

OFFICE OF THE STAR,
CHAMBERSBURG STREET, A FEW DOORS
WEST OF MR. FORRY'S TAVERN.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Conspicuously inserted FOUR times for ONE
DOLLAR per square—over four times, TWENTY-FIVE
CENTS per square will be charged.

THE STAR,

AND

Adams County Republican Banner.

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

Terms—Two Dollars per annum
payable half-yearly in advance. No sub-
scriptions taken for less than six months, and
none discontinued until all arrears are paid.
—A failure to notify a discontinuance, will
be considered a new engagement and the
paper forwarded accordingly.

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

GETTYSBURG, Pa. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1881.

VOL. 2, NO. 23.
Whole Number, 80.

THE GARDEN.

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

ARHAPSODY.

Fair girl! Thine image in my heart
Is constant as the peerless sun,
Which bids the shadowy night depart,
And melts its envious veil of dun;
When stars are quench'd in floods of light,
As morning gushes on the ebb,
Bathing each tossing billow bright,
I think of thee!

In dreams of evening—thou art there;
The pure—the beautiful—the kind;
Thy face illumines the haunted air,
Touch'd with the kindling rays of mind;
Thy soft blue eyes—their mildest beam
Keeps with a spell of love on me,
Till 'rapt in one transcendent dream,
I think of thee!

And oh! When sunset fires the west,
When gold and purple clouds are there;
A holy transport fills my breast,
A smile like thine invests the air;
And in the fragrant sighs of eve,
A kiss like thine is borne to me;
While winds o'er flowers their whispers weave,
I think of thee!

THE MIRROR.

LUCY MAR.

Of all the virtues in the world, that of pure and philanthropic charity sends forth the sweetest incense. It is a lovely trait in the character of the aged—for it argues a tenderness of feeling, an expansive mind, and a warm and benevolent heart, existing amid the desolation of years; and by this we know that time, which freezes up the flowers of beauty and the perennial fount of youth, has not been able to reach the springs of humanity which flow from the inner bosom. We admire it in the middle aged and active but from these we expect the ready and active benevolence which is due from man to man—they are the bone and sinew of society, and owe duties from which their fathers are in a measure exempt. But the charity of the young is that which mingles present pleasure with all the fullness of future hope, and sheds around the character a more than earthly glory.

Every poor family in Alesbury knew Lucy Mar, of the Sweet-briar cottage, over the brook, by the meadows; where her father lived on a snug little farm which he had bought out of the hard earnings of his young days, and where he long lived in good circumstances, honest, and industrious. There were many pretty girls in Alesbury, in those times, but they were, as now, too much devoted to pleasure, too fond of gay dress and gay company, and spent too much time with the beaux, to have a great deal to devote to better purposes. Among these Lucy was called the little basket girl, from the circumstance of her frequently bringing up to the village small presents in a basket, which she carried round to those families who, through misfortune, sickness, or accidents, were struggling with distress.

Her father, when she was quite a child, gave her a spot of garden ground. Lucy, said he, this shall be all your own; if you are a good girl, and industrious, it will yield you many good things, and you shall dispose of them as you like. Every summer she paid constant attention to its cultivation—her brother assisted her in the most laborious part of the business, and in process of time it yielded abundantly. She had a present also, once, of two pretty lambs, and from this small stock in a few seasons came a fine little flock—the wool of these she spun for stockings and mittens, for the people about her neighborhood and in the village, to whose relief also the produce of her little garden went.

From resources such as these, Lucy was many times enabled to cheer the spirits of desponding poverty, and often did her small presents, well timed always in their application, dissipate the gloom that was gathering round a widowed or an orphan family. Among the poor, and there were several families of such in and about Alesbury, she was idolized; and she early, very early, had the joy of knowing that if the prayers of grey-headed, decrepit, desolate age, were valuable she was rich in such treasures. Beyond her circle of measurably dependent friends, she had few intimate companions—and secluded amid the retired shades of the Sweet-briar cottage, she passed the first sixteen years of her life, in tranquillity and innocence.

I think Lucy was about sixteen, when the lawsuit between her father & the Lawrence's took place, which ended in the loss of his estate, for the court decided that he had bought the Sweet-briar property under a bad title. It was a severe stroke to the family—for in this farm the good man lost all that he was worth, and found himself involved in debt besides—having devoted all that he made for many years to enrich, and beautify, and improve his delightful situation; and the expenses of the unexpected suit having been considerable.

When Mr. Mar returned from the court, on the evening of the day in which his fortune had been decided; an affecting scene took place. All is lost, said the poor man as his wife opened the door to receive him—all is lost! Mary, we must leave to others this pretty retreat which we have fixed up

so snugly and comfortable, for our old age, and on which we so long fondly hoped our children would succeed us—but it is the will of heaven—we must bear it with the resignation that becomes us.

The kind mother clasped her hands silently, and turned pale—but when she saw her husband affected almost to tears, she put on the natural fortitude of the woman, and endeavored cheerfully to encourage him under his misfortunes. The children gathered round their parents, and with tears in their eyes listened to the father's sad account—and then we must leave the Sweet-briar cottage, said they all, sobbing, and in the same breath. Yes, repeated the unfortunate father—the tears ran down his cheeks, and unable to restrain their feelings longer, the whole family were bathed in tears.

Misfortunes, sudden and deep and unexpected—misfortunes, made sad inroads upon the hearts even of the most sober and philosophic—and the young and unfortified, often bear them with less of firmness. But Lucy who had been sitting long silent in one corner, at length spoke. They will take my pretty garden spot then, and all my lambs, but, though I shall have to leave my poor friends in the village, without my aid, it will be even a sweeter task to work, and earn something for, and help, every day, my poor parents—yes, we will all work to help you Pa, responded each of the affectionate children, and touched with this pathetic appeal to his affectionate heart, another burst of tears succeeded.

Just then a gentle rap was heard at the door—Lucy flew to open it, and a traveller entered, and asked for lodgings. There was a moment of hesitation, and all eyes were turned to Mr. Mar. I never yet, said the good man, turned a stranger from my door, and while I have a loaf of bread, I will not deny a share of it to the needy. Pleasure returned in every countenance at these words, and the unknown visitor was shown to a seat—supper was prepared by Lucy, and the stranger feasted. He was a young man of a fine figure and countenance, intelligent and affable—and ever and anon, his eye was caught straying towards Lucy—she discovered it, and blushing, seized an opportunity of retiring.

Methinks, said the stranger, as she left the room, I saw that pretty blue eyed girl in the village, two years ago, carrying a basket of food to the poor old woman who lived by the turnpike gate; is it not her they used to call the little basket girl?—The father smiled and assented. Then, said he, I know more of her history than you imagine—we must become better acquainted. The conversation went on—in course Mr. Mar mentioned his losses—and spoke with a full heart of his past life, his prospects, and his family. The evening was spent—and next morning the stranger left the cottage, saying he had some business to transact and would return in the evening.

The evening came—Carroll returned, and presented to the astonished family Mr. Lawrence's deed for the farm. I give it to you, said he, on this condition, that you allow me to remain a member of your family for a few weeks; the condition was accepted; a new era opened; the six weeks was prolonged to sixteen, and at the end of that time he led young Lucy to the altar. He was a wealthy landholder, from an eastern town, and had been on a visit to his tenants, when this event took place.

Thus did heaven reward the virtues of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mar, at last, and when it was least expected, with a flow of unexampled prosperity.

NIAGARA, Sept. 16, 1831.

An incident of unusual interest befel a little girl last evening, between the landing wharf of the steam boat Great Britain and the Youngstown Ferry. She was of the number of poor Scotch emigrants, who had just disembarked from the boat and had huddled their utensils on the wharf. By some accident she was precipitated into the river and sunk, apparently to rise no more. Never was more confusion, and never such inconsiderate remissness, in adopting means of recovery. The men stood on the fatal spot as though expecting to attract the little unfortunate by the intensity of their gaze. Fortunately, at this moment, a strange gentleman appeared, and moved by the heart rending shrieks of the unfortunate mother, slipped his coat, watch and shoes, and plunged to the bottom in pursuit. He soon reappeared, bringing up the little Highlander, swam with her to the shore, and ran with her to an adjoining out house, where the means of resuscitation were immediately and successfully adopted. In less than two hours, the child had entirely recovered, and was delivered over to the mother. The deliverer is an entire stranger. All that the emigrants knew of him was that he embarked on board the Great Britain at Oswego, bound to the westward; that he spoke to them very kindly while on board, gave some crackers to the children, and was dressed in black, and they think "was a very christian kind of a man." We understand the same gentleman left in the stage at Youngstown the next morning. Such acts of decisive benevolence should be recorded, and we hope yet to learn the name and habitation of the stranger.

VARIETY.

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

Mr. Tanner, of Philadelphia, has published a map of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, which he has put up in the neat and compact "pocket form," so convenient for travellers and for general reference.

The New York City Inspector reports the death of 166 persons during the week ending on Saturday, the 1st inst. viz: 40 men, 36 women, 50 boys, and 40 girls. Of whom 40 were of or under the age of 1 year, 24 between 1 and 2, 23 between 2 and 5.

Logical Illustration.—A layman in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of Deity: "Brethren, I am just as certain that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in town."—*New Bedford Gazette.*

The Hagerstown Herald says: our domestic affairs, like the currents of "true love," do not run very smooth at the present moment. There is a considerable commotion between the rival powers of the Tariff and Anti-Tariff. In order to obviate the bad effects which might possibly result from the "Convention of Free Trade," about to assemble in Philadelphia, the friends of "Manufactures and Protecting duties" intend to have a grand convention in New York, on the 26th of this month. Success to their efforts—it is the true cause of American Independence. Take this with you as you go along;—the enemies of the American System are almost entirely the advocates of the re-election of Jackson to the Presidency.

An under officer of the customs at the port of Liverpool, running heedlessly along the ship's gunnel, happened to tip over board, and was drowned: being soon after taken up, the coroner's jury was summoned to sit upon the body; one of the jurymen, returning home was called by an alderman of the town and asked what verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *felix de se!* "Aye, aye," said the jurymen, shaking his noddle, "he fell into the sea sure enough."

INFAMOUS CRIME.—Robert Clarke a large negro man, of the apparent age of 40 years, or more, was, on last Friday, convicted in our court of Common Pleas, of a rape committed on a female black child of nine years of age, and sentenced to the penitentiary for 15 years. This audacious crime was attended with circumstances of appalling outrage. We are sorry that the court did not extend his imprisonment to the utmost limit of the law, twenty years. *Ohio Monitor.*

STUMP ELOQUENCE

One of the best criteria to judge of the eloquence of a speaker, is the effect he produces upon his audience. Every judicious speaker will adapt himself, both in his language and illustrations, to the capacity, the taste, and the prejudices of his audience. To address a fine speech, clothed in elegant terms, to a backwoods hunter, would be absurd—and most certainly would fail of the desired effect. Nobody understands this subject better than the *stump orators* of the West. We find the following specimen of real Kentucky eloquence, in the Cincinnati Chronicle. It is part of an electioneering speech, delivered by Mr. Davis the Congressional candidate in opposition to Mr. Daniels, whose inconsistency in regard to the Maysville turnpike, he thus exposes:

"Here, fellow citizens, said he, we have a man who professed great friendship for this turnpike previous to his election—and afterwards, when a bill was before Congress to make an appropriation for it, he made speeches in its favor—voted for it—and it was passed and sent to the president for his signature, but returned with his veto. It then came before the House again, when lo! this ardent supporter of the bill turned and voted against it!"

"Now, gentlemen, what would you think of a dog, that would go a coon hunting with you—follow the track well—bark well—run well—catch the coon—bite well—hold well—and just as you had got up with him, and were in the very act of seizing hold of the coon, would let him go and turn and bark at you? I say, gentlemen, what would you do with such a dog?"

"Kill him! by thunder!—Shoot him! by jingo!" was the universal shout of the audience.

COMPLIMENT TO THE AMERICAN BAR.

From the Washington Globe:
"We consider it highly honorable to the mercantile part of the community of Charleston, that none of them could be found so regardless of the sentiments of propriety as well as patriotism, as seriously to question the right of the government of the Union, to lay and collect duties on imports. No

offrontry could be found equal to this effort, but that of a practised Attorney; and we do not believe that any one, even of this class, would have had the hardihood, but that he knew he might expect the support of a Vice President and a league of Lawyer politicians."

A new edition of Mr. Wirt's British Spy has been put to press at New York. It is to be enriched with a biographical notice of the distinguished author.

One month's work by the City Thieves.—The New York Daily Advertiser learns from authentic sources, that during the month of September the people of New York, and strangers visiting it, have been robbed of \$5,918 in money, 16 watches, 272 silver spoons, and almost an incalculable amount of jewelry, clothes, cloths, household furniture, &c. &c.

A young fop ordering a seal, expressed his desire to have something engraved upon it to denote what he was. "You cannot have any thing better," observed the jeweller, "than a cypher!"

JEWELS IN THE EAR.—We are apt to laugh at savages for wearing jewels in their noses. But we every day see females in civilized society, with nobs, rings, drops, pendants, and other ornaments in their ears. Now which can boast the greater refinement of taste—the savage or the fashionable lady? Do not trinkets show to quite as good advantage dangling from the nose as the ear? The nose is certainly the more prominent member, and deserving as much regard as the ear.

The truth is, that the wearing of jewels is a relic of barbarous taste; all savages are excessively fond of ornament; and the preference given to the ear over the nose rather marks the difference, than the improvement of taste.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A military chaplain, unfortunately addicted to drinking, one morning preached an impressive sermon upon the vice of drunkenness; at its conclusion, an associate enquired; how he, of all men, could choose such a subject? "Ah, my friend," replied the divine, "if you had such a confounded head-ache, as last night's carouse has given me, you would preach against it too."

A grey Eagle, says the Oswego, (N. Y.) Free Press, was shown us last Saturday, which was taken on the borders of the Onondaga lake, in the town of Salina. He was indeed a noble looking bird, and measured from tip to tip of his wings seven and a half feet.

In a certain town, not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of the deacons, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher happening to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" the good deacon, who kept a small store, thinking the inquiry respecting some kind of merchandise, immediately answered—"seven & sixpence a dozen!"

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—In good old puritanical times, the laws of Connecticut would fine a man for kissing his wife on Sunday; but a few revolving years have wrought wonderful changes. We learn by the New Haven Palladium of the 6th inst. that at the late session of the Supreme Court in that city, "Clara Bissel," of Litchfield, for concealing or destroying her infant child, plead guilty, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail, for three months, and to pay a fine of \$50.

If this is sufficient punishment to inflict on a mother, for murdering her child, what length of confinement, and what sum of money, would settle the account in that state if one adult should kill another?

Mr. Ogilvy, a Scotch clergyman, at Luman in Forfarshire, had a great deal of eccentricity in his character and manner. On Sunday, when he was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman, who kept an ale-house in the parish, fell asleep; her neighbour joggled her, in order to wake her. The parson seeing this, said—"If I'll wake her, I warrant you. Phew—(whistling) Janet! a bottle of ale and a dram!"—"Coming Sir."

REMEMBER THE PRINTER.—Appended to the notice of a marriage published in an Easton, Md., newspaper, are the following remarks—which should be generally circulated for the information of all young candidates for the favors of Hymen—and for the benefit of the craft in general:—

Accompanying the above notice of the marriage, was a bottle of excellent wine, a chunk of pound cake as big as our press ball, with divers bunches of raisins, and oceans of nuts. To the generous couple, who, in the midst of all their happiness, did not forget the poor printer, we tender our sincerest wishes for their happiness and prosperity. After the demolition of the good things, our devil anxiously inquired, as he wiped his mouth, if there would be any more weddings soon.

COUNT LEON.—The Buffalo Journal states that the Belgian Count, Leon, with his Countess and forty-five attendants, arrived in that village on the 26th ult. on his way to Rapp's settlement, twelve miles below Pittsburg. It is said, the Count left Belgium through dissatisfaction at the accession of a foreign Prince to the throne.—He proposes to purchase 100,000 acres of land, in a body, and to people it with two thousand of his countrymen, who will embark for America, to follow his fortunes.—Count Leon is said to have brought out with him funds to the amount of five millions of dollars.

THE U. S. REVENUE.—We understand from Washington, says the N. York Enquirer, that the United States Revenue for the present year will exceed the estimates by eight millions of dollars. It was estimated at \$22,000,000—it will reach nearly \$30,000,000. And yet we are told by the Nullifiers and Free Trade party, that the Tariff is ruinous to our commerce! *Baltimore Patriot.*

The Hagerstown Free Press says.—The following letter from the "Onondago Republican," shows that there is a serious awakening among masonic members of the churches, to the evil tendency of masonic principles. The prospect is truly encouraging, that the pretended Handmaid of religion will soon be stripped of her hypocritical robe, and driven from the temples of the Most High.

LAFAYETTE, Aug. 17, 1881.
Messrs. Editors:—I am exceedingly rejoiced to learn that the Presbyterian Church at Syracuse, in conjunction with their Pastor, (Mr. Adams a mason) did at a late meeting of their church severally and collectively pronounce the institution of freemasonry, a useless, if not wicked institution; and that the rules, ceremonies, and obligations peculiar to the lodge room, form no part of the duties and obligations due from a devoted christian to his Creator. They therefore wished to dissolve all connexion with the institution forever, adopting in a measure the resolutions proposed by the Onondago Presbytery which you published in your paper sometime since.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.—A travelling book pedlar, named George Powell, was at Coshocton, Ohio, on the night of the 10th ult. and disappeared in a manner that excited strong suspicions. A general search was made through the country, and by dragging the river, but without effect. A man named Smith, was however, arrested on suspicion, who finally confessed that himself and two others had murdered the pedlar, and after robbing him of 800 dollars, had thrown the body into the river.

ILLNESS OF THE PRESIDENT.
The President during the last week had a sharp attack of intermittent fever. He was somewhat indisposed on his return from his visit to Carrollton, and he promptly applied efficacious remedies before the disease assumed the form of the epidemic, which is now prevalent in the city. By thus taking it in anticipation, the fever recurred only twice with violence, and the third chill was entirely prevented. He has been rapidly recovering since, and was able to ride out on Friday.—*Globe, Oct. 3.*

The Chillicothe Supporter states that the Ohio Canal had been filled with water to a point very near that town, and that by the finishing of a small piece of work there would be continuous navigable line of two hundred and fifty miles opened between Chillicothe and Lake Erie.

Hydrophobia.—An interesting little girl, aged about six years, the daughter of Mrs. Russell, who resides in Long Island, about two miles from Williamsburgh Ferry, New York was bitten by a mad dog nine weeks ago. The child died a few days ago—exactly eight weeks after it was bitten—of hydrophobia—accompanied by all the terrible symptoms of this appalling malady.

The same dog after biting the child, attacked a bull—the animal shortly after became mad, and beat his own brains out against the barn wall of his owner.

We have heard it stated, that one of the first calls that will be made at the coming Session of Congress, will be for information as to how Mr. Livingston's enormous and long-standing defalcation has been settled at the Treasury? This call will come from a Jackson member who thinks the Nation ought to be put in possession of the *modus operandi* in this strange and mysterious business.

VALUABLE COWS.—At the recent cattle show and Farmer's Fair, in Andover, (Mass.) two cows were exhibited, one of which, with feed from a common pasture, had given from the 2d of May to the 27th of September 586 gallons of superior milk, being an average produce of four gallons per day. The other gave in the month of June 17 quarts a day, and there was made from her milk in one month, fifty pounds of butter.