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DUCEIT 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.

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THE GARLAND.

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

LINES.

Written by SELLECK OSBORN, on the occasion of
a servant's sacrificing himself to save the two
children of his master.

Tremendous howls the angry blast!
The boldest hearts with terror quake!
High o'er the vessel's tottering mast,
The liquid mountains fiercely break!
Each eye is fixed in wild despair,
And death displays his terrors there!

Now plunging in the dread abyss,
They pierce the bosom of the deep;
Now rise where vivid lightnings hiss,
And seem the murky clouds to sweep,
Through the dark waste dread thunders roll,
And horrors chill the frigid soul!

The storm abates; but shattered sora,
The leaky vessel drinks the brine;
They seek in vain some friendly shore,
Their spirits sunk, their hopes decline!
But lo! what joy succeeds their grief!
Kind heaven bestows the wished relief!

See on the deck young Marco stands,
Two blooming cherubs by his side
Entrusted to his faithful hands,
"A mother's joy, a father's pride;
Thy black skin, as shades of night,
His heart is fair, his soul is white!"

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,
Except the noble generous boy;
"Go lively infants, go," he cries,
"And give your anxious parent joy,
No mother will for Marco weep
When fate entombs him in the deep!"

Long have my kindred ceased to grieve,
No sister kind my fate to mourn;
No breast for me a sigh will leave,
No bosom friend wait my return!"
He said, and sinking, sought the happy shore,
Where toil and slavery vex the soul no more.

THE MISCELLANY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CONCLUDED—CHAPTER IV.

Her letter was short but tender and im-
pressive. It concluded by saying, "It will
be useless to seek me, for I leave no trace
behind; if you hear nothing from me in five
years, think me with your blessed mother,
and obtain a wife of whom she would not be
ashamed. If I can make myself worthy of
you I will return."

Fitzgerald was in an agony of grief; he
remembered nothing but her artless loveli-
ness; felt a thousand fears for her safety;
scoured the country in every direction; spent
months in seeking, but without even getting
a hint to guide his search beyond the night
on which she left the stage. He went up
to the log-cabin, but the Indians had heard
nothing of her since she sent them presents
of blankets, beads for their mocassins, &c.

A year passed away and Fitzgerald be-
gan to think he should never see her more.
He left his beautiful residence, where he
could not remain, for every thing reminded
him of his lost wife and departed mother,
and removed to the city.

Year after year rolled on and the lovely
Isidore was forgotten. Even Fitzgerald
thought of her only at times, and as a lovel-
ly vision that had long since passed away,
for he had ceased even to hope that he
should ever behold her again.

And where was the heroic girl who had
made such sacrifice for him she loved! It
would be beyond the limits of this narrative
to relate all the perils she encountered, the
toils, the dangers, and the difficulties she
overcame before she reached her aunt Wal-
dorff in Germany, where she at last arrived
in safety, and was kindly received; for
Madam Waldorff, though she had her pre-
judices, and disliked the Americans, (rebels,
as she always called them,) was an elegant
and accomplished woman. She entered
warmly into the plans of her lovely niece,
procured for her every instructor necessary
to improve, cultivate and strengthen her
really powerful mind; and Isidore was as-
tonished at her own progress. It was in-
deed rapid, for what will love not accom-
plish? The first years were entirely devo-
ted to her mind and heart, the last to accom-
plishments. Music was her favourite a-
mong these; and she performed delightfully
upon the harp.

She said to her aunt one day, after play-
ing for her some time.

"I have succeeded on this instrument be-
yond my most sanguine expectations."

"My dear Isidore," said Madam Wal-
dorff, "I am pleased and proud of your pro-
gress; but I shall grieve to part with you.
I have often, since your arrival, lamented
that I did not take you from your grand-fa-
ther; I felt vexed that father should have
been urged from his home, and thought the
general deserved all the anxiety he felt. I
have long since overcome such feelings,
and now, my dear child, you are wound
round my heart so firmly, that it will ache
to part with you. I have seen for some
time that your thoughts are wandering to
that dear one for whom all your exertions
have been made. You are anxious to see
your husband in your assumed character,
and though I dislike all deceit, I think if it
ever was excusable, it is in your situation.
I have a friend in whom I can confide, on
the eve of embarking for America. You
shall go with him as a relation, which you

really are, thought distant. He knows your
story, and will aid you in every way. You
shall see your husband. He cannot know
you, for you are no more like the little trem-
bler that came here five years ago, than I
am."

"How good you are, my more than moth-
er. Do you think my husband will not
know me?" said Isidore, as she walked up
to a large mirror. "I am very tall now, and
have, I believe, a rather more dignified and
womanly appearance. But he will know
me by my hair, which is of a peculiar col-
our."

"I think not; beside, my dear, you can
easily conceal it with a head-dress."

"Ah, true, but I shall betray myself,
dearest aunt, by my emotions."

"Isidore, have you overcome so many
difficulties, shown yourself so superior to
most of your sex, and have you not yet
learned to control and conceal your own
feelings? Be yourself, my child, and all
will be well."

"I wonder if Mr. Campbell, when he
now sees me, will recognize the baby, the
fool." Isidore blushed as she said this, for
she did not exactly like the resentment that
rose in her bosom. "Alas, my dear aunt,
I have so many faults and foibles yet to
correct! for I would not return with any
feelings but those of affection and tender-
ness towards my friends. My only wonder
is, that my husband ever could have loved
me. But now, I am sure that I am wor-
thy of his love; sure that I can make him
happy; sure that I possess, in the resource
of my own mind, treasures that, but for
your kind attention to me, when I came a
little ignorant child to your bosom, would
have been lost forever."

Isidore left her kind aunt soon after this
conversation, with the friend she mentioned
and was off her return.

"Can you tell me, Emma," said Major
Harcourt to his wife, as he seated himself
beside her on a sofa, "who that elegantly
looking female is, leaning on an elderly
gentleman's arm by the door?"

"Yes; it is the beautiful stranger I told
you of; a relation of Mr. Weidman's, the
great Holland merchant; and some say, heir-
ess to his immense wealth. She is very
much admired. Is she not lovely?"

"Exquisitely beautiful indeed and uncom-
monly graceful. I have been watching her
for some time."

"Come, I will introduce you to her, Hen-
ry; she is intelligent and accomplished as
she is beautiful. But you seem amazingly
struck. See, your earnest gaze has quite
disconcerted her; that fair face is covered
with blushes, and she has turned to her pro-
tector, with whom, she is conversing very
earnestly."

Harcourt felt a singular interest in this
beautiful stranger, and said,

"Let us follow her, Emma. I never saw
but one being that interested me half so
much," looking expressively at his wife, and
pressing her arm as he spoke. They were
soon by the side of the person who had at-
tracted their observation, where they spent
an hour delightfully. Emma promised to
call for Miss Walstein next day, to walk on
the Battery, and Major Harcourt, as they
rode home, declared he had never conversed
with a more intelligent & agreeable woman.

"My dear husband," said Emma, "if I was
at all inclined to be jealous, I think I have
some little cause for it now, for you have ap-
peared perfectly fascinated with Miss Wal-
stein, and have scarcely taken your eyes from
her face."

"Indeed, Emma, she reminds me so much of
some one I have seen, though for the life of me I
can't tell who, that I thought we must have met
before; but it cannot be, as she told me it was her
first visit to this city. I will go with you to-mor-
row, and take Campbell; he will lose his heart, you
may be sure, as she is exactly the woman I have
heard him often describe and wish to obtain."
Emma smiled. "Why that smile? Do you not
agree with me?"

"I think, my dear husband, your sudden and
warm admiration is not consistent with your usual
prudence and judgment."

"True, true; and I will say no more. Albert
would have a fair right to laugh at me should he
know of my sudden and warm admiration of a
beautiful woman."

The conversation then dropped. Emma told
her husband that Campbell had called to say adieu;
he was to sail for France in the morning.

Major Harcourt had made a most judicious
choice when he selected from the beautiful and
accomplished women that he visited, Emma
Green. She was rather plain in her person, though
graceful and elegant in her manners. He was
sure of an agreeable companion, for her mind was
well cultivated, and her disposition amiable.

Often would Fitzgerald, who was very intimate
there, when he witnessed their perfect union and
happiness, sigh and say,

"Ah, Harcourt, why was I so weak as to be fa-
scinated by beauty alone? The voice of the good
old general still sounds in my ears: 'son of my
friend, do nothing rashly.' Why did I not listen
to his advice?"

"My dear Albert, you have learned a useful
lesson, and I hope your next choice will do you
honour."

"I shall never marry again," replied Fitzgerald.
In a few weeks Sophia Walstein and Mr. Wei-
dman were familiar guests at Major Harcourt's.

"I think," said Emma to her husband, "that
this morning as we were walking in Broadway,
I introduced Sophia to him; but he had little op-
portunity of seeing her as her veil was down, and
with one of those fits of trembling that alarmed
me so much, the day you returned with him from
the country. I hope she is not nervous. Albert
ordered his carriage, and the ride soon restored

her. I wish he would become acquainted with
her. She is exactly calculated to make him hap-
py, and it is quite idle to suppose he will ever hear
from Isidore."

"I think as you do, Emma; but his situa-
tion is an embarrassing one, as it would be dread-
ful indeed to marry one woman, and be claimed
by another."

"True, true, Henry, but it is now almost six
years since she left him; and could he obtain this
lovely creature, he would be fortunate indeed.
I never saw any one so much admired, and so wor-
thy of admiration, that valued it so little. She
prefers a social evening with me to the most splen-
did party, and a game at romps with your pet, Al-
bert, to a walk with our most fascinating beaux.
To-morrow she spends the day with us, and I am
to send for her harp. Bring Fitzgerald home
with you, and say nothing of our guest."

"I will," replied Harcourt.

After a day of social and refined enjoyment with
her new friends, at evening Miss Walstein took
her harp. She was playing a Scotch air when
Harcourt came home with Fitzgerald. They
stood some time at the open door, charmed with
the melody. The latter seemed spell-bound.—
Was it the music that entranced him or was he
admiring the beautiful creature that touched the
strings with her white and delicate fingers? His
eager and admiring gaze delighted Emma, and
she spoke to him: The music ceased, and the fair
musician hung over the instrument, pale and trem-
bling. Her agitation was attributed to fatigue
from playing so long; but she soon recovered her-
self. Fitzgerald was constantly examining her
face, when he could do so without absolute rudeness,
he listened more than he looked, for he thought
her uncommonly agreeable—still he appeared—
thoughtful, and at every pause in the conversation
quite dull.

Days and weeks passed, and Fitzgerald visited
Sophia Walstein every day.

"Harcourt," said he, "you have drawn me into
the society of this charming woman, whom it is
impossible to know and not love; and yet, whom
it would be dishonourable for me to seek to obtain.
Why do you smile? Do not trifle with me, Hen-
ry; you know not the struggle between my attach-
ment and my sense of honour. I sometimes wish
I had never seen her."

"I would not trifle with you, Albert; but you
must have discovered Sophia's preference for you.
Why not declare yourself?"

"Are you mad, Harcourt? Am I not a married
man? The last Isidore is forgotten by the world;
her beauty and her virtues buried in oblivion; but
I cannot forget the tenderness with which I once
almost adore her. Yet I love Sophia devotedly,
ardently. There is something about her though
I have never mentioned it before, that often re-
minds me of Isidore. The expression of her eyes
sometimes, when she gazes on me; the tone of her
voice, particularly when it is a tone of tenderness,
brings the artless, self-sacrificing creature before
me, so forcibly that her name is involuntarily on
my lips. It was this resemblance that first drew me
to her, but it is not now; cultivated, and accom-
plished mind, and lovely, amiable temper, that ir-
resistibly attach me to Sophia Walstein. It has
become almost impossible for me to conceal my
feelings towards her, and this night I will tell her
my history. It may be unavailing, and perhaps
selfish; but I cannot resist the impulse that prompts
me. I wish to see her, and to be near her, and to
be in her society which has already become so
dangerous to my peace of mind and quit a coun-
try in which I soon doomed to meet with nothing
but sorrow and mortification."

Fitzgerald walked the apartment in an agony
of doubt and anxiety. Harcourt endeavored to sooth-
him, by telling him to far nothing and striving to
convince him that he might indulge his attach-
ment and seek its return with honor; but he con-
tinued pacing the room until the servant announ-
ced Miss Walstein, when he took his hat and rushed
into the street.

He returned more composed, and seating him-
self beside the object of all this solicitude, attempt-
ed in vain to converse with his accustomed free-
dom. Sophia was talking of the importance of
education to females.

"Will you hear my story, Miss Walstein?" at
length he somewhat abruptly said. "It is a mel-
ancholy illustration of what you have just been
saying; but I think I can tell it to you, though I
scarcely know why I ask you to listen to it."

She turned very pale, and trembled excessively
when he spoke of his wife; her artless loveliness,
her regret and sorrow for her loss, and his long
search for her. She looked on him with a tender-
ness that assured him he was beloved. Still he
became embarrassed as he began to speak of him-
self.

"This," said he, taking Isidore's last letter from
his pocket, "will explain what—"

Sophia started from her chair, threw off her
head dress that confined her luxuriant tresses, and
letting the rich glossy ringlets fall over her neck
and shoulders, cried,

"Well, well do I know the contents of that letter;
my dear beloved husband!" and sunk al-
most lifeless into his arms.

He gazed on her as if he doubted the evidences
of his senses, then pressing her to his heart, ex-
claimed,

"Isidore! My wife!" with such a frantic cry of
joy, that Harcourt and Emma rushed into the ap-
artment.

To describe the surprise and happiness of all
interested, would be impossible.

"Dear Isidore," said Fitzgerald when they were
all quietly settled, "how could a young, timid, and
ignorant girl—pardon me for the word—leave her
home, her husband, and thus alone travel to Ger-
many, without leaving any trace behind? It was
the last place in the world I should have sought
for you, as I knew you had a perfect dread of Ma-
dam Waldorff, on account of her treatment to your
grand-father."

"True, Albert; but he told me in his last moments
if I never saw you again, to go to her; and said she
was noble and well educated though proud. I
knew she was rich, and had ample means to do
for me all I wished. Had you examined your old
wardrobe you would have missed two suits of boy's
clothes, that your mother had preserved, because,
as you told me, your life had been saved in one,
and the other you wore on your return from your
first absence; these I wore after the first day,
cutting off my hair, and staining my skin. You
ask how I could leave you? I make the effort
it needed all the concealment I felt of my un-
worthiness for the station in which you had placed
me; needed all the misery that I constantly suf-
fered and the mortification I caused you. Oh,
Albert! before I could strifion resolution to leave
you, I heard myself called a fool, yes, a fool, and
by your best friends. I do not wonder at it; for
how can anyone perfectly uneducated, and ig-
norant of the most common things, appear other
than a fool, in the most intelligent and polished
society? Riches may dazzle, and beauty may
fascinate, but a higher intelligent and cultivated

man cannot love an ignorant woman; and will ac-
knowledge that it is a dangerous experiment for
any such man, to take an uneducated girl, how-
ever beautiful, for a wife."

"Yes, yes, my love, I will," said Fitzgerald,
"unless every woman were an Isidore."

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The brig
Hardy, Capt. Shirley, which arrived here
yesterday from Batavia, has on board a liv-
ing female *Oorang-Oulang*. She has suf-
fered much on the voyage, and is very sick.
She is greatly affected by cold, and keeps a
blanket constantly wrapped about her. She
is still able to walk, although she totters
from weakness. When she stands erect
her hands nearly touch the ground. She
eats, drinks, and spits, like a human being.

This is the only successful attempt ever
made, to introduce one of these remarkable
animals alive into this country. Some
years since an Oorang Oulang was brought
into port, but died in the harbor. The
skeleton has been frequently exhibited by
Dr. Smith, at his annual Anatomical Lec-
tures.—*Boston Transcript*.

TANNING.—An apothecary in the
neighborhood of Nantux has published a
tractise, extolling the husks of grapes which
have been deprived of their alcohol by dis-
tillation, as an excellent substitute for bark
in tanning leather. After having prepared
the skins in the usual way, he places them
in the pits, and covers them with the grape-
husks. From five-and-thirty to five-and-
forty days are sufficient to complete the tan-
ning. This method, according to the au-
thor of it, offers the following advantages:
The operation is much more rapid; it is much
more economical; the leather has an agree-
able odour instead of that of tan; and it is twice
as durable as leather tanned by bark.

At the time when Swing was in all his
glory, a country Justice actually committed
a poor ploughman for being found, under
suspicious circumstances, near a hay-rick,
with intent to set it on fire; when the whole
of the evidence against the poor man was,
that he had been seen near the stack, not
with a lighted candle, but with a *quail of
water!* This is a fact. The sapient Mag-
istrate still holds the commission in the
county of Berks, where he is as likely as
ever to set the Thames on fire.

By the machinery at Portsmouth, under
Mr. Grant's superintendance, 160,000
pounds of biscuit can be manufactured in
twenty four hours, constituting a day's ration
for the crews of twenty sail of the line;
and with eight or ten such pieces of machi-
nery, biscuit rations may be daily manufac-
tured for 160,000 men, being the greatest
number of seamen and marines employed
during the hottest period of the war.

THE FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.



ORANGE FARM.
From the American Farmer.

The following letter from the proprietor
of the Orange Farm, will be read with in-
terest. The only remark we have to make
on laying it before our readers, is—"go and
do likewise."

MAY 4, 1831.

MR. SMITH.—Under an impression that
the agriculturists of our country, with a few
exceptions, did not employ capital enough
in their business, I, about twelve years since,
determined to carry my ideas into effect upon
my Orange Farm, consisting of 400 acres.
After the desired fertility had been given to
the soil, thirty acres of it were converted in-
to a garden, and 370 into a dairy farm. Of
these 370, about 70 are in wood, and about
300 under cultivation.

The cows are in number 100—sometimes
more and sometimes less. They are kept
in warm and well ventilated stables throug-
out the winter and part of the spring and
autumn. They are not exposed to cold rains
even in summer. They run during the
summer on luxuriant pastures, each of which
affords a comfortable shade. So much im-
portance is attached to shade, that sheds
have been erected over the troughs, where
they get their drink. As there is no run-
ning water on the farm, we have to depend
on pumps. And it may not be out of place
here to state, two dogs, one at a time, pump
all the water and cut all the corn stalks,
straw and hay, used for all the cows and the
other animals of this farm. These cut ar-
ticles, mixed with corn-meal, bran, shorts
and roots, are cooked by means of a very
simple steam apparatus for their food during
the winter, with occasional variations.—
The cows are at all times in the stable,
clean, by being kept clear of their own dirt,
by means of a well constructed drain; so
fixed as to receive all their dung and urine.

Of the sales of the products of this dairy
farm, there has been for a series of years a
progressive increase. The account of the

sales of last year, as rendered to me by my
manager, on the first of January, last, you
have below; and I am given to understand
that it will be more this year. In this
statement the proceeds of the garden, 30 ac-
res, are not included.

As the expenses of repairs of buildings,
and of every other kind, are paid by the
manager, I have not allowed myself to pry
into them very closely. I have contented
myself with knowing, he has to deliver to
me, and that he does deliver to me, without
limitation, every day, whatever quantity my
family may want of fresh butter, cream and
milk, and that he has to pay to me, and
does pay to me in cash, every Saturday, a
satisfactory net amount of rent.

Amount of sales on Orange Farm for 1830

Milk	\$4,822 20
Butter	1,779 36
Beef	1,201 87
Veal	184 79
Pigs	72 50
Vegetables	455 98
Hay	1,143 06
	\$9,659 76

[Orange Farm is on the road leading to
Philadelphia, about 2 miles from Baltimore
and is under the management of Mr. Under-
wood, formerly of Roxbury near Boston.]

PASTURE AND HAY.

He who wishes to have good pasture
throughout the season, and good crops of
hay, must keep his stock in the barn yard
until his pasture fields are well grown over
with grass, and by no means turn his cattle
or horses into his meadow. Some farmers
come short of hay, and rather than buy, feed
off their meadows; the consequence is, their
next crop of hay is ruined, and the spring
following they are compelled to do the same;
thus they are ever straitened for hay, and
their farms are impoverished—it is just the
same with pasture fields. He who turns out
his stock early will never have good pasture;
and his fields are kept bare by close graz-
ing until they are too exhausted; and what
grass roots the horse and sheep do not pull
in the fall, are so exposed by their naked-
ness, that the frost of winter destroys them
and thus the grazing part of the farm is ru-
ined. Let him who wishes to have a vigor-
ous and early growth of grass, permit his
fields to go into winter quarters, with a good
cover of old grass—keep the bars all up, the
sheep off during the winter, and he can never
fail.

SALINE MANURES.

Gardeners, and all those who endeavor to
obtain early legumens or fruits, may profit
by the following experiment, which con-
firms an established fact, that plants in a
soil prepared with common salt, rarely suf-
fer from the cold and sudden changes of the
weather.

The half of a bed of early peas raised in
a garden of Worchestershire, was dressed
with salt, and the other half with common
manure: upon the part which was prepared
with salt, and in the proportion of about
twenty bushels to the acre, the peas were
fit to pick three weeks before the others, and
the vines yielded five or six times as many.

Hilling Corn.—Erastus Ware of Salem,
Mass. says of an excellent field of corn,
which obtained a premium, that it was
three times, but not hilled as has been cus-
tomary; and upon a comparison of that not
hilled, with a piece which was in some de-
gree hilled after a severe gale, he is satis-
fied that no advantage by hilling as was for-
merly practised. His opinion is that there
is no benefit to be derived by hilling corn;
and corn raised on a flat surface, when the
weeds are destroyed and the ground kept
loose, is by no means so likely to suffer by
the drought, or to have its roots impeded in
the search after their proper nutriment, as
where the ground is drawn up round the
stalk in a high and steep hill.

Ring-Bone and spavin.—Take six ounces
of the oil of Origanum; 3 ounces Camphor;
and 2 ounces mercurial ointment—mix them
well together, and rub the place affected
two or three times a day, keeping the horse
perfectly dry.—*N. E. Farmer*.

**Method for preserving Grain from the
degradations of Mice.**—Fix in a heap of
grain (or in any other similar matter which
you desire to keep from the ravages of
the mice) some stalks with their branches
and leaves, either green or dry, of Water
Cresses, (*sisymbrium*), and none of these
mischievous animals will approach it.—
Some leaves of this plant will be even suffi-
cient to drive them from any place to which
it is desired to prevent their having access.

FROZEN POTATOES.

In the time of frost, the only precaution
necessary is, to retain the potatoes in a per-
fectly dark place for some days after the
frost has commenced.

In America, where they are frozen as
hard as stones; they rot if thawed in open
day; but if thawed in the darkness they do
not rot, and lose very little of their natural
odor and properties.—*Recent industry* xiv
81, as quoted in *Jameston's Edinburgh New
Philosophical Journal*.