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DUCEIT 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  
balm, 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  
seen 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 in 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."