

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 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.

DUCEIT 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.

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1831.

TERMS—\$2 PER ANNUM.
VOL. 2.—NO. 13.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCT. S. M. TUDOR,
OFFERS his Professional services to the
public generally, and can always be
found at his father's residence, at the house
formerly occupied by James Morrisson,
within one mile and a half of Hampton.
Fair Mount, June 14, 1831. 4t—10

**A LIST OF RETAILERS
OF FOREIGN MERCHAN-
DIZE,** within the County of Adams,
that took out Licence on the 1st May, 1831:
John G. Morningstar, John Houck
Henry Schriver, J. & M. Carl
George Myers, W. Hilchbrand
John Brough, William Albright
Abraham King, Esq., Thomas M. Knight
Andrew Myers, C. Homlar
Daniel Hartman, Jacob Heafly
Jacob Brough, George Bange
Hugh McSherry, Samuel Fahnstock
John Lahmon, Daniel Comfort
Philip Weaver, Danmer & Ziegler
Albert Vandike, Thomas J. Cooper
Jacob Myers, Robert Smith
Christian Bishop, William Reynolds
Jacob Fahnstock, Jr., Jesse Gilbert
George Wilson, Michael C. Clarkson
J. & C. Benner, Samuel H. Brubler
Enoch Simpson, William Gillispie

List of those that did not take
out Licence on said day:

David Sheetz, Philip Long
John Goutley, Samuel Wright
Jacob Lathaw, David Middlecuff
Joseph Miller & Co., Adam S. E. Duncan
Charles Barnitz, David Bucher
D. E. Fahnstock, For & Henry
Philip Miller, Thomas Dickey
J. M. Shery & Co., John Barnitz
Jacob Long & Co., William Gardner
Jacob Spangler, Henry Bittinger
Jacob Thompson, Mahon & Duncan
Hiram Boyd & Co., John Miller
J. D. Paxton & Co., Henry Brinkerhoff
C. & H. Barnitz, Henry Sanders
Blythe & McGinley, Abraham Reever

ROBERT SMITH, Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, Get-
tysburg, June 14, 1831. 4t—10

New Store.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his
friends and the Public, that he has just
returned from the Cities of Philadelphia and
Baltimore, with an

EXPENSIVE AND ENTIRELY NEW
STOCK OF GOODS,
Which he intends opening in the house of
the late John McConoughy, Esq. deceased,
situate on the South West Corner of the
Centre Square in Gettysburg,

CONSISTING OF A
GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
**DRY
GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Queens and Glass WARE,
LOOKING GLASSES,
AND
LIQUORS, &c.**

(FOR PARTICULARS, SEE HAND-BILLS.)
A personal appearance at his establish-
ment, the LOW PRICES of the Goods,
and elegant assortment, will be an induce-
ment for them to purchase—"Look before
you leap."

The Public's humble servant,
SAMUEL FAINESTOCK.
Gettysburg, April 20, 1831. 4t—2-2

LOOK OUT!

DO respectfully inform the public generally,
THAT I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A
**FRESH SUPPLY OF
SEASONABLE GOODS,**
Which offer on pleasing terms for CASH or
COUNTRY PRODUCE:

CONSISTING PARTLY AS FOLLOWS:
Domestic, British Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hard Ware,
Queens-Ware, Shoes, &c.

ALSO on hand, **LUMBER,** for sale
THOMAS J. COOPER.
May 24, 1831. 4t—7

JUST RECEIVED FOR SALE BY

D. COMFORT,
A NEW AND
BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF
DRY GOODS.

ALSO—
**30 BARRELS OF
SHAD, HERRING & MACKEREL;**
which will be sold low for Cash
May 24, 1831. 4t—8

NOTICE.
The creditors of JOHN BEAR Jr. are notified to present
their claims to the subscriber for settlement.
ELIZABETH YETTS, Trustee.
May 16, 1831. 4t—10

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enriched
From various gardens culled with care."

THE THREE EPOCHS OF LIFE:

Birth, Marriage, and Death.

Behold the lovely Infant's fragile form,
How sweet, how innocent it lies;
What heart, that seeing, does not warm,
Or hearing, melts not at its cries?
Angels they seem, though forms of flesh be given,
To hide the spirit, pure as those in Heaven!

When early sports and plays are o'er,
And youth to hardy manhood grown;
When early toys shall please no more,
And beauty's flow'rs are fully blown,
Wedlock fulfils creation's heavenly plan,
Links fast the fate, and seals the happiness of man!

Death tears the infant from the breast,
And makes the lovely prey his own;
The blooming youth he lays to rest,
Ere life to him is fully known:
Nature, too, calls wearied age to his last sleep,
Sleep of the Grave! how long, how sound, how deep!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Answer to Lord Byron's Lines on Love.

Beginning,

"Yes, Love, indeed, is light from Heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared—by Alla given—
To lift from earth our low desire—"

Oh! say not Love is light from Heaven,
A sacred flame of hallow'd birth!
Oh! tell me not that Love is given
To lift the heart of man from earth—

No, not 'tis that a chain to bind
The spirit to this earthly sphere;
To fill with false repose the mind,
And make this fleeting life too dear.

The soul that hath an earthly tie,
May cast a longing glance on high;
But those who taste the Heaven of Love,
Forget there is a Heaven above!

Then say not Love is light from Heaven,
A sacred flame of hallow'd birth;
Then tell me not that Love is given
To wean the soul of man from earth."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MISCELLANY.

From the New England Review.

THE MAN WITH THE MUSTACHIOS.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in August that a horseman turned up to the inn which fronts the steepless meeting-house of a small village in the interior of New England. As usual, in the warm Saturday afternoons of summer, the male portion of the villagers were assembled at the tavern—some drinking punch like water, and others the "regular old soakers" discussing the merits of pure New England. Some were stretched out half asleep, and if the truth must be told, half intoxicated, under the shade of two venerable elms which overlooked the highway in front of the inn, and others were seated in the window seats of the bar room, gravely arguing upon matters spiritual and political.

But the unusual appearance of the stranger roused every one in the attitude of curiosity. He was mounted on an elegant horse, and as he reined up in a graceful manner before the door, every eye was turned upon him. He was somewhat tall, with a diminutive waist, which would have answered to the similitude of Falstaff—"an eagle's talon"—and legs of most inordinate length, furnished with a close covering of light cloth—looking for all the world like a couple of ox-goads with cel-skins drawn over them. His dark frock was finely contrasted with his light vest, and open bosom ornamented with pearl studs and glittering safety chains. A broad stock of silk elevated his chin to an angle of forty-five degrees, and supported a collar of linen, starched to the stiffness of sheet iron, and which protruded on each side of his chin like the horn of a rhinoceros. Above a huge pair of whiskers extended from ear to ear, with the trifling exception of a square inch or two of his chin, over which the tonsorial implement had evidently recently passed. His upper lip was garnished by enormous mustachios, which bristled fiercely upward, and covered a moiety of either cheek. His hat was most exquisitely small, cone like, and pitched with admirable effect upon the left side of his head, while huge masses of hair, tumbled up carelessly at his temples, were left wholly uncovered.

The stranger dismounted and entered the inn without deigning a glance to the right or left. "He's a Spaniard or Portuguese," said one in a low whisper to his companions—"Look at his beard," said another. "Oh, what legs," said a third. One after another of the loungers gave in their opinion, and none could agree as to the precise character of the walking phenomenon, before them. An old sailor insisted that he was a Turkish bashaw—while an itinerant preacher as strenuously affirmed that the being who had appeared "in such questionable shape" was none other than the famous Lorenzo Dow.

The stranger had in the mean time reached the centre of the bar room. Elevating a glass to his eye, he looked round for the first time upon the company. "Landlord," said he, "show me my room, and let me have supper immediately."

"Our supper is just ready," said the landlord—"will you take a seat with us?" The man of mustachios and whisker took off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair,

until it stood out as wildly as the locks of a Lapland windstealer. "Sir!" said he, "I am a gentleman, and I choose to eat alone—damme if I don't!" And he looked around on the company with the most sovereign contempt.

From this there was, of course, no appeal, and the man of whiskers was shown to his apartment, and supper was prepared agreeably to his directions. The waiting maid was none other than the fair daughter of the innkeeper, a girl in her seventeenth year, with a bright black eye, and dark natural ringlets falling over her plump shoulders. The whiskered gentleman as the bright Hebe seated herself at the table to wait upon his gastronomic operations, stared at her for some time with the most provoking assurance. The girl blushed up to the shadow of her ringlets.

"Curse me," said the gentleman at length, "but you are a devilish handsome girl."
The fair waiter blushed yet deeper—and tried to smile away her confusion. Luckily for her the substantial fare of the table at that moment caught the eye of her admirer, and completely occupied all his faculties for the next half hour.

The supper finished, the stranger arose, strutted to the glass, pinched his dicey, and twisted his mustachios into a still fiercer erection.

"Ha, my pretty miss," said he as he flung his arm round the neck of the fair waiter, who, in the performance of her household duties had chanced to approach him—"You're too handsome for a country girl!"—and he bent his whiskers to her face and attempted a kiss.

The mustachios would unquestionably have suffered, had not the fair ones hands been filled with the empty dishes of the supper table. As it was, she bounced out of the room in high dudgeon, & our somewhat disconcerted hero was left to his own reflections during the remainder of the evening.

The girl, as was undoubtedly her duty, immediately related the circumstances of the offence she had received at the hands of the whiskered traveller, to the keeper of her father's bar room, who had some time been her acknowledged lover. Shouldn't have cared so much about it, she said, if the fellow had looked and acted like a Christian, but to have such a good for nothing heathen poking his head in her face, was what she wouldn't bear, nor touch to—she knew she wouldn't. The twain forthwith resolved upon vengeance, and that very night was fixed for its execution.

It was midnight—and all was still in the inn, save that here and there the sonorous noise of some uneasy sleeper, "made the night hideous" with some somniferous melody. The stranger in mustachios had fallen into a quiet sleep, with his pillow so adjusted as to prevent any collision with the hairy appendages of his countenance. He was roused into consciousness by the entrance of the bar keeper and his pretty waiter of the preceding evening. He rubbed his eyes and raised himself half upright. The bar keeper placed a basin of warm water, a shaving box and razors, and a huge pair of sheep shears upon the stand at the bedside.

"What do you want?" demanded the whiskered gentleman, in a tone of vacillating between resolution and terror.

"To shave you," was the laconic reply. In vain the dandy remonstrated, swore, and wept by turns—the bar keeper was inexorable. Brandishing his naked razor he commanded him to be quiet under the penalty of a clipped weasand. Exhausted by agitation and terror, our unfortunate hero sunk down upon his pillow, and suffered the brush to pass over his countenance without resistance. The girl with a grin of most exquisite satisfaction, held the light, while her lover applied the dull and jagged razor to the hairy honors of the stranger. Whiskers and mustachios fell one after the other—all beautiful as they were, and dearly treasured as they had been. The wretched Robespierre, lay with his eyes closed, and silent, save when a dull groan or smothered curse told that the tonsorial instrument acted in the double capacity of a clearing knife and stump digger.

"Now for his hair, Jane," said the barber, and the formidable sheep shears went clipping amid the curled and perfumed locks of our hero. In a few moments he was left whiskerless and hairless—an excellent candidate for a wig. "Good night to you, mister," said the barber, as he gathered up his apparatus and left the room. "The next time you try to kiss a country girl, you'll have a smooth face for it."

The next morning at inquiries in whiskerless man's room here had disappeared, leaving no trace behind. The hostler stated that just at day light a wild looking, black-headed being came rushing into the stable, and demanded his horse. It was no sooner furnished than he threw himself into the saddle, and plunged into the highway with the speed of life and death. The facts of the case soon appeared, and the melancholy mishap of the dandy with the mustachios, became a standing subject of merriment to the tenants and loungers of the inn.

From the New-York Constellation.

A BITE.

"Oh! Oh! I'm bitten to death—I'm a dead man—I hav'nt two hours to live—Oh dear!" wildly exclaimed an honest countryman, not a hundred miles off, as he rushed into the house one dark evening—"I've been bitten by a rattle snake!"

"By a rattle snake?" asked some one present—"are you sure it was a rattle snake?"

"Sure! Oh Lord! I'm too sure; I heard him rattle and felt the bite as plain as day."

"Then it's a gone case with you," replied the compassionate neighbor, "and the sooner you make your will the better."

"Oh! that I should be cut off in the prime of my days by such a cat-a-stro-phe! that I should ever live to die by the bite of a rattle snake! that it should be my fate to go out of the world swollen like a bladder and speckled as a serpent!"

"But where is the wound, Mister—"

"Here! here! on my instep—I had no stocking on. Oh! I'm a dead man—there's no help for me. See how my foot swells!"

"Alack! alackaday! poor man I pity you upon my soul I do. But there's no help—a rattle snake's bite is fatal—all the medicine in the world can't cure it. You might as well undertake to call a man from the dead as to cure the bite of a rattle snake!"

"But where was the snake?" asked a considerate man among the crowd who had run in on hearing of the fatal accident.

"Where was the snake, do you say?" returned the bitten man in great agony—"he was behind the barn among the weeds."

"We had better go and kill him," said the considerate man, "before he kills somebody else."

"Oh mercy!" exclaimed several voices, "I wouldn't go near him for all the world."

Nevertheless the prudent man went, well armed with a club and furnished with a lantern; while some others cautiously followed at a distance to see the result. The man soon descried the cause of the mischief, still lurking among the weeds; but instead of striking the blow, he merely gave a whew-whistle, and returned to the house.

"Have you killed him?" asked the wounded man.

"Killed him! why, you fool you, the rattle snake is nothing but a poor old setting hen, that had made her nest among the weeds, and merely pecked your foot to keep you from treading on her."

"The devil she did!" exclaimed the man with the swollen foot, leaping up two feet high, "then 'twas no rattle snake after all, hey? Oh, Lord! that ever an old setting hen should put me in such a fright. But I'm perfectly well now—my foot aint swelled a bit—the old setting hen, hey?—Hoo—hoo—hoo!—But curse her! I say, for putting me in such a fright for nothing."

The old lady's "Bill."—A gentleman called at the house of an honest old lady, for the purpose of collecting a small debt. Not recollecting the amount, he promised to send his bill that evening. The old lady supposing his son William, replied, "Oh la, our Sal never set up with any body yet, but Bill's a clever fellow, and they may build a fire in the other room."

Singular.—Two respectable farmers met in one of the stores of this village last week. The one accosted the other in a familiar way, with "how do you do George!" at the same time extending him his hand. George eyed the party saluting him with inquisitive interest for some time; but not being able to recognize him, at length exclaimed—"Sir, you have the advantage of me—although I think I have seen you before." Having perplexed George with numerous remarks calculated more to excite his curiosity. Isaac Mason at length revealed himself to his brother George. The singular fact was then disclosed, that although these brothers reside within the distance of six miles, the one north and the other south of this village and each of them almost weekly in town on business that they had not met each other during the last fifteen years. It is no less remarkable that during this period they had repeatedly visited each other's family, but it so happened that the party visited was invariably from home, on the occasion.—Meadville Messenger.

On the 14th May, the point—whether a Catholic priest could legally marry under the Charter—was solemnly argued on appeal before the Royal Court of Paris. The Court was divided in opinion.

In Warren county, N. Y. a Mr. Stiles has recovered \$800 of a man named Thos. Tillford, 50 years old, for the seduction of his daughter, aged 17. The daughter also recovered \$100 for breach of promise of marriage.

Some of the northern editors are amused with the notice that a Miss Waddle has opened a school in New York, with the object of teaching young ladies to walk. The academy of Miss Twitch, for the same purpose, must have had a great number of pupils. It is to be apprehended that a serious controversy may arise on the comparative merits of the Waddling and the Twitching systems.

LEWISTOWN, (Penn.) June 17.

We learn by letter from an authentic source that the seat of justice of Juniata county has been located at Millintown—the ground staked off, &c.

Millintown was obviously the most central location the commissioners could have made, unless they had made it off the Canal and Turnpike, and then the centre would have varied but little from Millin. But apart from locality, all the leading roads in the new county point to Millin, and the large and fertile valley of Tuscarora has an immediate connexion with Millintown, by an excellent bridge across the Juniata. Our knowledge of the new county satisfies us that the location is the best that could have been made, and we have little doubt but it will give general satisfaction.—Eagle.

The office of Attorney General of the U. States, under the Jackson reign, has at length found a resting place. It has been conferred on ROGER B. TANNEY, Esq. at present Attorney General of Maryland. Mr. Tanney has at all times been distinguished both as a lawyer and a politician. He will discharge the duties of the office with decided ability—being probably the most capable man, among the party, who could be prevailed on, in the present state of things, to accept the appointment.—Baltimore Patriot.

A New Jersey editor has recently been challenged to fight a duel. He says he always settles such difficulties with "pen and ink," and threatens to put his antagonist into the Black Sea.

The Legislature of Michigan has passed an act, abolishing Grog Shops. Good!

A writer in the Charleston Mercury recommends that the image of Washington be placed upon the United States coin, instead of the unmeaning head now on them, neither man nor woman, with the bust of a mermaid and the face of a simpton.

A horrible case of death from Hydrophobia occurred lately in Ohio. An old and very respectable citizen of Pike county, Richard Foster, Esq. was bitten by his own dog, on the 24th April, and died, with the worst symptoms, on the 7th inst. The wound of the bite healed in a short time and no symptoms of disease were felt until forty one days afterwards. Cases of this description teach the necessity of precaution, particularly in the cities and towns, where dogs abound.

IS THIS KIDNAPPING?—In hopes of stumbling on a "reward," B. arrests an Ethiopian, and commits him to prison on suspicion of his being a slave. No evidence is offered of his being such, but circumstances prevent his proving his freedom. No one claims him, and he must now be sold for his jail fees. C. purchases him at the jailors sale for "one dollar," and sells him to a trader for four hundred dollars, and the unfortunate finds himself transferred from the Washington to the Alexandria jail for safe keeping till an opportunity is offered of sending him to the southern market. This case happened a few days since in this city. What should society award to the wretch who would buy a fellow-creature for "one dollar," and sell him in hopeless bondage for four hundred? Noble speculation! We wish our distant readers to bear in mind that these things are done under the sanction of laws passed by "their" representatives. They should therefore look to it—"Hail Columbia!!!"—American Spectator.

Literary and Scientific Institution.—The Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has in contemplation the establishment of a Literary and Scientific Institution within its bounds—and at its late session in Washington city, determined to accept of "FOUNTAIN ROCK," in Washington county, Md. (the former residence of Gen. Samuel Ringgold, deceased) for the purpose of locating such an institution there; provided the mansion house, with fifty acres of land thereto attached, be offered free of cost to the said conference.—Maryland Advertiser.

The Rochester Republican states that 50,120 acres of wheat were cut last year in Monroe county, New York. This, it may be observed, is the product of one county, and it taken at 20 bushels to the acre, and the average price at one dollar per bushel, the return for wheat alone must exceed 1,000,000!

Mr. Philip Reeso, of Upper Marion Township, Montgomery county, Pa. has a living gosling, which has four legs, two wings and one head—the hinder part appears to be double with two bottoms, and two tails, with large expanding feathers.—It has the use of all its legs, and appears to be as healthy and thriving as any of the brood.

Philadelphia Cutlery—Knives and Forks of a quality equal to the best made in England, are made by Mr. Barton, in Philadelphia. His pen-knives are also of an excellent description and are much in demand. Upwards of thirty skillful workmen have lately arrived from England, for the purpose of being employed in this establishment.