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The Star.

DUCE AMOR PATRIAE 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 culled with care.

STANZAS.

From "Summer and Winter Loves."

I loved thee till I knew
That thou hadst loved before,
Then love to coolness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another it once beam'd as beautiful!

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store!
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,
'Tis worthless in my eyes;

I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask—
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key,
That ne'er could find the way,
'Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy Lower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last.
Thou mayest not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bidst—
Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth
long!

No, Lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and
wrong.

A DAUGHTER'S PRAYER.

Written by one of the most distinguished authors
now living, for the use of his own little daughter.
Its beautiful simplicity will recommend it at once
to every parent.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say!
Oh God preserve my mother dear,
In health and strength, for many a year;
But oh, preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due!
And may I love my thoughts employ,
To be my parents' hope and joy!
Oh! likewise keep my brothers both
From Evil doings and from Sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother!
And still, oh Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
Till after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day.

THE MISCELLANY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CONTINUED—CHAPTER II.

The snow continued to fall, and the roads
were impassable; the horse had disappeared,
and Albert had no alternative but to wait
the clearing. To find his way was impos-
sible; besides, he would have staid with a
more trifling excuse, so much was he inter-
ested in the beautiful Isidore. Weeks pass-
ed and Albert still lingered, endeavoring to
procure a horse and guide.

Conversing with the old gentleman he
learned his sad story; learned, that fired
with ardor in the cause of liberty he had
left a delightful home and his lovely daughter
Marion, the Mother of Isidore, in the
care of a favorite sister, and embarked for
the war, constantly drawing on his own funds.
Feeling certain of the final success of the
American cause he had no doubt of being
remunerated for all. In the mean, Marion
was married to an interesting young Ger-
man; and the old general persuaded and
finally prevailed on him to join the army.
The unfortunate young man was severely
wounded in the first campaign, which caus-
ed his death in a few years after. The old
general grieved to the heart that he had
been the means of interrupting so much
happiness, promised his daughter that he
would come and spend the rest of his days
with her as soon as his claims were settled,
which he thought would be speedily.—
At the close of the year she wrote to inform,
that if he ever wished to see her alive he
must come soon, as she felt she could not
live many months.

The heart sickened father embarked im-
mediately, and found his child just alive on
his arrival. He was almost overwhelmed
with grief, but Marion far from lamenting
her early exit, said, "It is the will of hea-
ven, and I have but these ties to earth," pla-
cing her slender and almost transparent
hand on the fair brow of the little Isidore,
and looking tenderly at her father. "I
know that my Redeemer liveth, that there
is a house not made with hands for me in
heaven. I give you my child, and I trust,
my dear sir you will have her piously edu-
cated for even my short life has taught me
"there is nothing true but heaven,"
She died soon after this conversation,
and the unfortunate old man, as he follow-
ed her to the tomb, felt almost broken heart-
ed. He settled all his affairs, and found he
had made such calls on his estate that after

paying all his debts, he had but a thousand
pounds. Embarrassed with the little girl
(for his own sister was dead and he had no
near relation) he concluded to write to Ma-
dame Waldorf, the aunt of Isidore, her fa-
ther's only sister, and requested her to take
the charge of the orphan until he could come
and claim her. He wrote that his adopted
country was indebted to him for services and
expenditures, and he doubted not that he
should be paid principal and interest, and
that he should then be enabled, when settled
in his own house, to send for his grand-
daughter.

She answered it immediately, and after,
as the general said, many sage remarks,
concluded by saying—"she had done all in
her power to prevent her brother's leaving
his pleasant home and lovely wife to follow
a phantom—a will-o' the wisp—which he
called glory. It had led him, where she
expected, to death! That General Char-
lton had made him forget what he had been
taught at home, that true patriotism did not
consist in running after liberty, but in doing
our duty as fathers, husbands, and children
in the station and in the country where
Providence has placed us. That she de-
clined taking the little girl, and that if he in-
tended to forsake his native country, he had
better take her with him and make a sav-
age of her at once."

Vexed and troubled at this severe re-
proof, he determined to quit the country
forever and take Isidore with him.

He was soon quietly settled near Phila-
delphia, where he waited patiently a long
time; but as last weary and disheartened,
finding his funds gone, and fearing that even
his friends were tired of him, he took the
little girl, and retired quite back into the
country to hide himself and his sorrows
from the world.

One day being in pursuit of game, he
met an old Indian chief, whose life he had
once saved in a skirmish, taken him to his
tent and kept him until he was able to go
back to the tribe. Sanaqua entreated him
to go with him.

"My nation" says he "are grateful; they
will love the white warrior who saved their
chief's life—they will make a house and
give him corn—he can himself shoot the
deer—come with me."

The old man went, and true to the word
of the chief, they supplied him with every
thing to support life. The little Isidore
they almost worshipped, called her by ev-
ery tender epithet, and brought her every dainty
they could find; but as he concluded, he
said, "Am I not supported by charity—
by the charity of savages, while my country-
men refuse to share with me the blessings
which I have toiled and bled to obtain!"

He trembled and turned pale, his limbs
seemed to lose their strength, and but for
the support of Fitzgerald he would have
sunk to the floor. He tried to sooth and
comfort him by telling that as soon as the
weather was fit he would provide a vehicle,
and take him, with Isidore, to his own pa-
ternal mansion; he should have his father's
study and his room, with all the comforts,
your old age required.

Fitzgerald dared not trust himself to say a
ny thing of Isidore. He felt that he loved
her, and he thought the old general would
object to his speaking of marrying the child
as he always called her. The old man said
as he took his hand, "My son, you are a
friend indeed. I rejoice to see that Ameri-
ca has still some noble scions from the pa-
rent tree that promise to overshadow the
land."

While Fitzgerald remained he had con-
stant opportunities of seeing the beautiful
and gentle girl; he saw her devoted atten-
tion to her grand father, her patient sweet-
ness at all times, her industry and neatness.
How often did he wonder that with so lim-
ited a wardrobe she was always so neat and
comingly arrayed. He knew not that rather
than appear to disadvantage before one
that she thought quite too perfect for a hu-
man being, she had sat up nights that all
might be in order during the next day; a
more disinterested lovely creature nature
never formed, but she was just as nature
formed her, and Albert Fitzgerald enam-
oured with her beauty, delighted with her
aptness loveliness, forgot that he did not live
among savages and that a wife for him
should be well educated and accustomed to
good society. He forgot that all his life
had been spent in cultivating and improving
his own mind; forgot how often his beloved
mother had drawn the likeness, with a mas-
ter's hand, of the woman she should be
proud to call daughter.

But Isidore, the sweet, the exquisitely
beautiful Isidore, had put all reflection and
reason aside, and he determined on asking
her of the old general on his return.

Some days passed ere he could get a guide
to suit him. Watapan, a friend of the gen-
eral, consented at last to go with him. Ere
he left, he took General Charlton by the
hand, and begged he would lay his cares
aside, and try to get well enough to accom-
pany him back. The old man sighed, look-
ed tenderly at his daughter and said,
"God bless you my son, if any thing hap-
pens to me, I know you will be a father to
this innocent child."

Albert's face was crimsoned; the word
"father" had embarrassed him so much, that

when he took Isidore's hand instead of
speaking, he only pressed it to his lips, and
raised his eyes to hers. She was pale as
marble, and trembled so much, that Fitz-
gerald was surprised and almost inclined to
think that he was some way the cause. He
said,

"You are ill, Isidore; come into the air."
and leading her to the door stood by her un-
til the blood came rushing to her cheeks and
temples; then again pressing her hand to
his lips, he mounted his horse and galloped
away, leaving her leaning against the door.

Isidore had never seen any one to love
but her grandfather; she was grateful to the
Indians for their goodness to her, but Fitz-
gerald was above any thing she had ever
conceived, and she looked up to him with
such devotion and reverence that he was
worshiped more than loved. She only
thought of him as a friend of her father.—
'To be a wife never entered her innocent
thoughts.

A month passed, and no tidings of Albert.
The old general had been quite ill for some
days. Isidore had made a bed of dried
leaves and bear skins near the fire, and ex-
hausted all her little skill as a nurse, but his
pale looks and faltering voice alarmed her.
One evening after a restless day she knelt
down beside him to bathe his temples, and
began singing the evening hymn, but the
general drew her close to him, and putting
aside the glossy curls that hung over her
polished forehead, said, as he gazed on her,
"I have made shipwreck of the happi-
ness of all that I loved: As your aunt said
—I have followed a phantom—I fear some-
thing has happened to our friend Albert,
and my stay here is short."

Isidore shuddered, trembled, and seemed
almost fainting.

"Grieve not for me," he said. "I am an
old man, and scarce expect to remain much
longer with you. Should you see no more
of Fitzgerald, get the Indians to take you to
the nearest seaport, and go to Germany to
your Aunt Waldorf. She is noble and well
educated, and cannot, when she sees you,
refuse you her protection. But you may
trust our young friend without fear."

He drew her head close to his bosom and
raising his eyes to heaven, he seemed for a
while absorbed in thought. The noise of
voices disturbed them, the door was thrown
open, and Fitzgerald with a joy-beaming
countenance exclaiming, "I have come for
you, my dear sir,"—but the pale cheek and
trembling hand checked his eagerness, and
when he took the old man's hand he was
startled at its feverish heat.

"You are ill," said he, "but you will I
trust, soon be better, for I have many com-
forts for you in my snug warm vehicle."

The general looked kindly on him, pressed
his hand and sighed deeply. The Indi-
an entered with his baggage which he assist-
ed him to open, and he produced many lit-
tle comforts that seemed to revive his friend,
for he sat up and conversed quite cheerfully.
—Isidore resigned her place for the night
to Albert, and took some repose, of which
she was much in need. Several days pass-
ed in the same way, and Albert began to
fear the old man was failing fast.

One morning, after a very restless night
he said,

"My dear young friend, I fear I shall never
be able to go to your home, but I shall
die in peace if you will be a father to my
child."

Again the blood rushed to the cheeks and
brows of Fitzgerald, and for a moment he
was silent, but recovering himself he said,

"I will protect and defend her with my
life; but my dear sir, will you not give me a
nearer and dearer claim to protect her?—
Give her to me for a wife!" The old man
started, and looked up to Fitzgerald—

"Wife! wife!—she is a mere baby."

"I know she is young, but she is old en-
ough to take good care of you, my dear sir,
and old enough to make me happy."

"Young man, son of my friend, do not
speak rashly—a wife is not a plaything of an
hour, a toy merely to look upon—but a
companion for life; choose one that will be
a companion—a friend, one who will at all
times be ready to assist you with mind and
heart—you have a vigorous intellect, a
mind stored with useful knowledge and
should have a well educated and intelligent
wife."

Fitzgerald sighed, he recollected how of-
ten his mother had cautioned him against
being fascinated with beauty; but the soft
voice of Isidore in the next room singing
one of her favorite hymns, put all reason
and reflection asleep—

"She must be mine, father if you do not
object, and she will accept me."

"The general smiled—

"Oh, she will not refuse you—and as I
know too well how headstrong and self-
willed the young are, if you are determined
to marry her, I will say no more. For
myself I should be proud to see her your
wife."

Albert's eyes sparkled with joy, and he
soon made known his hopes and wishes to
the beautiful Isidore.

The weather was delightful, and Albert
felt extremely anxious to be on his way, but
the general was evidently failing. One day
they had been talking of the journey, and
just raised him from the arm chair that he

might see the sun set, when the old Indian
entered with a large packet. The general
opened it with eagerness, and found that his
country were acknowledged and settled.—
He started convulsively from his chair, "It
is too late!" he exclaimed; then clasping
his emancipated hands together crushed the
papers between them, and fell dead upon the
floor!

Death.—This grim messenger seems to
enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer
from the miseries of human life, but into
courts and the seats of grandeur, with in-
sult and terror. To languish under a gilded
canopy, to expire on soft and downy pillows,
and give up the ghost in state, has a more
gloomy aspect than at the call of nature to
expire on a grassy turf and resign the
breathless body back to its proper element.
What does a crowd of friends or flatterers
signify in that important hour, to the most
glorious mortal? What of his most nu-
merous attendants would stand the arrest of
death, descend into the silent prison of the
grave for him, or answer the summons of
the supreme tribunal?

Alfred Lozede a young man of plausible
appearance, was indicted for having at-
tempted to steal a pocket book containing
some money from a gentleman's pocket. It
appears that the attempt to steal was com-
mitted in the dissecting room of the college
in Barclay street, while the Surgeons were
engaged in preparations to dissect the Pirates
and the pocket book which it was attempt-
ed to steal was made from a part of the skin
of a negro hung near this city a few years
since for Piracy; and the owner of the pocket
book was in the dissecting room for the
purpose of procuring a part of Wansley's
skin to be tanned and used for a similar pur-
pose! The prisoner was found guilty.

[New York Enquirer.

An Old Bachelor in Ohio, by way of a
set off against Gen. McClure's proposition
to tax Bachelors instead of dogs proposes as
follows—hear him. "Let every one that is
tired of conjugal felicity pay a certain fee
to the state for a divorce, according to his
ability; and it will not only supersede the
necessity of taxing dogs, but there will be
no need of taxes of any kind. And if gov-
ernment will give me the exclusive privilege
of unmarried all those who wish to be un-
married in the United States, I will pledge
myself to pay off the National Debt in five
years."

A Hint to Anglers.—An American pa-
per states that a person at Enfield, crossing
a pond, being thirsty, and perceiving a hole
cut in the ice, stooped down to drink; being
possessed of a long red nose, a fish suppos-
ing he had some bait, made a bolt snap
at it, when the man threw back his head
and drew out a trout weighing 31lbs. 4oz.

Anecdote.—A Scotchman, anxious as usu-
al, to exalt the honor of his native land, as-
serted that London was by no means the
biggest town in Britain. "It's a big place,
I'll allow, mon," said he, "but in my coun-
try there is a town still bigger!" and, on re-
ferring to the map, his assertion was found
true, for there was duly inserted a town cal-
led, "Biggar."

A Quiz.—A gentleman relating one night,
at a coffee room in Oxford, that Dr. — of
Brazen Nose College, had put out his leg in
crossing a kennel, five surgeons immedi-
ately set out for the doctor's apartments, but
returned dismayed, saying no such thing had
happened. "Why," replied the gentleman,
"how can a man cross a kennel without put-
ting out his leg?"

Diebitch.—We have somewhere seen it
remarked that Marshall Diebitch's name,
when translated into plain English, means
nothing more or less than Thievish! Why
do not our translators translate the German
names as well as news. How well it would
read at the end of a despatch—"With every
respect, I have the honor to remain, at
your service, Thievish!"

Name for an Orator.—The Chairman
of the Leeds meeting in favor of Mr. Buck-
ingham's voyage round the World, was a Mr
Holdforth. What a name for an orator.

RIVER VISTULA.—As the banks of
this river have become celebrated, owing
to the struggles of the brave Poles, we ex-
tract the following notice of its course from
Smith's Tour in Prussia, Poland, &c., bo-
ing a more particular description than we
have seen in other publications:—"The Vistu-
la (in German Weichsel) rises at Weichsel,
a small village between Teschen and Jab-
lunka, in Silesia, under the Carpathian
mountains, and near the point where they
divide that province from Galicia and Hun-
gary. Thence it proceeds, marking the
boundaries of Silesia and Poland, to Krakow
or Cracow, receiving, near Oswiecim, the
rivers Przemsza and Sola. The following
rivers also discharge into this magnificent
stream:—At Usco-Solne, the Raba and
Szczeniawa; at Opalowiec, the Dunajec; at
Nowiniasta, the Nida; near Polaniec, the
Wisloka; near Sandomierz, (where it enters
Poland) the San;—the two latter greatly in-

creasing its waters; near Chodeza, the Sa-
lucize; near Bobrowniki the Wiepiz; at
Rycozwul, the Radomka; and, at Miniszyn,
the Pilica. It then passes Warsaw, and,
receiving at Nowydwor the river Bug, from
Volhynia, and, at Wyszogrod, the Bzura,
enters Prussia at the city of Thorn; thence,
passing under the walls of Clum, Graudentz,
and Danzig, it discharges itself, at the roads
of the last named city, into the Baltic, after
a course of upwards of 570 English miles
from its source."—Baltimore Gazette.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER:—Two Dollars
per annum—payable half yearly in advance. No
subscriptions taken for less than six months, and
none discontinued until all arrearages are paid,
unless at the option of the Editor—and a failure
to notify a discontinuance will be considered a
new engagement, and the paper forwarded ac-
cordingly.

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The steam mill at Washington (Pa.) the
recent loss of which, by fire, we mentioned
on Friday, is said to have cost Judge Baird,
the proprietor, upwards of forty thousand
dollars. The loss falls heavy on an indivi-
dual; and we do not learn that there was
any insurance. A very large quantity of
grain and flour, belonging chiefly to the
neighboring farmers and merchants, was in-
volved in the same destruction.—Balt. Pat.

ANECDOTE.—One day last week the
Crier of our Circuit Court, not finding suffi-
cient interest in the proceedings to keep
himself awake, and as a general silence pre-
vailed throughout the room, thought it a
favorable opportunity to take a nap. He
composed himself as comfortably as he
could; he had not been long nodding when
suddenly a clap of thunder roused him from
his reverie; starting up on his feet he cried
out lustily "silence!" Thus set the Court in a
roar of laughter, for they instantly perceived
what was the matter. One of the Judges
remarked to the crier, "Mr. —, do you
intend to silence the thunder?" In reply he
said he thought some one had knocked a
bench over; be that as it may, whenever he
hears a clap of thunder hereafter the scene
in the Court room will be brought to
mind.—Georgetown D. C. Gazette.

An Indignity.—A medical man, who had
just returned from setting the broken leg of
an Arab, gave the following anecdote:—
The patient complained of the accident, more
than he thought became one of the tribe.
This the doctor remarked to him, and his
answer was truly amusing. "Do you think
doctor," said he, "I should have uttered one
word of complaint if my own high bred colt,
in a playful kick, had broken both my legs?
But to have a bone broken by a brute of a
jackass, is too bad, and I will complain.

KEEP COOL.—The season of the year has
now come upon us, when this should be the
ruling motto; when every thing, whether
relating to the body or the mind, should be
avoided, which tends to make one warm—
such as all undue exercise, all unnecessary
eating and drinking, all superfluity of talking,
all falling in love, all meddling in politics,
and all fidgetting or getting in a passion.
New York Constellation.

The New Hampshire Patriot, we are sorry
to perceive, persists in the absurd charge
that the legislature of this State was bribed
in relation to the resolution passed at the
last session in favor of the Bank of the U.
States. The obstinacy of the Patriot can-
not injure the Bank.—Phila. Inquirer.

TRADE WITH CANADA.—The Albany
Advocate, received yesterday, says—We
are informed by a gentleman from Canada,
that two letters had been received in Mon-
treal, announcing the important intelligence
that a bill passed both Houses of Parliament,
on the eve of the prorogation, and amidst
the confusion and disorder of the debate on
the Reform question, opening the Canadas
to the introduction of American produce.
Our informant could give us no particulars;
and we state the fact as we had it from him.

Sir, said a coarse sailor looking man in
a corner, "the musketoes wot live in this
country are not to be compared to those in
the south; why they'll eat up a Yankee, as
you would a radish without salt, in Georgia.
Talk about these little, sickly, calico, wing-
ed things—why, sir, what would you think
of a New Orleans musketoe? They fly
about the room as large as a goose, and carry
a brickbat under their wings to sharpen
their bills on."

The Georgia Penitentiary was burnt on
the 1st of May. It is not known how the
fire originated. The convicts were secure-
ly removed. Loss estimated at \$150,000.

A libel suit between two editors was tri-
ed recently in St. Louis, Missouri, in which
the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict of \$5,
000.

Bank Robber.—Edward Smith, alias
Jones, was convicted last night of having
stolen the notes of the City Bank. The
evidence was conclusive against him, a part
of the notes found in his possession were ful-
ly identified.—Courier & Enquirer.

By a law of Ohio, a candidate treating
the voters to spirituous liquors in order to
gain their suffrages, forfeits the office to
which he may be elected. Lately the Sher-
riff's office of Stark county was declared
vacant on that account, and a new election
ordered, at which the same candidate was
re-elected, by a large majority.