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THE STAR, AND Adams County Republican Banner.

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

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

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THE GARLAND.

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

The annexed feeling lines are from the Norfolk
(Va.) American Beacon. They were addressed
to a young Boy, who supposed himself rebuked
for his affection, replied,

"I am not too old to love my Mother."

I did not think to check the flow
Of thy young heart's deep love, my boy;
And with ungentle hand to throw
A cloud athwart thy sun of joy:
Would—though fast coming years will steal
The boyish freshness from thy brow—
Thou wert couldst be "too old" to feel
The same pure love that stirs thee now!

Would that thine heart might ever be
Linked to thy mother's by a spell
As strong as human destiny,
And love, that years, nor cares may quell;
That manhood might not lead away
Thy thought from the maternal knee—
The spot where thou art wont to pray,
The lip that only blest thee!

Yet vain the wish—a mother's voice
May not forever win thine ear,
A mother's heart bid thine rejoice,
Nor blend with thine a mother's tear!
Thou wilt commune with men—and yearn
For the endearments childhood knew,
And sigh, when later friendships burn,
For those—the early loved and true!

And they will quit thee not—no claim
Lingers about our altar years:
There cometh a maternal charm
To mould our course, or stay our fears,
And thou wilt look in sorrow back,
On many a joy-enlivened scene,
But find on manhood's wayward track,
Not like a mother's love, I woe!

Then think not I could bid thee seal
Thy living heart up in thy breast,
Or would that thou shouldst cease to feel
All that hath power to make thee blest!
O, no! let thine affections now
Gush out, where'er thy promptings move,
Henceforth, it may be that thou
Wilt find no human thing to love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING WITH FEMALE AFFECTIONS.

Man cannot act a more perfidious part,
Than use his utmost efforts to obtain
A confidence in order to deceive.

HONOUR and integrity ought to be the
leading principles of every transaction in
life. These are virtues highly requisite
notwithstanding they are too frequently dis-
regarded. Whatever pursuits individuals
are in quest of, sincerity in profession, stead-
fastness in pursuit, and punctuality in dis-
charging engagements, are indispensably
incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and
uprightness in his dealings with his fellow-
creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and
applause of all good men; whilst he who acts
from dishonest or designing principles, ob-
tains deserved contempt. Dishonest pro-
ceedings in word or deed, are very offen-
sive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God
and man, even in trivial, but much more so
in consequential affairs. The most perfect
uprightness is highly requisite between man
and man, though it is too often disregarded,
and is much more so between the sexes.
Every profession of regard should be with-
out dissembling, every promise preserved
inviolate, and every engagement faithfully
discharged. No one ought to make any
offers or pretensions to a lady before he is,
in a great measure certain that her person,
her temper and qualifications suit his cir-
cumstances, and agree perfectly with his
own temper and way of thinking. For a
stiffness of mind and manners is very ne-
cessary to render the bonds of love permanent,
and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life would be,
If hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of
heart will not only observe the beauties of
the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dig-
nity of sentiment and the delicacy of wit,
but will strive to fix his affections on such
permanent endowments, before he pledges
his faith to any lady.

He looks upon marriage as a business of
the greatest importance in life, and a change
of condition that cannot be undertaken with-
out much reverence and deliberation.—
Therefore he will not undertake it at ran-
dom, lest he should precipitately involve
himself in the greatest difficulties. He
wishes to act a conscientious part, and con-
sequently cannot think (notwithstanding it
is too much countenanced by custom) of
sporting with the affections of the fair sex,
nor even of paying his addresses to any one
till he is perfectly convinced his own are
fixed on just principles.

All imaginable caution is certainly ne-
cessary beforehand; but after a man's pro-
fession of regard, and kind services and so-
licitations have made an impression on a
female heart, it is no longer a matter of in-
difference, whether he perseveres in, or
breaks off his engagement. For he is then
particularly dear to her, and reason, honor,
justice, all unite to oblige him to make good
his engagement. When the matter is
brought to such a crisis, there is no retract-
ing, without manifestly disturbing her quiet
and tranquillity of mind; nor can any thing
but her loss of virtue justify her desertion.
Whether marriage has been expressly pro-
mised or not, is of little significance. For
if he has solicited and obtained her affec-
tions, on the supposition that he intended to
marry her, the contract is, in the sight of
heaven, sufficiently binding. In that, the

man who basely imposes upon the honest
heart of an unsuspecting girl, and, after win-
ning her affections by the prevailing rheto-
ric of courtship, ungenerously leaves her to
bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very
dishonorable part, and is more to be detest-
ed than a common robber. For private
treachery is much more heinous than open
force; and money must not be put in com-
petition with happiness.

PARODY OF A POACHER.

A poor strolling player in England, was
once caught performing the part of a poacher,
and being taken before the magistrates
assembled at quarter sessions, for examina-
tion, one of them asked what right he had to
kill a hare, when he replied in the following
parody on Brutus' speech to the Romans,
in defence of his killing Cæsar:

"Britons, hungriermen, and epicures!

Hear me for my cause, and be silent that
you may hear; believe me for my honor,
and have respect for my honor that you
may believe; censure me not in your wis-
dom, and awake your senses that you may
better judge. If there be any in this as-
sembly, my dear friend of this hare, to him
I say that a poacher's love for hare is no
less than his. If then he demand why a
poacher rose against a hare, this is my an-
swer; not that I loved hare less, but that I
loved eating more. Had you rather this
hare were living than I had died starving,
than that this hare were dead, that I might
live a jolly fellow?—As this hare was pretty
I weep for him: as he was plump, I honor
him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it; but,
as he was eatable, I slew him. There are
tears for his beauty, honor for his condition,
joy for his speed, and death for his tooth-
someness. Who is here so cruel, would
see me a starved man?—if any, speak, for
him have I offended. Who is here so silly,
that would not make a tid-bit?—if any,
speak, for him have I offended. Who is
here so sleek, that does not love his belly?
if any, speak, for him have I offended."

"You have offended justice, sirrah," cried
out one of the magistrates, out of all pa-
tience with this long harangue, which had
begun to invade the time that his own bel-
ly had arrived.

"Then," said the culprit, guessing at the
hungry feelings of the bench, "since Justice
is dissatisfied, it must needs have something
to devour: Heaven forbid I should keep
any justice from dinner!—so, if you please,
I'll wish your lordship a good day and a
good hare to dinner!"

The magistrates, eager to retire, and,
somewhat pleased with the fellow's last
wish, gave him a reprimand and let him go.

PULPIT ORATORY.—The Rev. M.

Weston, when preaching at Edinburg—
made the following division on the text:—
"Ephraim is as a cake turned." "The
first thing we shall do with Ephraim is to
turn him, and this we shall do effectually,
1st. We shall turn him up side down. 2d.
We shall turn him outside in. 3d. We
shall turn him backside fore. 4th. We
shall turn him about his business.

Dr. Franklin's Parable against Persecution.—The following beautiful imitation
of the historical style of the Old Testament
was written by Dr. Franklin, and by him
communicated to Lord Kaimes.

And it came to pass after these things,
that Abraham sat in the door of his tent a-
bout the going down of the sun.

And beheld a man bent with age coming
from the way of the wilderness leaning on a
staff.

And Abraham arose and met him, and
said unto him, turn in, I pray thee, and
wash thy feet and tarry all night, and then
thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go
thy way.

And the man said nay, for I will abide
under this tree.

But Abraham pressed him greatly, so he
turned and went into the tent and Abraham
baked unleavened bread and they did eat.

And when Abraham saw that the man
blessed not God, he said unto him, why dost
thou not worship the most high God, crea-
tor of heaven and earth?

And the man answered and said, I do not
worship thy God, neither do I call upon thy
name; for I have made to myself a God which
abideth always in my house, and provideth
me with all things.

And Abraham's zeal was kindled against
the man, & he arose & fell upon him, and
drove him forth with blows into the wilder-
ness.

And God called unto him, saying: Abra-
ham, where is the stranger?

And Abraham answered and said, Lord,
he would not worship thee, neither would he
call upon thy name; therefore have I driven
him out from before my face into the wilder-
ness.

And God said, I have borne with him
these hundred and ninety years, and nour-
ished him and clothed him, notwithstanding
his rebellion against me; and couldst
not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with
him one night?

The world is flooded with anecdotes of
Johnson. Let us record an anecdote of one
of his hearers. He and Burke were one e-
vening, I believe, at the Misses Cotterell's,
when the conversation turned upon the great

poets of antiquity. At length, it was settled
on the comparative merits of Homer and
Virgil. Johnson was for Homer, Burke for
Virgil. Johnson poured out a prodigious
quantity of thought upon the vividness, ori-
ginality and grandeur of the Greek. Burke
delighted in the sustained majesty, the ming-
led pathos and vigor, and the mellifluous
eloquence of the Roman. The argument
went on for hours, while no one present
thought of interrupting so noble a display of
genius on both sides. At length, a young
lady's eye glanced on her watch, and to her
surprise, finding that it was past midnight,
she whispered the hour to her mother.—
"Child," said the mother, indignant at being
disturbed, "tell me that the house is on fire,
for nothing else can be an excuse for leaving
such conversation."

The Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, who
was a large heavy man, was once challeng-
ed by a thin, active French officer. "We
are not upon equal terms with rapiers," said
Van Tromp, "but call upon me to-morrow
morning and we will adjust the affair."—
When the Frenchman called, he found the
Dutch Admiral bestriding a barrel of Gun-
powder! "There is room enough for you,"
said Van Tromp, "at the other end of the
barrel; sit down; there is a match; and as
you are the challenger, give fire." The
Frenchman was thunderstruck at this ter-
rible mode of fighting; but as the Dutch
admiral told him he would fight no other
way, terms of reconciliation ensued.

A map does not exhibit a more distinct
view of the boundaries and situation of every
country, than its news does a picture of the
genius and morals of its inhabitants.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Temperance Society of Get-
tysburg and the vicinity, at the Court-house, in
Gettysburg, on the 10th Dec, 1831,
BY DANIEL M. SMYER, ESQ.
By request of the Society.

[Concluded from last week.]

We frequently hear the drunkard complaining
of his misfortunes; (for by that mild epithet does
he distinguish the consequences of actions at
which angels weep, and even fiends would blush)
and wondering why it is that all things prosper
so ill with him. Let him make the following easy
calculation, and I imagine we shall hear no more
of his senseless railing at what he chooses to call,
his destiny. I will suppose that every man who
is in the habit of drinking ardent spirits, expends
12½ cents for them daily. This would amount to
\$45.62½ in a year: a sum equal to the yearly in-
terest of \$760—and sufficient to pay the rent of
a comfortable dwelling house. But there are ma-
ny who expend two fold, and even ten fold this
amount, to minister to their beastly propensity.
Let him take into consideration, in connection
with this, the loss of character, the waste of time,
and the ruin of health; the loss of public confi-
dence, and the consequent decline of business; the
habits of neglect and inattention to business,
which intemperance engenders; and the number-
less mistakes, omissions, and impositions to which
it exposes him; and the drunkard will be at no loss
to account for the unpromising aspect of his af-
fairs.

Intemperance impairs, and, if persisted in,
eventually destroys the intellect. Beneath its in-
fluence, the fire of Genius loses more and more of
its warmth and brilliancy, and dies slowly, but
surely away, until it is finally extinguished. Who
has not seen how, at the withering touch of this
destroying demon, the firmest, most compact, and
well ordered intellects have fallen to pieces, and
been resolved into the disjointed and shapeless
atoms that float in the brain of the maniac? True,
it is alleged by some, that wine, by quickening the
flow of the animal spirits, brightens the ideas, and
envelops them in more rapid and brilliant suc-
cession. Alas! These transient flashes, like the
lightning's fitful gleams, tend only to render more
palpably manifest, the dark, dark night of vague
stupidity that precedes and follows them; this false
and momentary gleam, serves but to light the dark
and downward path that leads to the destruction
of all the mind's noblest energies! And who, that
has listened to the ribald jests, obscene witticisms,
and licentious orgies of a Bacchanalian revel,
would consider them an adequate compensation
for the degradation of intellect and the profanation
of decency which they involve? Their very ex-
hibition proves that the mind has already lost one
of its strongest stays—the power of regulating
and controlling its own impulses in subservience
to the dictates of sound and practical morality.

Nor is the voice of experience silent on this part
of our subject. It has been stated, on an unques-
tionable authority, that between the fourth and one
third of the insane persons admitted into the Penn-
sylvania Hospital, became so through too free an
use of ardent spirits. Newton, whose bold and
grasping genius led him to investigate and teach
to a wondering world, the laws which govern the
wheeling planets and circling spheres, and for
whose mathematical and ordered mind no
subject was either too vast or too minute—Locke,
whose daring and adventurous intellect first sound-
ed the depths of mind and explored the hitherto
unknown regions of the understanding, with no
other guide or compass than the acuteness and
discrimination of his own perceptions, sensations,
and perceptions—Sir Willis Jones, whose mind
was a capacious reservoir of every thing curious
in modern learning and ancient lore—and our own
illustrious countryman, Franklin, at once the pre-
sident statesman, enlightening philosopher and skil-
ful mechanic—were all remarkable for a tem-
perate and even abstemious course of life. Does
any one believe that additional excellence would
have been imparted to Newton's "Principia," or
Locke's admirable "Essay on the Understanding,"
had these distinguished individuals worshipped at
the shrine of the Moloch intemperance? No;
by keeping the brain clear and unclouded by the
fumes of inebriety, they were able to see clearness
and perspicuity to their ideas. There is none of
that flighty brilliancy about them, which some-
times mark in the waving bloom of the votary
of dissipation, even as a vapour sometimes emits
a flash of more than usual brightness when just
from the point of expiring; but in the longest and most
elaborate inductions, there is a consistency of parts

and consistency of design—a just adaptation of
means to ends—very different from the wild, mu-
table, and momentary inspirations of the bottle.

It may not be amiss to glance, for a mo-
ment, at some of the inducements which are
sometimes offered as apologies for their con-
duct by the intemperate—

Some have recourse to it to drown care
and banish reflection. To such I would
say, that the remedy is far worse than the
disease. It is, (to use a homely saying)
curing the itch, by scratching the skin off.
Will it lighten the burthen of care, or alle-
viate the poignancy of their reflections, to
yield to a vice which their own consciences
—the general sense of mankind, and the
precepts of inspiration, unite to condemn?
No! when the factitious excitement has sub-
sided, and they awaken from the delirium of
intoxication, they will find that they have
but infused another drop into their cup of
bitterness: to the pangs they formerly en-
dured, will now be added the sting of self-re-
proach: they will feel humbled and degra-
ded in their own eyes; and to drown the
maddening sense of this superadded torture,
they will again seek to steep themselves in
the oblivion of the bottle; and thus they go
on from one degree to another, until at length
they sink into confirmed irreclaimable sots,
past cure, past hope—and

"Society grown weary of the load,
Shakes her enumber'd chap, and casts them out."

Persons of a melancholy, hypochondriacal
temperament are peculiarly subject to the
operation of this cause—Domestic afflictions,
losses in business, and other similar causes
also drive many to this pernicious resource.
Wretched delusion! Seeking to lose the
remembrance of pain, they add fresh poi-
gnancy to their sufferings!

Others have recourse to exhilarations of
the bottle, to supply the want of natural
gaiety and vivacity. Self-convicted of dul-
ness, they strive by this artificial stimulus,
to force their spirits to keep pace with those
around them. Such persons display not
only an obtuseness of intellect, but a want of
common sense; otherwise they would never
jeopardize both body and soul for an object
so little commensurate with the risk. Some,
either from an irritable nervous tempera-
ment, or from a sheepish bashfulness as
alien to true modesty as vulgarity is to wit,
quake and tremble like a convicted felon on
his way to execution, when circumstances
compel them to mingle in the circles of so-
ciety, and have recourse to the bottle, in
order, as they style it, to steady their nerves.
I pity the man who cannot encounter his fel-
lows without previously doing that which
ought to render him ashamed to look any
decent person in the face. He whose spirits
ebb and flow under the periodical influence
of the bottle, in like manner as the Moon is
supposed to influence the tides, is but a poor
acquisition to society, and might very well
be dispensed with. Besides, he is pursuing
the very course which will eventually shatter
and ruin his nerves instead of strengthening
them. There is no man so nervous as the
drunkard.

Some are led to Intemperance, by the in-
fluence of a social, convivial, and without a
thoughtful disposition. Such are the very
materials out of which the Devil loves to
manufacture drunkards. Such persons set
out with the axiom, which has caused the
ruin of many, that there is no harm in occa-
sionally taking a social glass with a friend,
provided one stops in time, and does not take
too much. They enter on the scene of de-
bauch with a fixed determination (as they
fancy) to limit themselves to a certain quan-
tity and to stop when they have arrived at a
certain point. That point is attained; but
seduced by the contagion of example, (for
drunkenness is a contagious as well as a so-
cial vice) and excited by the liquor they
have already quaffed, they go on drinking
potations deep and strong, until they are
drunk as any of their beastly associates.—
With the ensuing morning come nausea,
vertigo, and head-ache, qualms of the con-
science and of the stomach; and with them
come, too, sundry good resolutions of future
abstinence. By the next evening, these
qualms are gone; and with them, are fled too
their praise-worthy resolutions. They re-
solve—fearless souls! to brave the peril once
more; determining full surely to profit by the
experience they have purchased, and refrain
in season, this time. It is, I presume, need-
less to say, that this resolution, like the pre-
ceding, is made only to be broken. And
thus they go on, resolving and re-resolving
that each transgression shall be the last, and
still transgressing; and, with each repetition
of the dangerous indulgence, losing more
and more of the inclination as well as the
ability to withstand it, until at length, they
cease to struggle, and yield willingly and
unresistingly to the current that is hurrying
them to destruction;—whilst Hell's caverns
re-echo with the fierce laughter of exulting
fiends, as they contemplate their victim
speeding swiftly on to the consummation of
his dark and fearful destiny!

It would be trespassing too much upon
your patience, to enter into a minute analy-
sis of the causes of this wide spreading evil.
There is one however, deserving of notice,
and which I must not pass: it is the needless
multiplication of taverns, or rather licensed
Grog-shops and Tippling houses (for many
of them are no better,) in our land. It has
been a subject of astonishment to foreigners
travelling through our country, to witness

the vast number of houses of this description,
with which it abounds. Scarcely can you
travel three miles on any of our public roads,
without encountering one of these licensed
post-houses—

"Pass where we may, through city or thro' town
Village or hamlet of this merry land,
—every twentieth pace,

Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the eyes
That law hath licensed, as makes Temperance
reel."

Having dwelt at such length upon the
mischief, it remains that we, in a few words,
should point out the remedy. This, we say,
consists in a TOTAL ABSTINENCE from the
use of ardent spirits. Nothing short of this
will be found an adequate and efficacious
remedy. I am aware that it has been con-
tended by many that the moderate use of
ardent spirits is not injurious; that it is only
the excessive use, which is prejudicial. But
is this so? Chemical analysis and physi-
ological science prove that in very few cases,
are ardent spirits, taken in any quantity,
beneficial to the system; and even in those,
only when taken on the same footing that
other medicines are administered. This is
the opinion of every scientific man of the
medical profession, who has investigated the
subject; and are their opinions to be out-
weighed by the crude fancies, whims, and
perchance prejudices, of every dram-drin-
ker? Moreover, the moderate use, is too apt
to lead men into excess, by imperceptible
degrees. The process may be more or less
rapid in different individuals: but the result
is sure. Every drunkard was once a moder-
ate drinker. No one was ever born a
drunkard, or deliberately designed to be-
come a drunkard. The only security con-
sists in entire abstinence. But how is this
to be attained? The means are found in the
institution of Temperance Societies. Let
the orderly, respectable, and temperate por-
tion of the community, unite in these volun-
tary associations, for the purpose of sup-
pressing intemperance by discouraging the
use of ardent spirits. Let such a bias and
direction be given to public opinion, as to
render it not only disgraceful to be seen
drunk, but also, discreditable to be seen
drinking. Thus, and thus only, can you
drive ardent spirits out of circulation, and
consign them to their proper and legitimate
place, the shelves of the Apothecary. The
true aim and proper scope of Temperance
Societies, are not so much to reclaim the
habitual drunkard, as to arrest the career of
those who are in danger of becoming such.
The confirmed sot is, perhaps, irreclaimable
by any thing short of a miracle. But the
moderate drinker, who has not yet reached
the point of excess, but is fast verging to-
wards it, is an object that demands all our
aid and claims all our sympathies.

And, let me say to those who are associa-
ted with me in this noble cause, that if, by
our influence and exertions, we can succeed
in checking one votary of intemperance in
his dark and perilous career, and restore him
to respectability, and return him, reclaimed
and regenerated, to the wife, the children,
or the parents who have long and bitterly
mourned over his degeneracy, it will be a
rich reward for all our sacrifices; and, in
any case, we may be assured of one com-
pensation which is dependent neither upon
success or disappointment—the smiles of an
approving conscience. Should disappoint-
ment hover over our prospects, and the rank
breath of calumny dim the brightness of our
glorious cause, let this consideration fix the
flickering flame of hope, and glide the gath-
ering gloom of despair. But the present
aspect of our cause does not justify the lan-
guage of despondency. Already, within the
contracted sphere of our own operations,
there has been a very sensible diminution
effected in the consumption of ardent spirits
whilst every post brings us the most gratify-
ing and animating accounts of the onward
and successful march of the champions of
Temperance. In many sections of the coun-
try, the circulation of ardent spirits has been
almost wholly arrested. The votary of in-
temperance no longer pays his vows to his
God openly, in the face of day, as though
he gloried in his shame; but, by the irresist-
ible force of public opinion, he is constrained
to offer them up in secret and by stealth;
or, if he has the hardihood to brave public
sentiment, you may see the coward blush of
conscious guilt, crimson his bloated visage.
The drunkard is now regarded with loath-
ing and disgust, as a monster too vile to be
admitted within the portals of civilized so-
ciety. So let it be. If he is so lost to
shame and hardened in guilt, as to be insen-
sible to the voice of reason, entreaty, and
remonstrance, let him feel that there is a
vindictive principle in society, which will
not be defied with impunity. Let him feel
himself, what he really is, a despised, sol-
itary being; an object of contempt and abhor-
rence;—a fit subject for the unerring finger
of scorn to point at. And now, in conclu-
sion, let me, in the name of humanity, in the
name of public order, the conservation of
the general welfare, and every thing that is
or ought to be dear to you, make the appeal
to one and all of you, no longer to content
yourselves with remaining in a state of
doubtful neutrality, which, whatever you
may think, is not altogether devoid of guilt
and responsibility; but to come forward openly,
manfully, and honestly, and contribute your
aid and record your approbation of this no-
blest of causes.