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Subscriptions will be discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher, and no subscription will be taken for a less period than six months—Single copies 5 cents.
The "Star" has, probably, a more extensive circulation than any paper on the shore, and is therefore, the most advantageous journal for the publication of advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:
Advertisements not exceeding a square (14 lines) inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in the same proportion for one dollar, if required.
A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for six months.
All advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till forbidden according to regular rates.
All Advertisements and Communications, sent by mail, should be post paid to secure attention.

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

(From the Union)
THE DEMOCRATIC FLAG.
CASS, BUTLER, AND DEMOCRACY.
Flag of the free, thy glorious stars
Shine forth o'er land and sea,
And millions hail with loud hurrahs
The banner of the free—
Cass, Butler, and Democracy;
Waive, waive the banner high,
"Tis like the sun in brilliancy,
That "lames the morning sky."
The soldier from the bloody field—
The sailor on the sea—
With stern resolve and nobly shield
Thy flag of victory;
For glorious Cass has proudly saved
THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS;
And Butler, with his veterans' brave
The "bottle and the breeze."
'Tis the flag—'tis freedom's cause—
With voice of freedom's cause;
For Equal Rights and Equal Laws
Are all emboldened there.
Destruction, thy potent name,
Finds millions of thee free.
Shall kindle everywhere the flame—
The fire of liberty.
Flag of the free, beneath thy sway,
Where'er thy folds shall blaze,
Thrones, crowns, and scepters melt away;
Kings tremble and heroes flee;
And renovated millions rise,
Like Bethel's hosts, to see
The star that guides their longing eyes—
The star of liberty!
Europe! thy down-trodden millions wake,
Bleeding at every pore;
Ireland! thy children's fetters break;
France, red with human gore,
Awake! in God's own image made,
Arise, your rights to claim;
The brazen serpent is displaced—
Awake, look up and live!
Flag of the free, thy pathway holds
Its course o'er every foe;
Atlantic breezes swell thy folds,
Pacific zephyrs blow;
And soon, as God is provident,
We'll sound thee by the sea;
CASS, BUTLER, AND THE CONTINENT,
Our motto thus shall be.
THE NORTH AND SOUTH in union joined,
The east and west shall live,
In harmonious peace combined;
Neath Freedom's watchful eye,
O'er every land thy folds shall fly,
And ever shall we see
CASS, BUTLER, AND DEMOCRACY,
The banner of the free.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

The Old Family Bible.

Whoever has travelled among the Scottish hills and dales, cannot have failed to observe the scrupulous fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait of character than this cannot be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels, are proud to put reliance in those who make the Bible their confidant, and whose well thumbed pages show the confidence which their owners possessed in it.

A few years ago there dwelt in Ayrshire an ancient couple, possessing of the world's gear sufficient to keep them independent from wants or woes and tottering steps. A gallant of a farmer became enamored of the daughter, and she notwithstanding consented to be his. As the match was every way worthy of her, the old folks consented, and as they were desirous of seeing their bairn comfortable, the two were made one. In a few short years time cut down the old people and they gave their bodies to the dust and their souls to the Creator.

The young farmer having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered together his duds, and selling such as were useless, packed up those calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same itching for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads and set sail for America.

Possessed of considerable property in the shape of "siller," this company were not like the generality of emigrants, poor and friendless; but happy and full of hope for the future. The first thing done after the landing was to bring forth the old family Bible, and return thanks and praise to Him who had guided their bark to a safe haven. As the farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation, but little time was spent in the city he had arrived in, and as his fellow passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bade them farewell, and with a light heart turned his face towards the setting sun. Indiana at this time was settling fast, and having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

On the banks of the Wabash, he fixed on a farm, and having paid cash for one-half gave a mortgage for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently waited the time when he might go forth and reap the harvest; but alas! no grain gladdened his heart or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields were white with the fullness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

We leave this first sorrow, and pass on to the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterwards. The time having arrived

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when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money of a neighbor who had been very attentive to her husband and to herself, one who knelt at the same table with her to renew their professed obligations to the Giver of all good. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum against the promised time; but all would not do, fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished the farm and the stock for a less sum than she owed her Christian neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution on her furniture.

On the Sabbath previous to the sale she took courage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of the Father, and with a heart filled with humility and love, poured out her soul to "Him who turneth not away," and having communed side by side with her Christian neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

Here her fortune had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the "old family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips and sought consolation from its pages. Slowly she perused its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never failing promises.

The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels were in due course knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved, she saw pass from her possession article after article without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed and gave silent utterance to a broken heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento of her revered and departed parents; and the humane man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but the inexorable creditor declared everything should be sold, as it was determined to have all that was owing to him.

The book was, therefore, put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declaring she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dry paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they called for five hundred pounds on the Bank of England. On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: "When sorrow overtake ye, seek ye Bible." And on the other, in her father's hand: "Ye father's ears are never deaf." The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased, which she gladly took back.

Having paid off the relentless creditor to the last farthing, and rented a small house in the village of—, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the prospects of the old family Bible without fear or molestation. Her time and attention are devoted to the bringing up the bright, blue-eyed Alice, and if the happy smiles of the countenance may be considered an index of the heart and mind, little Alice bids fair to be a shining star in the community of which she at present forms but a unit.

At the meeting-house in the centre of the village, may be seen every Sunday, sitting about half-way up the south aisle, a lady about thirty years old, dressed in deep mourning, with the beauty of holiness, and on whom may be seen deep traces of past sorrow.

At the public house, in the same place and at the same time, may also be seen a being in the garb of man, bloated and sootied over the poisoning bowl. The one is the professing widow—the other the professing neighbor.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.
"It was a morning at sea. The sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays. A light breeze played on the bosom of the slumbering ocean. The stillness of the morning was disturbed only by the ripple of the water, or the diving of the flying fish. It seemed as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep was brooding over the waters. The national flag displayed half way down the royal mast, played in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import. The vessel glided in state-ly serenity, and seemed tranquil as the elements on which she moved. She knew not the sorrows that were in her own bosom, and seemed to look down on the briny expanse beneath her, in all the confidence and security of strength.

To the minds of the crew, it was a morning of gloom. They had been boarded by the angel of death; and the forecastle now contained all that was mortal of its victims. His soul had gone to its final audit. Grouped around the windless, and left to their own reflections, the hardy sons of the ocean mingled their sympathies with each other. They seemed to think on their own mortality. Conscience was at her post; and I believe minds were somewhat impressed with realities of eternity.

intrepidity of his soul. They had seen him in an hour of peril, when the winds of destruction were let loose in all their fury, and hold the ship securely within his grasp, till the danger was over.

They would have indulged long in their reveries, but they were summoned to prepare the rites of the sepulchre, and pay the last honors to their dead companion. The work of preparation was commenced with heavy hearts, and with many a sigh, a rude coffin was soon constructed, and the body deposited within it. All was ready for the final scenes. The main hatches were his bier; a spare sail was his pall. His surviving companions, in their tar-stained habiliments, stood around.

All was silent; the fresh breeze moaned through the cordage; the main top-sail was hoisted to the mast; and the ship stood still. The funeral service began; and as "we commit to the deep," was pronounced, I heard the knell of the ship bell. I heard the plunge of the coffin. I saw tears start from the eyes of the generous tars. My soul melted within me, as I reverted to the home-scenes of him whom we had buried in the deep—to the hopes that were to be dashed with woe; to the joys that were to be drowned in lamentation.

A SKETCH FOR THE YOUNG.
WM. TELL.

More than four hundred years ago, the country which goes by the name of Switzerland was under the Austrian Government, and the people were little better than slaves. They were made to pay heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labor, and governed them as with a rod of iron.

One of the Austrian Governors by the name of Gesler, was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was of little use. Gesler went so far in his tyranny as to command his hat or cap to be placed on a pole in the market place, and ordered every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like it at all, but they were afraid to disobey the order, as imprisonment or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.

There was, however, one noble-minded man, who was afraid neither of imprisonment nor death, who refused to bow to Gesler's cap. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but he incited his countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

He was soon seized and brought into the presence of the tyrant. William Tell was a famous Bowman, and had his bows and arrows about his person when he was seized. Gesler, telling him he had forfeited his life, proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising him that if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should go free.

Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved; but the cruel man called Tell's only son, a boy seven years old, forward, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father fire at it.

When Tell saw this, he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much, that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative; he must attempt the feat or die, but that which unnerved his arm was the fear that which skill might fail him, and that he might kill his son.

The child, seeing his father's distress, endeavored to console him.
"I am sure you will not hit me, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still."

The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible for you to understand what the unfortunate Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so blinded by his emotion that he could not see the apple. The assembled spectators, of whom there were numbers, seemed to hold their breath. At length, Tell summoned up all his courage. He dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the arrow, and piercing the apple, cut it in two, and embedded itself in the tree!

The spectators shouted and applauded. Tell was taken to Gesler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle.
"Ha!" said he, "an arrow! Why that concealed weapon?"
"It was destined for you," replied Tell, "if I had killed my child."
Upon this daring threat, Tell was again seized by the tyrant's soldiers, and hurried away to be put to death. But to escape, and being under the influence of a strong and resolute man, he made his incited the people to throw off the tyrant's yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

But he was again taken prisoner, and being put into a boat with Gesler and his men, for the purpose of rowing over one of the lakes, a storm arose, and the boat was driven ashore. Tell leaped out before any one else could land, and snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant, and shot him dead as he sat in the boat.

After this, Tell roused the people that they soon gained their freedom; and Switzerland is a free country to this day. Tell has never been forgotten, but the people always think of him with gratitude, and

has been purchased by the American and the Maryland Colonization Societies, and farther purchases have since been made.

Population.—The inhabitants of Liberia, emigrants from the United States and their children, number three thousand five hundred; and seven hundred occupy the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas. To these may be added about five hundred natives, civilized and admitted to the privileges of the polls and the rights of citizenship in general. The natives residing on land owned by the Colony, and directly amenable to its laws, are estimated from 10,000 to 15,000. The population of the allied tribes in the interior, who are bound by treaty to abstain from the slave trade and other barbarous practices, is not accurately known, but may be estimated at 150,000.

Towns and Settlements.—Monrovia on the south side of Cape Mesurado, near the north western boundary of Liberia, is the capital and chief place of trade. Population 1,000. The other ports, not counting those in the Maryland Colony, are Marshall on the Junk river, Edina, Bexley on the St. John's river, Basso Cove, and Greenville, on the Sinoe river. There are inland towns and their adjoining settlements are Caldwell, New Georgia and Millsburg.

Productions of the Soil.—Coffee, sugar cane, rice, cotton, indigo, Indian corn, potatoes, yams, cassada, bananas, arrow-root, and nuts may be produced in any quantity, and various and abundant. These are all grown in Liberia.

Exports.—The chief exports are cam-wood, palm oil and ivory, to the amount of \$123,690 in two years, ending September, 1843, according to the official returns. These are brought from the interior.

Imports.—The imports for the two years, as above, amounted to \$157,830.

Religious Aspect.—Churches, 23; communicants, 1,500, of whom 500 are natives and re-captured Africans.

Education.—Schools, 16; scholars, 560, of whom 200 are native Africans. The Sunday-schools embrace a far larger number.

*The statistics of the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas are not given in this statement.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM MEXICAN LIGHTNING.

A surgeon in the army of the United States writes en route from Mexico to Vera Cruz, three miles from Jalapa, on the 18th ultimo. He describes the following remarkable scene:

A singular accident happened to us near the end of our first day's march from Puebla. The clouds gathered in the mountains to our right, and the distant thunder warned us that the usual afternoon rain would soon be upon us. We were within a half mile of camp when the rain overtook us. The lightning descended to the earth in vivid columns, followed quickly by sharp reports of thunder. I was riding in the rear, close up with the troops, in company with another officer. I felt a sudden bewilderment as if some stunning shock had raised me in the air, then all consciousness was gone. Some officers aroused me from my stupor, by asking if I was hurt. In a few seconds my senses returned, when I found myself upon the ground enveloped in my cloak, with my hands clasped on the back of my neck, where I had a severe pain. I was again asked what could be done for me, as well as the soldiers. My eyes were then turned upon the regiment. It was a most appalling sight to behold. One entire company was stricken to the earth, their arms in irregular heaps beside them. It had more the appearance of a battle-field than had been raked by an enemy's battery, than any other scene I can compare it with, except that it was more terrible. Although I could not move at the instant, I was sufficiently collected to give directions for their restoration. Very soon I was able to go to them, and was rejoiced to find most of them shocked only by the electric fluid running along the ground. Capt. Wood and two sergeants were more severely injured. The captain was bleeding from the nose and mouth, and perfectly unconscious of everything around him. One sergeant did not breathe for a minute, and then it was with a convulsive effort, and at long intervals. Some men had their boots torn off—others were struck in an arm or leg only. My only remedy was the free use of cold water, which was suddenly over the head and face. Fortunately, all are now well, and no one suffers from its effects but my friend Wood, whose face remains black and blue, from the eyes to the tip of his chin.

Wool Trade of Michigan.—The wool trade of Michigan increases rapidly. The crop of the State last year was estimated at 1,700,000 pounds, of which 100,000 was a surplus for exportation. In 1841 the amount exported did not much exceed 10,000 pounds. The stock of sheep has been increased during the past season, and the surplus wool of this year it is presumed, will reach 500,000 pounds.—*Exchange paper.*

This speaks well for the peninsula State of Michigan; and taken together with the great increase of its wheat production, furnishes some idea of the rapid growth in population, production, and wealth of the north-western Lake States of the Union.—It has long been a wonder that the mountainous portions of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, which appear to us to be more admirably adapted to the purpose of wool growing than to any other, have not ere this been covered with sheep. We doubt not that it could be a profitable way of appropriating the land, and certainly one of the best ways of promoting woolen manufactures in this country, is to furnish them with plenty of wool. In Virginia a movement to this effect has already been made, and we doubt not that her extensive mountainous regions will soon teem with herds of these valuable animals.—*Sun.*

TEMPERANCE IN CANADA.—In the parish of St. Mathias, Canada, with an adult population of about 1200, all but 4 persons have signed the pledge.

DESCRIPTION OF LIBERIA.—We take the following description of the extent of the Republic of Liberia, its extent, population, settlements, products, &c., from a pamphlet just issued in Philadelphia:

Extent.—Liberia extends from Digby at the mouth of Poor river, on the north-west, to Cavalry river, on the south-east, between 4 deg. 20 min. and 6 deg. 40 min. north latitude, and 7 deg. 30 min. and 11 deg. west longitude, from Greenwich. The length of coast between Digby and the Cavalry river is about three hundred miles.—The territory of Liberia extends from twenty-five to thirty miles in land. The right of possession and jurisdiction over all this line (with the exception of Young Sister's)

consider him as the deliverer of his country.—*Merry's Museum.*

THE MODEL BABY.
It is, beyond all doubt, the image of its father, unless it is the very picture of its mother. It is the best tempered little thing in the world, never crying but in the middle of the night, or screaming but when it is being washed. It is astonishing how quiet it is whilst feeding. It understands everything, and proves its love for learning by tearing with both hands at the engraving, and grasping the leaves out of every book, and grasping with both hands at the engravings. It is the cleverest child that was ever born, and says "papa," or something very like it, when scarcely a month old.—It takes early to pulling whiskers, preferring those of strangers. It is the most wonderful child that was ever seen, and would swallow both its tiny fists, if it was not for a habit of choking. It dislikes leaving home, rarely stopping on a visit longer than a day. It has a strange hostility for its nurse's caps and nose, which it will clutch and hold with savage tenacity, if in the least offended. It is never happy but in its mother's arms, especially if it is being nursed by a gentleman. It prefers the floor to the cradle, which it never steps in longer than it can help. It is very playful, delighting in pulling the table-cloth off, or knocking the china ornaments off the mantelpiece, or upsetting its food on somebody's lap.—It invents a new language of its own, almost before it can speak, which is perfectly intelligible to its parents, though Greek to every one else. It is not fond of public entertainments, invariably crying before it has been at one five minutes. It dislikes treachery in any shape, and repels a spoonful of sugar if it fancies there is a powder at the bottom of it. Medicine is its greatest horror, next to cold water. It has no particular love for dress, generally tearing to pieces any handsome piece of finery, lace especially, as soon as it is put on. It inquires deeply into everything, and is very penetrating in the construction of a drum, the economy of a box, or the anatomy of a doll, which it likes all the better without head or arms. It has an intuitive hatred of a doctor, and fights with all its legs, and hands, and first teeth, against his endeavours. It has a most extraordinary taste for colors, imbibing them greedily in every shape, more especially from the wooden tenants of Noah's Ark, which are to be found in the mouth of every baby. In fact, there never was a child like it, and the Model Baby proves this by surviving the thousand and one experiments of rival grandmothers and mothers-in-law, and out-living, to the athletic age of fifty, and bare legs, the villainous compounds of Godfrey and Dalby, and the whole poisons of Elixirs, Carminatives, Cordials and Pills, which babies are physically heir to.