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The Star.

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DUCIT AMOR PATRIE PRODESSE CIVIBUS.—"THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS."

BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.
At \$2 per annum, half-yearly in advance.

GETTYSBURG, Pa. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1831.

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THE GARLAND.

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

The following Ode was sung by the "Friends of
Union" party, at their celebration in Charle-
ton, South Carolina, on the 4th instant:

ORIGINAL ODE.

Air—Scotts who huc in Wallage led.

Hail, our country's natal morn!
Hail, our spreading kindred born!
Hail, thou banner not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!
While, this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall not we thy notes prolong,
Hallow'd Jubilee?
Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the inviolate line?
Though by birth, one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest!
Dear, to me the South's fair land,
Dear, the central Mountain-band,
Dear, New-England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars, pure and free,
By our Law's deep-rooted tree;
By the past's dread memory,
By our WASHINGTON;
By our common parent-tongue,
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country—strong—
We will still be ONE!

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye droop again?
MAKER! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by THEE?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now
"UNION—LIBERTY!"

THE MIRROR.

A FRAGMENT.

"Well, well, I think it's likely, but don't
tease me any more. Your brother has mar-
ried a poor girl, one whom I forbid him to
marry, and I won't forgive him if they starve
together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl
scarcely eighteen years old—beautiful as
the lily that hides itself beneath the dark
waters. She was parting the silvery locks
on her father's high, handsome forehead, of
which her own was a miniature; and plead-
ing the cause of her delinquent brother,
who had married against her father's will,
and had consequently been disinherited and
left to poverty. Old Mr. Wheatly was a
rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston.
He was a fat, good natured old fellow, some-
what given to mirth and wine, and sat in his
arm chair from morning till night, smoking
his pipe and reading the newspapers.—
Sometimes a story of his own exploits in
our revolutionary battles, filled up a passing
hour. He had two children, the disobedient
son, and the beautiful girl, before spoken
of. The fond girl went on pleading.

"Dear father, do forgive him; you don't
know what a beautiful girl he has married,
and—"

"I think it's likely," said the old man,
"but don't tease, and open the door a little;
this plaguy room smokes so—"

"Well," continued Ellen, "wont you just
see her now, she is so good; and the little
boy; he looks so innocent—"

"What did you say?" interrupted the fa-
ther, "a boy! have I a grandchild? why,
why, Ellen, I never knew that before! but
I think it's likely. Well now, give me my
chocolate, and then go to your music lesson!"

Ellen felt him. The old man's heart
began to relent. "Well," he went, "Charles
was always a good boy, a little wild or so at
college, but I indulged him; and he was
always good to his old father, for all; but he
disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl;
yet as my old friend and fellow soldier, Tom
Bonner, used to say, we must forget and
forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the
old shoes I've got, to know what ever be-
came of him. If I could but find him or
one of his children; heaven grant they are
not suffering! This plaguy smoky room;
how my eyes water. If I did but know who
this girl was, that Charles had married; but
I have never inquired her name. I'll find
out and—"

"Then you will forgive him!" said Ellen,
rushing into the room.

"I think it's likely," said the old man.
Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy
about two years old. His curly hair and
rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.
"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping
his eyes.

"That; that is Charles' boy," said Ellen,
throwing one of her arms round her father's
neck; while with the other she placed the
child on his knee. The child looked ten-
derly up into his face, and lisped out, "grand-
pa, what makes you cry so?"

The old man clasped the child to his bos-
om, and kissed him again and again. Af-
ter his emotion had a little subsided, he
bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy,
"I am named after grand-pa."

"What do I hear," said the old man,
"Thomas Bonner your grand-father?"

"Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives
with Ma—"

"Get me my cane," said the old man,
"and come Ellen, you come along—he
quick, child!"

They started off at a quick pace, which
soon brought them to the poor though neat
lodgings of his son. There he beheld his
old friend Thomas Bonner, seated in one
corner weaving baskets; while his swathed
limbs showed how unable he was to perform
the necessary task. His lovely daughter,
the wife of Charles, was preparing their
frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking
employment to support his needy family.
Mr. Wheatly burst into tears.

"It's all my fault!" sobbed the old man
as he embraced his old friend, who was per-
fused with amazement. When they had
become a little composed—"Come," said
Mr. Wheatly, "come all of you home with
me, we will all live together; there is plen-
ty of room in my house for us all."

By this time Charles had come. He
asked his father's forgiveness, which was
freely given, and Ellen was almost wild with
joy.

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she ex-
claimed, "and father, you will love little
Thomas so—and he'll be your pet, won't he?"
"Aye," said the old man, "I think it's
likely."

CHANGE.—Constant change is the fea-
ture of society. The world is like a magic
lantern, or the shifting scenes in a panto-
mine. Ten Years convert the population
of schools into men and women, the young
into fathers and matrons, make and mar
futures, and bury the last generation but one.
Twenty Years converts infants into lovers
and fathers and mothers, render youth the
operative generation, decide men's fortunes
and distinctions, convert active men into
crawling drivellers, and bury all the preced-
ing generation.—Thirty Years raise an ac-
tive generation from nonentity, change fas-
cinating beauties into bearable old women,
converts lovers into grandfathers, and bury
the active generation, or reduce them to de-
crepitude and imbecility. Forty Years
alas! change the face of all society; infants
are growing old, the bloom of youth and
beauty has passed away, two active gener-
ations have been swept from the stage of life;
names so cherished are forgotten, and un-
suspected candidates for fame have started
from the exhaustless womb of nature. Fifty
Years! why should any desire to retain
affections from maturity for fifty years; it
is to behold a world which they do not know,
and to which they are unknown; it is to live
to weep for the generations passed away, for
lovers, for parents, for children, for friends,
in the grave; it is to see every thing turned
upside down by the fickle hand of fortune,
and the absolute despotism of time; it is, in
a word, to behold the vanity of human life
in all the varieties of display.

RELIGION.—What is it that is bread
to the hungry—eyes to the blind—feet to
the lame—liberty to the captive—and joy
to the world! What gives woman, the part-
ner of our joys' the soother of our sorrows,
the rank and standing in society, to which
she was originally designed by her Creator
—it is RELIGION—pure and undefiled RE-
LIGION—Which had its origin in the bosom
of benevolence, and which has been fostered
and cherished by the loving kindness of
the Almighty.

And is there to be found a female in the
wide world, so lost to every thing that en-
nobles human kind, as that she can despise
and attempt to destroy that which is her all!
Such instances are rare—they stand out
in bold relief like monsters in creation. Mrs.
Cary, in her letter says:—
"Woman without religion is a solacism
in morals, a deformity in social life. She
resembles the dead oak, to which the ver-
dant ivy still gives the appearance of fresh-
ness as it twines its inflexible branches a-
round the withered stems.

There is life, it is true; yet it is not in the
main body of the tree, but in its intrinsic
decorations. Woman may look attractive
at a distance, as if her requisites were in
full vigour, but approach her nearly, and you
see a redundancy of ornamental qualities,
covering like the unsubstantial ivy, the life-
less trunk, from which emanates no one sub-
stantial good, for the principle of life is want-
ing."

WARREN, Pa. June 21.

Our village for the last ten days or more
has exhibited a scene never before witness-
ed by myself nor indeed by any one with
whom I have conversed. Nor could I have
been made to believe it possible, to arouse
the feelings of our citizens to that state of
constant inquiry and apparent anxiety on
the subject of religion, as was manifest dur-
ing those days. In every part of the village
business was either partially suspended, or
wholly at a stand—stores were frequently
all closed—public houses, shops, &c. were
either closed or passed unobserved—people
were seen in groups in every direction, all
absorbed in the general inquiry. In short
it appeared like a week of Sabbaths, or the
day of an eclipse. To the writer of this it
was like a mighty torrent sweeping all be-
fore it. Meetings still continue. Let it
result as it may, the appearance of our vil-
lage is changed, for the better so far, no
one denies, between neighbors—joined in
mildness, the habits of enemies, and given

an example of charity, and kind feeling be-
tween families who for the first time learnt
they were NEIGHBORS.—Union.

VARIETY.

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

AWFUL DEATH!—On the 26th inst.
Mr. John Milton Partridge, late merchant
in Tarrytown, Westchester county, went
with several others to Butterhills, about two
or three miles above West Point, and at-
tempted to climb up the precipice in search
of iron ore. Mr. Partridge had succeeded
in climbing about 150 or 200 feet up an
almost perpendicular rock; when by some
means he slipped head foremost about 30
feet, and struck a rock which was made
slippery by the trickling of the water down
it; from this he bounded and fell the remain-
ing distance of about 150 feet, and struck
among the rocks at the foot of the precipice!
He expired immediately. Mr. Partridge
has left a wife and four small children to
mourn their loss.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

A Gentleman Missing.—In addition to
those named in the subjoined paragraph, the
Harrisburg Reporter stated, that "the edi-
tor of that paper" was included in the party
of "observation and pleasure" when it set
out originally from Harrisburg—and meant
to proceed as far as Pittsburg and "return
by way of Erie and the New York Canal."
What has become of the "editor"? We
trust no evil has befallen him.

Gov. Wolf, of Pennsylvania, accompa-
nied by the Surveyor General, Mr. Spang-
ler, and Messrs. Hassinger and Miller, of
the Senate of Pennsylvania, arrived in our
village on Friday last, by the way of Erie,
and departed east on Saturday. Gov.
Wolf, we understand, contemplates passing
down the whole length of the Canal, for the
purpose of viewing this great work of in-
ternal improvement. His tour is under-
stood to be one of observation and pleasure.
Buffalo Journal.

BALTIMORE, July 12.

BY STEAM.—We are much gratified
in being able to state, that the transportation
of passengers upon the Baltimore and Ohio
Rail-road, will hereafter be by Locomotive
Steam Engines. The Cars will this after-
noon be conveyed by the Engine construc-
ted by Mr. Davis, of York, Pa.—which after
various alterations has been rendered effi-
cient, and as we are advised, fully capable of
transporting 20 tons, (including the weight
of the cars) or 160 passengers, at the requi-
site or desirable rate of velocity. We un-
derstand it is intended that this Engine shall
make two trips to the Mills daily, leaving
the Depot at Pratt-st. at half past 9 in the
morning and at 3 in the afternoon.

The prolongation of the Rail-road into
the City is now advancing with energy; and
there is every reason to believe that it will
be extended at least to tide water, before
the 1st of October.—Patriot.

By Steam.—We mentioned yesterday
that the transportation of passengers on the
Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road would be in
future by locomotive Steam power. We
learn by the American of this morning that
"The York" Locomotive Steam Engine left
the Depot at Pratt street, yesterday evening
with a common car as a temporary tender,
and having the large double car Columbus
on eight wheels, and another passenger car,
attached, with about seventy-five persons.
The York proceeded to Ellicott's Mills in
handsome style, at a speed varying from ten
to 20 miles the hour, and performing the
last mile, which besides being much curved
is of an ascent of thirteen feet to the mile,
in four minutes. The Columbus was left at
the Mills, and the York brought the whole
evening train of five cars, and perhaps one
hundred and fifty persons, to town. In-
cluding the York and tender, the train moved
consisted of seven cars. A short stoppage
occurred on the west of the Deep cut, but
the train came to town in very good style,
performing the last mile in a fraction less
than three minutes. Considering the length
of the train, and the curvature of the road,
the experiment was highly satisfactory; pro-
ving conclusively the adaption of steam to
all the general purposes of the Rail-road,
as the character of the country has limited
its construction here. The maker, Mr. Dav-
is, was not present, and the locomotive was
managed by others, not quite so experie-
nced with its use, but with a facility and skill
highly gratifying, as showing the command
under which this application of steam may
be reduced. It is understood that the York
will be constantly employed in the transpor-
tation of passengers, for the future.—Ibid.

CHAMBERSBURG, July 12.

Freshet, again.—On the afternoon of
Tuesday last, this place was visited by one
of the most extraordinary falls of rain that
its oldest citizens recollect of ever witness-
ing. It lasted but about 20 minutes, and in
that space of time so completely drenched
the earth that a great part of the principal
street presented an almost unbroken sheet

of water, extending, in places, over the pave-
ments. The falling spring rose, in the
course of an hour and a half, so as to over-
flow its banks, and cause a partial renewal
of the disagreeable consequences of the flood
on Thursday night preceding—though its
occurring in the day, enabled persons to
guard their property more successfully.—
A good deal of fencing, &c. that had been
put up in the neighborhood after the first
destructive freshet, has been again swept
off. We believe the opinion within bounds,
that \$40,000 would not cover the loss occa-
sioned in this county by these floods. Be-
sides this, the weather has been extremely
unfavorable for harvesting—grain must
have already sustained serious injury—in
many places it is prostrated or growing on
the shock, and the weather is yet (Saturday)
unsettled.

Fears are entertained that this protracted
damp weather will have a deleterious effect
upon the general health. Such an exuber-
ance of vegetation, and extensive formation
and deposit of noxious matter, when ex-
posed to the action of a hot sun, can scarce-
ly fail to emit the seeds of disease. Let
the people, therefore, exercise their best at-
tention and care.—Republican.

A horrible murder was committed in
New York, on Thursday last, by a man na-
med James Ransom, of respectable connex-
ions. He was married, but, being of disso-
lute habits, did not reside with his wife.—
On the above occasion, he went to her resi-
dence, and asked to see her. She came to
the door, and after some conversation, he
stabbed her quite through the heart, with a
sharp knife; cutting the jugular vein. She
died in about five minutes. Ransom was
almost immediately arrested.

A most destructive fire broke out on Mon-
day evening in New York. It commenced
in a building in the rear of No. 66 and 68
Charlton street, and destroyed nearly the
whole block of houses bounded by Charlton,
Vandam, Varick and Hudson streets. The
loss is estimated at more than one hundred
thousand dollars, and nearly a hundred fami-
lies are said to be burnt out. The New
York papers impute the disaster to squibs
and crackers fired during the day and eve-
ning. Several persons are missing. Two
children were left in a room locked up, by
their parents, who went to the theatre, and
have not been found.—A little boy, eight
years old, was thrown down and trampled
to death, by the mob. A number of fire-
men were much injured. Two or three
other fires occurred during the day and eve-
ning, which are also attributed to fire works,
thrown up by boys.

WEST POINT.—By a regulation of the
Department of War, it is directed that the
five cadets of each class who shall graduate
with the highest honors, shall be attached
to the next Army Register and published.
We have been politely furnished, says the
Courier and Enquirer, with the following,
as the list of Cadets to whom this honor was
awarded at the late examination:

First Class.	Third Class.
1. Russell Park, N. Y.	1. F. A. Smith, Mass.
2. Henry Clay, Ken.	2. W. H. Sidell, N. Y.
3. James Allen, N. C.	3. J. G. Barnard, Mass.
4. H. E. Prentiss, Me.	4. R. W. Lee, Mass.
5. Albert M. Lea, Tenn.	5. Rufus King, N. Y.

Second Class.	Fourth Class.
1. R. V. Smith, Miss.	1. W. Smith, N. Y.
2. G. W. Ward, Mass.	2. H. Laughborough, Ky.
3. J. W. Bailey, Va.	3. John E. Lee, D. C.
4. Benj. S. Euclid, Va.	4. J. Saunders, Florida.
5. Geo. W. Cass, Ohio.	5. Curran Pope, Ken.

SHIP BUILDING.—Two centuries have
now elapsed, says the Barnstable Journal,
since the first vessel was built in Massachu-
setts. She was launched at Plymouth on the
4th July, 1631, and was called the
"Blessing of the Bay." This business is
now pursued throughout New England, with
greater activity perhaps than at any former
period within a great number of years.—
During the ensuing season the amount of
tonnage will be increased by considerable
accessions from Maine and the shores of the
Merrimack, while the ship-yards in our own
neighborhood will contribute a fair propor-
tion of merchant ships of the first class.—
One of this description, of about, 400 tons
burthen, built in Wareham, of liveoak for
David Nye, Esq. is we learn, soon to be
launched; and in this town, the keel of a ship,
of about the same size and to be built of
similar materials, has just been laid.

Memorable saying of Kosciusko.—When
this brave Pole arrived at Cracow, where
the revolution commenced, he made, to the
little band of patriots under his command,
the following heart-stirring speech: "We
are not strong enough in number to be vic-
torious, but we are enough to die with hon-
our in defending."

Replenish the Earth.—The last North
Star informs us that the wife of James Buck-
minster, of Francônia, N. H. and formerly
of Walden in this State, has had nine chil-
dren at three births, three at the first, two at
the next and four at the last—all boys and
doing well! They are named Abraham,
Isaac and Jacob; Elisha, Elinu and Enoch,
Noah, Samuel and Elijah.

SMOKING.—A correspondent, says the
New York American, who signs himself "a
friend to comfort," has sent us a "counter-
blast" against tobacco in the shape of ci-
gars, almost as strong as King James.
"The use of Cigars," I find by a simple
calculation to be very expensive, (and a very
great evil, it will be acknowledged by many.)
more so probably than persons are gener-
ally aware of. The population of the city
being two hundred thousand, say one fourth
of this number, use the article moderately,
that is, one in the morning, and one in the
afternoon. At one cent each, this will
make in one year; "three hundred and six-
ty five thousand dollars;" which amount
would probably support, or make comfort-
able, the poor of the city, while it would pro-
mote the comfort of persons that will re-
nounce the practice. Even by the fire-side,
the smoke of one cigar is sufficient to des-
troy the comfort of half a dozen ladies.

The number of the African Repository
for the present month contains an interesting
letter from Captain Kennedy, of the U. S.
frigate Java, in relation to the colony of Li-
beria which he lately visited in that vessel.
We remark particularly the following pas-
sages:

"It would be well perhaps to state, that,
in a conversation with one of the Kroo or
Kroomen, I was informed by him, that he
came with his wife from Timbuctoo by wa-
ter, with the exception of twenty-five miles,
the distance that city stands from the Niger;
he came down the St. Paul's to Mesurado.
"I have been informed that the Ourang
Outang has been repeatedly seen by the
Kroomen on the Junk and other rivers, a
crabbing with a rude bucket and crab stick,
both of his own make.

"If this be a fact, I think the colonists
might profit by domesticating them and em-
ploying them in their corn and rice fields.
As they are not considered human beings,
I see no reason why they should not be
made to work as well as a horse or an ox."

The Editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, is
coming out in the cause of Antimasonry.
He speaks out honestly his sentiments, and
though he does not just as he is taking the
first step, see the whole length of the ground
we travel, he is willing to go as far as he
sees it. This is just right. He will soon
take the second step; next the third, and so
on until he will be for the whole. Thus we
go; nor can masonry in conspiracy stop us.
Philadelphia Sun.

Travelling on the Baltimore and Ohio
Rail-road.—From the 1st day of January,
to the 30th day of June, 1831, 44,435 per-
sons who paid, travelled on the Baltimore
and Ohio Rail-road; and 2918 tons of vari-
ous articles were transported to and from
different places between Baltimore and Eli-
cott's Mills, exclusive of transportation for
the use of the Company.

The average number of travellers in June,
as in May exceeded 400 per day. The
average transportation in April, May and
June was twenty-six tons per day.—Gaz.

Why dont you wheel the barrow of coals,
Ned?" quoth a learned vender of black dia-
monds, to his man; "it is not a very hard
job—there is an inclined plane to relieve
you." "Aye, master," replied Ned, who
had more relish for wit than for work, "the
plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

QUACKERY.—The Scrutunary case.
—A lady on Long-Island, N. Y. consid-
erably advanced in age, having been for some
time afflicted with an affection of the nerves,
and the neighboring physician having failed
to effectually repair her broken constitution,
hearing of one of the quack order she had
him called. After he had for some time ex-
amined her pulse, she inquired, 'Doctor, do
you understand my complaint?' He answer-
ed, 'Mam, it is a scrutunary case.' 'Pray,
Doctor,' inquired the lady, 'What is that?'
It is a dropping of the nerves having fal-
len into the pizarinum, and the head goes
tizarizen, tizarizen! Ah! Doctor,' exclaim-
ed the lady, 'you have described my feel-
ings exactly.'

HUNTINGDON, July 6.

Distressing.—We have just heard that a
daughter of Judge ADAMS, and a Miss Shriner,
were killed by lightning yesterday morn-
ing, at his residence in Petersburg. The
particulars we have not heard.—Gazette.

Awful, Indeed!—An earthquake has
taken place within 200 miles of Pekin; from
500,000 to one million of beings are repre-
sented to have perished; twelve towns, or
cities are destroyed. The earthquake was
accompanied by storms and floods which
lasted three days.

Samuel H. Arnold, the anti-masonic can-
didate, has been elected Governor of the
state of Rhode Island. Thus are we fur-
nished every day with more and more of this
kind of evidence of antimasonry being on the
decline.

The Detroit Courier promises to publish
Mr. Rush's letter. This is right. Noth-