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DUCE AMOR PATRIE PRODESSÉ CIVIBUS.—"THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS."

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THE GARLAND.

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

HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY FRANCIS S. KEY, ESQ.

Oh, where can the soul find release from its woes,
A refuge for safety—a home of repose?
Can Earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge no sorrow nor sin can assail?
No, no—there's no home,
There's no home on earth;
The Soul has no home!

Shall I leave this low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss, will a refuge be given,
And the soul find a home in the glories of Heaven?
Yes, yes—there's a home;
There's a home in high Heaven—
The Soul has a Home!

O, holy and sweet its rest shall be there,
Free forever from pain—and from sorrow and care:
And the loud Alleluias of Angels shall rise,
To welcome the Soul to its Home in the skies.
Home, home—Home of the Soul!
The rest of our can
Is the HOME of the SOUL!

Behold, alas! our days we spend!
How vain they be, how soon they end!

BEHOLD
How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man;
In those well temper'd days, his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years
and ten.

ALAS
And what is that?
They come and slide and pass
Before my tongue can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short lived
task is done.

OUR DAYS
Began, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end;
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecovered loss; we rather breathe than live.

WE SPEND
A ten years' breath,
Before we approach
What 'tis to live in fear of death;
Our childish dreams are filled with pointed joys
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove
but toys.

HOW VAIN,
How wretched, is
Poor man that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest; few at most;
They are but bad at best; yet lavished out, or lost.

THEY BE
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wings more swift than eagles' wings!
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall
strike a death.

HOW SOON
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to grey-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so
fast.

THEY END
When scarce begun,
And ere we approach
That we begin to live, our life is done—
Man count thy days; and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day
THE LAST!

THE MISCELLANY.

From the Penna. Emptorium.

THE HAPPY MATCH.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

"Now," said Harry Hemphill to his young wife, when they went to house-keeping "it is my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her, first, because he loved her, and in the second place, because he knew she was sensible, economical, and industrious—just the reason which should influence every sensible man in his choice now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible; consequently each had the same motives to act well the allotted part. His business called for his whole attention, he wished therefore to pursue it undisturbed by other cares. For himself he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course not disposed to spend any thing abroad, in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to enjoy in the bosom of his own family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them the better by turning her attention to them. Her husband's business-doing habits, his temperate and correct life, had all the power of example—increasing her esteem, and doubling her anxiety to deserve his.

They had married without waiting to get rich. They neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health, and a disposition to improve it, they had nevertheless a strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they ran the world.

To attach a man to his home, it is necessary that home should have attractions. Harry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toil and weariness of the day; and there he found it. When perplex-

ed and low spirited, he retired thither, and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found always a solace in the sun shine of affection, that in the domestic circle beamed on him, and chased every cloud from his brow. However others treated him there was always kindness, confidence and esteem. If others deceived him, and hypocrisy with its shameless face smiled on him to delude and injure him, there was all sincerity—that sincerity of the heart, which makes amends for suffering, and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a wife a good housekeeper, a good domestic economist, as that kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well directed industry which thrives and gives strong promise that her care and prudence will have a profitable issue. And Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to business with steady purpose and untiring zeal. He obtained credit by his plain and honest dealing; custom by his faithful punctuality and constant care; friends by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village. None were ever deceived who trusted to his work. He always drove his business a little before hand, for, he said, things go badly when the cart gets before the horse.

I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character. A thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road, at the end of the village, by a youngster who was making a great dash in business, and who wanted to loan a few hundred dollars. The wily old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had, and sided off from him as fast as he could.

He rode directly down to Hemphill's and told him he had a sum of money to loan, and he wished he would take it; the payments should be made easy—just as would suit him. Indeed, replied Harry, you have come to a bad market—I have a little cash to spare myself; and have been looking round these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in his business, all went like clock work at home. The family expenditures were carefully made; not a farthing was wasted, nor a scrap lost. The furniture was all neat and useful rather than ornamental. The table was plain, frugal, wholesome and well spread.

Little went either to the seamstress or the tailor. No extravagance in dress; no costly company keeping; no useless waste of time in too much visiting and yet the whole neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill, and loved her. She was kind without ostentation, sociable without being troublesome.

And, while few people lived more comfortably, none lived more economically. The result of such management can never disappoint the reasonable expectations of those who build upon them. Even the angry frown of misfortune is almost put off defiance. A vantage ground is soon gained which the storm seldom reaches; and a full reward comes in its proper time; to crown the meed of lives thus spent.

The music of Harry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise; and as the coach bore us by the cool and quiet residence of the village, I saw the door was open, and the breakfast smoking upon the table. Mary in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness was amid her household affairs, and a stranger, who chanced to be my fellow passenger to the city, observing it, said—"There is a thriving family—my word for it." And he spoke well. There are certain signs perceptible about those who are working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer.

On my return to Alesbury, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields spread themselves out on every side, as far as the eye could reach; flocks and herds were scattered in every direction. It was a splendid scene—the sun was just setting behind the western hill; and while a group of neatly dressed children sported on the adjacent school-house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their noisy mirth. "There," said an old friend, "lives Harry Hemphill; that is his farm, these are his cattle, here is his school-house, and these are his own, and some orphan children of his adoption, whom he educates at his own expense. Having made a noble fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends his large income in deeds of charity; and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of doing all this."

My heart expanded then—it expands still when I think of them. And I pen this simple history, in the hope that, as it is imitable, some who read it will attempt to imitate it.

"We are born, we live, we die," said Napoleon, "in the midst of wonders."

From the Albany Journal. THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

It appears from a correspondence which follows, that the remains of Mrs. MARY WASHINGTON, the mother of our National Father, lie in a common field, used for Agricultural purposes, exposed to the rule and thoughtless profanations of man and beast, without a stone, or even a mound, to indicate the spot which ought to be regarded as consecrated ground!

It is now proposed to deposit these remains in a vault of a new church building at Fredericksburgh, Va. A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says:—

"It is a fact, of which perhaps you are not ignorant, that the remains of the Mother of George Washington lie in a field, in our immediate vicinity, without even a stone to designate the spot. Tradition is already our guide to her grave; and as the field is used for agricultural purposes, the period cannot be far distant when that will become too vague to be entitled to confidence. Such already is the fate of the ashes of his father. His contemporaries have passed away, and none remain who can point out his burial place. But the mother of Gen. Washington was his 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' and if the present opportunity be lost, succeeding ages must forever deplore the ingratitude which consigned to oblivion without one redeeming effort, the remains of her who gave to her country 'an hero without ambition, a patriot without reproach.'"

It is further contemplated to erect a monument commemorative of the virtues of this AMERICAN MATRON, for which purpose a committee of the citizens of Fredericksburgh have been appointed to receive subscriptions.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

(Contd.)

ARLINGTON HOUSE, Nov. 24, 1830.

Sir,—This letter will, I trust convey its own apology. Upon your estate, near Fredericksburgh, rest the remains of Virginia's noblest Matron—the Mother of Washington. The respect which you have shown toward these venerated ashes, does you lasting honor, and claims for you the esteem of all the Americans. But, still further tribute is wished to be paid to the memory of Her, who was at once the Parent, and the Guide in youth, of the First of Men; and from whose stern, yet lofty and admired precepts, the Father of his Country derived that inspiration and character, that led him on to the glories of his after life.

Antiquity, proud of such a Matron, would have erected statues to her honor, and hailed her as worthy of being the Parent and Instructress, of a Fabius Maximus, or the Scipios.

It is proposed, to remove the remains of the Mother to a situation within the walls of a Sacred Edifice—there to be re-entombed beneath a Monument, commemorative of the life and character of the most venerable and most fortunate of American Matrons, who gave to her country and the world, "a Hero without ambition—a Patriot without reproach."

It has been thought Sir, that highly as you are known to prize the relics that give such interesting recollections to your domain, you might perhaps be induced to yield them to the prayer of the last but one survivor of Washington's family, and the Biographer of his venerable parent. In this hope, and with a view to their re-entombment, as before expressed, I have to beg of you, the remains, assured that whether fortunate or not, you will duly appreciate the motives which urged my prayer.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect,
your obedient servant,
(Signed)
GEORGE WASHINGTON P. CUSTIS,
To SAMUEL GORDON, Esq.

[Answer—Copy.]

FREDERICKSBURG, Nov. 27, 1830.

DEAR SIR—I am just favored with your letter of the 24th instant. Being directed to me at Farmington, it prevented my sooner receiving and answering it. I can, nor ought I to have any objection to comply with your request, to remove the remains of the mother of General Washington; and will render any assistance in my power, by pointing out the place in which the remains are, as high the place that I was shown by Captain Lewis. I expect, however, that there are some old people that have been longer residents of this place, and who attended the interment, that could point out the spot better than I can. There is no grave stone on the place, nor any kind of mark to designate the precise spot.

(Signed)
SAMUEL GORDON,
To GEORGE WASHINGTON P. CUSTIS, Esq.

POLITENESS—True politeness is common to delicate souls of all nations, and it is not peculiar to any one people. External civility is but the form established in the different countries for expressing that politeness of the soul. But internal politeness is very different from that superficial civility. It is evenness of soul, which excludes at the same time both insensibility and too much earnestness; it supposes a quickness in discerning what may suit the different characters of men; it is a sweet condescension, by which we adapt ourselves to each man's taste, not to flatter his passion, but to avoid provoking him. In a word, it is a forgetting of ourselves, in order to seek what may be agreeable to others; but in so delicate a manner, as to let them scarcely perceive that we are so employed. It knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation, and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance and a low familiarity.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

What may be done by Industrious Habits.

Mr Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and

highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presided at 47 annual conferences. For more than 60 years it was his constant practice to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period to preach every morning at five. He generally preached near 20 times a week, and frequently four times a day. Notwithstanding this, very few have written more voluminously than he; divinity both controversial and practical; history, philosophy, medicine, politics, poetry, &c. were all, at different times the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society; but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been for his inflexible temperance and unexampled economy of time. Yet, to suppose that he had no failing or that he was free from faults, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extreme of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great and worthy man.

In 1791 he finished his earthly career in the 85th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near 40,000 sermons and travelled about 400,000 miles.—*Worcester Republican.*

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour, at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

A Persian husband in Paradise.—The Persians, who are remarkable for guarding their women with the most watchful jealousy, believe that in Paradise the men have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, that they may not see the wives of their neighbors. But the blessed husbands must be in a very awkward predicament, for they can no more see their own wives than those of other people.

Schools for the Head and Heart.—"Though men," says an old author, "may improve their heads in the company of their own sex, we may affirm that the company and conversation of woman is the proper school for the heart."

Anti-masonry Triumphant.—The election in Rhode Island, has resulted in the success of Lemuel H. Arnold, the anti-masonic Candidate for Governor, by a majority of 1000 votes over John W. Fenner.—Mr. Fenner occupied the Governor's chair of Rhode Island, for thirteen years past.

ELECTIONEERING.—Mr. John Thomson, of Chester offers himself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Delaware county, and promises, "if elected, to hang Masons or Anti-Masons, if convicted of abduction."

A lady applied to Renolds, the philanthropist, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop madam," (said the good man,) "thou art mistaken; we do not thank the clouds for the rain—teach him to look higher and thank him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

The Hillsborough, Ohio, Gazette says—An Editor not a hundred miles distant, speaking of his engaging in a controversy with an opponent, says, it is about as possible as that a Lion will fight with a Lap-dog! What naughtiness!

Two little negro girls, coming in contact endeavored which could do the most with her tongue. After they had tongue-lashed each other for a short time, Sal cries out, "Ha! Peg war you git so much tongue!" "Hu, lah! gal, says Peg, I always had it."

A dancer said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one foot as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan, "but my goose can."

RENUNCIATION.

The last Seneca Farmer contains a renunciation of Freemasonry from Doct. R. M. Smith, of Tyrone, Seneca county. Doct. Smith says:

"I have heard some thirty or forty Masons converse in Lodge, exult in the exploits of Right Worshipful Brethren, in executing their unmerciful penalties, on the unfortunate William Morgan."

This is only another item of proof, that the act alluded to was justified by the order, and consistent with its principles.

Ithaca Chronicle.

POST MASTER GENERAL.

Mr. Postmaster General Barry was the only mason in the late cabinet of the President, and the only Head of the

part by the Executive as a constituent part of the new "unit." It is rumored, however, that Mr. Barry is to go out of the Post Office as soon as he has cleared himself of certain charges. If he holds his station on those conditions it is pretty certain that he will retain it for life, and that the terms of his tenure differ from that of our judges, inasmuch as he holds "during bad behavior." Mr. Barry, though the tail of the cabinet, ought to have marched out at the head of the "unit." A less qualified officer, or more blundering assistants, could hardly be selected from among the public men of the nation.—*Leicester Examiner.*

From the Susquehanna Democrat.

GOVERNOR WOLF.

It must be mortifying to the feelings of the particular friends of Governor WOLF, to look round and see the many evidences that are exhibited of the decline of his popularity. There has scarcely been a Governor of Pennsylvania, who received so great a number of votes, and never one who fell more rapidly in the estimation of his constituents. One great reason for this is obvious. It is thought he has permitted himself to become the mere creature of aspiring men. A belief is becoming more and more general, that his Secretary exercises an influence over him not warranted by the wishes of his fellow citizens. A faction of designing men with Joel B. Sutherland at its head, it is thought manage the affairs of state, to suit their own views, and that the Governor bows submissively without a murmur. The whole effort of this faction, it seems, is aimed to sustain themselves and their Governor. Abuse is lavished freely upon those who do not fall in, and chime their papers are out, as if, upon a desperate effort, depend their future prospects. The Secretary's political serjeant has the forth assigned him, and no time is lost in carrying orders to the different confidential friends in his district.

Never was the democratic party so distracted, and that it cannot, and will not unite on WOLF is beyond doubt. Now the paper recognized as such by these men, must give, as an only necessary qualification, the strongest proofs of management. The reputed editor of the Reporter, it is said, answers their purpose, very well as to satisfy the reader, that it is but the receptacle of the effusions of as many of the members of a faction as choose to scribble for it.

LOOK AT THIS!—The *Eric Gazette* says, "If any thing more was wanting (to prove masonry to be a political machine,) it might be found in a letter which we have seen from the mason secretary McKean, in which he in substance avers that it is the determination of the administration to appoint no opponent of masonry to any official station!"

WEST POINT.—The Board of Visitors appointed by the Secretary of War, to attend the ensuing Examination of the Cadets of the Military Academy, in June next, consist of the following gentlemen:

- C. C. Cobb, of Kentucky.
- Dr. L. I. Sharpe, do.
- W. S. Frankink, of Pennsylvania.
- P. Hambricht, do.
- Simon Cameron, do.
- John Page, Profs. Maths. Wm. and Mary Col. Virginia.
- Dr. J. Breckenbrough, of Virginia.
- John Nelson, of Maryland.
- Dr. Wm. B. Ewing, of New Jersey.
- Gen. P. Van Courtland, of New York.
- Gen. C. E. Dudley, do.
- John A. Dix, do.
- Rev. John Farnum, do.
- Major Gen. Scott, of the Army.
- Brig. Gen. Leavenworth, do.

PENNSYLVANIA REPORTS.

The third number, completing the first volume of the Pennsylvania Report, by Messrs. Rawle, Penrose and Watts, is published and ready for delivery. To those who have read the first and second numbers of this work, little need be said in its commendation. The gentlemen concerned in preparing the reports for the press, are all of acknowledged capability and talents; and the industry and care with which they have attended to the publication of each number warrant us in asserting that few books will be found more deserving of the desk, and the confidence of the gentlemen of the bar, than the Pennsylvania Reports.—*Hur. Rep.*

"John," said a gentleman the other day, "I am going to church, and if, as it now has the appearance, it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however you need not come unless it should rain down straight." The gentlemen went, it did rain, but according to John's construction of his orders, it was not necessary, from the appearance of the rain to go with the umbrella. While standing at the door, watching the weather, he was not a little astonished to see his master approaching the house with drenched garments, and a look of implacable anger. "John! John!" said the good man, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?" "Because, Sir," replied