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DUCE 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 GABLAND.

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

ROUND MY OWN PRETTY ROSE.

BY T. H. BAYLEY, ESQ.

Round my own pretty Rose I have hover'd all day,
I have seen its sweet leaves, one by one, fall away;
They are gone! they are gone! but I go not with them—

No, I linger to weep o'er the desolate stem:
They say if I rove to the south, I shall meet
With hundreds of roses more fair and more sweet;
But my heart, when I'm tempted to wander replies,
Here my first love, my last love, my only love lies.

When I sprang from the home where my plume was
was nurs'd,
'Twas my own pretty Rose that attracted me first;
We have loved all the summer—and now that the
chill

Of the winter come o'er us, I'm true to thee still;
When the last leaf is wither'd, and falls to the
earth,
The false one to southerly climes may fly forth;
But 'Truth cannot fly from his sorrow—he dies
Where his first love—his last love—his only love
lies.

THE MIRROR.

THE BROKEN POP.

A VILLAGE TALE.

"But, let the world say what it will
'Thou'g sorrows may awhile intrude,
Fair wisdom's voice is faithful still,
Still, to be blest, is—to be good."

"He will not come to-night," said Emma,
as she looked out of her chamber window on
the still and depopulated streets, and saw the
dark rain clouds gathering in the sky; "he
will not come to-night—it is past his hour—
ah, he did not use to be so careful about
the weather—but I will not indulge in dis-
quietude—he has promised."—The word died
upon her lips; she recollected the coldness—
the tone of ambiguity, with which that pro-
mise had been repeated, when Theodore
last visited her, and in a confused and em-
barrassed manner, though with much parade
of his regret and disappointment, assured
her that it would be impossible for him to
conform to his engagement, and marry her
at the time appointed. She remembered,
how her heart sunk within her at the mo-
ment, and the strange mysterious present-
ment that crossed her mind. That then,
for the first time, she thought how bitter a
thing must be disappointed love—for the first
time felt the force of the remark, which she
has so often heard,

"Men's vows are brittle things."

Still, the natural buoyancy of her spirits
forbade her to despond. True, he had broken
his first engagement, but he had repre-
sented to her the imperious necessity of the
measure, and she had acquiesced in it. True,
he had not fixed the more distant period;
he had left the final hour indefinite, but she
had his promise; she had his oath; she would
not believe him unfaithful; she could not believe
him perjured. At last, after an absence of
a week, which seemed to her a year, he vi-
sited the house again; he once more mingled
with the smiling family circle; he seemed
the same he had always been, and she was
happy.—But he retired before the family;
this cost her a night's rest; it was not his
usual manner, and she wondered why, at
this particular time, he should have so much
more business than usual. Still, she endeav-
ored to put the most favorable construction
upon every thing; she strove to acquit him
in her heart.

But love has eagle eyes, and, from their
piercing vigilance, duplicity must be coupled
with most consummate art, if she would avoid
detection. Emma was caressed by a
large circle of acquaintance, and Theodore
was also a favorite; in parties they frequen-
tly came together, and there, when the spir-
its are up, and all reserve thrown off, the
heart unmasks itself. There Theodore of-
ten forgot his caution, and, not only abated
his usual display of partiality for Emma, but
lavished his fondness on another. The gen-
erous girl forgave him until forgiveness be-
came a crime committed against her heart.
She resolved to lead a more secluded life,
and in prosecuting her resolve, she soon found
ample evidence of what she most feared.—
His visits grew less and less frequent, until,
at length, they were discontinued altogether.

Womanlike, in the deepest of her sorrows
she retired, as it were, within herself, and
secure in the confidence that not even her
nearest relatives or friends knew any thing
of her disappointment, she nursed her grief
in secret, and put on a smile as sweet, if not
as gay, before the world. But heroically as
she played this new and deceptive part, her
feelings gradually obtained the victory over
her frame; she pined and pined away, day
after day; the paleness of departed health
blanched her young cheek, and she roved in
the stillness of the evening among the tombs
of her fathers in the church-yard, like a thin
shadow of the past. No one knew her grief,
but he who was its cause; and he shuddered
at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived with concern the
rapid decay of her health, and as the family
had some relative in Bermuda, they resolved
to send her there. The voyage had a salu-
tary effect—the change of scenes and cir-
cumstances—new friends and acquaintances
and the kindness she experienced in her
new abode, dispelled much of the cherished

gloom that pressed upon her heart, and ad-
ded life to her almost inanimate frame. The
glow of health gradually returned, and she
shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star
of no common lustre in the fashionable world
of that island. A year had not elapsed, be-
fore the hand of one of the wealthiest mer-
chants in the island was offered her. He
was all that the young maiden's heart ad-
mires—generous, noble, and virtuous—and of
years suited to her own. She accepted it,
and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the inten-
tion of returning, she now waited anxiously
for the opportunity—but a variety of
causes prevented it, year after year, a beau-
tiful family of boys and girls grew around—
her husband was deeply engaged in an ex-
tensive and lucrative business, and twelve
years passed by before she was able to ac-
complish her wishes, in all which time, she
had never made an inquiry about, or once
heard from her former lover. Now, Mr.
Lefere retired from business, and accompa-
nying her, with their family, to America.
They reached Philadelphia in safety, and
walked up Walnut-street to the old family
mansion. It remained unaltered; her father
and her mother, the old servants, her former
friends, who remained, all welcomed her to
her ancient home. The shrubs she planted
in the yard had grown up beautiful trees.—
Her name remained where she had engrav-
ed it on the sash of her chamber, twelve
years before, and she sat down by it—call-
ed back the recollections of by past times,
and wept, yet these were tears of mingled
joy and sorrow.

Mr. Lefere took a fine establishment in
Chesnut-street, and lived in splendid style.
Emma used to ride out daily in an elegant
carriage, with her infant family; and, as had
long been her practice, she carefully sought
out such objects of distress, as she deemed
it would be charitable to relieve. One day,
riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a
poor, half-clothed man, lying on the ground
and a tattered child crying bitterly by his
side, to which he paid no attention. She
directed the coachman to stop, & calling the
man, inquired why he disregarded the child
and whose it was? "It is my own," said he,
"I came out, hoping to get a place for it at
yonder house, and could not; it is almost
starved, and I have not the means to pro-
cure food for myself or it."—She gave him
a small sum and directed him to call at her
house the next day. He received it with
tears and promised compliance.

At the hour appointed, the poor man, with
his helpless child, waited in the kitchen for
the call of his benefactress.—Mrs. Lefere
sent for them into the breakfast room, as
soon as the family had dispersed, and desired
to know by what means he had brought him-
self to poverty and want. The man spoke
out honestly. Intemperance, he said was
the great cause, but his troubles had driven
him to that—"I once saw better days," said
he, "I was a partner in a mercantile concern
—I married—I was deceived—the mother
of this poor child, after involving me in ruin-
ous debts, left me with a libertine, whose
addresses she had long received; I drowned
my sorrows, and sunk my character in hab-
its of vice, and intoxication. I have been
twice imprisoned for crime—I am destitute
of friends and employment.

"And what is your name?" asked Emma.
"Theodore W.," he replied, after a
moment's hesitation. The kind lady turned
pale and trembled; she gazed at him—
she recognized in him the faithless Theo-
dore.

"At last, then," said she, affecting to be
calm, "you have learned to keep your pro-
mises—you called at the time appointed—I
will provide a place for yourself and child."
"Ah," said he, "you know me. When
you asked my name, I dared not tell you an
untruth, but I hoped it had been forever blot-
ted from your memory. I watched your
fortunes—I rejoiced at your prosperity—I
cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted
all my powers. But broken vows come back
to their author in the end, and mine has
ruined me forever."

He covered his face and wept. She left
him, and having consulted with Mr. Lefere,
procured him a situation in an honest occu-
pation, and placed the child at school.

Thus was the maxim verified, "all is for
the best to the innocent and virtuous;" and
thus it is, that vice works out its own re-
ward at last.

THE HEAD.—The head has the most
beautiful appearance as well as the highest
station in the human figure. Nature has
laid out all her art in beautifying the face;
she has touched it with vermilion, planted
in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat
of smiles and blushes, lighted up and enliven-
ed it with the brightness of the eyes, hung
it on each side with curious organs of sense,
given it airs and graces that cannot be de-
scribed, and surrounded it with such a flow-
ing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in
the most agreeable light. In short, she
seems to have designed the head as the cu-
pola to the most glorious of her works; and
when we load it with a pile of superfluous
ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of
the human figure, and foolishly contrive to
call off the eye from great and real beauties
to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone lace.

VARIETY.

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

DREADFUL AFFAIR.—It is stated that
lately in North Carolina, a member of the
present Congress, became jealous of his wife
—and that "the green-eyed monster" fixed
upon two individuals—one a young gentle-
man and the other a clergyman of mature
years. The husband invited the young man
to take a ride with him a short distance.—
When they reached the woods, the husband
dismounted, took the young man from the
saddle, bound him to a tree, and perpetrated a
barbarous outrage upon him. He immedi-
ately returned, and in the same manner en-
snared and maltreated the clergyman. It
is said a great excitement has been produced
in consequence—that the clergyman is on
the point of death, and the husband in prison
on a charge of murder. What adds to the
horror of the affair is the statement that the
husband found all the parties were perfectly
innocent, after the barbarities had been
committed.

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.—No man exist-
ing, be his station what it may, is exempted
from the duty of inquiring what good he can
do to others. That man must have seen
little of mankind who is ignorant of human
misery; yet such knowledge is not to be ac-
quired by those who converse merely with
persons of their own rank; they must enter
into the cottages and garrets of the poor;
they must see them naked, hungry, and
thirsty, exposed to the inclemencies of the
weather, to the sudden attacks or slow wast-
ing of disease; they must see the effects of
their unruly passions, and their groveling
vices; they must be acquainted with all the
consequences of ignorance and poverty.—
Evils like these must be known before they
can be remedied; yet the generality of the
upper ranks know little what their inferiors
suffer.

The Chester county Democrat, printed at
Downingtown, says—"At no period, it is
said, for the last seven years, has so much
sickness been known in our village—almost
every family has one or two, and in some
instances 4 and 5 of its members confined to
their beds, of parching, burning fever—as
yet, but few deaths have occurred, though
there are many severe cases. The sickness
appears to be chiefly confined to this neigh-
borhood."

A Frenchman having been condemned to
be hanged, when the rope was put about his
neck, exclaimed piteously, "Misericorde!
misericorde!" (mercy! mercy!) on which
the hang-man cried out, "Measure the cord,
you thief, it's long enough to hang a dozen
such rogues as you."

GOOD HUMOUR.—Good humour is the fair
weather of the soul, which calms the turbu-
lent gust of passion, and diffuses a perpetual
gladness and serenity over the heart; and he
who finds his temper naturally inclined to
break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness
and ill humour; should be as much upon his
guard to repress the storm, that is forever
beating in his mind, as to fence against the
inclemencies of the season. We are natu-
rally attached even to animals that betray a
softness of disposition. We are pleased with
the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog.

A learned young lady being asked at a tea-
table if she used sugar, replied, "I have a
diabolical invincible repugnance to sugar,
for according to my insensible cogitations
upon the subject, the flavosity of the sugar
nullifies the flavosity of the tea, and renders
it vastly obnoxious."

AN EXTRACT.—At what time of life a
human being—man or woman—looks best,
it might be hard to say. A girl of eighteen,
straight and tall, bright, blooming, and
baldy, seems, to our old eyes, a very beau-
tiful and delightful sight. Inwardly we bless
her, and pray that she may be as happy as
she is innocent. So, too, is an oak tree, a-
bout the same age, standing by itself, with-
out a twig on its straight, smooth, round,
glossy silver stem, for some few feet from
the ground, and then branching out into a
stately flutter of dark-green leaves; the shape
being indistinct in its regular but not formal
overfallings, and over-foldings, and over-
hangings of light and shade. Such an oak
tree is indeed truly beautiful, with all its ten-
derness, gracefulness and delicacy—ay, a
delicacy almost seeming to be fragile; as if
the cushat whirring from its concealment,
would crush the new spring-shoots, sensitive
almost as the gossamer, with which every
twig is intertwined. Leaning on our staff,
we bless it, and call it even by that very
virgin's name; and ever thenceforth, behold
Marian lying in its shade.

THE VINE.—Humboldt tells us that it
grows wild in Armenia and Caramania, as
well as along the coasts of the Caspian.—
Thence it travelled into Greece, and from
that classic sky was introduced into Sicily.
The Phœnicians carried it to the south of
France, and the Romans domesticated it on

the banks of the Rhine. In both of these
countries the vine is attached to poles; but
in Spain these are not used—and the plant is
kept short in its growth, in order that it may
possess a stout stem. In Greece and Italy
it clings to trees, walls, and trellis work, or
verandas. 'Tt attains to a good old age; even
Pliny speaks of a vine that had survived six
centuries; and it is matter of notoriety that
there are vineyards in France and Italy,
which are not only precisely in the same
condition as they were three hundred years
ago, but continue to yield abundant crops.
The wood of the vine becomes uncommonly
solid when of old standing, and, in warm cli-
mates, the stem grows to such a size, that
boards are sawed out of it, and converted to
the manufacture of furniture and other arti-
cles. Strabo even mentions a vine-tree the
girth of which required the arms of two men
to compass.

WIT AND HUMOUR.—I am unable to de-
cide which is the less desirable quality in
conversation—wit or humour. The former
creates enemies, the latter lowers us in the
estimation of friends—the one may procure for
us the reputation of wisdom, the other
brings down upon our head the imputation
of folly. Wit is a tiger, that growls in his
cage; we tremble lest he should break thro'
and dart upon ourselves—humour is the
monkey, who mimicks our own look and
gestures and regales us with droll exhibi-
tions. We laugh at the humorist, but we
fear the wit.

Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the
north, had taken up their quarters for the
night at a Highland Hotel; one of them next
morning complained to his friend that he
had a very indifferant bed, and asked him
how he slept?—"Troth man," replied Don-
ald, "nae very wool neither, but was muckle
better off than the bugs, for the de'il ane of
them closed an e'e the hale night."

When fashions are worn out in Paris the
milliners send their antiquated articles to
the North; that is to Sweden and Russia.
A vessel deeply laden with such merchan-
dize, says a London paper, was run down in
the channel of St. Petersburg. Next day,
a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed
in a white satin petticoat; and in the same
net were found two large cod-fish, with
muslin handkerchiefs round their necks.—
The sharks and porpoises were observed in
gowns of the latest taste, and hardly was
there a fish, that did not display some of the
freshest Parisian fashions that had ever vi-
sited the North.

Sir Isaac Newton lost the use of his intel-
lect before his animal frame was arrested by
the hand of death. So it is said of a Mr.
Swisset, that he often wept because he was
not able to understand the books which he
had written in his younger days. Cornutus,
an excellent orator in the Augustine age,
became so forgetful as not even to know his
own. Simeon Tourmay, in 1201, after he
had outdone all at Oxford for learning, at last
grew such an idiot as not to know one letter
from another, or one thing he had ever done.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Ham-
ilton, who has obtained the First Sizership
in the University of Dublin, has been blind
from his birth. In what manner he ac-
quired his extraordinary classical knowledge is
not stated; but the fact caused much astonish-
ment in college. His latin was beautiful.
English was read to him, and he translated
extemporaneously. Some of the Examiners
read wrong to try him, and he immedi-
ately detected the imposition.

A SWEET TEMPER.—A gentleman, when
asked his opinion of a certain critic, a few
days ago, gave it in the following terms:—
"Why, he is a perfect crab-apple—a decoction
of verjuice—the quintessence of ascer-
bity. If I wished to convert the Thames
into lemonade, I should pitch him into it; and
if, after the first dip, it was not sufficiently
acidulated for ordinary drinking, water must
contain a greater quantity of saccharine mat-
ter than chemists generally imagine."

MOST AFFLICTING.—We were informed
yesterday by a man from the township of
Mono, about fifty miles north of Dundas
street, that in an adjoining township, four
children had been lost in the woods fourteen
days when he left, and had not yet been
found, although forty or fifty of the inhabi-
tants had been in search of them, as also
some Indians on the south shore of lake Hu-
ron. The children went into the woods to
hunt a cow, when it is supposed, they got
bewildered and lost. Our informant states
that the tracks had been seen once, and on-
ly once, on the bank of a creek about twenty
miles from their homes. Three of the
children belong to Mr. Van Meir, a Black-
smith; formerly from the neighborhood of
Hamilton, Gore district; two girls, one about
15 and the other 13 years of age, and a
younger brother. The other was a son of
Mr. L. Horning, formerly from near Hamil-
ton, a lad about eight or nine years of age.
We are told that the afflicted mothers of the
children, under peculiar circumstances, are
dangerously ill, and no physician within fifty
miles. Such a scene is certainly one of in-

conceivable affliction. May it be sanctified
and rightly improved.—U. C. Guardian.

At Ithica, N. Y. on Friday week, Guy C.
Clark murdered his wife; having knocked
her down and choked her, and then man-
gled her dreadfully with an axe. The cries
of her children—five in number—brought
several men to the spot, by whom Clark was
arrested. The deceased is said to have had
relations near Wilkesbarre.

From the Stamford (Conn.) Sentinel.
Infanticide.—Horrible Effects of a Re-
ligious Phrenzy.—The following melan-
choly occurrence from fanaticism, which
has recently taken place in an adjoining
town, has been related to us by a person who
learnt the particulars from the wife of the
unfortunate man, and from persons residing
in the vicinity of the bloody scene.

A Mr. Stephen J. Miller, of New Canaan,
for many years past a very respectable mem-
ber of the Congregational church, in North
Stamford, under the pastoral charge of the
Rev. Mr. Fuller, on Thursday night last
killed his two children, and nearly killed his
wife, while in a state of aberration of mind.
The circumstances which led to the act are
as follows:—Not long since the church at
North Stamford held a "four days meeting."
Mr. Miller was constant in his attendance,
and was apparently much exercised in his
mind with the religious services of the meet-
ing. On Friday, the 2d inst he attended a
similar meeting at New Canaan, conducted
by the Methodist persuasion; on his return
home he told his wife that he should do no
more work; and that he intended to leave all
his temporal concerns to Providence and
prepare himself for death.—From that mo-
ment he commenced fasting, declaring he
should in future live upon faith—he then oc-
cupied most of his time, during the hours of
labor, in reading the Scriptures or prayer.
On Tuesday morning last he told his wife
she must not cook any victuals but that she
and the children must also fast; with this re-
quest Mrs. Miller complied, suspecting his
mind was not altogether rational. The
neighbors during this time had not discover-
ed anything in the conduct of Mr. Miller to
excite suspicion of his insanity. On Thurs-
day night he retired to bed at his usual hour
with his family, consisting of his wife and
two children, one three and the other one
year of age. About midnight a thunder
shower rose and the noise of the thunder
awoke them from sleep.—Mrs. Miller ob-
served to her husband that the shower was
very heavy, to which he replied, "yes, the
day of judgment is at hand, and we must get
up and prepare for it." He immediately
left his bed, took his elder child, and com-
menced beating it in a terrible manner, to
keep (as he remarked at the time), "The
Devils off." Mrs. Miller sprang out of bed
and interfered—Miller let go of the child,
and seized her by the hair of her head, and
before she could extricate herself from his
grasp, he tore all her night clothes off, and
bruised, bit and scratched her flesh most
shockingly; on making her escape she fled
below stairs, and he followed close after—in
her attempt to pass the outer door he caught
her by the ankle; she fell outside, the door
at the same time closing against her leg; in
this condition she lay nearly an hour, naked,
and the rain pouring down in torrents, he
during the time holding her by the ankle in-
side the door. He finally, and of his own
accord, let go his hold, and she fled to the
nearest neighbor, almost lifeless. The
neighbors being alarmed, repaired to Miller's
house & found him ranging about if the win-
dows were mostly broken to pieces—the
younger child was found lying in the weeds,
about two rods from the house, awfully
wounded in several parts of the body by
blows apparently inflicted upon it with a hoe
—it lingered a few hours and died. The
other child was found a corpse in the cellar,
wretchedly mangled.

From traces of blood, and other appear-
ances, it is supposed the last mentioned child
was killed by beating its head against the
casings of the window in the chamber in
which the tragedy commenced, and that the
body was then hove out of the window and
afterwards taken up and thrown through
another window into the cellar. Mrs. Miller
remained at the house where she first
gave the alarm, and where she yet remains
unable to leave her bed, in consequence of
the injury she received.

Mr. Miller was taken before a magistrate
on Saturday, and after an inquiry had, was
committed to Fairfield Jail to await a legal
investigation of this unhappy circumstance,
at the next term of the Supreme Court for
this county, which commences at Danbury,
on the last Tuesday in this month.

A gentleman one day riding a stumbling
horse along a very dirty lane, the poor beast
fell down and threw the rider into the least
desirable part of it, whereby he was most
completely benumbed, exclusive of a bloody
nose. A gentleman of the knight's acquaint-
ance happened to arrive at the spot, just as
the horse and his quondam rider were re-
covering their feet.—"Bless me, Mr.
Bakewell," said he, "what have you been
fighting with your horse?"—"No, no,
Sir," replied the dumounded hero, "we have
only had a little misunderstanding."