

EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

By George W. Woodward.

TERMS.—Five dollars and fifty cents per annum payable in advance. No subscription will be received for less than one year.

Advertisements are received for insertion in the paper at the rate of one dollar per week for the first week, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

All communications should be addressed to the publisher, and should be accompanied by the name of the author.

POET'S OFFER.

"To charm the languid slumbers of solitude,  
He oft invites her to ever, fuses her love."

I NEVER SHALL FORGET, ANNIE.  
I never shall forget, Annie,  
Thought memory would not let  
The joyous hour when first we met,  
And first our love was sealed,  
For when I kissed thy cheek, Annie,  
Ye said no, ye said no,  
But on thy cheek the blush did speak,  
Oh more than words could say.

I never shall forget, Annie,  
How she the lip would glow,  
When from thy presence I would let  
My steps unloose and go,  
Nor when, at each return, Annie,  
Ye met me on the way,  
And o'er thy cheek the blush would speak,  
Oh more than words could say.

I never shall forget, Annie,  
Amid life's fading years,  
With all the changes that beget,  
Our earliest hopes and fears,  
For though thy form is bent, Annie,  
Thy golden locks though grey,  
Still o'er thy cheek the blush does speak,  
Oh more than words can say.

I never shall forget, Annie,  
That conscious glow of truth,  
For oh, it fondly lingers yet  
As in the ripening youth;  
E'en like the rosy light, Annie,  
That hallows parting days,  
So o'er thy cheek the blush does speak,  
Oh more than words can say.

I never shall forget, Annie,  
The heart still all my own,  
Though thou, my guiding star, should set,  
And I be left alone,  
But if it be for you, Annie,  
To place this form away,  
I know thy cheek its tale will speak,  
Oh more than words can say.

Miscellaneous.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A POWERFUL SKETCH.

It was four o'clock, and I had not yet prepared myself to give my lecture. The heat was oppressive, the air heavy, the sky tempestuous, and I felt a sensation of restlessness and nervous irritability quite unusual to me. During the last week I had not enjoyed one hour's tranquillity; several persons, dangerously ill and requiring my attention, had called for me. One in particular (the only support of a large family) gave me great anxiety, and excited in my mind extreme sympathy.

In this state I got into the carriage to go to the University. At that moment an unsealed note was put into my hand. I opened it immediately, and found it to announce the death of poor H— for whom I was so much interested; and this news affected me deeply.

The stroke was more severe, as I had not foreseen the event, and consequently, had not the consolation of having been able to prepare the family of my patient for so great a misfortune. Hitherto the chair of declamation had always been to me rather a pleasure than a labor, the abstract theories of the science had amused my mind; but this evening I felt a degree of uneasiness on my spirits for which I could not account. The events of the day had so deeply affected me that I felt an insurmountable inclination to repose. When I reached the office hall, I cast a look around at the unusually full audience, and as I passed through the crowd I heard the name of a celebrated doctor, spoken of as being among the hearers. At another time these were circumstances that would have given me pleasure, but now they increased my confusion, which was indeed complete, when I discovered that I had left my notes in the carriage, which I had dismissed at the door, intending to walk home. It was too late to send for them, and as I was now in great perplexity I opened my portfolio, and hastily ran through a number of remarks, that I had thrown there without arranging them, happily, I fell upon some novel observations on insanity, and then determined to make that the subject of my off-hand lecture.

I have but a confused idea of what then followed: but I remember the applause which saluted my entrance, and which became still louder when my confusion was observed. As soon as there was silence I summoned all my courage and began. The first words cost me infinite pains; I hesitated and stopped continually; but by degrees I recovered myself, and the great attention paid to me gave me confidence. I soon found the cloud that overcast my senses, clearing off; my ideas became less confused; the words came readily, and comparisons and expressions crowded upon me. I had only to choose them. As I went on, my observations became more striking, and my demonstrations more clear and comprehensive. I was astonished at the fluency with which I expressed myself. I found great facility in treating several difficult subjects, which at another time I should hard-

Caston Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

Volume 4—No. 30. EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1844. Whole No. 186.

ly have dared attempt. They seemed to be clear and simple, and I got through them as trifles. Still greater became my surprise to find that my memory, which had hitherto been slow and imperfect, was suddenly become miraculously faithful, and brought back the most trifling circumstances of my long career. I cited one author with so much exactitude, that one might have supposed that I held the book in my hand; facts and anecdotes came to elucidate my theories and demonstrations; the cases of insanity that I had witnessed in my youth and which I thought were effaced from my memory, rushed back upon it as if they had recently happened. I became every moment more at ease, the promptness with which I followed a subject, exciting every faculty, and words came to me as if by a magnetic force. At that moment great terror took possession of my mind; it seemed to me that some unknown danger, which it was not in my power to avoid, hung over me.

The supernatural power that had hitherto supported me began to sink; my thoughts became confused; strange faces and fantastic images flitted before my eyes. The objects of which I had been speaking came to life, and I seemed like a magician who, by a word, rendered visible the living and the dead. I stopped! The most perfect silence reigned in the hall, and every eye was turned toward me. All at once a horrible thought seized me, a convulsive laugh broke from me, and I exclaimed, 'I also am mad!'—All the assembly rose instantaneously like one body. Every voice raised a cry of surprise and terror, and of what afterwards happened I know nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was in bed. I looked around—I knew every object in the room. The sun shone upon the window curtains, which were half closed; I was sensible that it was evening. I saw nobody in the room; and when I endeavored to comprehend who I was, and why there, a faintness came over me. I shut my eyes, and tried to sleep, when some one entering the room, awakened me; it was my friend Doctor G—, who approached me and attentively examined me for the space of a few moments. Whilst he thus looked at me, I perceived that he changed color, his hand trembled whilst feeling my pulse, and in a low melancholy whisper he said: 'My God, how he is changed! I then heard a voice at the door say, 'May I come in?' The doctor did not answer, and my wife came gently into the room. She looked pale and tremulous. Her eyes were wet, and, as she bent anxiously over me, burning tears fell upon my face. She took my hands in hers, bent her lips close to my ear, and said, 'William, do you know me?' A long silence followed this question. I tried to answer, but was incapable of pronouncing one word. I wished to show by some sign that I was sensible of her presence. I fixed my eyes upon her; but I heard her say, 'midst her sobs and tears, 'Alas! he does not hear me!'—And thus I perceived that my efforts had been vain. The doctor now took my wife by the hand and led her from the room. 'Not yet, not yet,' she said, withdrawing her hand, and I relapsed into delirium. When I again became sensible, I felt as if I had awakened from a long and deep sleep. I still suffered, but not so severely; extreme weakness had succeeded to fever; my eyes were painful and a mist was over them; at first, I was not sensible of objects, became more distinct, and I saw the doctor seated by my bed. He said, 'Are you better, William?' Hitherto my ineffectual attempts to make myself understood had not given me pain; but now the impossibility of doing so was a martyrdom. I soon became aware that my strength of mind was leaving me, and that death approached. The efforts that I made to rouse myself from this sort of death-like slumber must have been very violent, for a cold sweat came all over me. I heard a rushing as if my ears were full of water, and my limbs were convulsed. I seized the doctor's hand, which I pressed with all my strength. I rose in my bed and looked wildly at him. 'This did not last long; I soon fell again into weakness. I dropped the hand which I had grasped, my eyes closed, and I fell on my bed. All that I remember at that moment were the words of poor Doctor G—, who, thinking me dead, exclaimed, 'At last his sufferings are over!'

Many hours passed before I recovered my senses. The first sensation of which I became sensible was the coldness of the air, which felt like ice upon my face; it seemed as if an enormous weight was on my arms were stretched against my body, and though I was lying in a most convenient position, yet it was impossible to change it. I tried to speak, but had not the power. Some time afterwards I heard the steps of many people walking in the room, something heavy was set down, and a hoarse voice pronounced these words: 'William H—, aged thirty-eight; I thought him older!' These words recalled to my mind all the circumstances of my illness; I understood that I had ceased to live, and that preparations were making for my interment. Was I then dead?—The body was indeed cold and inanimate; but though life was extinct, how could it be, that all traces of life had disappeared exteriorly, and that sentiments still existed in the childlike frame that was now going to be conveyed to the grave?—What a horrible idea! My God, is this a dream? No; all was real; I recalled to my mind the last words of the doctor; he knew too well the signs

of death to allow himself to be deceived by false appearances. No hope! None! I felt myself being placed in the coffin. What language can describe all the horrors of that moment?

I knew not how long I remained in this situation. The silence that reigned in the room was again broken, and I was sensible that many of my friends came to look at me for the last time. My mind was awake to all the horrors of my situation; in a moment my heart became sensible of its agony suffering. But what thought I of myself, is every thing within me dead? Is the soul as the body inanimate? My thoughts were a proof to the contrary. What has become of my will to speak, to act, to move? Every thing within me seems to be as inactive as if I had never existed! Are they disobedient to the commands of the brain? Why do those swift messengers refuse to obey the soul? I recalled to mind the almost miraculous instances of power of the mind directed to one purpose and urged by strong impulse. I knew the history of the Indian who, after the death of his wife, had offered his breast to her infant, and nourished it with milk. Was not this miracle the effect of a strong will? I had seen life and motion restored to the palsied limb by a mighty effort of the mind which had awakened the dormant nerves. I knew a man whose heart beat slow or quick as he pleased. Yes, thought I, in a transport of joy, the will to live, remains. It is only when this faculty has yielded that death can become master of us. I felt a hope of reviving, as I may express it, by the vigor of my will; but alas! I cannot think of it even now without fear! The moments were speeding fast away, and by the noise around me I comprehended that preparations were making to close my coffin. What is to be done? If the will has really the power attributed to it, how shall I direct it? During all my illness I often strongly desired to speak and move, but could not do so. As the wretches put forth the utmost strength of every muscle to rouse up their antagonist, so I employed all that my will could command, and endeavored to impart to my nerves the impulse of that energetic volition, my last hope! It was in vain.—In vain did I try to raise one breath within my breast, to utter one sigh. And oh, what increase of horror? I heard the nails applied to my coffin! Despair was in the sound.

At that very instant E—, my dearest friend, came into my room. He had performed a long journey to see me once more, to bid an eternal farewell to the companion of his childhood. They made way for him. He rushed forward and laid his hand, his faithful hand upon my bosom. Oh, the warmth of that friend's hand! It touched the inmost fibres of my heart, and it sprung to meet him! That emotion acted upon my whole system; the blood was agitated; it began to flow, my nerves trembled, and a convulsive sigh burst from my disenchanted lungs, every fibre moved with a sudden bound, like the cordage of a vessel struggling against a mighty sea. I breathed again! But so sudden and so unexpected was the change in my frame, that an idea came into my mind that it could not be real—that I was again deprived of reason. Happily this doubt soon ceased. A cry of terror, and these words, the lives? uttered distinctly enough for me to hear, put all beyond doubt. The noise and bustle became general, and some voice exclaimed, 'E— has fainted; raise him up, carry him hence that he may not when he opens his eyes, first behold his friend!' Orders, exclamations, cries of joy and surprise, increased every instant all that I now recall is, that I was lifted out of my coffin, and before a good fire, was completely brought to life, and found myself surrounded with friends. After some weeks I was restored to health. I had seen death as nearly as possible, and my lips had touched the bitter portion which one day I must drink to the last drop.

AN EXCITING HUNT.

On the 25th ult., three gentlemen, residing in Opelousas, La., on the Bayou Waxie, went out to hunt, and in less than one day the result of their excursion was six panthers killed, of which was a grown female, and the other five about half grown. Mr. John Rider, one of the party, killed four for his part of the sport. Of course, the hunt was a very exciting one. The panther hunting is sometimes very dangerous business.—We remember to have seen in our childhood, an old hunter, who once lived on the Canada line; between that Province and Vermont, who delighted in his youth in hunting these ferocious animals.—One day he visited his trap, which had been set some ten miles into the forest from any settlement and when within a few rods observed a large panther fast in its jaws, which he lost no time in shooting dead. Immediately after the report of the gun, and before the smoke had blown fairly from his face, he observed another large panther approaching him with jaws extended, fully intent of taking hold of him in a slow and measured manner. Nothing daunted, he drew his knife with his right hand, and ran his left down the panther's throat, taking him hold of the roots of his tongue! He knew it was a life and death struggle, and desperation lent him strength to hold the animal partly at bay, while he worked his knife. The animal leaped and jumped forward, the hunter followed the motion, but at every spring aiming a deadly blow at his heart, his throat, or any other place most

amused him.—Our conversation—the smile of hope, if I venture to aspire. But the great smile, so noble and imperial, is that which says, please don't worry, you have won me! This smile never leaves the memory, even of those who gave it has mouldered in the tomb.

CIRCULAR.

To the Editors of the Lord's Day—

The object of this communication is to secure the general attendance of Delegates from every portion of our Country, at the NATIONAL SABBATH CONVENTION which in pursuance of a previous call, is to be held in Baltimore on Wednesday, the 27th day of November next, and to invite the active cooperation of the friends of the Sabbath in procuring the appointment and attendance of Delegates and furnishing the Convention with the statistical information hereinafter called for.

The proposition to hold such a convention, originally suggested by the Philadelphia Sabbath Association, has been sanctioned by the Sabbath Convention of Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, by the American and Foreign Sabbath Union, through their Secretary Rev. Dr. Edwards; by the State Conventions of Pennsylvania and N. York, and the Charleston Sabbath Association.

A National Convention held under such circumstances, cannot, we are convinced, fail to exert a momentous influence, either favorable or unfavorable upon the cause. It is to be characterized by Numbers, Influence and Interest commensurate with the transcendent importance of the object for which it is to be convened, viz: The suppression, as far and as early as practicable by moral influence, under the Divine blessing, of the profanation of God's holy day throughout our land;—its beneficent effects will be felt not only by the present, but by all future generations.

We confidently hope that in all these respects, the character of the Convention will fully correspond with the magnitude of the interests involved, and that it may be made truly national in its character, by the attendance of Delegates from every section, however remote, of our country.

Let the distant cities and Districts send at least one Delegation to manifest their hearty co-operation and sympathy.

Renewing therefore, the invitation which has already been very extensively circulated, we invite ALL to attend.

Let the Ministers of the gospel to lay this simple and pure religion, and its glorious promises, before the people, and receive the appointment of Delegates. We invite the opinion of every Election District to assemble in primary capacity, and appoint Delegates. We invite all merchants, professional men, agriculturists, manufacturers, mechanics, to attend personally, or send representatives. And lastly, though not least, we cordially and earnestly invite officers and stockholders in canals, rail-roads, steamboats and stage-lines, forwarders, agents, clerks, conductors, boatmen, drivers and all others concerned in the carriage of persons or goods, or connected with the shipping of interest to attend and take part in the deliberations of the Convention.

Let it come that the views, feelings and interests of none may be overlooked, and that the wants and welfare of all classes may be considered and promoted. With a view of collecting a mass of statistics, full and authentic, to be systematically arranged and laid before the convention when it assembles, we respectfully request the friends of the Sabbath to whom this address shall come, to furnish us by a letter addressed to 'The Sabbath Association, Baltimore, Md.' at as early a day as practicable with exact answers to the following queries, viz:

- 1. What Railroads or Canals, stages or steamboat lines are in operation in the State or section of country in which you reside? What is their extent?
2. Are they used upon the Sabbath for the carriage of passengers or merchandise?
3. If so, what ratio does the Sabbath travel and transportation bear to that of other days of the week? and what are the relative receipts?
4. Is the transportation of the mail assigned as a prominent reason for the Sabbath use of any of these modes of conveyance?
5. Do the proprietors deem their employment on the Sabbath to be profitable in a pecuniary view?
6. Are the proprietors willing or unwilling to discontinue Sunday travel on their lines?
7. What are the sentiments of those employed on these routes, touching the suspension of Sabbath labor?
8. Has the carriage either of passengers or merchandise on the Sabbath been discontinued on any of these routes? If so, to what extent? And what have been the consequences. 1st, in reference to the morals of those employed; 2nd, in reference to the pecuniary results?
9. What is the present state of public sentiment in your vicinity, in respect to the observance of the Lord's day, compared with that of former years?
10. Have any special efforts been made to promote its sanctification? and with what success?
Delegates are requested, on their arrival, to report themselves at the Lecture room of the 5th Presbyterian Church, (Rev. Mr. Hammer's,) in Hanover, between Pratt and Lombard sts; where a Committee

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles, we have never seen in a popular print till a day or two ago. It may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical, to know that:
St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.
St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.
St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.
St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.
St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.
St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.
St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.
St. Bartholemew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.
St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he was dragged into the sea until he expired.
St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.
St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.
St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia.
St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.
St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salina.
St. Paul was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.

SMILES.—The ladies have many kinds. There is the smile of recognition—there is the smile of coincidence in opinion—the smile of encouragement when success is attempting something difficult—the smile of approbation when it is done—the smile of

of Reception will be in waiting to receive them accommodations.
Gen. of Cor. CHAS. W. RIDGELY,
Bell. S. Assn. ALEX. M. GUYER,
WM. GEO. BAKER,

From the Bay State Democrat.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN PARTY.

Political Proscription for Religious Opinions—denial of the rights of citizenship.—A new party has sprung up amongst us—a party which styles itself the "Native American" party. What has this party done? What is it doing? What does it aim to accomplish? And who composes it? We don't know that we can answer all of these questions correctly; but we shall attempt to answer them so far as our knowledge will enable us to do so. Of the origin of the party we will never leave the memory, even of those who gave it has mouldered in the tomb.

We understand them to be the denial of the rights of citizenship to all persons of foreign birth till they have resided in the United States twenty-one years, and opposition to persons professing the Catholic faith, or, in other words, political proscription for religious opinions.

The whig party in the cases alluded to—in New York and Philadelphia—have adopted these principles of political action, and are therefore responsible for them.

Are the people of this country ready to proscribe a man for his religious opinions? Shall we adopt a religious test? We do not believe that the majority of the voters of this country are ready to do any such thing. The constitution of the U. States expressly declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And yet, at the recent election in the city of Philadelphia, as we learn by the Philadelphia correspondent of the New York News, "flaming placards were found posted in all parts of the city, calling upon Protestants, of every denomination, to array themselves against the Catholics and Catholic influences." And it was by such means as this that the whig party secured its large majority in Philadelphia city and county.

Are the particular religious tenets of individuals—their partialities and prejudices—to be appealed to, to influence them at the polls? Are Universalists, or Unitarians, or Orthodox, or Methodists, or Baptist, or Catholics, to be proscribed for their peculiar religious views? Our religion, or politics, teach us no such thing. We would trust our denomination as quick as another. We would trust neither with the reins of government.

We want no established religion—no union of church and state; and we would proscribe no man for his peculiar views on theology. Democracy inculcates the largest freedom in religions, as well as political matters. Every man must answer to his conscience and his God, and not to his fellow men, for his religious faith. The United States constitution, and all of the State constitutions, recognise this right; this principle; and the political party which shall, by its practice, nullify the fundamental laws of the land in this respect, ought not to be sustained for a moment, and cannot stand for any length of time. The whig party has recently given countenance to this palpable violation of the rights of individuals, and the liberty of conscience, and let the strong voice of public opinion be indignantly raised against it.

We look upon the recent cry of opposition to citizens of foreign birth, who have come to make their home amongst us, with equal disapprobation. The idea that a man may reside in the United States twenty-one years—whatever may be his age when he comes here—before he shall enjoy the rights and privileges of a citizen, is unjust and impolitic. Should the aid of Lafayette have been refused, when he offered his fortune and life in the cause of American freedom, because he had not been in the country twenty-one years? We may ask the same question in relation to the hosts of brave men who took up arms against the country of their birth, and nobly fought for the independence of North America.

Was the country again to be involved in a foreign war, would the services of every naturalized or unaturalized citizen, who had not been on our shores twenty-one years, be refused?

The battles of revolution were fought by Catholics and Protestants, by native and foreign born citizens. As one man, inspired by the glorious principles of political and religious liberty, they went into the contest with spirit, and came out of it with glory.

There is a constant tide of immigration flowing into this country. The learned and the unlearned, the poor and the rich, Protestants and Catholics, the oppressed of every land, come to the New World to procure the necessities of life, to breathe a freer air, to exercise the rights of men, and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Shall we exclude them from the benefits of our republican institutions? Shall we appeal to national feelings and prejudices, and excite the bad passions of bad men and bigoted men against them? Or shall we treat them with kindness, hold out the hand of friendship, and extend to them the rights and liberties of American citizens? Which course would be the most politic, the most just, the most in accordance with the spirit and doctrines of Christianity?

Delegates are requested, on their arrival, to report themselves at the Lecture room of the 5th Presbyterian Church, (Rev. Mr. Hammer's,) in Hanover, between Pratt and Lombard sts; where a Committee

M. CAMPBELL