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

Printed and Published, at GETTYSBURG, PA.,
BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.

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THE GARLAND.

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

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, of life and truth,
That oft flits across the brain;
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That long in after years I deem
That early dream my rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far—
'Tis a vision of blood and woman's tear,
For the thighe of that dream is war;
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanislieth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store—
Of suns noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er,
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
—In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought in this long career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright:
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in sea of living light,
—And the theme of that dream is HEAVEN.

THE MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of a gloomy day in November, Albert Fitzgerald, a young man of very elegant and interesting appearance, found he had missed his way and was descending a lonely hill that ended in a thick forest. He stopped before he entered the dreary road and cast an inquiring and eager gaze around—but saw no alternative except to go on, or retrace his steps and ascend the long tedious hill.

"This is abominable," said he, as he pulled the reins to stop his tired beast; "I should be quite unwilling to make a supper for some hungry wolf or bear. It would be a most inauspicious end to my journey, and not at all consistent with the dignity of a gentleman." He perhaps there are no such prowlers here, and at all events it is a straight path: I can try it a mile or two, and if I hear any thing alarming I can return: it will not be very soldier like to be sure, to run from the enemy; but there is no one to trumpet my fame in this wood—so come on, my tired dapple."

The evening was fast closing, and he could only ride slowly, and with great caution, as the stumps of the trees often stood many feet high and much impeded his progress. After he had been riding for some time the snow commenced falling and Fitzgerald began to be seriously alarmed, when, suddenly, a bright light shone through the underwood at no great distance. He galloped quickly on, and saw, to his surprise and delight, a very comfortable looking log house with glazed windows, quite an uncommon thing in the back country.

"I suppose," said he, "I shall share with some dozen little white heads, each striving by dirt and clamor to make me as uncomfortable as possible—well! I shall at least have a shelter from the bears and weather."

So saying, he threw the bridle around a stump, and springing over the fence, was just about knocking at the door, when a voice of great melody and sweetness struck on his ear singing the evening hymn. He stopped, but the music had ceased. He approached without noise to the window and what was his surprise, his emotion, at beholding, in a secluded place like this, the most exquisitely beautiful creature he had ever seen. Her dress was that of a rustic, and her slight person, though thus unadorned, more faultless than the finest models he had ever gazed on in the halls of fashion and elegance.

Fitzgerald almost doubted his senses; for nothing mortal had ever seemed to him half so lovely. Her little white hand, and dimpled fingers were smoothing the gray hairs of a most noble looking old man, who sat before a bright fire. His face was pale and care worn. His large, expressive eyes were turned on his youthful companion with a tenderness that seemed to affect her much, for she kissed his wrinkled cheeks again and again; and seemed trying, by a thousand winning ways to divert him from his sorrows. He was dressed like a farmer; but round his chair was thrown a large military cloak, apparently to screen him from the weather, one corner of which covered his foot that rested on a bench before him. The room was clean and comfortable, though it contained nothing but some chairs, a table and a shelf of books. A rush mat was spread upon the old man's seat, and a few cooking utensils placed in the corner of a large stone fire-place. Fitzgerald stood riveted to the spot, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should break the charin that seemed to detain these objects in his sight; but the snow was falling fast, and the horse began to grow restive. He stepped gently back and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old man, and he entered.

"Will you give me shelter for the night, sir," said he, bowing, "I have lost my way, and my horse is worn out with this day's travel?"

"With pleasure, sir," was the reply. "We can afford you a shelter; but we have no shed for your tired beast."

"Well then, he must take his chance under the forest trees: I am happy not to be obliged to share the same fate, but I fear I shall not feel the sympathy for him I ought."

"Isidore, take the gentleman's coat, shake off the snow, and throw it over the rail to dry, and place a seat by the fire."

She moved from his side, where she had nestled like a young fawn or timid dove, placing a seat, reached out that beautiful little hand for the coat—but he bowing as low as if she had been a princess, said, "By no means," and laid it aside himself; while Isidore, blushing and composed again, drew close to her aged companion.

Fitzgerald had never felt so much at a loss for conversation. To meet two such beings in a thick forest, so far from any human habitations, seemed so strange that he scarce knew how to address them; but the old gentleman began asking him about the road, how far he had travelled, &c. and told him he was more than thirty miles from the place he enquired for, and which he thought of reaching that night.

"But," said he, "if you can be contented with a little bread and milk and a bear skin for a bed, you are most heartily welcome."

"I wish no better fare, sir, and shall feel grateful for your hospitality."

"You see I am almost a cripple, so my little-grand-daughter must do the honors of my humble abode."

The white table was set before him with bread, milk, and dried venison; and Albert thought he had never made a more delicious meal. They were soon all quietly settled for the night; the old man was helped to his room by his gentle child; and Albert lay wondering who they could be until nature could no longer support him, and he sunk to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning a bright fire was crackling and snapping in the room, and the old man was in his arm chair, with the table before him.

"We were sorry to disturb you, sir," said he; "but our place is not a very convenient one, and we are very sorry you should have served him for parlor, for kitchen and hall."

While he was speaking Isidore entered, her beautiful hair covered with snow flakes and her whole face radiant with smiles and beauty. An Indian came with her, bearing a basket. He remained some time talking with the old man, who understood the language, and Fitzgerald knew enough of it to hear him say,

"Who is he?" He turned and said, "I think, sir, you have a right to know whom you have so kindly sheltered—my name is Albert Fitzgerald."

"Fitzgerald! Was the name of your father Campbell Fitzgerald?"

"It was."

"Young man," said he, "you are more than welcome. Your father was my friend and as brave a soldier as ever marched to battle."

"You knew my father then, sir?" and Fitzgerald stepped before him.

"Yes, and well do I remember the day on which we parted—part to meet no more—it was after a glorious victory! I called to say farewell, as at day break I was to leave that part of the country. He was stretched on a pallet—the surgeon preparing to dress his wounds. He opened his eyes as I entered, and told me my purpose. "General," said he, stretching out his hand to me, and all the fire of the soldier sparkling for a moment in his heavy eyes as he spoke, "we shall drive these intruders from our land. Heaven bless you—farewell!" He was never well enough to return to the army, and I never had an opportunity to return to him again."

Albert listened with surprise. The old man forgot his lameness—he stood up, and his tall figure seemed almost gigantic, while the whole expression of his face was changed: it glowed with animation as he took Fitzgerald by the hand—

"Thrice welcome to my home and heart," said he, "thou son of an old friend. Young man, poor and forlorn as I now appear, I once commanded armies, and this arm," extending it as he spoke, "was ever ready to draw the sword in defence of this ungrateful country. My name is Chilton."

"General Chilton!" said Fitzgerald, pressing his hand between his own—"I have often heard my beloved mother speak of your covering my father with your cloak, and coming for him with a litter, by which you saved his invaluable life."

"These, my son, were the chances and changes of war, but," and he sighed deeply, "we who have toiled and bled, spent all—yes, all, even our paternal inheritance, in the country's service, cannot choose but weep almost tears of blood, when we find ourselves beggars on the soil we have so bravely defended—find ourselves unnoticed and unknown by the sons, who, at ease in their possessions, feel not, care not for the pangs of those who obtained for them the choicest blessings. Picture to yourself, sir, a young man well born, well educated, rich,

of great expectations, sacrificing all for the cause of freedom, and losing all for his country; and when in old age, worn out, crippled, unable any longer to be useful, looking to that country for support, feeling that justice demands a prompt attention to his claims, waiting day after day, and week after week, year after year, until weary, heart-sick and disgusted, he retires to some solitary abode, and finds among savages a better home than his countrymen are willing to bestow. This—this! young man, is the fate of veterans of the revolution."

The General covered his face, with his hands, and sunk back exhausted by his emotions. Albert felt the blood mounting into his face at the recollection of the ingratitude of the government; yet remembering he had done all in his power to aid the cause of these uninterested but unfortunate men, he told the General, after the pause of some moments, that he should feel proud to assist him in any way: that his fortune was ample, and that he could not use it more to his satisfaction than in making the friend of his father happy.

"Happy!" said he, as he raised his mournful eyes to Albert; "I am almost to my journey's end: could I but behold this forest flower, this only tie to earth; safely situated in the world, I should die contented." He pressed the beautiful creature to his bosom and sobbed audibly.

"My dear father," said Isidore, "grieve not for me, we are very happy here, and you have a new friend now, who will not let your little—"

She stopped, blushed, and hid her face on her grand-father's shoulder, fearing she had said too much.

Albert wished she had finished the sentence, and thought to shelter her from harm he would willingly pass the rest of his days in the forest. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEVER BE ASHAMED OF YOUR RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

It is unreasonable, ungrateful, sinful, and dangerous to be afraid of professing, defending, and propagating those truths on which we build our everlasting all. I mention this, because a degree of timidity operates sometimes on the minds of young converts. In proportion as you examine and understand, you will be convinced there is nothing of which you ought to be ashamed.—Let the infidel be ashamed of his infidelity, the skeptic blush for his unbelief, the wicked grieve and tremble for his folly; but never let it be said that you are ashamed of the doctrines of the cross, or afraid of being recognized as the follower of the Redeemer. Who are ashamed of their beauty, their wisdom, their honorable connections, their riches, their influence? Who but the ungrateful will dare to disown their parents, their protectors, their benefactors, their best friends? Behold in the gospel your highest ornament, your greatest felicity, your truest wisdom, your best riches, your most dignified connection, your kindest parent, your most faithful friend. Come, then, and sit down under the cross and sing—

"Ashamed of Jesus! Yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name."

Among our industrious forefathers, it was a fixed maxim that a young lady should never be permitted to marry until she had spun for herself a set of body, head and table linen. From this custom all unmarried women are called spinsters in legal proceeding. What a scene of busy industry would be presented, if all the young ladies who long to be married were obliged to cast away the Waverly Novels, and abandon all their fashionable amusements, in order to approach the goal of matrimonial felicity by that path of preparation which their great-grandmothers pursued.

A MILITIA CAPTAIN.

A captain of militia, in one of the upper towns, was in the habit of swearing "by forty." He had like many other officers who command "slab" companies, a troublesome set of fellows to deal with.

One training day, when the soldiers behaved as usual, very disorderly, he drew his sword, and furiously brandishing it in the air, exclaimed—"Fellow sowers, I swear by forty, if you don't behave better, I'll put every devil of you under rest!"

"I wish you would give us a little rest," said half a dozen voices, "for we're e'en-a-most tired to death."

"Order! order! fellow sowers," roared the captain, with another tremendous flourish of the sword. The word was no sooner spoken, than they all came to an order, bringing down the breaches of their gowns with all violence, each upon his neighbour's toes—which threw the ranks into greater disorder than before.

"Dress! dress!" bawled the captain. "We are dressed, most on us," replied a fellow who was barefoot, and had on a rimless hat.

"Now, by forty," said the captain, "that's one tarnation lie; you aint above half dressed,

if that's what you mean—but I mean something else—I mean you should dress in the military sense of the word."

"How's that captain?" cried half a dozen voices.

"How's that! you fools you," exclaimed the captain, "by forty, have you been so long under my training and don't know the meaning of dress?—Form a straight line! I say—form a straight line!"

The soldiers made sundry ineffectual efforts to get into a right line, and the captain began to despair of ever straightening them, when his military genius (that, which ever most distinguishes a great commander in emergencies) suddenly suggested to him the novel expedient of backing his men up against a neighboring fence, which fortunately happened to be straight.

"Attention! feller sowers," said he in a sententious voice, "Advance backwards!—Music quick step!"

The soldiers made a quick retrograde movement, and came with their backs plump against the fence.

"There! by forty," said the captain, "now see if you can keep straight." But he had scarcely performed this successful manoeuvre, and was about to resume the manual exercise, when the clouds began to threaten rain; and the soldiers squinting at the aspect of the heavens commenced deserting their ranks and moving in all haste towards a neighboring tavern.

"Halt! halt!" roared the captain—"halt! I say feller sowers; where the devil are you going to?"

"We're goin to get out of the rain."

"Out of the rain! you cowards! Halt! I say, or I'll stick the first man I can catch."

"I'll take care you shan't catch me," shouted each one, as he took to his heels.—In less than a minute, the whole company had deserted; and the captain, whose motions were much retarded by his regimentals, had little chance of sticking them, for the very sufficient reason that he could not overtake them.

"By forty!" said he, after standing two or three minutes in speechless astonishment, "if this don't beat all the military movements I ever heard of! Just as I'd got them into a straight line, by a new manoeuvre—to desert me thus! But there's no use in keeping the field all alone; I may as well go to the tavern too." So saying, he sheathed his sword, and followed his soldiers.—N. Y. Constellation.

ANTI-MASONIC.

From the National Observer.

WASHINGTON WAS A PERJURED MAN OR SECEDING MASONS ARE NOT PERJURED MEN.

The Editor of this paper recently, as our readers have been apprised, delivered a course of Anti-Masonic Lectures, eight in number, at Catskill and Hudson. These Lectures, we shall probably publish in this paper, after we get through with *Carlisle's Revelations*. One of them was a Lecture on the oaths of Masonry, not only justifying the course of seceding masons, by showing that these oaths are unlawful and null and void from the beginning; but that the eternal salvation of every man who has taken them depends upon his repenting of and renouncing them before God. These points were established to the perfect satisfaction of a large number of citizens, and of professing Christians, who heard the Lecture.

We give a short Extract from this *Lecture*, at present, for the consolation of *Seceding Masons*, who are styled "PERJURED VILLAINS" by our opponents; and it must console them, we think, to discover, that if they are perjured, GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS TEN FOLD MORE PERJURED THAN THEY ARE, since his oath which follows and which he violated, was a lawful and constitutional one, lawfully ordained, or prescribed, lawfully administered and lawfully taken, or received by him.

THE EXTRACT.

"Let us look, for a moment, at the oath of Allegiance, as taken by GEORGE WASHINGTON—

I, GEORGE WASHINGTON, DO TAKE ALMIGHTY GOD TO WITNESS, that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, and him will defend to the utmost of my power, against all conspiracies and attempts whatever, that shall be made against his person, crown and dignity: AND I DO FAITHFULLY PROMISE, to maintain, support and defend, to the utmost of my power, the succession of the Throne, in his Majesty's family, against any person or persons whatever. Thereby utterly abjuring any allegiance, or obedience to the person taking upon himself the style and title of Prince of Wales, in the life time of his father, and who since his death is said, to have assumed the style and title of King of Great Britain and Ireland, by the name of Charles the Third, and to any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of these realms. AND I DO SWEAR that I do reject and detest as unchristian, and impious to believe, that it is lawful to murder or destroy any person, or persons

whatever, for or under pretence of their being heretics, and also that unchristian and impious principle, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. I FURTHER DECLARE that it is no article of my faith; and that I do renounce, reject and abjure the opinion, that Princes excommunicated by the Pope and Council, or by any authority of the See of Rome OR BY ANY AUTHORITY WHATSOEVER, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatsoever: AND I DO PROMISE, that I will not hold, maintain or abet any such opinion contrary to what is expressed in this declaration. AND I DO SOLEMNLY, in the presence of God, and of his only Son JESUS CHRIST, our Redeemer PROFESS, TESTIFY AND DECLARE that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of oath without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever and without any dispensation already granted by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, or any persons whatsoever; And without thinking I am or can be acquitted before God or man or absolved of this declaration, or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons, or any authority whatsoever, shall dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

Now, then let me see the American in this assemblage, who will rise up and declare GEORGE WASHINGTON a perjured villain for drawing his sword against the Monarch, whose "PERSON CROWN AND DIGNITY," he had so solemnly in the name of the ever-living God, sworn to defend!

HE SWORE, to maintain the person, crown and dignity of George the Third, and yet he did not hesitate when George the Third lent his name, his person, his crown and dignity, to the vile purposes of tyranny and oppression, as Freemasonry did when she decreed the murder of Morgan, to buckle on his armour, and go forth to the field of battle, for the prostration of that Tyrant, his crown and his dignity!

HE SWORE, to defend to the utmost of his power, the succession of the Throne in the family of George the Third; and yet he did not hesitate to exert himself to the utmost of his power, to destroy that succession, to cut it off both root and branch!

HE SWORE, that it was no article of his Faith that Princes, like George the Third, could be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by authority of the Pope, or by any authority whatsoever: And yet he drew his sword by authority of the American Congress of 76, to depose George the 3d, so far as his authority extended to these States, then the Provinces of George the Third; and had he come in contact with that Monarch in the field of battle, would have killed him, or seen him killed, with the same feelings, that he killed, or saw killed, or instigated and exhorted, by all the powers of his mind and body, his fellow soldiers to kill any or all, if necessary, of those who were sent hither by George the Third to subjugate our fathers.

HE SWORE, too, that he took the whole of his oath, which I have just recited, without thinking that he could be absolved from it by any authority whatsoever; and yet he absolved himself from it, and violated every clause of it; And where, I repeat it, is the American in this assemblage, or elsewhere that will dare to brand him, on this account, as a TRAITOR AND A VILLAIN?—Where is the man, or rather the miscreant, who will have the hardihood to take up the declaration of Independence, and write opposite to the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON, on that sacred scroll, the foul epithets of "PERJURED APOSTATE"—"ABANDONED OUTCAST"—"DETESTABLE WRETCH"—as we are styled, who have I fear not to say, as virtuously and as justly violated, and renounced for ever, in the sight of God and man, our unlawful, vicious, all corrupting and blasphemous masonic obligations?

TO FREEMASONS.

You are the subjects of a tyrannical government, whose claims are false, and whose laws are hostile to our private rights, and to our public institutions. By the law of Masonry a freeman has been condemned and slain, contrary to the public law of the land. The judges and executive officers of that law are sustained against the legal authorities of the country, by the common sympathy, counsel, and funds of the masonic government. For the acts of that government you are individually responsible. Who slew Morgan? His brethren and your brethren! Who concealed the crime? Your brethren. Who spiced away witnesses—who refuse to testify upon oath, who refuse to be sworn for justice and for their country; who in the office of jurymen refuse to convict the guilty? Your brethren in Freemasonry.—Who have paid the counsel fees of four or five most eminent attorneys, for the last five years incessantly and laboriously employed in defending your criminal brethren! surely your charity funds, set apart for the widow and the orphan, have been swallowed up in the maintenance of those