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THE STAR

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BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.
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DUCIT AMOR. PATRIE PRODESSE CIVIBUS—“THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY
IS OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS.”

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THE GARLAND.

“With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care.”

TO DEATH.

methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the West:
To gaze my fill on you calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in you sea
Of endless blue tranquility;
These clouds are living things:
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed, unchanging reigns
O'er all the silent scene.

I know not all human fear;
I know not all the greeting is sovereign
To you, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Dispartles! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

VARIETY.

Various;
of desultory man, studious of change
the novelty, may be indulged.”

The Student's Story.

I had this pleasure, a few days ago, to meet unexpectedly, a friend, from whom I had been many years separated. We had been mostly educated together, having passed our boyhood at the same school, our youth at the same university; but our fortunes were different. He, born to wealth, left college to mix with the world at home and abroad; while I turned to the profession I had long since made choice of, and began to lag my weary way towards independence. We were both a good deal changed. My friend had lost much of the gay buoyancy of manner; much of the merry, happy, careless flow of spirits for which he had once been remarkable. I was less grave than I had been reckoned during our former acquaintance; yet I am a man of business, and married. We had much to say of the different chances that had occurred to us; and I found, that though altered in manner, in habits, and in character, we met the same to each other as we had parted. It was getting late in the day, and I asked my friend if he would go home to the small house I occupied, and dine quietly with my wife and me. He agreed instantly, shook hands with me in his own lively way, as he thanked me for asking him, and we turned into the street in which I lived. I must own I felt some little uneasiness at the thoughts of introducing my friend to my wife. I had often spoken of him to her, and I dreaded, lest she should not find the portrait faithful. In fact I mistrusted my own judgment till it should be confirmed by hers; not that in words she would tell me that we differed, but I knew her too well in look and manner to be deceived. I did not feel quite easy either at the idea of presenting my friend. His admiration would in no degree alter my sentiments towards her; but I felt I should be ill satisfied unless he thought her, in the course of one short evening, all I had found her during the three happy years of our union. My heart beat as I ran up the steps. I colored as I pulled the bell. The door was opened by our only man-servant, and I myself ushered my friend up stairs. My wife was dressed with extreme neatness, though she expected we were to dine alone; and she was sitting as usual, at her work-table, when the sound of my step upon the stairs made her raise her head. She came forward to meet me; and when I named my friend, she turned to welcome him with a grace and a gaiety that made him sure of his reception. She placed him beside her on the sofa, and I was soon at ease to first impressions. We had not far to go to dinner. The lower part of the house being occupied by my chambers of business, our public rooms are confined to a small drawing room on the first floor, and a still smaller library opening out of it. In this small library we dined. The dinner was ordered with neatness and taste, and served without display in an apartment simply furnished. My wife is not one of those who, to make parade upon the occasion, lessen the comforts of every day life. She has never, since we married, set before me a dinner I might not have brought a friend to partake of; nor has she ever appeared before me in a dress she could not have worn on occasions of ceremony. Yet our expenses do not, by any means come up to our limited income. It is true our wants are few; but we increase our luxuries as we go on. We do not live in the world, but we live very much in society; society that we like and that likes us, and assimilates with us. All this and more, in the warmth of my heart, I told my friend over a bottle of my best wine, when my wife rose and left; and we were still upon the same theme when we joined her again at the tea-table. He be-

gan to rally us upon our way of life, and he tried to persuade her that, in former days, I had played the inconstant among our circle of beauties, being fond to admire, and fickle to change. I saw that in his then mood it were vain for me to dispute his assertions; so to divert the time, and, may be, to prevent my wife from thinking of any other, I pleaded guilty to one serious attachment, and offered to tell my story. “Some years ago,” said I, “when it first became the fashion to take shooting quarters in the Highlands, I formed one of a large party who had engaged an extensive tract of moorland for the season. The game keeper and the dogs were sent off early in July, and it was settled we were all to dine together at the farm-house we rented with the ground upon the 10th of August. My friends agreed to proceed northwards in a body; but as I dislike exceedingly travelling in that sort of company, I declined forming one of it, and set out by myself, some weeks before, on a tour through a range of my native country I had never yet seen.”

At this part of my story my wife laid down her work, and looked up anxiously in my face, I smiled and proceeded. “After an interesting and somewhat fatiguing journey, I arrived early on the morning of the 10th of August, at one of the principal towns of the north Highlands. It was market-day, and the streets were filled with well-dressed people, thronging in every direction. Several handsome equipages were driving along the crowd, while gentlemen on horseback and foot passengers picked their way carefully through the groups of country people and their wares, who stopped every regular passage. I alighted at a very comfortable inn, and having ordered some refreshment, I sat down very contentedly to look over a newspaper which lay upon the table of the parlor I had been shown into, when, chance to raise my head, my eyes fell upon a mirror, which hung upon the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt, I was struck with horror at my own appearance. Hastily ringing for the waiter, I inquired whether there were any hair-dresser in the town on whose skill I might rely. I was told I was within a few doors of the first artist in the county. A man don't like to trust his head to a bungler; but the first step in Mr. Blank's shop convinced me the waiter had not been wrong in his assertion. When the operation was over, I surveyed myself with much satisfaction in a small hand glass, obligingly held to me for that purpose; but not feeling myself at liberty to indulge my contemplation so publicly, I returned as quickly as possible to my hotel, to consult at leisure the mirror, which hung upon the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was perfectly enchanted with my good mein. I was cut and curled in the most becoming manner.”

Here my wife laughed aloud; my friend, too, smiled; but I took no notice of their interruption. “The inn stood back from the street, in a large court-yard, the projecting walls of which, on each side, prevented any view beyond. Across this court-yard numbers of people were constantly passing. I sat down at the open window of my parlor to watch the various groups thus flitting before me. One, in particular, at once engaged my attention: it consisted of an elderly lady in grey, a child in a frock and trowsers, a young lady in white, with pink upon her bonnet, and a captain of a recruiting company quartered in the town. He was apparently saying something extremely amusing, for the young lady was laughing violently; and looking up in her mirth, she threw on me, as I sat perched at my window, a pair of the most beautiful black eyes I had ever then seen. I fancy mine must have told her so, for she had not gone many steps before she raised those eyes again. Again they met mine, and this time, we both blushed. She withdrew hers quickly, and turned to the recruiting officer: he bowed as in the act of speaking.

The lady in grey appeared to join in the conversation, and they all walked leisurely on towards the projecting wall. Will she look up again! I pushed my well curled head as far as I possibly could out of the window. She held hers, I thought, resolutely down. I followed them with my eyes, as they stepped along across the pavement. They reached the wall. The little child ran quickly out of sight. The lady in grey was half concealed. The young lady returned to reply to some gallantry of the recruiting officer, and once more her eyes were fixed on mine. In another moment she was gone. I drew my head in hastily, flung my hands before my face, to exclude all light, and again in fancy, those beautiful eyes beaming brightly upon me. After a few minutes I looked up. Crowds of gay passengers still moved on the pavement below and talked, and laughed, and looked, as they passed me. Will she come again? I took out my watch, it was only three o'clock. Again I glanced at the projecting wall, and I followed, eagerly, each succeeding group, as they emerged from behind it. Many a voice deceived me as it approached. Many a party turned the corner to disappoint me. Four o'clock: she will not come. I rose from the window in despair. As I stood, the sound of a voice I had heard before ar-

rested my attention. There was a laugh, and a stamp and jingling noise, and the end of a sword-scabard pointed out beyond the wall. It was the recruiting officer. Did he come alone! The little child ran forward; the lady in grey put out a foot; and again the eyes from the pink bonnet sought the window. We blushed crimson. The young lady turned to her never failing resource, the recruiting officer, I darted forward, seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and followed her. They had reached the hairdresser's shop, and they had stepped before it to examine some of his curiosities. The lady in grey took the little child by the hand, and walked on. The young lady prepared to follow her; but as she moved away, she cast one glance towards the window of the inn: it was quite deserted. I neither stirred nor spoke, but I saw from her heightened color she was aware who stood beside her. She held a small nosegay in her hand. She began to pull to pieces the flowers which composed it, and she scattered the leaves upon the pavement. I stopped to gather them. A carriage was in waiting at the end of the street; it drew up as the party approached. A footman opened the door, and the ladies descended the steps and the recruiting officer handed the ladies into it. He laid his arm upon the door, and stood and talked for some minutes. It was an open carriage; the young lady was leaning thoughtfully against one of the cushions. The officer talked longer; at length he bowed, and they drove away. I was standing before a druggist's shop, supporting myself on the brass railing that protected it. As the carriage whirled rapidly past, I ventured one last glance at the pink bonnet. She was still leaning back against the cushions, and the remains of her nosegay were beside her. As she passed she extended the hand, whiter than snow, which held it, over the side of the open carriage, pressed it for an instant to her breast, her lips, and dropped it gently at my feet. I started forward to receive the precious gift.

“Oh! don't believe him,” cried my wife, interrupting him: “it is all a romance; it is indeed, I never looked—I never meant—”

I interrupted her in my turn, and seizing the hand she had extended in the energy of the moment, I pressed it, as she had done the nosegay she gave me.

Mind your own business.—The man who interferes with the business of others almost always neglects his own; and while doing that which no one thanks him for, he not infrequently permits his family to come to want. No man who strictly attends to what ought to interest him will have time or inclination to meddle with the concerns of his neighbors; he will pursue his own course, and leave others to do the same; he will be generous enough to believe that other folks know something as well as himself.—It is intolerable to be continually bored in this way, in the most trivial, every day business of life. What is it to me if my neighbor permits his cucumber vines to run on the ground, instead of furnishing them with bushes, as I do; or rubs his razor on an old book cover, instead of a metallic strap, or prunes his trees with a coarse or fine saw.

What right have I to find fault with the dress or education of his family? or with the color of his hat or the cut of his coat? And if he build a house does it concern me whether it fronts north or south, or whether it is large or small? If it does not,—if it be my neighbor's right to consult his own taste in these matters, let us yield him this right and attend to our own business.

From a quaker to his friend.—Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of these sinful men in the flesh called an attorney and let him take out an instrumental means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men at Westminster, and teach him as he would be done by, and so I rest thy friend in the light,—A. B.

Gov. Wolf appears to be looking sharp after the Judiciary. He has appointed James Mustard a justice of the peace in Green county. Doubtless some of those who get a taste of Justice Mustard's power will remember it with tears in their eyes.

Spanish customs.—In Spain, before any barrister, attorney, or notary is admitted to practice, he is obliged to swear he will defend the poor gratis. That this gratuitous labor may be the more equally divided, 30 are every year appointed from each class to defend the poor in civil cases, and every one is accounted poor who can swear himself worth less than 4000 reals (40l.). In criminal cases the accused is entitled to make choice of any barrister in Madrid to defend him.

The Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, met in Norfolk on the 23d of Feb., and adjourned on the 2d ult. Bishop Hedding presided. The reports from the different circuits and stations, show an increase of 2,225 white members, and a decrease of something like 934 colored members, within the past Conference year.

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT.—The Columbia (Pa.) Spy, has the following anecdote:—“During the hurry and bustle in a neighboring town, occasioned by the late rapid rise of the Susquehanna, one woman gave to another for safe keeping, between ninety and a hundred dollars in specie; the latter being obliged to move her own effects shortly after concealed the money under some hay in a barn near by, where she imagined it would remain secure. After the alarm had subsided in a measure, she visited the barn to remove the silver, when what was her surprise to find it gone. A thorough but ineffectual search was made by a number of others, and the money was given up as lost. A person of weak understanding was suspected as the purloiner, but no evidence could be brought against him. Just before night it struck the mind of one of the neighbors that if this person had it, he might be so frightened as to give it up. Accordingly it was given out, that unless the money was restored, resort would be had the next day to a certain person in the vicinity, (who had obtained some notoriety as being divined in the art of witchery) for the purpose of ascertaining who had taken it. This announcement had the desired effect: the next morning the money was found in precisely the same spot where it had been left the previous day.”

On the 10th ult. near Centerville, Warwick, R. I., a man by the name of Reuel Hollis, of Plainfield, Conn., while in the act of passing a loaded team, the wagon, which contained him, his daughter, and a small girl, was suddenly upset, and precipitated them a distance of several feet among the rocks. The father was so badly injured, as to survive only a few hours; his daughter received a broken arm, and the small girl escaped unhurt.

At New Castle, England, on the 25th of January, a curious experiment was tried. A piece of meat, a haddock, and a loaf of bread, were sent up in the air by means of a paper kite, and, after remaining at a considerable height for an hour, it was found that the fish and meat were putrid, and the bread was filled with animalculæ.

A farce, called, the “Cholera Morbus,” lately performed in the Venice theatre, was prohibited after a few representations.

Governor Peters, of Connecticut, has appointed Friday, the 20th inst., to be observed as a day of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, throughout that State.

The Managers of the Washington City Orphan Asylum, offer a reward of twenty dollars, for the detection of the person who left a male infant, but three days old, at the door of that institution. The advertisement says:

“Part of an old cotton dress was sewed around the child, and an old flannel garment spread over it. A note was pinned on the covering, of which the following is a copy:

“To the Superintendent of the Orphans' Asylum, H. between 9th and 10th streets. “Dear Madam: Please confer on me your maternal care for some months, at the expiration of which time I will be called for. Owing to the sickness of my mother, as you can see, she has not been able to dress me. I am three days of age this evening.”

“Tuesday, 6th March, 1832.”

The citizens of Towanda, Bradford county, have held a public meeting, and avowed their determination to prosecute to the laws extent, any person, whether citizen or stranger, who shall be found intoxicated within the limits of that Borough. A temperate move.

Maryland has revived her claim to that part of Virginia lying between the North and South branches of the Potomac, comprehending part of Harly, Hampshire, Monongalia, the county of Preston, and we believe part of other counties. It is intimated that one more invitation will be given Virginia to settle the dispute by reference, and in the event of her declining, that the case will be taken to the Supreme Court. Virginia has heretofore declined any inquiry into the question of right.

We learn from the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, that the number of Seamen belonging to the United States, estimated with as much accuracy as was possible, is 102,000—of whom there are in the foreign trade, 50,000; in the coasting trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in coasting vessels, of less than fifty tons burthen, 5,000; in the cod fishery, 10,000; in the whale fishery 5,000; in steam vessels, 1,000; in the U. States' Navy, 6,000.

DISASTERS.—Capt. P. Baldwin, left Havana in the brig Poland, for New York, on the 7th inst. and was taken off by a pilot boat, off Smith's Island, and arrived here this morning in the steam boat from Norfolk, and from him we learn that the New York and Vera Cruz packet was wrecked on the Colorado reef on the 16th February—vessel and cargo totally lost. The specie, amount-

ing to \$75,000, the passengers and their baggage, captain and crew, saved, and arrived at Havana 6th March. The passengers took passage in the brig Neptune, which was to sail for New York on the 8th. The new Mexican Minister to the United States was also a passenger on board.

A Sardinian brig, loaded with sugar and coffee, for the Mediterranean, took fire and was burnt, in the harbor of Havana, to the water's edge—vessel and cargo totally lost.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

CRUEL SPECTACLE.—The holders of flour in Ohio, have taken advantage of the distress, and raised the price of flour from 1 to 2 dollars on a barrel.

A law has passed the Legislature of Maryland authorising a subscription, on account of the State, to the *Baltimore and Washington Rail Road*, to the amount of 800,000 dollars.

The Quebec Gazette of the 7th ult. says: “The deepest fall of snow this season occurred on Monday and yesterday. Our streets were in some places completely blocked up. The depth of snow is now above the average at this season.”

The severe hail storm at Georgetown Monday week last broke 400 panes of glass in one building alone; the lights of several other buildings suffered materially, upwards of 2,000 panes of glass having been broken in the town and vicinity.

The case of G. W. Murray against John A. Jones, of Milledgeville, Geo., for slander, which has produced considerable excitement was, at the last session of the Baldwin Superior Court, decided in favor of the plaintiff, in the sum of \$5000 damages.

The bill appropriating \$2,000 for the relief of the Delaware tribe of Indians has passed both houses of the Legislature of New Jersey.

The Louisville and Portland Canal was open, after its completion, 104 days, before it was closed by the ice this season; during which time, 827 boats of 76,000 tons passed through, of which 406 were steam boats. It is calculated that 800,000 tons will pass annually hereafter, nearly equal to half of the boating tonnage of the United States. And yet this noble and beneficent undertaking was thought by the advisers of the Executive to be too contracted and diminutive a concern to deserve the aid of the General Government. If such works as these be not National, what shall we call so?—*Nat. Int.*

LATER FROM FRANCE.

By the ship Olympia, which arrived at Boston from Havre on the 22d ult. Mr. Topliff, of that city, has received Havre papers to the 14th of February, and Paris to the 13th. The Boston papers give a few extracts.

Conspiracy at Warsaw.—A letter from Frankfort on the Main, of Feb. 4th:—“A report is current that a conspiracy amongst the officers of the Russian Guard at Warsaw, was discovered and put down, on the eve of its explosion, but not until Generals Bergh and Engelman were killed. One hundred and 20 officers (conspirators) had been sent into the interior of Russia.”

The Polish Committee have presented a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, in which they complain, that the Polish refugees are interdicted the entry to the capital of France, and that only two cities, Avignon and Chateauroux have been granted to them as places of refuge.

The Br. brig Royal Charlotte, of 200 tons from France for England, with a cargo of brandy, had been wrecked on the French coast; cargo washed ashore: the crew supposed to have perished.

CANADA.—There has been much excitement in the Canadas of late, which promises, unless it is suppressed or smothered in some way, to lead to serious consequences—no less, it is possible, than a declaration of independence on the part of the Colonies, and a consequent disconnection from the British Government. Here, in Paris, prior to the “three glorious days,” the press had been the chief cause of the excitement, one of the conductors of that press, in the person of Mr. Mackenzie, having been repeatedly re-elected a member of the Assembly of Upper Canada, and as frequently expelled by that body. Other editors became champions in the cause of their brother, and some of these being visited with imprisonment and fines, the excitement has increased to an alarming extent. The parties in this matter appear to be the French and English residents of Canada; the latter espousing the cause and recognizing the authority of the English government, and the former jeering, ridiculing, and libelling that government.—*Philadelphia Album.*

The Boston Transcript tells a fish story about cod, caught near where the brig *Jaw* stranded, being taken with nutmegs and coffee in their clam-baskets. In the maw of the fare of a small row boat, nearly half a bushel of nutmegs and sundry samples of coffee were found.