

OFFICE OF THE STAR,
CHAMBERSBURG STREET, A FEW DOORS
WEST OF MR. FERRY'S TAVERN.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Conspicuously inserted four times for ONE
DOLLAR PER SQUARE—over four times, TWENTY-FIVE
CENTS PER SQUARE will be charged.

The Star.

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 arrears 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.

DUCE AMOR PATRIE 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.

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1831.

TERMS—\$2 PER ANNUM.
VOL. 2.—NO. 11.

THE GARLAND.

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

THE THREE HOMES.

“Where is thy home?” I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,
In garlands for her hair.

“My home,” the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
“Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free.”

O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every world is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

“Where is thy home?” I asked of one
Who bent, with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place:

She spoke not, but her varying cheek,
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit neck
Was on a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

“Where is thy home, thou lonely man?”
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan,
Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with a solemn mien
Upraised his holy eyes,
“The land I seek thou'rt'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!”

OH! WHY SHOULD THE GIRL.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the gloom of the past, and the sorrows of
years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow like the dews of the love-breathing
night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smiles which is loveliest then,
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

THE MISCELLANY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CONTINUED—CHAPTER III.

It is impossible to give any idea of the
agony and grief of Isidore: she seemed be-
side herself; and Fitzgerald alarmed for her
health, hurried away as soon as possible af-
ter the burial of the old general, who was
followed to his humble grave by his two
children and the faithful Indians.

I shall pass over their journey. Isidore's
wonder at the towns and cities they visited,
and the consummation of their wishes in a
union, which as it was founded on the most
disinterested attachment, promised uninter-
rupted happiness.

It was many months after their marriage,
before Fitzgerald took his wife to his resi-
dence on the banks of the Hudson. It was
a most delightful place—large, convenient
and elegant; and the gentle Isidore thought,
as she wandered through the superb apart-
ments, how gratified her dear grandfather
would have been to see her mistress of such
an establishment, and the wife of such a
man as Fitzgerald. The library was her
favorite apartment. There was a most ro-
mantic view of the windings of the river
from its windows, it was commodious and
well furnished with the most valuable books,
and all that was necessary for the employ-
ment of an enlightened and cultivated mind,
and the requisites for improving an igno-
rant one. Isidore was too timid to ask ques-
tions. She idolized her husband; and look-
ed up to him with a reverence, a respect,
that placed her at such a distance from him,
it was impossible for him to enter into the
feelings of her mind or heart. Indeed there
was no one that she could make her con-
fident.

They had now been six months married:
part of the time had been spent in travelling,
and part at their delightful residence. Fitz-
gerald had brought home a distant relation
of his for a companion and friend to Isidore.
She was fashionable and appeared amiable,
and he thought the genteel Caroline More-
land would be useful to his lovely wife, as
she would need initiating into the polished
circles, all which she must unavoidably en-
ter. Many of his friends had called to see
them; were loud in the praise of the ex-
quisite little girl he had married. The
house he knew would soon be filled with
visitors from the city.

He relied on Caroline
as a chaperon; but still he was too proud to
acknowledge that his beautiful wife needed
any instruction, and he feared it would
pain her affectionate heart to inform her
of her deficiencies. He was astonished to see
that the lovely creature, who, in the forest
shades, moved with the grace of a young
fawn, was, in the drawing room, when sur-
rounded with a fashionable party, stiff, awk-
ward and embarrassed. “But she is so
young—so very young,” he would say, “It
will soon wear off.” Yet the very remedy
had provided only increased the evil.—
Caroline was envious, indolent and selfish;
and the gentle and amiable Isidore could
not unbosom herself to the cold hearted vo-

taries of fashion. She sighed often when
she felt her ignorance and awkwardness.—
Her devoted love to Albert made her so fear-
ful of saying any thing to mortify or disturb
him that she would often hesitate stop and
tremble, when she was conversing; and saw
her husband's eyes fixed on her. Fitzger-
ald had expected, for several days, some
particular friends, to whom he wished his
wife to be agreeable. He told her one
morning, as she stood by the glass, arrang-
ing her beautiful hair, that Major Harcourt
and Mr. Campbell would be with them on
the following morning; and gently pressing
her hand, he added:

“Be yourself, my dear Isidore, imagine
that we are in the forest; that my friends
are Sanagua and Watanan; let me see you
easy and cheerful before them. Shake off
that timidity and fear that destroys all your
movements. They are both elegant and
polished gentlemen, and—”

He stopped—for he felt that Isidore
though exquisitely beautiful and amiable,
was not a companion for an accomplished
man. She raised her timid eyes to his, and
endeavored to smile away her emotion but
her heart was full, and she took down her
hair again to hide the tears that fell upon
her bosom. He lifted the curls from her
brow; and gently kissing her, he left the
apartment.

“My fears are true!” said she as soon
as the door was closed; “he is ashamed of
me! Oh! my revered grandfather, you
were right when you said a child like me,
without education could never make a man
like Albert Fitzgerald happy.”

She pressed her forehead with her hands
leaning on her dressing table and wept bit-
terly. Little did the noble minded and
kind hearted Fitzgerald know the pain he
had inflicted. He loved the gentle creature

deeply, devotedly, and would have pierc-
ed his own bosom sooner than would he
but he began to see they had no sentiments
in common, except their love of nature.—
She looked upon her husband almost with
wonder, when she heard him display the
rich treasures of his mind. Worlds would
she have given, could she have commanded
them, to have understood and conversed
with him. She read, but her untutored
mind, with none to regulate and guide it
was little benefited by books; besides they
have crowds of company, and her time had
been much occupied in walking the grounds,
riding, sailing, music, dancing, &c.

Isidore often thought how much happier
she could have been with Fitzgerald in the
wilderness! There she was at home; “but
here” she would say, “I shall be almost a
burthen to him for whom I could toil forever.”

The two gentlemen came, and Isidore
knowing they were her husband's friends
took great pains with her attire, and she
never looked more beautiful than when she
entered the room leaning on Fitzgerald's
arm. They gazed on her with admiring
eyes and soon procured a seat near her.—
Had her husband left her all would have
been well; but her wounded spirit shrunk
from his observation, and she answered only
in monosyllables. Finding it impossible to
draw her into conversation, they soon re-
tired to another room. Caroline Moreland,
as she seated herself beside her on the sofa,
inquired,

“What is the matter with my good coun-
sin to-day! you look quite forlorn. Has
your canary bird taken flight, or your little
spaniel run away?”

Isidore blushed; she saw that Major Har-
court had heard the salutation, and she was
confused and distressed. After a few mo-
ments silence she said in a low voice,

“I have been indisposed, and had some
idea of not leaving my room; but I thought
a walk in the air might be of service to me.”

“You don't look very ill,” said Caroline.
I never saw you have more color; but you
might as well have remained there,” she
continued in an under tone, and with a
scornful look; “We should have hardly mis-
sed you.”

Isidore felt too wretched even to reply
to this unfeeling speech. The visitors were
very animated and agreeable. The only
one who appeared listless and dispirited
was the innocent mistress of the mansion.
See was unacquainted with fashionable life,
and the fear of saying something that might
displease her husband kept her silent. He
saw she was dull; and drawing her arm with-
in his, he proposed a walk around the gar-
den, inviting as many as chose to follow him.

“Come Fitzgerald,” said Major Harcourt,
as they left the house, “You are too selfish;
allow me the honor,” and attempted to take
the arm of Isidore; but she clung to the
arm of her husband who, confused at her
showing so much reluctance to accept pro-
ffered attention, said, as he hurried down a re-
tired avenue,

“Mrs. Fitzgerald is indisposed. I will
return to you directly.”

When they were quite out of hearing, he
bogged, to know what was the matter, and
why she appeared so unhappy? She sighed,
and a tear shot into her eye.

“I am not well! and—”

“Oh, if you really feel ill, retire; and I
will apologize to our guests.”

She was glad to avail herself of the op-
portunity, and was soon quietly seated in
her own room.

Many weeks passed much in the same
manner, and Isidore grew more and more
weary of society. Her only enjoyment was
walking around the estate, comforting the
sick, and playing with the children of the
tenants. One evening she was returning
from such an excursion, and as the sun was
setting behind a rich curtain of crimson and
gold, she threw herself on a bank under the
wall of a summer house, covered with ho-
neysuckle and grape vines, to enjoy the
scene. She had not been long, when she
heard voices, and not wishing to be seen,
drew still further under the vines.

“It is in vain for you to excuse her, on
account of her being young. I tell you
Harcourt, she is a beautiful fool; and I pity
Fitzgerald most sincerely. He has been
fascinated by a pair of bright eyes. Did
you see the expression of his face this morn-
ing, when she was asked who was her fa-
vorite here?”

“I did, Campbell, and felt for the distress
of his lovely wife; but do you not see that it
is her timid sweetness united with her love
for him that makes her appear so much em-
barrassed and awkward. She looks upon
him as a being of superior order; and her
very anxiety not to mortify him, causes
half her mistakes. There was no cause for
her tears this morning. There are many
agreeable and polite women who make their
husbands very happy, that know nothing of
Julius Cæsar or Alexander; but the timid
creature thought she ought to know, and
feared her husband would despise her for
her ignorance.”

“Well, you will acknowledge she appears
like a fool, and that she can never make
Fitzgerald happy.”

“I fear she never will, but she does not
seem like a fool to a close observer. It was
unfortunate for her, as well as for our friend,
that she had not married some poor man;
then the duties and cares of her station would
have wholly occupied her attention, and she
would have been contented; yet I am con-
vinced that she has mind enough if it could
be properly strengthened and cultivated.”

Were she a fool, she would be happy here
surrounded with every thing, as she is to
please the eye; but you see she is not, and I
fear never will be, for Fitzgerald cannot
send her away to school. He would not
wound her gentle nature; and she has no
resolution to leave him for a few years.—
If she had, but a female friend to advise her,
then the duties and cares of her station would
have wholly occupied her attention, and she
would have been contented; yet I am con-
vinced that she has mind enough if it could
be properly strengthened and cultivated.”

Were she a fool, she would be happy here
surrounded with every thing, as she is to
please the eye; but you see she is not, and I
fear never will be, for Fitzgerald cannot
send her away to school. He would not
wound her gentle nature; and she has no
resolution to leave him for a few years.—
If she had, but a female friend to advise her,
then the duties and cares of her station would
have wholly occupied her attention, and she
would have been contented; yet I am con-
vinced that she has mind enough if it could
be properly strengthened and cultivated.”

“I see how it will be, his home will soon
be uninteresting to him, and he will travel
again; perhaps go to Europe for a few years.
Do you think Harcourt, such a baby as she,
is to leave without a protector?”

“But you know, my friend, she will not
always be a baby.”

“I don't know that, I fear she will; but
here is Fitzgerald coming down the
path, let's join him.”

They left the summer house; and the
trembling Isidore, with her heart swelling
with grief and mortification almost to agony,
remained until they were out of sight, then
hastening to her room, she locked the door
and gave vent to her feelings. When the
servant came to call her to tea, she said she
was really indisposed: she desired him to
tell her master, that she was indisposed with
the head-ache, but should be quite well soon,
if left alone.— When Fitzgerald retired for
the night, she seemed to be in a sweet slumber,
and he stood by the window some moments
watching the moon over which the fleecy
clouds moved rapidly. He saw the spire of
the church illuminated by his rays. There
reposed the bodies of his parents. He sighed
deeply.

“Oh my mother, my highly gifted and
accomplished mother,” said Albert, “how
much I miss you—I fear—”

Again he sighed, but said no more. Is-
dore was so much agitated she found it al-
most impossible to feign sleep. She passed
a restless night; but felt more calm in the
morning, for her resolution was taken. She
had determined to leave her husband; and,
much as she loved him, to leave him for
ever unless she could qualify herself for the
station in which he had placed her. She
was much more composed, and appeared to
more advantage than she had since her ar-
rival at the mansion. She felt that she
should make a great sacrifice in leaving one
who was beloved beyond expression, but the
thought gave firmness to her step, and ex-
pression to her countenance. An opportu-
nity soon offered to put her design in execu-
tion.— Fitzgerald concluded to accompany
his friends to the city and stay a few weeks,
to settle some business. He knew that his
wife and Caroline were invited to make a
visit at a country seat some miles distant,
and told her to ride, visit, walk and amuse
herself in her own way—he should not be
gone long. The visitors had all departed.
Caroline said she should go next day to Mrs.
Bensels, as the house was too lonely, with
no one but Isidore for a companion. “Now
thought Isidore, “is the time.” The first
day after Caroline's departure, was spent
by this disinterested and amiable woman in
planning and arranging her dangerous un-
dertaking, the next in packing her clothes,
and writing to her husband. She told the
old steward that she wished him to speak a

passage for her on the morrow, as she in-
tended to visit her husband.

“Going alone, madam?” he asked; “Did
not master wish me to take you down in the
carriage?”

“No David; you are to stay here, I shall
leave the key of your master's room with
you; so you can send us what we wish for
in the city.”

The old man bowed and retired. She
wandered round the rooms, wept long before
her husband's picture; but retired early as
the stage was to call for her at seven. The
next day she was on her way to the city;
towards which she travelled until night, af-
ter which it was impossible to get the least
trace of her.

Fitzgerald returned in a few weeks; and,
when he approached his house, was sur-
prised at not seeing his lovely wife even at
the window. Caroline was leaning quite
over the balcony, and seemed looking for
some one. He asked for his wife.

“Your wife? why she went to you three
weeks ago!”

Fitzgerald turned pale, and sinking on
the steps, seemed lost in an agony of thought.
He summoned all the domestics, but could
learn nothing, only that she had left home
to join him.— He went to her room, exam-
ined every thing, but could find no clue to
guide him.

“She cannot have left me,” said he.—
“Oh, Isidore! who has torn you from my
arms?”

At length opening his own desk he dis-
covered a letter addressed to him in the
hand writing of his wife, and what was his
astonishment at learning that she had left
him, and—for ever!

[Conclusion next week.]

“ENTICEMENT.”—The editor of the
National Gazette ends an elaborate defini-
tion of the above word, with the following
authority. It is comprised in an anecdote
of a sailor who giving his testimony in a
Boston Court about an assault and battery,
stated that Jack (the traverser) had power-
fully enticed Sam, (the complainant.) Jack's
counsel asked him to explain what he meant
by the word entice. “What do I mean
Sir?” said the honest tar.—“Why, Sir, I
mean this—Jack took a devilish big hand-
spike and drove it plump in Sam's back—
that's what I call enticing.”

MILITARY FORCE OF EUROPE.—The
following curious article appears in Le Vo-
leur.—Europe contains about 215 millions
of inhabitants, who are civilized, spread a-
mong fifty-eight states, large and small.—
The revenue of those states, taken together,
amounts to nearly three thousand eight
hundred millions of francs. Placing on one
side France and England, uniting under
their banners Belgium, Rhenish Prussia,
Sweden, Italy, Greece, and nearly all the
German Confederation, (excepting Austria
and Prussia;) on the other Austria, Russia,
Spain, Portugal, and at present Prussia,
with some few states of the German Con-
federation; the progressive army is found to
98,000,000 of men, and the retrograde army
to 102,000,000; the former at a revenue of
2,700,000,000 francs, the latter only 900,
000,000 francs. The navy of civilization
amounts to 1,660 ships of war, and that of
absolutism to 540. The surplus of Euro-
pean forces in population, money, and ves-
sels belongs to the neutral army. After
this statement, the result of the struggle
cannot appear doubtful.

THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.—A respecta-
bly dressed widow, soon after she entered
the shop of a draper in a borough-town, not
far from Devizes, a short time since began
to extol the virtues of her late husband, the
tears at the same time flowing plentifully
down her cheeks. “Pray walk inside and
comfort yourself,” said the condoling draper;
“but we must submit to the unceasing de-
crees of Providence.” “We must, we must,”
said the widow, and wiped her eyes. “Has
Mr. — been here?” she then anxiously
inquired. He had not, but very soon made
his appearance. They jointly selected a
silk gown; and two days afterwards Mr.
— and the widow were married.

Devizes Gazette.

The Rome (Oncido co. N. Y.) Repub-
lican, says—“We would inform those
who are out of work and out of money, that
there are wanted on the Hudson and Mo-
hawk Railroad, two hundred teams, and
five hundred laborers. We give this no-
tice gratuitously, hoping it may be of ser-
vice to the idlers in this vicinity.”

From the York Republican.

It is with mingled emotions of pride and
pleasure that we refer our citizens, Masons
as well as Antimasons, to Mr. Rush's letter.
We here find a statesman who acts accord-
ing to the dictates of conscience, a politician
of long standing, who yet will speak out,
when he deems it his duty, let the conse-
quences be what it may. Patriotism is the
first feeling in the bosom of such a man. He
loves his country more than himself. “The
Commonwealth,” is his motto. When he
sees danger, he points it out to us. He
carries home, in dread conviction to the
heart of every man, two most important

truths:—first, that Masonry is stronger than
LAW; and second, that the PRESS has
betrayed its trust, it has slept upon its post,
it has failed to tell us that the ship is amongst
breakers. Now let our public men who
entertain similar views, express them; let
anxiety for the public welfare, overcome
that feeling which they denominate prudence
but we denounce as fear; Yes fear of the In-
stitution.

We recommend to all, the candid perusal
of Mr. Rush's letter, and hope that its
length will deter no one, as the reader will
find an increasing interest throughout.

From the Herkimer Free Press.

We, the undersigned residing in Danube,
Herkimer county, feeling a deep interest in
the welfare of the republic institutions of our
country—the cause of republicanism we have
espoused from our youth—we have cheer-
fully supported the party by that name—e-
ven at the last fall election we have acted
and voted with them, in good faith of sup-
porting the republican cause; but, lament-
able to say, we find them that have hereto-
fore been known by the name of republicans
have identified themselves with Freema-
sonry, an institution or government exist-
ing within our government, which, like the
canker-worm, is sapping the vitals of our
republican principles and institutions.

Freemasonry we have heretofore looked
upon as an innocent institution: the external
appearance of many of its members warrant-
ed us to draw those conclusions; but since
its secret doings, diabolical oaths and obliga-
tions have been published, we have, with a
scrutinizing eye, watched its motions and
doings which at length has made it mani-
fest to us to the fullest extent that Freema-
sonry is repugnant to our republican system
of government and our christian religion.

We can, therefore, no longer go with men
or a party that espouses or fosters Freema-
sonry.

Be it therefore known, that we are Anti-
masons—that we will pursue every lawful
course to do away, prostrate, and annihilate
the diabolical institution of Freemasonry—
an institution that has bid defiance to the
civilized world, but whose destiny seems
designed to these United States of America.
Like in the revolutionary war, what could
not be effected in all Europe, was effected
in these United States, to wit, the expulsion
of kings and sovereign princes. And again
it seems to be so ordained that these United
States must be the first to effect the downfall
and expulsion of the masonic kings and sov-
ereign princes.

We, therefore, like our ancestors, at the
declaration of our independence, seize the
occasion to “pledge our lives, our fortunes,
and sacred honor” in defence of our rights,
against any and every secret society that
has a tendency to destroy the liberty of our
country or the republican principles of our
government.

Ab'm Quackenbush,
Ab'm Owens, Adam Freelick,
Frederick Shults, Albert Freelick,
Jacob Herkimer, Gerrit House,
Augustus Hess,

THE MURDERER, MARKLEY!

The Charlestown Free Press states, that
Markley formerly lived in that county [Jeff-
erson,] where he committed a felony, for
which he was sent a year to the Peniten-
tiary of this state:

He was arrested in 1825, near Harpers
Ferry, as the suspected murderer of Miss
Cunningham of Maryland. During his ex-
amination on this point, the justice recol-
lected having seen an advertisement in a
Frederick paper, offering a reward for the
apprehension of Markley, as the robber of
Mr. Newey's house. He was committed to
jail, and witnesses were sent for to Cecil
county, but their testimony not being suffi-
cient to identify him as the murderer, he
was delivered over to the authorities of
Maryland, to be tried for the robbery of Mr.
Newey's house. Upon this latter charge,
he was convicted, and sentenced to five years
imprisonment in the Penitentiary of Mary-
land. During all this long confinement, he
cherished in his bosom the flame of revenge
against Mr. Newey, and finally perpetrated
an outrage without parallel in the annals of
modern atrocity.

The murderer of the unfortunate Miss
Cunningham has not yet been detected.—
She was murdered on the road, a few years
ago, in the State of Maryland.—The deep-
est sympathy was felt for her fate—High
rewards were offered—Several persons were
apprehended—but they all escaped for want
of proof. And more recently the memory
of that horrible transaction seems to have
faded almost away. If there be any reason
to suspect Markley of this detestable out-
rage—not inferior even in the point of atro-
city to the destruction of Newey and his
family—it would be desirable to have him
interrogated, and to bring from him a final
confession of his guilt—should Miss Cun-
ningham also have fallen his victim!

It is very rarely that two such monsters
as Gibbs and Markley have been brought
to justice, in so short a space of time, for
acts of so different a character, and of so
deep a dye. Either of them singly is suffi-
cient to “make the world grow pale.”

Richmond Compiler.