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# The Star.

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cordingly.

DUICIT 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.

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## THE GARLAND.

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

## TRIAL.

Dark donling power, around thy way  
The wrecks of human grandeur lay;  
Oblivion's waters cold and black,  
Roll onward in thy gloomy track,  
And darkly hide from mortal ken  
The traces where thy course hath been.

The proudest things that earth hath known,  
The gorgeous splendour of a throne,  
The crest and kingly diadem—  
Thy peerless arm hath scattered them;  
And power that shook the world with dread,  
Lies crushed beneath thy mighty tread.

Successive years around thee flow,  
Yet leave no traces on thy brow—  
Revealing and destroying all,  
As firmly now thy footsteps fall,  
As when at first thy course was given,  
And thy dread limits mark'd by Heaven.

Mysterious power! still deep and strong,  
Thy tide of years shall roll along;  
The sun shall leave his home on high;  
The moon and stars of Heaven shall die;  
But thou shalt be the last to fall,  
The conqueror and the end of all.

## THE MIRROR.

From the Lady's Book, for July.

## THE POLISH WIFE.

A Story of the Revolution of 1831.

"It was for this I loved him so,  
And lavished hopes that brightly shone;  
My heart—my soul—my weak below—  
My trust in Heaven—on Him alone;  
All—all was given to retain  
One so beloved—not loved in vain!"—ANON.

The struggle between the brave Poles and their despotic masters, has been productive not merely of scenes of interest and import but the main incidents of individual life been produced with a coloring and effect, that only similar circumstances could give birth to. Men that had hitherto plodded on through the eventful of their way, unbroken by any occurrence of import, have suddenly burst, as it were, into a new existence, and opened a career of greatness and of glory; others that have, in the "sullenness of despair," borne the heavy weight of the oppressors' chains with a mere sigh, now throw down the galling burden, and clenching the avenging sword, uprear their heads, and shout for liberty! For liberty, the one darling idol that alone occupied their thoughts when groaning beneath the yoke of tyranny, and which alone possessed their souls, when they were forced to bend and kiss the dust at their masters' feet, and with bursting hearts, to implore heaven's blessing on them! But the bondage is now burst, the lion is freed from his toils, and goaded to madness by the cruel torments which it has been forced to endure, rushes with deadly vengeance upon its oppressors, and liberty or extermination are its fixed resolve. In such a contest, widely must the stream of blood flow, and many must the patriot hearts be that sink in the conflict, and yield their existence in the sacred cause for which their heart-springs have been so nobly drained. Many must be the incidents and anecdotes connected therewith, that deserve to be enrolled upon the sacred records of posterity, and many the names that should be carried down to the latest ages, covered with glory and with honor. Among these, Nicholas Rolofski, and his little family, with the story connected with the period of their life at this important period, is deserving of particular notice.

Rolofski had been an officer in the service of Constantine, but had quitted it in consequence of a disagreement with a brother officer respecting a female, whose affections the former had succeeded in gaining, to the destruction of the hopes of Wrelschoff; a continuance in the same regiment with his rival, after his marriage with Christine, Rolofski considered would not only be imprudent, but also hurtful to the feelings of Wrelschoff, whom, notwithstanding the quarrel between them, he still respected, and sought to avoid occasion of again coming in collision with. He retired from public life to the cultivation of a little farm, and the enjoyment of domestic life, irradiated by the charm of happiness and contentment; and in which the smiles and endearments of an affectionate wife spoke a language of peace and contentment to his heart, and amply recompensed for the more noisy gratifications of society, and the business of the world. Where is the home that is not prized, which is hallowed by the spell of women's love—where is the abode that is not happy, sanctified by the purity of the affection of women's heart, infusing its divine spirit into all our thoughts and feelings, and breathing a language of perfect enjoyment and unalloyed felicity.

Of all the gratifications of life, there is none superior, or holier, than the purity of a wife's affection; the other relative situations are mean in comparison; we may feel for the affection of a brother, and support and guide the steps of a beloved sister, we may perform the offices of charity and benevolence, and become honored and respected from kind interference in the cause of sorrow and distress; the voice of gratitude may reach our ear, and the tear upon the eyelid of the relieved may speak eloquently to our feelings; but where is the tone that is so irresistible as that breathed by the woman.

we love! It falls like the rich dew from heaven upon the barren plain of the human heart, and brings to light and life the hidden treasures that no lesser power could reveal. In the affection of a wife, we can reveal all our sorrows, all our cares; her sympathy will lighten their weight, her voice will dissipate their power, and enable us to effect their dissolution. Are we happy?—then, too, is the beloved object at our side, sharing with us the height of pleasures, as she had experienced with us the depths of woe. Rolofski enjoyed this happiness, loving and beloved by his faithful Christine, the years of his life rolled on in an unbroken stream of brightness, and nothing interposed to break the beautiful charm that so tenderly endeared to him existence and all other things.—The birth of a son, who, as he grew in years seemed to inherit the combined charm of his mother's beauty, with the noble spirit of his sire, more firmly knitted the bonds of affection, that had united Rolofski and Christine, and their happiness became the exemplar to which the aspirations of the youths of all the surrounding neighbourhood were addressed.

The bolt, however, at length burst; and the sacred banner of liberty was raised by the oppressed Poles, and patriots from all directions enlisted beneath it, and avowed to destroy the power—that had bound them down in slavery, or yield their lives in the attempt. Rolofski beheld with joy the resolute steps of his countrymen, and his heart burned to enjoy with them the glory of redeeming the national character from the obloquy which had been attached thereto; dissuaded, however, from his desire, by the entreaties of Christine, who implored him for her sake—for the sake of his boy—whom the chance of war might render fatherless and protected; he yielded to the fascinations of home, and displayed his patriotic fervor merely by assisting, to the utmost of his power, the noble spirits that had devoted their lives to the redemption of their native land. He received the wounded and instructed the young recruit, revealed to him the science of warfare, and all the manoeuvres of attack, which were so necessary for the contest—and with prayers and blessings dismissed the young hero to the encounter. Exultingly, he beheld the banner of freedom floating upon the air, and the sons of liberty spreading death amidst the forces that had so long held their souls in subjection; exultingly, he saw the spirit of popular determination crushing the power of tyranny; and exultingly did he welcome the return of the young warriors who had succeeded in driving their oppressors from their seat of power. The first assault of the patriots had been crowned with success.

Too speedily, however, they resigned themselves to enjoyment and rejoicing—heated with success, they beheld nothing but glory in the perspective, and in the confidence of future triumphs, gave themselves up to the gratification of the moment. In vain did he picture the, even then, perilous nature of their situation, opposed to such force and discipline—their own power was considered ample, and the fears of Rolofski deemed chimerical and vain. He had conceived, however, too truly, for a band of the government forces burst suddenly upon those assembled upon this spot, and an action commenced, that terminated in the complete dispersion of the patriots, and the triumph of their oppressors. Rolofski's farm, where many of the retreating had taken refuge, was assailed, and fired; the flames spread with rapidity—the shrieks of the affrighted and agonized wife and mother, were drowned in the absorbing tumult of the fight; Rolofski, beholding himself reduced to the last extremity, rushed upon the ruthless destroyers of his little property, and fought with that desperation which his sense of public wrong and personal injury inspired—but his effort was vain, for, exhausted and powerless he sunk beneath the whelming weight of superior numbers, and was, with his infant boy, made prisoner.

Morning dawned, and the sun blazed with its full splendor over the spot where, on the previous day, the beautiful cottage of Rolofski shone in its beams—now they fell only upon a mass of smoking ruins, lonely and desolate, the fearful evidence of the destruction of the force of tyranny. One individual, alone, stood gazing upon this mournful scene—one young and beautiful being, in the silent agony of sorrow, stood gazing upon the smoking ruins of her hitherto happy home! It was Christine—the wife and the mother—yesterday in the enjoyment of the richest blessings of heaven, now reduced to the depths of anguish and despair; like a fairy dream her happiness had floated away, and she stood gazing upon the wreck, abstracted, pale, and motionless! Husband and child were torn from her—that husband so tenderly endeared to her, that child so fondly loved—both prisoners taken in the very heat of rebellion, whose punishment was instant death! She shuddered as her imagination contemplated the fearful result, and turning from the scene of her burning home, she formed the resolution of following the band that were carrying away all that the world held dear to her; of throwing herself at their feet, of imploring mercy in the name of heaven, and trusting to her agony and despair for the relief of her husband and her child. This was the nature of resolution of an af-

fectionate woman, of a woman whose soul was bound to that of her husband not by the ordinary ties of law, but by that divine chain which should ever link the heart of wedded beings—of a woman esteeming existence but for the enjoyment of her husband and son, in whose happiness she lived, and in whose death she could die, nor wish to live when those should be torn from her. It was the natural impulse of a wife's affection, that induced Christine to follow the hasty march of the despoilers of her home—that impulse which we see so often exerted, but too frequently without avail; too often is the heroism of woman despised, too often the dignity of her character contemned, and her intrepidity laughed to scorn. Christine arrived at the camp, she made her way through the revelling soldiery, and fell directly at the feet of the commanding officer, and stretching out her arms in supplication, exclaimed—"mercy, mercy—forgive my husband—restore my unoffending child!" The officer gazed in astonishment at the agony of the woman, and immediately raising her from the ground, enquired the meaning of her supplications; but ere he could finish his enquiry, Christine had turned her languid eyes upon his countenance, and shrieking at the sight, shrunk hastily away. It was her husband's rival—Wrelschoff!

"Christine!" exclaimed the officer, as he recognized her, "Christine!"  
"Mercy, mercy!" cried the agonized wife, and again sunk in supplication at his feet.  
"Nay, rise, Christine," rejoined the officer, "so fair, so dear a friend, must not bend thus; repeat your griefs, tell me the cause of all this agony, and trust in my sincere desire to serve you."  
"My husband and my child are prisoners!"  
"Your husband, Christine! Rolofski a prisoner! The darling wish of my soul, my first, best hope was, that I might one day repay the insult and injury Rolofski inflicted in depriving me of thy love; and now he falls a victim to the outraged laws and is my prisoner!"

"Wrelschoff!" exclaimed the wife, "you surely do not contemplate revenge;—you do not mean to punish my husband for the mere act of loving me, of being beloved! Oh no, you will not—cannot be so cruel!"  
"Christine," rejoined the officer, "that I loved you, fondly, passionately, you well know; you know the restless days and sleepless nights of my boy-hood, when this romantic feeling possessed my soul, burned in my heart, and maddened even my brain,—you know that well. I might have won you, had not this Rolofski come between us, and snatched away the prize, at the very moment I believed it truly mine! Years have passed since that time—Rolofski has been a happy joyful bridegroom—Wrelschoff a lonely soldier; in the intervals of military duty, the form of Christine has ever presented itself, and the enjoyment of Rolofski, my hated rival, perpetually occurred; then, then, in these bitter moments, have I sworn, in the sacred face of heaven, to revenge the injury, if ever the chance of fate or fortune threw my rival in my power—"

"Oh God!—you do not mean—" interrupted the agonized wife of the patriot.  
"Christine!" exclaimed the soldier, in a deep, low, and determined tone, "my feelings now are as they were in my boyhood; Rolofski's head is beneath the axe, and my vengeance is satisfied! You can save him—I need not add the means."

She hastily turned from the officer in indignation, and in a proud, contemptuous tone exclaimed, "Christine is a Polish wife—and knows her duty!"

"Aye," rejoined Wrelschoff, "but Christine is a Polish mother."  
Christine hesitated a moment as she contemplated the power of the ruthless soldier, and its probable effects, but as instantly assumed her former attitude of resignation, and rejoined, "My trust is in heaven, to whose power I commend my husband and my child!"

A soldier at this moment announced that the prisoners had escaped; the sentinels had fallen asleep upon the watch, and Rolofski and his son had climbed to the grated window, from which they leaped into the open field, and had succeeded in effecting their escape.

"My prayer is heard—I have not implored the protection of heaven in vain!" shouted the Polish wife, as the happy intelligence reached her ears of her husband's safety, and her child's. "Now, Wrelschoff, where's your vengeance?"

"Even here," exclaimed he, seizing her hand, "the pretty Christine must be an hostage for her husband's return," and he ordered her instantly to be detained.

[Conclusion next week.]

**Manufactures in the South.**—A company is about being formed in the city of Nashville, (Tenn.) with a capital of 40,000 dollars, for the purpose of establishing a Cotton Manufactory in that place. The Nashville editors speak very favorably of the undertaking, and express with great confidence the opinion that it will prove a source of liberal profit to those who engage in it.

The Nashville Banner also renews its recommendation to some enterprising capitalist, to erect an extensive Paper Mill in that vicinity. It is stated that there is no establishment of the kind in West Tennessee.

## Interesting Correspondence.

### LETTER TO MR. RUSH.

LANCASTER, August 9, 1831.

Sir,—The election of an able and decided opponent of the masonic institution, to the office of President of the United States, is an object of the utmost importance to the cause of antismasonry. The nomination of a candidate for that office is, therefore, deeply interesting to the friends of real democracy, genuine reform, and the equal rights of the people.

The antimasons of this vicinity, impressed with the knowledge of your worth and public services, and sensible of your openly avowed devotedness to antismasonry, and of the very efficient aid which you have rendered to it, would be highly gratified at your being selected as the candidate for the Presidency by the National Convention in September next. We do not undertake, on this subject, to speak for the antimasons of other and distant parts of the country; but we believe their sentiments generally, are not different from those of the antimasons of Lancaster county.

We, therefore, respectfully desire to know from you for the information of our fellow-citizens in general, whether you will allow yourself to be considered among those from whom the candidate for the Presidency is to be selected at the Baltimore Convention.—We hope that you may assent to the measure, on public grounds, and for the promotion and establishment of the liberty of the citizen, and the independence of the Government of the country.

We are, Sir, with the highest respect,  
Your obedient servants,  
AMOS ELLMAKER, SAMUEL PARKE,  
JOHN BEAR, E. C. REIGART,  
SAML. WAGNER, GEO. LIECKERT,  
J. F. CHARLES, Z. M'LENEGAN,  
ADAM BARE, T. H. BURROWES,  
H. G. LONG, GEO. MAYER,  
H. MEHAFFY,

RICHARD RUSH, Esq.

### REPLY OF MR. RUSH.

YORK, Pa. August 13, 1831.

Gentlemen:—I have received your letter of the ninth of this month, in which amongst other things, you are pleased to express a wish for yourselves and other anti-masonic citizens of your vicinity, that I would allow my name to be considered as among those from which a candidate for the Presidency is to be selected at a National Convention representing this party, intended to be held at Baltimore in the month of September next. I am most gratefully sensible to the signal confidence and good-will on the part of those with whom the intention of offering this distinction to me, has originated; and from the nature of the offer I cannot content myself with only a formal reply to it. The anti-masonic party itself, is of comparatively recent birth in our country, which prompts me the more, under the relation towards it in which your kind letter would place me, to speak of its principles and its objects.

When I first gave to the public for whatever they might be worth, my sentiments on Freemasonry in the month of May last, my aims were exclusively public. Personal advantage I did not seek, and least of all—office. In my letter on that occasion, and in a more recent one, I expressed myself with a zeal and fulness appropriate to the extraordinary importance of the truths which I believed myself to be maintaining on a momentous public question; the most so in my opinion of any which has ever yet, as a home question, engaged the attention of the American People. But when I did so, I could not but know that the time at which my anti-masonic fellow citizens contemplated nominations for the two highest offices in the Union, was very near at hand, and that public opinion appeared to be still at large as to the individual who might be selected.—Hence, I must unequivocally be considered as out of view for either nomination, lest a doubt should be thrown upon my motives. The bare existence of such a doubt would be unworthy of a cause which, pure as any that ever arose in any country, ought not to be sullied by the breath of suspicion resting upon the person who is to have the high honor of being associated with it, as you would propose to associate me. Under a different train of circumstances, I would have acceded to such a distinction, though with a proper distrust of myself, as the proudest of my life; it being one of which names far higher than mine might be proud. But although I necessarily and unequivocally withdraw from it, I shall be thoroughly with you in your cause, and in giving my reasons, I will take occasion to say something of the approaching Presidential election; which for the first time is to present, as the face of your letter shows, a new element in our politics.

I have examined the grounds on which your cause rests, dispassionately I am sure, as with an absence of every thing selfish. I have seen a frightful crime committed by masons, the most so, all things considered, that has ever stained our country; and committed under the investigations of a masonic spirit. This diabolical spirit may not have been founded on rightful masonry; but from masonry nevertheless, and nothing else; it

sprung. The crime was of die no less deep than murder, with every aggravation that a bold conspiracy could superadd; whilst the provocation to it, was simply that of breaking one of the rules of masonry. I have seen this crime go unpunished for nearly five years, because the oaths which masonry enjoins have bound down the masons who were privy to it, with a power stronger than the law, so that detection has been rendered impossible. I have seen our press in a state of vassalage to this institution, to an extent that is appalling: I have seen the Institution steep itself in pollution so that no waters can cleanse it, by retaining in full membership criminals legally convicted of having had a hand in this crime, though not absolutely the main actors, and still I have seen the press silent; still seen it cringe, still bow the knee to masonry. I have seen the same press inveighing against publications that aim at exposing these enormities, whilst insensible to the first rule of justice, it excludes the publications themselves from its columns. To this practice, by which the moral condition of the press in any community may in general be so well ascertained, I make a few honorable exceptions; so few however, that they still leave the narrow spirit and fierce passions of masonry, responsible for this spectacle of moral degradation as regards our press. Another spectacle I have seen not less ominous in its political than in its moral bearings. I have seen presses long at war on all other points, long the opposing combatants of public measures and the highest public men, strike up a masonic League as if by electric impulse, and banding shouts of masonic rage and devotion; sally forth as co-belligerents against those who arraign the Institution for such dangers and enormities as I have mentioned. I have watched their rivalry in bluster and malignity: I have seen how their former wrath against each other has, under this new bond of adhesion, worked itself into explosions of rival fury against the common foe; how a rabid appetite—a match for the canine—and that would morganize if it dared, an appetite as loathsome in its taste as it is deadly in its purposes, has broken forth from this confederacy of types against those who denounce the Lodge. Seeing these things and more, the demonstration to my mind is complete, is irresistible, that masonry has shown itself a tyrant over the press and a tyrant over the law. These are evils in the highest degree alarming. As I view them, there are none others comparable to them; whether as they may come to affect our most important political interests, or our dearest civil rights.

It is therefore my deliberate opinion, that the existence of the masonic Institution in our country, is at this present juncture, a public grievance greater than any other that we experience. There is obviously no mode of getting rid of it; but to bring public opinion to bear upon it at our elections.—This would be a peaceable, lawful, and would prove in the end an effectual mode. It throws the whole question open to argument, and the people will pass upon it properly. They form the tribunal in whose intelligence we believe, in whose purity we confide, and from whose decision there is no appeal. To enter therefore zealously, and with unshaken purpose, upon the work of effecting the overthrow of masonry through the ballot box, I hold to be a political duty of primary obligation. This is the well-understood object of year party, whilst other objects of public good alike binding upon all parties, are necessarily associated with it.—Under every free government complaint will always be heard.—Much will be said, having its root only in the discontent of the mind; a portion will be light and transitory, and not a little will arise from causes inseparable from the human condition, which no frame of government or policy of administration can cure. How many disputations topics have engaged the passions of contending parties since the federal government has been in operation, which in their day were dwelt upon with an emphasis as if the very being of the nation had been at stake; yet how little do the most of them seem when now calmly reviewed; and how steadily has the nation been advancing in prosperity in the midst of them all. But the evils lately committed in light of which masonry is the parent, are new and startling. We grow amazed as well as alarmed at contemplating them; not through the medium of a heated imagination, but under the severest scrutiny of the understanding. They strike at the vital springs of public and individual safety. They entwine themselves round the whole body politic, poisoning at the fountain head, principles indispensable to its welfare—to its existence. Is this merely to declaim? Is it to deal only in assertion? Let the following plain queries answer, if there were no others. Upon facts do I desire to stand—these are my weapons—with these I seek myself an overmatch for the Institution, though it had a host in its service ten thousand times stronger than any it has yet paraded. I have not the court in New York decided that a mason is an incompetent juror; on the trial of a brother mason? [Here I know what masonry will say.—I know how it creeps into evidence—it will say so are members of other corporations, where a fellow member is party to the cause]