

THE GARLAND.

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

BEAUTY'S GRAVE.

Tread softly, stranger! this is ground
Which no rude footstep should impress;
With tender pity gaze around,
Let sadness all thy soul possess.
Tread softly! lest thou crush the flowers
That o'er this turf are taught to wave,
Transplanted from their native bowers
To shed their sweets o'er Beauty's Grave.
And stranger, let your melting heart
Mark well this fresh and verdant sod;
And ere you from the scene depart,
O! let your soul commune with God.
Thus fade the fragile buds of earth,
Thus fade the lovely and the brave!
Come here, ye thoughtless sons of mirth,
And pause awhile o'er Beauty's Grave.
Sweet withered rose! may thy pale doom
Call tears into the virgin's eye!
Oh may the prospect of this tomb
Remind her, "all that live must die!"
And warn her in the days of youth,
To think of Him who being gave,
And bid her seek the ways of truth,
Like her who sleeps in Beauty's Grave.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.

Doubt, when radiant pearls are shining—
Doubt, when clasping hands are twining—
Doubt, when honied words are flowing—
Doubt, when blushes warm are glowing—
But never doubt that TRUTH sincere
That glitters in the starting tear.
Doubt, when mirthful tones invite thee—
Doubt, when grateful hopes delight thee—
Doubt, what'er is fondest, fairest—
Doubt, what'er is brightest, rarest—
But never doubt that TRUTH can live
In hearts that suffer—and forgive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rose of Menteth.

[From the Philadelphia "Casket."]

ELLEN OF MENTEITH was a beautiful girl; her high forehead and her bright blue eye, the mild, yet haughty expression of her countenance, her tall and majestic carriage, and the faultless symmetry of her shape; accorded well with the tartan plaid and plumed cap the maidens of her country wore.

Bright and beautiful indeed was the fair Rose of Menteth, (for so from her childhood the gallant highlanders had called her,) yet the fair form was surpassed by the noble soul which filled it. Reserved and proud she certainly was, and yet withal so kind, that you looked upon her as some brighter and purer being; one who was worthy almost of worship. And the old earl of Menteth doted on his daughter with somewhat of passionate fondness; and the earnest return she made of his affection endeared her still more in the eyes of all who beheld her.—There was another, too, who adored her, not as a father or a brother loves, but passionately, devotedly, fondly, even as the young and noble soul loves the dear object of his heart's devotedness. Even from their very childhood, their souls had been, as it were, knit into one; and often had they roved over the mounts and muffs of bonny Menteth, the arm of the young knight encircling the fairy form of the lovely girl. They had loved on, blindly—fondly; within their own hearts was placed their all of happiness: they dreamed not of the cold and cheerless world—all was bright and lovely to their warm imaginations, as the sun shining upon the beautiful glens and rocks and mountains, and the placid lakes of Scotland. Sir Malcolm Glenroy had attained the age of manhood, and with a bridal cavalcade he set forth towards the castle of Menteth. For a while he checked his impatience and the ardour of his course, and rode calmly on by the side of the old knight of Clan Aloyns. But the haughty and impatient spirit brooked not long the dull pace at which the dignity of the old knight deemed it proper they should march.

"Forward, forward, gentlemen; by heaven this is a pace for a funeral. On—and try the mettle of your steeds." And he dashed onward as swiftly as the noble horse could bear him.

"Hallo, hallo," cried the old knight, "Sir Malcolm; whither away, in the devil's name! Hold, gentlemen, hold; 'tis unseemly to gallop on in such a deuce of a hurry."

But he had better have talked to the wind than to the hot-blooded gentlemen around him. On they went, over hill, dale and fallow; and Clan Aloyns followed as best he might. But, like the thrice valiant and illustrious Sir John Falstaff (whom he rivalled in size though not in *instinct*;) he found hard riding somewhat unpleasant; and his face shone like Mars through a mist, when he reached Menteth. He looked stern and muttered curses as he rode through the park, and well I ween, he meant to bestow a serious lecture upon Sir Malcolm as soon as he saw him.

But his laudable purpose was most unpleasantly frustrated. As he entered the castle, Sir Malcolm and the Earl of Menteth passed through the hall.

"Good God, Sir," exclaimed Malcolm; "must I ride so soon, must I leave my gentle Ellen. For heaven's sake, Sir, let us be married ere we part; that will allay, in a measure, the fever of my anxiety. But to leave her thus; I cannot, must not. Think of some other means, I pray you;" and he seized the hand of the old earl.

"Young man," said the earl, "the foeman are upon our soil; Montrose needs succour, and I have sworn that I and mine shall shed even the last drop from our veins, should his cause and the cause of our royal master need it. Once more I swear to ye, my daughter shall never wed another."

In deep and almost overpowering agitation, Sir Malcolm gazed upon the earl: for a moment he faltered as he thought upon the happiness he was about to fly from; then

grasping the hilt of his sword, and half drawing it from its sheath—"I swear, by Heaven," he exclaimed, "never shall ye find the Glenroy wanting; I will gather my clan and join ye ere to-morrow's dawn. Gentlemen, to horse! there are helms to be broken."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Clan Aloyn, "why the lad's like wild fire, ye were in such a devil of a hurry to get here, by my troth ye part easily."

"Gentlemen," said Menteth, "we have no time to lose; Montrose is up in the west, and needs the assistance of every loyal heart and hand; he is a false knight who withholds his aid."

"Aid by Saint Mary, I will not for one," cried Romand of Glenmore.

"Nor I." "Nor I." Echoed a dozen highland chieftains.

"I'm not over fond of fighting," said Clan Aloyn; "because I make a better mark than most men to shoot at. But by Saint Andrew, my sword shall not rust for lack of using it."

"Well said, Clan Aloyn," said Menteth; "and now my gallant friends, a parting glass, and so to horse. Here's a health to brave Montrose, and the bonny king over the water," and loud rang the shouts through the hall of the castle; and the next moment Glenroy and his friends galloped over the draw bridge.

Over the heaths flew the war sign; old men and boys even gathered around it; for Sir Malcolm Glenroy was dearly loved by his followers. And as the east began to glow with the morning's light, he passed the draw bridge of Menteth with a hundred men at arms, well mounted and equipped. One after another the royalists thronged to their rendezvous, and the sun-rise saw them on their march to Carrickmuir, where Montrose lay encamped.

Malcolm parted from Ellen with a hurried embrace, and his heart was saddened within him; she stood upon the draw bridge as the bold knights and chieftains passed before her, and waved again and again her kerchief in adieu. They passed on, and she returned to her chamber in mournfulness of spirit.

Menteth led the way, scarcely allowing his troops sufficient time to rest their jaded steeds. Each morning ere the dawning of the day, they were marching on, and the sun went down ere they paused to rest.

At length the tents of Montrose were in view, and each martial spirit throbbed high with fierce and stern determination; and many a silent oath was sworn that they would win a name, or die in the battle field.

Menteth, Glenroy and Glenmore rode on before the detachment. Montrose met them; "Welcome, gentlemen, welcome," he exclaimed; and then casting his eyes along the line—"would to heaven," he continued, "all who call themselves friends were indeed such friends as ye have proved yourselves. But there is a craven spirit abroad; a curse upon the cowardly knaves, had I one half the assistance promised me I would hurl the usurper from his seat and set our bonny Stewart upon the throne of his fathers. But in, gentlemen, in; ye must be weary. Ye are thrice welcome to what cheer we can offer you. What, Glenroy, have ye left your bonny bride so soon to wield the sword?"

"No more of that, sir, in the name of heaven; I am half crazed already; Menteth will tell ye all; I must be with my troop.—Gentlemen, good morning," and springing on his steed, he strove to banish the mournful images which had taken possession of his soul.

It were needless to follow Montrose thro' his successes and adversity. Every one knows the fate of the gallant and unfortunate nobleman.

Glenroy fought well and fearlessly; and hand in glove with Menteth stood by Montrose to the end. In the last and fatal battle, he commanded the forlorn hope; and when he beheld all flying before the Southrons and the Campbells, he dashed forward at the head of his troop to cover their retreat.

As they rode furiously o'er the dead and the dying, their horses' fetlocks cut on the gore; they met Menteth vainly endeavoring to lead his men back to the charge. More than half of them had fallen; and of those who remained, many were scarcely able to drag themselves along. Glenroy paused for a moment, and at that instant a large body of cavalry rode round a point near them.

"Forward with the banner," cried Monteth, "death to the red coats!"

"God for Glenroy," shouted Sir Malcolm; "charge!"

"Down with the beggar Scots!" cried an English colonel as they met in the charge.

Not another word was spoken, but hand to hand and steel to steel they engaged.—Vainly did Glenroy lead on again and again his faltering troops. Vainly did the old Earl of Menteth fight as though the battle renewed his youth. Helm after helm was broken; hand after hand resigned its grasp on the sword; and the Scots fled, overpowered, bearing Menteth with them.

Glenroy saw not the dishonor of his followers, for a heavy blow had borne him to the earth, cleaving his helmet in its course; and he fell senseless among the bleeding bodies of his gallant warriors.

The English dashed onwards in pursuit of the fugitives, and heeded not the cries of the wounded who lay around, Scots and Englishmen, side by side.

Sir Malcolm revived for a moment; he gazed around him as one awakening from a deep sleep; but a smothered moan aroused him, and raising himself upon his arm, he looked around on the mournful scene. Close by his side lay Glenroy in the agonies of death;—the death moans of his followers struck upon his ears; sighs, groans, and the heart-rending cries of the maimed and dying were echoed from side to side;—and the sun

went down upon that spectacle of human folly and vindictiveness; upon broken helms and lifeless bodies, as calmly and peacefully, as though it shone on the greensward.

The damp, chilly night air hovered around him, colder and colder. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "must I be here and perish! Ellen, dear Ellen, a long, long farewell." And he fell back upon the earth. Again he aroused himself; he essayed to rise, and at length he succeeded. His horse stood grazing at a distance; Glenroy called to him, and the faithful animal came to his side.

He mounted, and looking around to see whom he could aid; he beheld Clan Aloyn vainly endeavoring to rise. Either his wounds, or his enormous bulk prevented him.

"Why God-a-mercy, Sir Malcolm, what dost thou there! Now I pray thee in Saint Mary's name, dismount and set me upon my feet again. I am half dead with lying here and I cannot rise, more by token, that I am shot through the leg."

Glenroy dismounted with difficulty, and at length succeeded in raising the old knight; and catching a horse which stood near, Clan Aloyn managed, with some trouble and pain, to bestow his weight upon the animal, and off they rode at as round a pace as sore bones would admit of.

Hastily and in darkness they rode over hill and valley in their road to Menteth.—More than once were they startled by the tent fires of the English. Small detachments of the red coats were upon every hill and in every pass, and well it was for Glenroy that he knew every rock and pass in his road.

They had penetrated unseen through the whole line of picquets, and the last post of the English was passed, when the sharp roar of the carbine roared through the mountain glens, and a bullet whistled by Glenroy's ear. Almost worn down with fatigue and the loss of blood, they had but little hope of escape from the hands of their pursuers; yet they spurred on, and followed by the war cry of the English, dashed from the high road into the forest.

It was impossible for the red coats to follow them on horseback, and the fugitives gained on them for a while.

"Clan Aloyn," said Glenroy, as they passed a place known as the Wizard's Cave, "I can ride no further; every moment I feel as though I should drop from my steed. On to Menteth; bid them farewell for me; for God knows 'tis unlikely we shall ever meet again, and tell her I will think of her to the last."

"Nay, cheer up, Sir Malcolm, there is almost a mile between us and our pursuers; we may reach Menteth before them."

"Tis vain, Sir, I cannot ride further.—Once more I bid ye on, and save yourself; lead off my horse lest they discover me."

"Farewell, my chief; by Saint Andrew, I am loath to leave ye thus."

"On, on, ye have no time to lose; adieu," returned Sir Malcolm, and upon his hands and knees he crawled into the cave; and he laid himself down upon a bed of rocks, and slept from very weariness.

Half regretting that he had obeyed the command of the chief, Clan Aloyn rode onward. The noise of pursuit at length ceased, and he breathed more fully.

At last, almost dead with fatigue, he reached the castle of Menteth. The draw-bridge was up; and men guarded the wall, and all presented a scene of watchfulness.

"Who goes there?" cried a sentinel.

"Clan Aloyn; half dead with loss of blood and want of nourishment."

The old knight frowned as he passed the threshold, and they bore him to a couch where he remained senseless until the next day. On the afternoon of the morrow, he requested his attendant to inform the Lady Ellen that he wished to speak to her. The old man lay upon his couch, muttering slowly certain uncouth words, and tossing from side to side.

The Lady entered—"Tell me, tell me of Glenroy," she exclaimed, "where did ye leave him?"

"In the Wizard's Cave, Madam, much against my will; I fear the red coats have him, for this pursuit ceased soon after I left him, and he was wounded and unable to ride."

For a moment the fair Ellen gazed as if but half conscious of what the old knight had spoken; then uttering a wild and mournful cry, she fell to the earth.

"Good Heaven! what have I done; a curse on my old tongue. Help—help—for God's sake, help."

The cry was heard by Menteth as he stood on the battlement, gazing with folded arms upon the scene around him. He rushed to the spot and beheld his daughter in the arms of her attendant, without motion and apparently without life. He knelt down by her side, and with all the fond anxiety of a doating father, strove to recall her departed senses. She awoke—

"Glenroy," she said, "they told me thou wert dead; but I did not believe them—no, no, thou wouldst not die and leave me here in misery. Yes, yes,—hal where art thou; father, where is my Malcolm? where; oh tell me, where?"

"Be calm, my daughter; he has not yet returned."

"Then he is dead, and I am miserable." At that instant, a loud shout broke from the troops upon the walls; Menteth rushed to the court yard; "Glenroy—Sir Malcolm," they cried. The draw bridge lowered; a knight rode through; sprang from his steed; clasped Menteth by the hand, and in another moment was clasped to the heart of the fair Rose of Menteth.

Glenroy and Menteth were pardoned for their aid and abettance to rebellion, by the reigning monarch, and Sir Malcolm Glenroy was wedded to Ellen, the fair Rose of Menteth.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCT. S. M. TUDOR,

OFFERS his Professional services to the public generally, and can always be found at his father's residence, at the house formerly occupied by James Morrisson, within one mile and a half of Hampton. Fair Mount, June 14, 1831. tf-10

NEW GOODS?

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has received a late and fresh supply of

NEW GOODS,

Suitable to the season, which will be sold low for Cash or Country Produce; and also that he has taken ANDREW DEARDORFF into partnership with him in the Mercantile business. He hereby tenders his thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal encouragement already received, and hopes for a continuance of their favor and patronage. THOMAS MCKNIGHT. November 8, 1831. 4t-31

Can't wait any longer.

OWING to my having made a change in my Mercantile business, it now becomes necessary that I should close my former accounts—I therefore notify all those who know themselves indebted to me either by bond, note, or book account, to call and settle the same against the first day of January next. After that date those neglecting this notice will find their accounts in the hands of a proper officer for collection. Those persons who gave their notes, at my Vendue last Spring, are informed that they are due, and payment is required and embraced in the above notice. By punctual attention to this notice, those indebted will confer a great favor on their friend and humble servant, THOMAS MCKNIGHT. November 8, 1831. 4t-31

WORTHY ATTENTION.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his customers and the public, that he is just receiving a fresh supply of

FALL GOODS.

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods, Groceries, Queens Ware and Hard Ware, Stoves and Hollow Ware, Iron and Lumber, &c.

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH and COUNTRY PRODUCE. &c.

THOMAS J. COOPER.

N. B. I return my thanks to those that have attended to my last notice for calling and settling; and wish others to call and settle, where their accounts is of old standing. T. J. C. October 18, 1831. 4t-28

NEW GOODS?

THE subscriber respectfully tenders his thanks to his friends, and the public generally, for their liberal encouragement, and informs them that he has just returned from the Cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with a

LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF SEASONABLE GOODS,

AMONG WHICH ARE,

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and SATINETTS:

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, TARTAN PLAIDS, &c. &c.

WITH A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF

English and French super royal MERINOS, & Merino and Thibet SHAWLS.

As Puffing is unnecessary, I only request a call, to oblige Your obedient serv't. SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK. Gettysburg, October 4, 1831. 4t-28

COME AND SEE

THE FRESH FALL GOODS.

DAVID COMFORT has just received from Philadelphia, a new and beautiful assortment of

FALL & WINTER GOODS

—CONSISTING OF—

Superfine Blue, Black, Mixed and Olive CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, FLANNEL, MERINO SHAWLS, French & English Merinoes & Crapes Royal, for dresses.

Black Bombazetts, Circassians, Tartan Plaids and Camlet CLOAKS, English & Italian Lustring SILKS,

With almost every other article in his line of business. His stock of Goods having been selected with great care, will be sold on very accommodating terms. Persons wishing to purchase largely, will find it to their advantage to call and examine—they may rest assured of having Goods offered them as CHEAP as at any other house in the place. —ALSO—

A large lot of IRON,

Has just been received from Arnold & Stevens' Forge, warranted of a superior quality—which will be sold low. Gettysburg, October 18, 1831. 4t-28

NOT APPOINTED To the Printing Business, if wanted, immediately, at the Star Office.

COACH-MAKING, &c.



EDWIN A. ATLEE,

Respectfully informs the public that he has removed to his New Shop in Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court House, WHERE HE IS PREPARED TO

Make, Trim, and Repair COACHES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—ALSO—

SADDLES,

BRIDLES, SADDLE-BAGS, Portmanteaus, Harness, Trunks, and every other article in his line of business, with neatness, durability and despatch. He returns his thanks for past encouragement, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same. July 26, 1831. tf-16

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.

The Pennsylvania Telegraph. Will be published on a large Imperial sheet with new type twice a week, during the Session of the Legislature. It will contain full and impartial Reports of the proceedings of that body, and a summary of the debates, on all important questions, together with such remarks as the independent course of the editor shall deem just, uninfluenced by the hope of gain or reward, and unswayed by the officers of power or dispensers of patronage.

In the exercise of this privilege, he will from time to time, speak of the conduct of our public men, the character of their measures, and their principles of administration. But in doing this he will aim to be just and impartial, as well as free and independent. Truth shall be spoken, and such facts as belong to the public conduct of public men, shall be given without fear or favor. Able Reporters are engaged. Arrangements are also made for giving the earliest reports of the proceedings of Congress. A portion of the TELEGRAPH will be devoted also to literary and general news. The terms will be, For the Session \$2 in advance. For the Year \$3 do. do.

Companies of 6, forwarding \$10, will receive six numbers of the Telegraph during the Session. Larger companies in proportion. Agents who will obtain five subscribers, shall receive a sixth copy gratis. All remittances by mail, at the risk of the subscriber. THEO. FENN. Harrisburg, Nov. 8, 1831. 4t-31

Pennsylvania Reporter.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.

DURING the approaching Session, the Pennsylvania Reporter will contain full, fair, and impartial reports of the proceedings of both branches of the legislature. Competent reporters are already engaged, who will attend regularly in the Senate and House of Representatives during their sessions. The Reporter will be printed on a fine large imperial sheet, with small type, which will enable us to give the reports of the proceedings and debates, in both houses, at great length; and no exertions will be spared to render it interesting to the public in general, and particularly to the citizens of Pennsylvania, as a faithful record of its legislative proceedings. The terms will be the same as heretofore, viz:

For the session, twice a week, in advance, \$2 00 For the whole year, 3 00

The accounts due for subscription to the Reporter, from its commencement, November 20, 1827, have been transferred to the subscriber, who earnestly requests all those in arrears, to embrace the opportunity afforded by the meeting of the legislature, to forward their dues by the members.—Those who do not reside convenient to their members, may transmit by mail at our risk. HENRY WELSH. November, 1, 1831. 4t-30

LEGISLATIVE REPORTS.

Pennsylvania Intelligencer.

The Pennsylvania Intelligencer, being the only paper located at the capital of the State, which independent of men or popular caprice, advocates the American System; and having the advantage of location in a place, to which, all the eyes of Commonwealth are directed, as the scene of operations of the State Government, appeals to the friends of Pennsylvania policy for support.

The next session of the Legislature will be one of peculiar interest to every class of citizens in this Commonwealth. The system of Internal Improvement, and the means to prosecute it, will be engrossing and important topics. The Editors themselves will be in attendance on both Houses, and the debates on all important questions will be given, fully and impartially. The Editors are determined to make the Intelligencer during the coming session of the Legislature, unsurpassed by any public Journal in the State, as a faithful Register of Legislative debates, which cannot fail to recommend it, at this important crisis in our improvement system and the fiscal concerns of the Commonwealth, to every Pennsylvanian.

The Intelligencer will be printed on a large Imperial sheet, on the following terms. For the Session only, twice a week, \$2.00 For the whole year, 3.00

C. MOWRY & CO. November 22, 1831. 4t-33