

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.

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

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

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1831.

TERMS—\$2 PER ANNUM.
VOL. 2—NO. 14.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY,

No. 5, FOR 1831.

ODD & EVEN SYSTEM.

By which the holder of two Tickets must draw
one Prize, and may draw THREE!!!

To be drawn in Baltimore on THURS-
DAY, the 28th instant.

HIGHEST PRIZE, 10,000 DOLLARS!

SCHEME:

1 prize of \$10,000	4 prizes of \$100
1 2,000	8 50
1 1,000	20 20
2 500	200 10
2 300	10,000 5
2 200	

Half Tickets, One Dollar—Quarters 50 cts.

CLARK'S,

Offices, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert,
N. W. corner of Baltimore and Gay, N. E. cor-
ner of Baltimore and Charles-sts.

Where the highest prize in the recent State
Lotteries has been oftener sold than any other
offices!!!

Orders, either by mail (postpaid) or private
conveyance, enclosing the cash for prizes, will
meet the same prompt and punctual attention, as
if on personal application. Address to

JOHN CLARK,

Lottery Vendor, Baltimore.

July 5, 1831.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at
York Spring, Adams county Pa. on
the first of July, 1831.

Wm. R. Baker	Richard Hamand
Elizabeth Beals	Jonathan Miller
John Duffield	Charles Mitford
Anthony Deardorff	Henry Mondron
George Diem	David Myers, Esq.
Margery Donahay	Jane Ann Neely
Christian Deardorff	Hon. Richard Rush
David Eicker	John B. Smith
Philip Group	Amy Wierman
Phebe Grist	Burkhardt Warner
Peter Grist	Gen. Saml White, 3
Rebecca Grist	Samuel Zeigler

HERMAN WIERMAN, P. M.

July 5, 1831

DRUG STORE.

DR. J. GILBERT,

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public
generally, that he

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A SUPPLY OF THE
FOLLOWING ARTICLES: VIZ.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Acid Muriatric | do Cubaes |
| do Nitric | do Juniper |
| do Oxalic | do Pennyroyal |
| do Sulphuric | do Sassafras |
| do Tartaric | do Amber |
| Aether | do Sallad |
| Alcohol | do Sweet |
| Alum | do Wormseed |
| Annatto | Pearl Ashes |
| Antimony | do Barley |
| Arsenic | Pepper |
| Balsam Copiva | Precipitate Red |
| do Sulphur | Prussian Blue |
| do De Malha | Pumice Stone |
| Barks | Patent Medicines |
| Bitter Ingredients | Anderson's Pills |
| Black Lead | Bateman's Drops |
| Blacking | Bitter Oil |
| Blue Vitriol | Fisher's Pills |
| Borax | Hooper's Pills |
| Boxes Pill | Doyl's Pills |
| Bristonite | Lee's Pills |
| Brushes Paint | Lyon's Pills |
| Calomel | Godfrey's Cordial |
| Campfor | Opodeldoc |
| Castor | Potter's Catholicon |
| Chalk | Golden Tincture |
| Chromo Green | Stoughton's Bitters |
| do Red | Red Lead |
| do Yellow | do Sanders |
| Cinnamon | Root-Arrow |
| Cloves | do Colombo |
| Cochineal | do Gentian |
| Cologne Water | do Rhuibar |
| Confectionary | do Snake |
| Coppers | do Squills |
| Corks | Rose Pink |
| Dragons Blood | Rosin |
| Emery | Rotten Stone |
| Essence Bergamot | Sal Eritras |
| do Lemon | do Epsom |
| do Cinnamon | do Glauber |
| do Peppermint | do Tartar |
| Flour of Sulphur | Sash tools assorted |
| Flowers of Chammo- | Soda Anis |
| mile | do Caraway |
| Fol Digitalis | do Coriander |
| do Senna | do Fenell |
| Gluo | do Fennugreek |
| Gum Aloes | do Mustard White |
| do Arabic | Soap Shaving |
| do Assafoetida | do Castile |
| do Copal | Spanish Brown |
| do Guaiacum | Sponge |
| do Myrrh | Spirits Nitro |
| do Opium | do Hartshorn |
| do Shell Lac | do Turpentine |
| do Tragacanth | Starch |
| Hive Syrup | Tartar Emetic |
| Ink Powder | Thoriac |
| do Liquid | Trusses |
| do Durable | Umber |
| Indigo | Varnish Black Oil |
| Lamp-Black | do Copal |
| Litharge | Wafers |
| Madder | White Vitriol |
| Magnesia | do Lead |
| Manna | do Antimonial |
| Mineral Green pt. | do Bitters |
| Nutmegs | Wood Brazil |
| Oil Anisand | do Fistic |
| do Castor | do Log |
| do Cloves | do Nicargana |

Together with a variety of articles not men-
tioned above, which he will sell on REASONA-
BLE TERMS.
Baltimore street, Göttysburg, May 18—eow3m.

THE GARLAND.

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

From the Boston “Athenum.”

A SONG.

O pledge me not in sparkling wine,
In cups with roses bound;
O hail me at no festive shrine,
In mirth and music's sound.
Or if you pledge me, let it be
When none are by to hear,
And in the wine you drink to me,
For me let fall a tear.

Forbear to breathe in pleasure's hall,
A name you should forget,
Lest echo's faintest whisper fall
On her who loves thee yet.
Or if you name me, let it be
When none are by to hear;
And as my name is sigh'd by thee,
For me let fall a tear.

O think not, when the harp shall sound
The notes we loved again,
And gentle voices breathe around,
I mingle in the strain.
Oh! only think you hear me when
The night breeze whispers near;
In hours of thought, and quiet, then
For me let fall a tear.

Seek me not in the mazy dance,
Nor let your fancy trace
Resemblance in a timid glance,
Or distant forms and face.
But if you seek me, be it when
No other forms are near;
And while in thought we meet again,
For me let fall a tear.

THE MIRROR.

Reflecting Woman's love and pure devotion.

THE WIFE.

I have been with thee in thy hour
Of glory and of bliss—
Doubt not this memory's living power
To strengthen me through this.—Hemans.

She was a beautiful girl, when I first saw
her. She was standing up at the side of
her lover at the marriage altar. She was
slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the
ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson
crossed her beautiful cheek, like the
reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear
waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he
clasped her delicate hand within his own,
gazed on her for a moment with unmingled
admiration, and the warm and eloquent
blood played upon his cheek, shadowing at
intervals his manly forehead and “melting
into beauty on his lip.”

“He stood in the prime of his youth—a fair form
with his feelings yet noble, his spirits yet warm;
An Eagle to shelter the dove with his wing,
An owl where the light twining tendrils might
cling.”

And they gave themselves to one another,
in the presence of Heaven; and every
heart blessed them as they went their way
rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those
lovers. They were seated together where
the light of a summer sunset stole through
the half closed and crimson curtains, lend-
ing a richer tint to the delicate carpeting;
and the exquisite embellishments of the rich
and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly
changed them in outward appearance. The
girl's buoyancy of the young wife had
indeed given place to the grace of perfected
womanhood, and her lip was somewhat
paler, and a faint line of care was slightly
perceptible upon her beautiful brow. Her
husband's brow too was marked somewhat
more deeply than his years might warrant
—anxiety, ambition, and pride had gone
over it, and left their traces upon it—a sil-
ver hue was mingling with the darkness of
the hair, which had become thinned around
his temples almost to baldness. He was
reclining on the splendid ottoman with his
face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared
that the deep and troubled thoughts which
oppressed him were visible upon his features.

“Edward, you are ill to-night!” said his
wife in a low, sweet and half inquiring voice
as she laid her hand upon his own.

The husband roused himself from his at-
titude slowly, and a slight frown knit his
brow. “I am not ill,” he said somewhat
abruptly, and he folded his arms upon his
bosom as if he wished no interruption of his
evidently bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terri-
ble to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the
sun of heaven refused his wonted cheerfulness,
and glared down upon us with a cold,
dim, and forbidding glance. It is dreadful
to feel that the only being of our love refuses
to ask our sympathy—that he broods over
feelings which he scorns, or fears to reveal,
dreadful to watch the convulsing feature,
the gloomy brow—the involuntary signs
of sorrow in which we are forbidden to par-
ticipate, and whose character we cannot
know.

The wife essayed once more: “Edward,”
she said slowly, mildly and affectionately,
“the time has been when you were willing
to confide your secret joys and sorrows to
one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your
confidence. Whence then, my dear Ed-
ward, is this cruel reserve? You are trou-
bled, and yet you refuse to tell me the cause.”

Something of returning tenderness soften-
ed for an instant the cold severity of the

husband's features, but it passed away and
a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were sepa-
rated from each other. The husband sat
gloomily and alone in the damp cell of a
dungeon. He had followed ambition as his
God, and failed in his high career. He had
mingled with men whom his heart loathed,
he had sought out the fierce and wronged
spirits of his land, and had breathed into
them the madness of revenge. He had
drawn his sword against his country—he had
fanned rebellion to a flame, which had
been quenched in human blood. He had
fallen—miserably fallen, and he had been
doomed to die the death of a traitor.

It was his last night of life. The morrow
was the day appointed for his execution.
He saw the sun sink behind the green hills
of the West, as he sat by the dim grate of
his dungeon, with a feeling of unutterable
horror. He felt that it was the last sun that
would set to him. It would cast its next
level and sunset rays upon his grave—upon
the grave of a dishonored traitor!

The door of his dungeon opened, and a
light form entered and threw herself into
his arms. The softened light of sunset fell
upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his
once beautiful wife.

“Edward—my dear Edward,” she said,
“I have come to save you. I have reached
you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank
God my purpose is nearly accomplished.”

Misfortune had softened the proud heart
of manhood, and the husband pressed his
pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on
his eye lash. “I have not deserved this
kindness,” he murmured in the choked tone
of convulsive agony.

“Edward,” said his wife in an earnest,
but faint and low voice, which indicated ex-
treme and fearful debility “we have not a
moment to lose. By an exchange of gar-
ments you will be able to pass out unnoti-
ced. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear
nothing for me, I am a woman, and they
will not injure me for my efforts in behalf
of a husband, dearer than life itself.”

“But Margaret” said the husband, “you
look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air
of this dreadful cell.”

“Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Ed-
ward,” said the devoted woman. “I can
endure every thing for your sake. Haste,
Edward—haste, and all will be well,”—and
then aided with a trembling hand to dis-
guise the proud form of her husband in a
female garb.

“Farewell my love, my preserver!”—
whispered the husband in the ear of his dis-
guised wife, as the officer sternly reminded
the supposed lady that the time allotted for
her visit had expired. “Farewell—we
shall meet again,” responded his wife—and
the husband passed out unsuspected and
escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—that wife and
husband—but only as the dead may meet—
in the awful commings of another world.
Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit,
until the last great purpose of her exertions
was accomplished in the safety of her hus-
band, and when the bell tolled on the morrow
and the prisoner's call was opened, the
guards found wrapped in the habiliments of
their destined victim, the pale but still beau-
tiful corpse of the devoted WIFE.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.—“Who comes there?”
said a sentinel to a person coming near his post.
“A friend,” softly said a timid voice. “Advance
and give the parole.” The same soft, timid voice
said, “Love.” “Love,” said the sentinel, “is not
the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than
my life is worth to permit you to pass.” “In-
deed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's
wife to pass, to take, perhaps, her last farewell.
I beseech you to let me pass ere the morning's
battle takes place; let me spend this night in his
company. I have travelled 40 miles to see him.”
“Pass, friend; all's well.” It proved her last
farewell.

VARIETY.

Various;
That the mind of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.”

BUYING A PRIZE.

A fellow not much acquainted with the
tricks of Dame Fortune, came into a lottery
office in Broad-way a few days since, and
wished to purchase the highest prize, which
was exhibited before the door in glaring fig-
ures, “\$20,000!” He was asked if he would
have a half ticket or a whole one.

A whole one, to be sure, said Hodge,
there's no use in plugging one's self with half
a prize; give us the whole or none—twenty
thousand dollars says I.

He paid the cash, took his ticket and went
away. During the interval between the
purchase and the drawing, his head ran con-
tinually on the twenty thousand dollars. He
could not sleep o' nights, or if he slept, it was
only to dream of money—of gold and silver
by the bushel, or bank bills by the acre—
and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was
about to possess. His reveries—his day
dreams as well as his sleeping ones—were
of riches. He speculated on the pleasure
he would enjoy—on the figure he would cut
in the world. He had various plans of em-

ploying and enjoying his wealth. He would
purchase houses, carriages; he would live
in fine style; he would have servants to at-
tend to him; and above all, he would eat as
much gingerbread and lick as much lasses
as he had a mind to. He would also get
him a handsome wife. The haughty Ta-
bitha Tallboy, who had so long battled his
gallant endeavors, would no more turn up
her nose at Mr. Hodge—the rich Mr. Hodge
—Peter Hodge, Esquire. He would bring
the proud hussy to terms, if he didn't he
would eat a live ram cat, that's all!

The drawing took place, and Hodge, af-
ter a sleepless night, called at the lottery
office for his prize. Walking in with the
gait and dignity of a man who comes to
receive money and not to pay it, he laid his
ticket on the counter and said—

Now, Mister, I will take that little change
if it's convenient.

Change!

Ay, that prize.

But, sir, you've drawn a blank.

I've drawn a blank! I wonder if I have?
I tell you what it is, Mister, I hadn't noth-
ing to do with the drawing—I didn't touch
a finger to it. But I purchased a prize
the other day of twenty thousand dollars; and
that's what I'm come after—so none of your
fooling.

But I tell you, sir, that your ticket has
drawn a blank.

Well, I don't care if it has drawn a blank-
ket—that's no consarn of mine. All I want
is the twenty thousand dollars that I bought
and paid for not a week ago.

But consider, dear sir—

Consider! I tell you that I won't consider—
I'm none of your considering chaps—I always
go straight ahead—no quips for me—none
of your rambolling.

I tell you, sir, you're mistaken.

Mistaken! So I am deucedly mistaken—
I thought you was an honest man. But
you see there's no us in tripping with me—
I'm a man after my own heart. I purchased
the highest prize and I'll have it by the holy
poker. I've got a cart here at the door. Here
you whipper-snapper, bring in that large
trunk.

But I repeat, sir, that you have no money
to receive; I am sorry to say it.

So am I bloody sorry you should say it.
But tell me, Mister, will you count out that
are money, or not?

I cannot.

Do you see this sledge hammer? raising
his browny fist.

I see it.

Do you calculate to pay it in gold, silver
or bank bills?

Here is some strange mistake, sir? and if
you will allow me to explain, I can convince
you.

Very well—but if you don't convince me;
you see this death-maul, again elevating his
fist.

The lotteryman entered into an explana-
tion of the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at
length succeeded in convincing his customer
that his expected prize was actually a blank.
Still the disappointment was so great, that
he could not bear it with a calm mind, and
he exclaimed—

Well, if this doesn't beat all my great
grandmother's relations, then there's no
snakes—to pay the sum of ten dollars for
the highest prize, and not get a cent at last!

Such a thing will happen sometimes.
It's jofred hard though, I'll be hanged if
it aint. At least, Mister, you ought to, cir-
cumfund the money.

I can't afford that.

Well just pay the cartman, then.

I'm sorry to say that I can't do it; but if
you'll purchase another ticket I think I can
promise you better luck next time—the high-
est prize is thirty thousand dollars.

Thirty thousand dog's tails! don't tell me
any of your pelaver; I've been cheated onc' and
cath's enough for me—I'll never get
cath'd a second time. Here, you cartman
you may load up this ere trunk again. I'll
never trust these Lottery sellers any more,
if I do hang my gizzard, that's all. Then
giving the broker a look of irreconcilable
hatred, he left the office. He however pre-
tently soon accommodated his mind again to his
humble prospects—declared that houses, hor-
ses, nor those sort of things were only a
plague to a man—and as to Tabitha Tallboy
she may go to old Old-Nick for all him—
he'd never think of her again as long as he
lived—never.—New York Constellation.

Destruction of the Capitol of North Car-
olina.—This splendid edifice was consumed
by fire on the 23d ult. together with its cost-
ly furniture; a valuable library and Canova's
Statue of Washington, a monument erected
by the public spirit of the citizens of North
Carolina, in honor of the father of his coun-
try, at an expense of 30,000 dollars, and
said to be the best specimen of sculpture in
the world. A full length portrait of Wash-
ington, which hung near the Speakers Chair
was, however, rescued from the devouring
element without injury. The fire it is said
originated in the carelessness of the work-
men engaged in covering the building with
zinc. It has been suggested that the loss
of the statue is not irreparable, as the origi-
nal model is still at Rome which a competent
artist might make one inferior only to the
first.—Baltimore Patriot.

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.

From the Norristown Free Press.

MR. RUSH'S LETTER.

The letter of the Hon. RICHARD RUSH
against freemasonry is worthy of '76—it is
worthy of himself and his Patriotic Father,
who signed the Declaration of Independence.
To antimasons it is more than justification
for the past; it is more than ample, full re-
compense for the future. Coming, as it does,
from the purest, the most disinterested—
from a man highly distinguished through-
out the nation for virtue and learning—who
can read it and not say, “Freemasonry,
thou hast been weighed and found wanting.”
The patriots of the land, unawed by the
scolds, the sneers and the systematic slan-
ders propagated by the advocates of a se-
cret combination, cannot prevent men who
appreciate the value of freedom, from com-
ing out on this great subject, which so deep-
ly agitates the American People. Anti-
masons hope, with the blessing of an over-
ruling Providence, to transmit the liberties
and laws of the land as pure to posterity as
they received them from the heroes of

SEVENTY SIX.

The politeness of the Long-Islanders,
and their ingenuity in making known their
requests in a manner the least offensive possible,
is illustrated by the following:—When a traveller
wishes for something to drink, a supper and lodg-
ings for the night, he introduces his request as
follows:—“Will you have the goodness to give me
a draught of cold water, and if you please put
half a gill of spirits in it, for I am so hungry that I
don't know where I shall lodge to-night.”

Some facts, interesting and encouraging
to the friends of the American System, in
relation to the great increase of sales of
domestic goods in the New York Market,
are given in the Freeman's Advocate. In
1814, the amount of domestics sold at auc-
tion, amounted only to \$287,631; in 1817
to \$720,165; and in 1830 to \$10,300,705
making an increase in sixteen years of 2,
600 per cent. In 1829, the excess of sales
of foreign over domestic goods was 7,851,
802; and in 1830 it was reduced to 5,164.

The compiler of the New York Annual
Register estimates the value of domestic
goods sold at private sale in the city in 1830
at full \$15,000,000. A business so very
extensive, which feeds and clothes and em-
ploys so large a number of our fellow citi-
zens, deserve the fostering hand of govern-
ment to protect it against foreign competition.
Our manufactures are yet in their infancy,
and it is not difficult to foresee what they
will be, when in the progress of a few years,
they reach their maturity. Then we shall
want no tariff for protection, for we shall
be able not only to enter the lists with England
in our own country, but will force her to
yield to us some large proportion of the
profits of her foreign trade.—Provid. Jour.

A metaphorical gentleman at a public
dinner, in the course of his oration observ-
ed, that the “clouds dropped fitness!” An
individual instantly rose from the table, ex-
claiming that he must hasten home, as he
was unfortunately of a bilious temperament.

Sam Rogers was dining a short time ago
at a table where what was served for veal,
was rather too elderly to be allowed that
delicate name. “Why is this meat,” in-
quired Sam, “like a secret which you have
forgotten?—D'ye give it up? Because you
cannot re-veal it!”

It has been estimated that the consump-
tion of ardent spirits has been reduced, in
the State of New-Hampshire, through the
influence of Temperance Societies, to the pro-
portion of about nine-tenths, making an
annual saving of expenditure in this article, of
\$268,000. The present consumption is
computed to be two and a half gallons to
each individual of the State, at an annual
expense of \$395,000.

The keeper of a road-side public-house,
called The Ass, when the Duke of Wellin-
ton came into administration, substituted the
sign of his grace's head. An opposition house
was shortly after opened, the landlord of
which adopted the other's rejected sign.—
The latter, however, indignant at the cir-
cumstance, painted in large letters over his
picture of the duke's head, “This is the
ORIGINAL Ass.”

A player, when Price, the American
manager first took possession of Drury Lane
stopped the band that had struck up God
save the King, upon the manager's entry.
“This is not the most appropriate tune,”
cried the wag. “What then should we play
Mr. Harley,” inquired the astonished leader.
“Play,” exclaimed Harley, “why Yankee
Doodle's come to town, do ho surp.”

Lord Kenyon, who has just resigned his
quaco, was in the habit, some years ago, of
wearing it to a considerable length, having
omitted to say something particular to his
steward one day, he rode after him, and
meeting a countryman, enquired whether
he had seen a stout gentleman upon a long
tailed horse; “No, zur,” replied the won-
doring bumpkin, “but I do see a long-tailed
gentleman on a stout horse.”

Patiently endure all the attacks of those
that envy you—you will by that means
conquer them all.