prevails in the cab-

inet respecting the late alteration in the bill.

It is added, "We trust that the difference is

not of a serious nature. For the sake of

the country may it be speedily adjusted, for

without unanimity there, the great measure

must fail."

The Dutch troops were retiring from

Belgium, and it was anticipated that they

would have crossed the frontiers on 18th Aug.

The French troops had not returned

to their own territory: several rumours are

afloat on the subject; among them—that

France will occupy the Belgian fortresses,

which would certainly be disapproved of by

England—that until peace is finally concluded

between Holland and Belgium, the troops

will continue in Belgium, for Leopold, cour-

sious of the pusillanimous spirit of his popu-

lation, is fearful of a second invasion of the

Dutch.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, the

Cassimir Perrier administration, have, on

the address of the King, found themselves in

a large and unexpected majority. Perrier,

will consequently remain in office.